

## Sunday Reading

### "FIRST FRUITS."

The big policeman buttoned up his coat, took his well polished club in his hand, and going out into the raw November air, passed along streets of tall and handsome buildings, till he came at last to a vacant lot in whose rear stood a tumble-down old shed, miserably small and poor at its best, and now almost fallen to pieces. Making its way to its door, he paused there and looked inside:

What he saw was this: In one corner, on a number of stones that had been gathered together, a much battered old tin kettle was boiling over a small fire of wood blocks mixed with a few lumps of coal. On the ground by the side of this sat two little boys of eight and ten, who shrank closer together at the sight of the blue coated officer, while the eyes in their little thin faces grew still larger with alarm.

Walking across, he looked into the kettle where two or three scraps of stale meat were cooking, together with some cabbage leaves and a very few small potatoes.

'Don't spill it!' urged the oldest of the boys, shrilly, his anxiety getting the mastery of his fears as the policeman lifted the kettle the better to look into its contents, 'it's our dinner.'

'Where did you get it?' 'The meat's some a butcher threw out o' his stall at the market this morning an' the cabbage an' pertaters a woman giv' us fer helpin' her sort 'em. We didn't hook a single thing—we didn't true, mister.'

'And the fire?' 'Th' wood we got where they was buildin' a house, th' men sed we might hev it, an' the coal we picked up 'side the railroad track. We didn't steal none of it, hope ter nie we did.'

The officer looked around. On a somewhat larger block of wood lay a bent iron spoon beside a rusty tin cup, with a bit of rag drawn through a hole in the bottom, while a small, very small handful of hay in another corner completed the furnishing, if such it could be called.

'And these other things I suppose you picked up, too?' he said.

'Yes. Th' tin things we found in a rubbish heap, an' th' hay was where a big load hed tipped over. We ain't stole a single one.'

'How long have you been living here?' was the next question.

'I don't know—a good spell.'

'Anybody besides you two youngsters?' 'Nobody else.'

'Where is your home?' 'We ain't got none 'sides this.'

'Haven't you any mother?' 'No, ma had a cough, an' then she was awful sick, an' then she died, and they took her way off, and he drew a ragged little sleeve across the tear that gathered in his eyes.

'Well, haven't you any father?' 'Pa went off after that and we don't know where he is. He wasn't no good anyway,' with an accent of childish scorn.

'What is his name?' 'Jim Fosdick.'

The officer gave an inaudible whistle, for the name was a familiar one in police circles, and he could have told the children of their father's whereabouts as he was then serving a term in the workhouse for a drunken fight.

'After ma died an' pa left us,' continued the little fellow, 'th' man in whose house we hed a room wouldn't let us stay no longer an' we hed ter git out. I sold papers an' got enough grub fer Sammy an' me, an' we hung round anywhere till we found this place. It's a heap better'n layin' out o' nights or sleepin' under dry good boxes. You'll let us stay here, won't you mister? We ain't a-burtin' nobody!'

The wistful look on his small pinched face was stronger even than the anxious tone, and the youngest boy, who had not spoken before, echoed pleadingly, 'Please do let us stay.'

'Now see here, youngsters,' was the not unkindly, answer, 'hadn't you rather go to a great deal better place than this—a place where you will have a good bed to sleep in, with sheets and blankets, and plenty of nice bread and meat, things fit to eat, with a look of disgust at the contents of the kettle, and where there will be ever so many other boys and girls?'

'Do you mean a 'syum'?' 'That's the very place!'

There are three conditions: When the blood is poor; When more flesh is needed; When there is weakness of the throat or lungs.

There is one cure: that is Scott's Emulsion.

It contains the best cod-liver oil emulsified, or digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. It promises more prompt relief and more lasting benefit in these cases than can be obtained from the use of any other remedy.

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

'We don't want ter go to no 'syum, Sammy and me,' was the thrill protest, 'ter be shut up an' knocked about, an' sent off where we'd never see each other no more, the way they does with kids in such places. We want ter stay right here, we do.'

'Oh, this is not that kind of an asylum at all. They will be good to you in this one. Then, you can't stay here anyway, it must leak like a sieve every time it rains, and it will soon be winter now, when you would freeze in such an open place. Besides, a complaint has been entered, there are barns so near that your fire is dangerous, and my orders are to take you away. But you will be so much better off that very soon you will be glad of it.'

'No we won't,' said Ned, stoutly, while Sammy set up a cry as though he was going to be torn from the finest and happiest home that ever a little boy had.

But protests and tears were of no avail, open defiance they dared not venture. So, when the contents of the tin kettle had been used to put the fire safely out, they were marched away by the big policeman, and given over duly to the charge of Mr. Stone, the kind faced superintendent of the orphan asylum, who, when the dirt had been washed off them, and their ragged clothes replaced by whole clean ones, found Ned and Sammy a couple of bright, frank faced little fellows.

On their part the boys looked with wonder and surprise at the long table, covered with such an abundance as they had hardly dreamed of, the rows of clean white beds, the numbers of cheerful, contented children, and the atmosphere of comfort and care, of which in their brief lives they had known so little.

At first there was some homesickness for the freedom of the streets, but very soon both Ned and Sammy fitted into the new life, with its routine of study, work and play; and it was with hearts more heavy than they had been on entering, that one December day, two years later, they left the asylum to go to homes that had been found for them adjoining farms a few miles out of the city.

The day before Thanksgiving, the following November, had come around, when, as Mr. Stone was standing on the steps, he saw coming through the iron gates and up the gravel drive that led to the tall brick buildings, a one-horse waggon drawn by a steady white horse, with two boys on the seat in whom he at once recognized Ned and Sammy, their faces, ruddy with health and tan, wreathed in smiles.

'O Mr. Stone!' they both called in chorus, 'we've brought you something for the Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow.' And springing to the ground they drew off the blanket covering their load, proudly displaying one end of the box of the waggon nearly filled with potatoes, the other with yellow and rosy cheeked apples, while a bag from which the hickory nuts were bursting crowned the whole.

'There's eleven bushels of potatoes, we dug 'em yesterday, and we raised 'em all ourselves,' Ned announced, with a ring of pride and pleasure in his tone.

'It was Ned that thought of it too,' added Sammy, with equal pride.

'We asked Mr. Hill and Mr. Martin if we might and they said yes, if we could take all care of them ourselves, besides the work they had for us to do.'

'An' we said we would,' put in Sammy, eager to have his share of the story. 'We did, too; I tell you we worked like beavers to keep 'em boed and bugged.'

'But then it was such fun,' continued Ned, as Sammy stopped for want of breath 'to see them grow, and to think every day that they were for you here.'

'We had first rate luck, too,' struck in Sammy again. 'Mr. Hill and Mr. Martin said 'twas a good deal 'cause we took such good care of t'hem. There's six bushels of the apples. They told us to go into their orchards and get the best we could find.'

'And Sammy picked up the hickory nuts; he got up mornings before it was light to do it.'

'Oh, yes; Mr. Hill and Mr. Martin said for us to tell you that we had been first rate boys, an' they couldn't spare us, no ways.'

'I am pleased to hear that, and more than pleased with your gift,' said Mr. Stone, as he took a brown hand of each of the boys in his. But tell me how you came to think of doing it?'

'Well, you see,' answered Ned, 'Sammy an' me was talkin' one day of when we was kids' an' the tough time we had living in that old shed, an' how awful good our first thanksgiving dinner here did taste—I'll never forget it—an' that made us think what a good home we had here, and what tip-top homes we've got now, so we felt that you had all been so kind to us, an' we had so much to be thankful for, that we wanted to do something to show it.'

'Then Ned said as we could raise something,' went on Sammy, as the former paused with a queer tremor in his voice. 'You know you used to read about folks givin' God their first-fruits,' an' he said, these potatoes would be our first fruits. They're for you, an' the boys an' girls here but they're for him first, because he put it in folks' hearts to be good to us.'

'You see,' added Ned, 'they are the first things of our own we ever had, so we wanted to give 'em. He will understand, won't he?'

'Dear boys, be sure that he will.' And there was a tremor in Mr. Stone's own voice as he drew them closer to him.

#### Motives to the Religious Life.

What constitutes the most constraining motive to the religious life? The controversy over this question is an age-long one, and as usual, the doctors differ. Plato found it in compression. 'Man's attention,' he says, 'especially in what concerns the worship of the gods, is seldom fixed but by a sort of violence and constraint.' On the other hand, and diametrically opposed to the great philosopher, Lessing anticipates a time when men will have no need to borrow motives for conduct from a future life, but 'they will do right because it is right.' The trouble with this theory is that it lacks the sanction of Nature. The idea of disinterestedness is visionary and illusive. Man is a creature of hungers, of desires. As Ferrier, puts it hunger weaves the physical being; hunger, it is which weaves the moral and spiritual. The great moral distinction lies in the kind of hunger we encourage and yield to. The coming religious philosophy, founding itself upon an accurate biology both of body and mind, will have less to say about abstract right and wrong, and abstract good and evil; and much more to say about what in life is higher and what is lower. Its message will be that we begin as animals, with potentialities in us of Godhood, and that the choice lies with us whether we will remain in the one state or climb to the other.

We shall enter upon no argument to show that sensualism is only preparation for something lower, and that the indulger in the passions treads a path that leads to a dungeon, and not to the heights of freedom. The cult of Circe ends, as it did in the days of Ulysses, by turning its devotees into swine. Only to recall the case of Heine in his last days—a man chained to his bed by mortal disease yet raging with every unbridled desire.

In immediate contrast with this is the immensity of the range of the higher life. The two are as touch compared with sight; the one limited to the few feet our arm can reach, the other stretching to the illimitable stars. In the one we inhabit a pigsty; in the other a universe. This, too is to be noted—that while the lower life scheme can never include the joy of the higher, the higher contains, in a sublimated form, all that is real in the lower. Looking at the subject in this light, it is easy to understand what Augustine means in the wonderful description in his 'Confessions' of his love of God; where, after saying it is fixed on no beauty of body, or brightness of light, or fragrance of flowers, or fleshly endearment, he continues: 'None of these I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light, and melody, and fragrance, and meat, and embracement of my inner man: where there these shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundeth what time beareth not away, and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not;—this is it which I love when I love my God.'

Extend this principle and we shall hear less about art for art's sake: all the great arts rightly pursued become expressions of the love of God—of love to God. Music is diviner to a man at sixty than it is at twenty. At the later age better than the earlier will be understood what Beethoven



## Say "No"

and stick to it, if a grocer urges you to take something "that's the same as" or "as good as" Pearline. A washing-powder sold by "substitution" is open to suspicion. Even if it costs a few cents less, will that pay you for the damage that may be done? If any one thing has been proved about Pearline, it's the fact that it is absolutely harmless. Isn't that enough to make you insist on Pearline.

Millions of Women Use Pearline

meant in saying that 'God was more to him in his art than to others, and he communicated with him through it without fear.' And he will enter into the spirit of the immortal Haydn, who when composing his 'Creation' knelt and prayed God he might serve him worthily.

In conclusion, Religion has at one end sought to compel men by fear, and at another to offer it stripped of all external motive. Better than either, and nearer to human nature and the truth of things, will it be to present it as the supreme attraction. Along its road—the road of renunciation, of mastery of the animal, of obedience to the higher law—can man alone grasp the possibilities of his life and drink of its rarer joys. What should set the Churches to work with the noblest zeal is the reflection that in the innumerable multitudes that now welter dismally around them are untouched possibilities of delight which it is their mission to teach and to unfold.

#### God in the Nation's Problems.

Speaking of a recent sermon of Bishop Doane of Albany a New York paper says:

There can be no doubt that the Bishop's words are most timely. All may not on the instant be prepared to regard in a purely optimistic spirit our prospective acquisition of the Philippines. It is a truth that pessimism has a rightful place in every problem. There is always shadow in the loveliest picture, and we all know that the excess of virtue is the foster parent of evil. What we want to do in the present circumstances we take it, is to make haste slowly. That is to say, while we may promptly accept as a revealed fact that Spain must give up the Philippines, to say on the instant that we must forever hold them, make them an integral part of the country and govern them, is assuming a conclusion whose logical premises are not yet fully revealed.

But the bishop is thoroughly right in insisting that the country should 'wait upon God.' What is to be feared is that it will do little waiting but any amount of rushing, and then call upon God to bless the result. Nations, it is needless to say, are not as a rule blessed in this way. Colonization has been the bane of some countries, as it will surely be of ours if in resorting to it, we violate the cause of wise economics and of good morals as well, by precipitating upon our new possessions a horde of political office seekers appointed not in the interests of a high public service, but of narrow partisanship; and the danger that lies in this direction is not inconsiderable.

However, it is true, as it is a commonplace of history, that the religious feeling of nations has almost always been in close harmony with the highest social development; the more fervent and spiritual the religious sentiment, the more this is true. On the other hand, the same religious feeling has often protested against unjust national aggrandizement and wars of conquest,—as witness the severe condemnation visited upon England for her share in the Crimean War, by the religious sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon-speaking world. This method of placing a verdict upon national policy is seen in clearer light, we think, and takes higher ground in Bishop Doane's treatment of the subject that is afforded in Benjamin Kidd's altruistic view, where his 'extra-rational sanction' is made to do duty for the aspirations of the majority without a too careful analysis of motive. Certainly Bishop Doane strikes a true keynote when he insists that we hold ourselves prepared to carry out the leadings of Providence. Only we need to be careful, and look to it lest we mistake the will of God for what is really the voice of ambition crying out, 'Go forth and occupy.' For the nation to heed such a call without evidence of the divine approval is for us to listen to the song of the siren which will surely transform us into a nation of beasts.

#### The Stomach's Woes.

Are pleasantly and positively healed by Dr. Von Sian's Pineapple Tablets. They act upon and digest the food, prevent fermentation and all distresses of the stomach. Eminent physicians have noted their sterling merit and the wonderful cures wrought right in their own practice and prescribe to relieve and cure. 35 cents.

Love knows little of sciences, but is master of arts.

## Permanent Cure of Salt Rheum.

The permanent cure after permanent cure that is being published week by week has placed Burdock Blood Bitters far above all other remedies in the estimation of the sick and suffering.

Even the severest and most chronic diseases that other remedies fail to relieve yield to the blood purifying, blood enriching properties of B.B.B.

Salt Rheum or Eczema—that most stubborn of skin diseases, which causes such torture and is so difficult to cure with ordinary remedies—cannot withstand B.B.B.'s healing, soothing power.

The case of Mrs. Jas. Sanderson, Emerson, Man., shows how effective B.B.B. is in curing Salt Rheum at its worst, and curing it to stay cured.

This is what she wrote:

"Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Salt Rheum three years ago. It was so severe that my finger nails came off. I can truly say that I know of no more valuable medicine in the world than B.B.B. It cured me completely and permanently, as I have never had a touch of Salt Rheum since."

#### All Through Error.

In England last year nearly 750,000 letters were so illegibly dated and addressed that they could neither be delivered nor returned. The letters undelivered for one reason or another, but returned safely to the writers, were very numerous, and they had inclosures, in all, of value considerably over £500,000.

## A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

#### CATARRAH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The man who boasts he owes no man a dollar may not know of anyone who would be willing that he should owe him ten cents.

**Vitality**  
FOR WEAK GIRLS AND BOYS  
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.