

## Sunday Reading

### The Night-Watch

The busy day has passed; night's shadows fall  
O'er rich and poor, o'er weak and sick and sad,  
O'er happy hearts, o'er strong and well alike,  
And tenderly unfold lives good and bad.  
Above the 'world and all that dwell therein,'  
The Lord of heaven and earth his vigil keeps.  
There is no spot in all the universe  
Beyond that watch which wears not, nor sleeps.  
To those who toss throughout a weary night,  
Wakeful with sickness, or from caring care,  
How sweet the thought that One is 'standing guard'  
And all our weariness with us doth share!  
To those who sweetly rest from night till dawn,  
In slumber happily undisturbed, how sweet  
The thought that 'tis his watchful, tender love  
Which ever spares us, still new days to greet!  
O busy world of 'creatures here below,'  
Whether ye prize or slight his tender love,  
This ye must surely know,—your good or ill  
Is marked by those pure, watchful eyes above.  
'Tis not for naught he keepeth guard o'er all  
This world of varying moods; so let us pray  
That through his wondrous care our nights may lead  
Safe through the shadows unto 'perfect day.'

### Unhesitating Confidence in Christ.

BY LINA JEANETTE WALK.

Be still my soul! Thy God doth undertake  
To guide the future as he has the past  
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake  
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.

It would be quite impossible for us to go through this life with even a very moderate degree of happiness without confidence in one's fellow beings. Trust is one of the principal foundation stones upon which our friendly relations with each other are based. We would not care to accept any one as a friend in whom we felt we could not place confidence, or on whom we could not depend in time of trouble or adversity. Take this trust away, and how sad and pitiful life would be; for whether we admit it or not, earthly lives are so intertwined that mutual leaning, one upon the other, is a very prop to mortal existence. In these modern days we have many instances of misplaced confidence. Daily and hourly things come to our knowledge which startle us, and make us question if, after all, there is any faith to be placed in human nature.

When a good man falls, or one whom we have always thought the soul of honor or uprightness yields in a moment of weakness to some grievous temptation, our very souls shrink with fear and trembling, faith in good weakens, and sometimes our cowardly hearts even cry out if there be any God? and if so, why he permits these things to be? That such things are trials of faith none will deny, yet through these very failures self may be slain, and the spirit, humbled and broken, brought to trust in that strength which alone has the power to deliver from all evil.

We have many illustrations of what faith has done for the Christian. The apostles, the prophets and the martyrs suffered perils, persecutions and death; they had, according to some thinking, many reasons for distrusting God, but they were steadfast and immovable, and showed their relief and confidence in the Almighty through every dark and stormy circumstance. Paul and Silas lifted up their voices in singing from the walls of a dungeon, and hosts of other saints went up to heaven praising God from the midst of the flame. What gave these Christians strength and courage to endure these tortures and tribulations? Only the belief that Christ was their hope, and that their sufferings here would soon turned into triumph and victory in the hereafter. And just as these good men trusted God in their trials and distress, so he asks us to trust him in the midst of our sorrows and afflictions. Just as we would go to any earthly friend in time of need, so he invites and waits for us to come to him that he may comfort or rejoice with us, and we may be sure he will never fail or deceive us. Unhesitating confidence in Christ is what every Christian should feel, for he who has never failed the uncounted hosts now in glory will not fail us, and the love which marketh even the sparrow's flight will surely guide and keep the souls for which Christ died. Put your trust, therefore, in God, hold fast to his dear hand, and whatever the changes or chances of life, fear not, and as Francis de Sales wrote, do not look forward to what may happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today will take care of you to-morrow and every day. Either he will shield you from suffering, or he will give you unfailing strength to bear it. Be at peace, then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations. Prove your faith by committing all your ways to the Lord, and increase it by daily prayer and communion with him.

### Glories to Come.

To think that almost within the reach of the arm, separated from us by scarcely a hand's breadth, is a realm where all goodness springs up spontaneously, and without obstruction; where all the body's hindrances, as well as helps, shall be laid aside; where aches, and pains, and losses,

Lost flesh lately?  
Does your brain tire?  
Losing control over your nerves?

Are your muscles becoming exhausted?

You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. Scott's Emulsion. The cod-liver oil in it is the food that makes the flesh, and the hypophosphites give tone to the nerves.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

and troubles shall be unknown; where lower temptations which take hold of us through the portals of the flesh shall be done away; and where everything that is gracious, and pure, and true, and beautiful in manhood shall lift itself up as the plants in the tropics lift themselves towards the sun, that 'mortality might be swallowed up of life,'—to think of this is enough to wean one from the world. Who that does think of it, does not long for the world to come?—Henry Ward Beecher.

### What One Colored Man Could Do.

A writer in The Washington Post tells a story of what one intelligent, enterprising and industrious colored man has been able to do for himself, that is worth more than volumes abstract reasoning on the solution of the colored problem. Monroe F. Clark is his name, and he is a full blooded negro twenty-three years old. He went (to Chicago, from Kentucky in the World's Fair year, with no money, but with a fairly good education for one of his meager opportunities, and with good morals and ambition. He became a newsboy, and his attention to business and his thrift soon enabled him to buy a horse and wagon to use in his growing news business. Now he owns and uses eight carts and horses, and he has a smart trap in which to drive around. He owns real estate in the city worth some thousands of dollars, and also 160 acres of land in Kentucky. Few white men can show such results from so unpromising a beginning. Clark is also a philanthropist in a small way. Three years ago he established a home for his newsboys, now numbering fifty, the great majority of them negroes. He couldn't bear, he says, to see the little fellows "going straight to the reformatory and to the penitentiary," so he renovated a rented barn, and provides there board, lodging and recreation. He is ambitious now to build a good home for his boys. He has the money, and is only waiting to secure the right piece of ground. "It eats up a good deal of my profits," he says. "It costs me more to feed and clothe these boys and send them to school in winter than it would to hire them and let them shift for themselves. But I'm not very hungry for money—never was."

### The Day of Small Things.

Who now hath despised the day of small things, and looked with contempt upon the beginning of this work? The Jews themselves despised the foundation of the second temple because so inferior to the first, and their enemies despised the building in all its progressive stages. But let them not do it. In God's work the day of small things is not to be despised. The instruments may be weak and unlikely, but God often chooses through such to bring about great and wonderful things. The beginnings may be small, but God can make the latter end great and glorious. Even as a great mountain becomes a plain before him, so a little stone cut out of the mountain without hands, as the Gospel is described in Daniel, shall fill all the earth.

### The Prophet and the Angel.

Zerubbabel was building the second temple at Jerusalem amid great difficulties and discouragements. The people who had been at work five months were discouraged and ready to revolt, for the work was a long and expensive one. It was under these circumstances that God one night sent to Zechariah a series of eight visions. On the following morning the prophet rehearsed these visions to the people, that they might thereby be encouraged, as was intended. The lesson of this week has to do with the fifth vision.

The revelations to Zechariah were given through the ministrations of an angel. The angel that talked with him came again. There seems to have been a brief interval between the first four and the last four visions. The prophet's attention seems to

have been so deeply engaged by the preceding vision that all the powers of his mind were wholly engrossed by it, so that he had lapsed into a kind of trance, or sleep, out of which he was roused again by the angel to attend to what followed. Thus the disciples, when they saw Christ transfigured, were 'heavy with sleep.' So the prophet was overcome with sleep, or perhaps the sweetness of the visions composed him, and sung him to sleep. We need the Spirit of God not only to make known to use divine things, but to make us take notice of them.

### Discovered Through a Child.

Perhaps some of our young readers will be encouraged to use 'their bright eyes more constantly by this story of how a little girl by her intelligent observation helped an older lad to begin a series of important discoveries:

When Sir Humphrey Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement:

'Humphrey, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together.'

Humphrey was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head, and said:

'I do not know, dear. Let us see if they really do make a light, and then we will try and find out why.'

Humphrey soon found out the little girl was right; the piece of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find the reason, and after some time, thanks to the observing powers of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to 'worry,' as so many might have done, Humphrey Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane and grass has an outer skin of flinty stuff, which protects the inside from insects and also helps the frail looking leaves to stand upright.

### Suggestive Points.

1. Nothing is too hard for the grace of Christ to do.
  2. God's Church is to be the light to guide sinners to Christ.
  3. Jesus and the Holy Spirit are the sources of supply.
  4. And they shine through the lives of Christians.
  5. We can only become a light by becoming a branch through which the Holy Ghost can flow.
- All the truly great things that men have done bear marks of a pattern and a purpose in heaven.
2. How carefully, then, should we cherish the inspiration of the Spirit in our Christian work.

### PICKING BILLIONS OF FLOWERS.

Work of Women Where the Perfume Industry is Carried on in Southern France.

Grasse, is the southern part of France, is the centre of the perfume industry. Three women and girls may be seen with broad hats on their heads, gathering flowers from 5 until 11 a. m., and then returning with their fragrant burdens to the houses, where they pluck the leaves from the blossoms and pass the rest of the day in preparing them for the work of extracting the essences of essential oils, which contain the perfume itself.

In March they begin plucking violets, from which violet water is made, and from the beginning of May to the end of June they gather the jessamine, roses and orange blossoms, as well as the tuberose in July, the mignonette in August and the cassia in September. The nimble fingers of the women must move rapidly to pluck the millions and billions of leaves to make up the 1,200,000 kilograms of rose leaves alone that are used each season. Besides

## A TERRIBLE TIME!

A Port Hope Lady Undergoes a trying experience, from which she is at last freed by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. F. J. ARMSTRONG, one of Port Hope's best known citizens, speaks as follows:—

"My wife has had a terrible time with her heart for the last fifteen months.

"The pains were intense, and she had a smothering feeling together with shortness of breath, weakness and general debility. Medicine seemed to do her no good, and we had about given up trying when she started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They have toned her up wonderfully.

"She is stronger to-day than she has been for months, thanks to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I am sure there can be no better remedy from their remarkable effects in Mrs. Armstrong's case."

Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia.

there are a million kilograms of jessamine to be plucked, and violet and orange blossoms to the extent of two million kilograms a year. To give an idea of the number of plants that are raised for this huge result, it is calculated that each stalk of jessamine yields two kilograms of blossoms a season. So there must be at least five hundred stalks to yield the million kilograms required.

But the gathering of the blossoms is only the beginning of the work, for then the flowers must be picked apart and all the spoiled leaves thrown aside. Then the making of the perfume begins. The leaves are spread one by one upon layers of pure lard that cover plates of glass. Three or four times these flower layers are renewed before the lard has absorbed all of the perfume that it can hold, for the fat has a peculiar attraction for the essential oils of the flowers. This perfumed lard is the pomade of commerce, not the pomade used for hair or beard, but the crude material out of which this is afterward manufactured. The lard is then either shipped as it is to other manufacturers, or put into alcohol which draws off the perfume from the fat, having a stronger attraction therefore than the lard and the result is the finest eau de cologne. Most of the pomade is shipped as it stands to all parts of Europe and America, but some of it is reserved and the oils are extracted by distilling processes, making the purest extracts.

### The Nimble Sixpence

Is better than the slow shilling. Catarrh-cures Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Hay Fever at once. No danger or risk. Catarrh-cure acts surely and quickly. It cures by action of medicated air, which is carried directly to the seat of the diseases, and at the same time heals up all the affected parts. You breathe—it does the rest. For sale at all druggists or direct by mail, price \$1.00. Send 10c. in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., manufacturing chemists, Kingston, Ont., for sample bottle and inhaler.

A Porto Rican Editor Who Strove to Please.

General James H. Wilson, U. S. V., is proving his regard for the Porto Ricans by using his influence to further the relief work is going on in that island since the great hurricane laid it in waste. His part in the Porto Rico campaign was like a romance.

About August 4 he moved toward Coamo, up the military road through one of the most picturesque mountain districts in the world. He was advised to rush his men forward, but he preferred to advance deliberately and carefully. His wisdom was demonstrated at Descalrado Bridge, where the Spanish Army had constructed an ingenious ambush. He made counter-ambush, and the result was a defeat for the enemy.

He took many prisoners at that place, and hundreds of native volunteers, who worshiped him as only a Latin can worship a military hero, came over to his side. On August 12 Wilson and his men reached the wonderful Aibonito Pass, where the Spaniards were entrenched. There was an engagement, but it was stopped by news of peace.

During his stay in Ponce, a Porto Rican scholar and editor asked the General what two pieces of writing he particularly admired in American literature.

The General answered: "The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States."

A few days afterward the entire American colony was astonished to see the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution appear in serial form in both English and Spanish in the leading newspaper.

A PHYSICIAN is not always at hand. Guard yourself against sudden coughs and colds by keeping a bottle of Pain-Killer in the house. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

### A Woman Who Designs Monuments.

Miss Virginia Montgomery is one of the few women whose names are inscribed on monuments as designers. When the Daughters of the Confederacy of San Antonio, Texas, decided to honour the memory of their heroes of the Civil-War, Miss Montgomery submitted a design and it was accepted. The monument is now being erected and will be unveiled next year.

Miss Montgomery is a resident of New Orleans. She was born in Mobile, Alabama, but was reared at the family country home twelve miles from that city. Through her mother, she is of Virginian and South Carolinian ancestry. Through her father, the late John A. Montgomery, of Washington, D. C., she is a kinswoman of the hero, Richard Montgomery. Through her father, also, she bears relationship to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Miss Montgomery began to develop her artistic talent when very young. She is well educated and she has enjoyed the benefits of travel. Her studio in New Orleans has many pupils and is a centre of much artistic interest. Personally, Miss Montgomery is described as tall and slender, with dark hair that curls irrepressibly, and fair complexion, and eyes that are large, brown and luminous. She has a great capacity for work and a rich fund of humor.

## Irish Wit of Today.

Johnnie McCue possesses that peculiar face yclept hatchet. So, 'I say, John, shabby? Me father bid me ax ye if he could have the loan of yer face, the first good day, to cut fir.'

Even if Micky McCollion's feet were noticeably protracted, it was as untruthful as it was cruel for Oiney Kittach to remark, 'Well, good luck to ye, Micky McCollion—ye'll never need to send word afore ye when ye're comin' aither.'

Even the girls and the girls' bare feet are not exempt from criticism. Flat feet and large feet are particularly inspiring to the dance-house jokers. 'Eh! there's a pair of understandin's, boys! Nellie, would ye mind givin' me father a day walkin' over our corn-ground? It'll be sudden daith to all livin' creatures, then Nellie, ashore!' Of one remarkably flat-footed girl I heard Long Parra Brinnan say, 'The hollow of her foot would make a hole in the ground.' Don't flatter yourself, reader, that you have found me confess to a bull; that is only a Parra-dox.

Though Charlie McGinley was a particularly dirty walker, particularly and extraordinarily muddy must have been that Sunday night on which, after tramping six miles from courting his girl, Jamie Manghan assured the neighbors that 'you could sow praties on the tail of his coat.'

I do not know if you can conceive the pitiable lack of muscle in Henry Harkin, of Cruckbrack, of whom Red Morris McLaughlin said contemptuously, 'His sledge-hammer stroke wouldn't brak the crame on a milk pan.' I do believe it was the same Red Morris who once got a fright that 'shuk the nails on his toes.'

### The Jest of the Rain-Soaked Navy.

Two navies, ill-clad, dirt-covered, rain-soaked, got possession of the heavenly nook between two high stone walls while extra-heavy sleet shower prevailed. They had 'hunkered' low, and were watching the smoke-wreaths mount from their pipes. 'I'm toul,' said one of them, breaking a reverse, 'I'm toul,' Jamie, that the King of Jarmy niver smokes.' Both regarded the wreaths again for a minute in silence. 'Poor man! I wouldn't like to be him, Larry—would you?'

Betty Haran, of Thurmon, was a very pious old Methodist. Father Dan often dropped into Betty's for a gossip. 'Betty,' said Father Dan, 'I always find you deep in your Bible. Now tell me truly do you understand it all?' 'Of course I do,' indignantly. 'Well, well. I've been studying it all my life, and I don't understand it all yet.' 'An' if yer reverence is a block-head, do ye think every wan else like yerself?'

### The Choice of the Red Beggarman.

In times gone, in Ireland, the Protestant minister collected tithes in the Harvest, while the Catholic priest got in his stipends at Christmas. Father Edward and the Rev. Sandy Montgomery were one day riding together, in their usual friendly way, through Inver, and battering each other about their callings. 'Here's the Bacach Ruadh,' said Father Edward; 'let us have his opinion.' The Bacach Ruadh (or Red Beggarman) was an ardent knave, too clever to work whilst he could live upon the fat of the land without. 'Jamie,' said Father Edward to him, 'if you had a son, would you sooner make a priest or a minister of him?' 'If I had a son, yer reverences, I should have him a minister in the Harvest an' a priest at Chrissmas.'

### The Wit of a Mountain Dance House.

To the traveller in obscure corners of the world a flash of wit, like a streak of lightning in the night, often discovers an Irishman.

The biting wit that is banded across the floor of a mountain dance-house is enjoyable. There are a few villains in each townland who, attending all dances, sit in corners all the night exercising the tongue in preference to the toes.

'Jamie Mor,' one of these fellows inquires of a young man on the floor, who has a remarkably sparse mustache, 'would ye lend me the loan of that mustache to go courtin'?' 'Faith, Jan' he wouldn't,' another of the scoundrels replies across the floor; 'ye mightn't fetch it all beck till him again.' 'Troth, an' I will bring it safe back—let him count it.'

And again—'Who did I hear sayin' Neil Dunnion wasn't musical—an' that ear on him?'

Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black, Magnetic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent color.—Price ten cents.