

Sunday Reading

HER TITHES.

She read the words hastily in the morning, her busy thoughts already running forward to review the days work, but all through the crowded hours they had followed her persistently, and she found herself continually repeating, 'I give tithes of all that I possess.'

All the day the refrain ran on—'I give tithes of all that I possess.'

It annoyed her as she had often been annoyed by a strain of a foolish song caught up by the memory and reiterated mechanically.

'It was a miserable old Pharisee that said it,' she reflected, 'and I don't know why I should be haunted by it. I do give tithes of all I possess, but I never thought of boasting of it. It's much the easier way to keep the peace between your conscience and so many conflicting claims. When I've laid aside my tenth I feel perfectly comfortable over the rest of the dollar.'

Silence for a few minutes in the busy brain and then a little laugh with the thought:

'The Pharisee seems to have been perfectly comfortable about the rest of his dollar, or shekel, I suppose it was—the great trouble with him was feeling too comfortable about his tithes, as it that ended the matter. I never felt so, I am sure. My tithe is a real thank-offering, not a tax.'

Again the needle sped on its way, but the face above it grew every minute graver and more thoughtful, until at last the hands lay idle in the lap and the eyes were lifted to gaze slowly about the beautiful room, taking in its charm and harmony and comfort.

'Tithes of all that I possess,' said the mistress of the home; 'I never thought before how much that really meant, and what a very small part of all my possessions the money was. It would mean a tithe of my time, and my thought, and my ingenuity, and my ability to make things go—and I've always said I will give, but I will not be on committees and take responsibility and get other people to work. I've paid my dues, but I would not take time to go to the missionary meetings. I've subscribed for the paper, but I never had any interest in reading it—I can't honestly say as much as the Pharisee did.'

'All I possess,' that would mean love, human love, that crowns me and makes me blessed among women, I'm sure I never in my life gave any real love to these women whose lives are so empty of it. I haven't taken time to love them, I have just let them be crowded out of my thought. I don't know just what good love could have done them, but it might have done me good; made me more grateful, more generous, more eager to help, and that would have reached to them. 'All I possess' would mean opportunity and influence with others; it would mean the beauty and rest and delight of my home—but how could I tithe that except with those who can be brought in to share it? Yes, I might spare that lovely etching on which I set my heart for the library, send the money towards the Memorial home, that seems so vague and far off and uncertain that I said I did not want any of my money to go into it. It would mean sharing the church for reading-rooms and evening classes and social help; sharing leisure and culture and pleasures and knowledge; it would mean sharing one's self, and that is the hardest of all. If I had plenty of money I should love to help in every other way, but I have no talent for personal giving. Yet that was the way Christ helped—who loved us and gave himself for us. First the love, then the giving of himself. Perhaps if I had the love, really, truly, in Christ's measure, the giving would be easier. I might even have to give, for Paul says, 'The love of Christ constraineth us. Well, I'll never say again, I give tithes of all that I possess.'

She sighed and took up her needle, but it moved slowly now, and in place of the hunting words a gentle, persuasive voice seemed to whisper, 'Freely ye have received freely give,' 'Beloved, if God so loved us we ought also to love one another as God for Christ's sake hath received you. The tears began to fall, and in the quiet, beautiful room David's prayer of thanksgiving ascended again, 'Bless thou, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—Woman's Missionary Friend.'

Sufficient Unto the Day.

Over the triple doorway of the Milan Cathedral are these inscriptions: 'All that which pleases is for a moment,' 'All that which troubles is for a moment,' and over the central arch, 'That only is important which is eternal.'

The unrivaled architecture of that superb structure, the most pleasing to the eye of the world's cathedrals, while ministering to our love of the visible, points alike with its noble mottoes and shapely spires to the invisible as the real. It is only a life enriched from above that can, like Moses, whether in palace or desert, endure as seeing him who is invisible.

Faith, not fatalism, is the world's great need. It is not that we should be heedless of the future—that would make us unfit for the present—but we should be free from anxiety about it.

Fatalism holds that a certain foreordained event will come about no matter what may be done to prevent it, and so hardens the heart to recklessly court danger. That makes the Arab, unlovely and cruel, the slave of lust and anger. Faith holds that our Lord has become the caretaker of all who absolutely trust him. He lifts that burden from all who are willing. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. As one of the martyrs said, 'God hath not promised to keep us from our trouble, but to be with us in it.'

God can give us something better than relief—he gives us grace. Grace is more than the good will of God towards us; it is his good work in us. The one enlightens and enlivens the other strengthens and supports. The real power of God dwells only in those who have his grace.

Cyprian, while Bishop of Carthage, said to the Christians who complained that they were likely to die by the plague when they preferred to die by the sword, 'God does not want your blood, but your faith.' God's martyrs are not only those whose chains the women of the early church counted it an honor to kiss. There were those who hastened to die because they were afraid to live, who welcomed death as easier and requiring less courage than life. Death on the field of battle is a fate desired by many a soldier who has never conquered his own appetites. There is more faith required to fight disease or want than to end the struggle by welcoming death. The suicide is one who cannot endure 'to-morrow.' Blood is cheaper than faith. It requires less religion to speak dying words than to infuse the spirit of religion into our daily speech while yet we live.

Not the name of a single martyr is mentioned in the calendar of the saints in the Epistle to the Hebrews, unless it be Samson, the least saintly of all. Not those who were stoned, who were sawn asunder, who were slain with the sword, who were destitute, afflicted, evil entreated (of whom the world was not worthy), wandering in deserts and mountains and caves and the holes of the earth, are counted most worthy of being mentioned by name. But those who did secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive, who walked with God like Enoch, or prepared an ark like Noah, who went on a journey in faith like Abraham, or administered the affairs of a nation like Moses; it is such as those who could walk and not faint who received the more abundant grace here and the exceeding, eternal weight of glory.

Great characters like these are developed by great promises even more than by great trials. Faith is reason leaning on God trusting for to-day and confident of the morrow, which is also with God.

Neither is pessimism, the best friend of humanity, but faith. Pessimism despairs of any betterment of human conditions, declaring with Schopenhauer, 'Consciousness is the hideous mistake and malady of nature. Optimism declares that this is the best possible world without being able to give a reason for the faith that leaves the Redeemer out of account, and without any serious, self-sacrificing effort to make it better. Faith discounts none of the ills of his life, but is ever looking at the things which are unseen and eternal.

Worldly wisdom truthfully says, 'The worst misfortunes are those which never come. Faith replies, 'True; but what if the very worst should? Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

Experience chides us for borrowing trouble, and rightly says, 'It is the double load that kills—to-morrow's burden added to to-day's. Only foolish man does for himself what he would never do for his beast.' Faith responds, 'Yes; it was my Lord who taught me that, and said it was like the heathen to be always asking anxiously, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? Why add to-morrow's burdens or anxieties to to-day's, and thus be unfit for to-day's duties? Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'

We might as well, savage-like, attempt to eat to-morrow's food to-day as to do to-morrow's work or bear to-morrow's bur-

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ons. Faith was schooled in the desert by finding out that the manna was given day by day for each day's needs, and the Hebrew who was distrustful of the morrow's supply found that the food of unbelief bred worms and stank, while that of faith came daily fresh from God in never failing supply. Sweet is the food which faith claims in answer to the simple prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me

'He that believeth shall not make haste,' or shall not 'tuss,' as the Hebrew may be fitly rendered—showing the confusion of an army whether preparing for the onset or dissolving in disorderly retreat with out faith in its leader. The flesh recruit must fire at once or run; the veteran alone is fit for the reserves, confusing the enemy's fire by the deliberateness of his aim. While no shot is as deadly as that which is fired at the retreating foe, the Christian, though panoplied from head to foot, has no armour for his back. The shield of faith which 'over all' gives no protection to him whose face is turned from the foe. Faith is mightiest on the battle field. We never experience the necessity for him.

Our Lord's great words are 'Learn' and 'Rest': learn of me and find rest for your souls. Without a reliable universe no moral character could grow. A fickle world admits only of a lawless race. It is the soul which believes in God as Creator, Redeemer, Lord, that can plan and work and die at its best, and which finds 'rest in the midst of work.'

Rest that strengthens into virtuous deeds
Is one with prayer.

The skin of an elephant usually takes about five years to tan.

Mtesa's Letter.

In the life of Emin Pasha is an account of his visit to Mtesa, King of Uganda, whither he was sent by Gordon, to try to establish better relations between Mtesa and the Egyptian authorities.

The king received him with the greatest cordiality, and afterward sent him, by his secretary, a letter, in English, informing Emin that the king was a Christian and desired to see his people so. The letter is worth reading, as a specimen of what a savage can do with English; far more, probably, than most of us, even after much study, could do with an African dialect. It runs as follows, in its original spelling:

'To my dear friend! My Degr friend whot I sag I am Christian and be thou Christian first I was the Mehamedans and find it is all lie and vows I am away from them I am among the Christians and e Jaak the people that how is away the Christian but myself am Christian
'from Mtesa king of Uganda.'

NO SUFFERING IN CAMP.

From Dread Catarrah—Dr. Agnew's Catarrah Powder Kills the Diseases Germs and Cures the Distressed Parts—Relieves in Ten Minutes.

Alf. Leblanc, of St. Jerome, Quebec, says he used Dr. Agnew's Catarrah Powder for an acute case of catarrah in the head and it cured him. He has 125 men working under him in the lumbering camps, and what it has done for him it has done for many of them. He buys it for camp use and pins his faith to it as the quickest reliever for colds in the head, and surest cure for catarrah. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Pineapple Cloth.

In the search for new fibres that may be used in cloth-making it has been suggested recently that the pineapple plant might be pressed into service. Pineapple leaves contain silk-like fibres, which can be divided into exceedingly thin filaments and then spun into threads. In Eastern countries delicate fabrics, as light almost as cobwebs, have been made of this material.

But as yet no process of producing the fibres in commercial quantities has been discovered.

Catarrhzone

Will cure—absolutely cure—catarrh. You have found snuffs, and washes, and ointments disgusting and useless. You do not believe anything will cure catarrh. Well, send for a free sample of prepaid sample of Catarrhzone and see for yourself. It is like a whiff from the pine woods carried by the air directly to the diseased parts, but it cleanses as by fire. You breathe—it does the rest. Write at once—N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Saved by a Fender.

A stirring account of a picturesque street accident in Buffalo, New York, is furnished by the Courier of that city. As a trolley-car ran at high speed down the hill from High street and dashed past North street it struck Miss Nellie Cahill, who had attempted to cross the track in front of it on a bicycle. The bicycle ran on the fender and struck the front of the car with terrific force. Miss Cahill fell from her wheel and landed on the fender. Her bicycle was by her side for a distance of forty or fifty feet, when its rear wheel was caught by some obstruction on the pavement and the wheel was tumbled off and thrown to one side of the car. Miss Cahill clutched the iron frame of the fender and bravely kept her position. The skirt of her dress, which fell over the side of the fender, caught on obstructions, and several times, as pieces of the garment were torn away, the strength of the young woman was tested severely, but she held on. The car, with Miss Cahill on the fender, ran a distance equal to an ordinary half block, when it stopped. Miss Cahill didn't wait to be lifted from her seat. She wasn't hurt, and her bicycle was only slightly damaged.

Sweden is the most Protestant country, for out of a population of 4,774,409, only 810 are Roman Catholics.