Sunday Reading

Sursum Corda.

Sing, O soul, his grace and glory Who redeemed thee from the fall ! Sing, O sing the wonderous story, How he died to save us all ! Sing his love, all love excelling, Praise and magnify his name, Who hath made in us his dwelling, Healed our griefs and borne our shame

Let our hearts in adoration Join with angels in their songs ! Praise him ! praise him, all creation, For to him all praise belongs ! Honor, blessing and dominion Be to him for evermore ! Rise, O soul, on love's strong pinion,

Sing, and worship, and adore ! Sing, O sing with heart of gladness Praises to the Lord most high ! There can be no place for sadness Where the Prince of Peace is nigh ! Praise the strength of thy salvation, Victor over death and hell, Let your hymns of exaltation His redemptive glory tell.

Not in all the courts of heaven Can one angel there be found Unto whom is this grace given-Love, with sweet forgiveness crowned. Sing, O sing in adoration, God the Lord, Jehovah is ! Sing, O sing, in self-negation, He redeemed us to be his!

Praise him who in love is sending Richest blessings every hour. Love beyond all comprehending, Earth and heaven's richest dower. Sing that song, of all most glorious, He hath washed us in his blood, Over death and hell victorious, Hath redeemed us unto God. By William G. Haesebarth.

EMERGENCIES.

It is important for every boy and every girl to have presence of mind. Perhaps you think you have. Many of us think we have, too. But, after all, it is not what you and I think we would do if our house should take fire, or our boat begin to sink or a highway man confront us, or an earth quake yarn beneath us; it is rather what we actually do when we are in the thick of such peril, that determines our presence of mind. There are no persons so remarkably level-headed as those wko are free and easy, out of the reach of danger.

The other day I heard a story of unusual presence of mind. It was told me by one who had himself received it from an officer of one of the great railroads that cross the Alleyhany Mountains.

'There,' said the officer to my inform. ant, as both were going about a great central station, where cars and locomotives were made, repaired and kept, 'there is the very man. It wants any favor of the road, he has only to ask for it. The rest of us come and go; but he stays, and may stay, service or no service till death removes him. The road is grateful to him, and will always hold him in honor.

Many years have elapsed since the incident happened; many more since the telling of the tale to my friend. The details and the coloring vary somewhat as they pass from mouth to mouth. No doubt, when you have finished the story, you will say, 'Why that was the very thing I would have done myself.' But would you have done it? Here is the story:

Puff, puff, puff! It was hard work; for the grade was steep and the train long and heavy. The engine panted as if its strength were talling. And no wonder! For miles and miles up the slopes up the slopes of the Alleghany Mountains it had been tugging its precious burden, and there were many miles more before it it should reach the summit and tarry awhile to regain its strength.

The changing scenes kept the passengers in a tremor of half joyful, half anxious ex-

'How beautiful that wooded slope!' 'Shall we ever get to the top of the

'Ah, here we go through a tunnel!' 'That great bowlder looks as if the slighteat jar would bring it down upon

'On, here comes some trestle work ! How frail it looks! And what a dizzy height! If it should break under us-

Just then a quick, sharp whistle was heard. To those that understood it, it said imperatively, 'Down brakes, and be quick about it, too!' Instantly the brakemen were straining at their posts as if every life were threatened. Indeed, it was their duty on these hard, treacherous grades to stand by the brakes and use them at a moment's warning. People thrust their heads out of the car windows, and some hurried to the platforms, and there was a deal of nervous questioning. What was the matter? Had an accident happened? Was there any danger P No one seemed to know. Not even the brakemen were informed.

Far up the road the engineer had caught a glimpse of an awful peril. It was a train of runaway freight cars. For a moment it

was in plain sight dashing around a curve. Then it was lost in the woods. No engine visible; there was no sign of life anywhere about it. Nowhere on the grade at that time was a down train due. The cars were without control; there was no doubt about it, and there was nothing to check their descent. Already they were running furiously, and every second their speed was increasing. A collision seemed inevitable.

What should the engineer do? To stop the train would not mend the situation. To reverse the engine and go the other way-there was hardly time for that. Besides, it would only postpone the result, and make it more dreadful because of the increased headway of the runaway cars.

The engineer ed the situation on every side. P tter plan rose before him; plan at lan was dropped. But it was all done with that wonderful speed which the mind shows when under the stress of a swiftly nearing danger. In that brief time the engineer lived hours. Suddenly there was a ray of hope, a possible plan of safety. Down brakes!' he whistled. This was the signal to which we have already called attention.

'Free the engine from the train!' be shouted to the fireman. The engine was uncoupled, and the train was left lagging behind. 'Now jump for your life!' There was no time for parley. The fireman leaped, fell and scrambled to his feet again. Then the engineer put on full steam. Freed from its burden of coaches the locomotive responded at once.

'Now fight the battle for us !' exclaimed the engineer as he sprang from the steps. His quick eye had chozen a favorable spot on which to alight. Though thrown headlong with some force, he was on his feet promptly enough to see his train roll by at a lessening speed, under the full control of the faithful brakemen.

That something serious had happened or was about to occur began to be clear to the psssengers. One or two had seen the fireman jump, two or three the engineer; and larger numbers from the car windows had caught snatches of men that, soiled and bruised and dazed, were trying to rise to their feet by the side of the track-All was excitement and tumult. Some began to leap from the cars.

Up the track, meanwhile, weut the iron monster to meet the foe alone. Down the track, into full sight, came the wild freight cars with a speed so great that they almost rose from the rail as they rounded the curves. Nearer and nearer, the speed of each increasing. Then they flew at each other in mighty, tiger-like rage, as if there were blood to be shed and nerves to be torn asundsr.

The crash shook the hills. A great roaring cloud of steam burst into the air while another of dust and debris boiled up and miagled confusedly with it. Then the shattered ends of cars shot out here and there from the smoke, and a grinding, crackling mass rose up, quivering in the air for a moment, reeled, and then went crashing down the embankment into the ravine below. When the steam and dust cleared away, there were deep, ugly furrows in the roadbed, and the splintered ties, and the bent and broken rails, and the nameless fragments of an utter wreck, to mark the scene of the fierce encounter.

The gallant engine was a hopeless ruin but it had done noble service. It had fought a battle in which hundreds of lives and untold interests were at stake, and it had won it.

With tears of joy and gratitude they blessed the engineer whose quick wit and daring plan and instant execution saved them from a fate that at one moment it seemed beyond human power to avert. And to the poor locomotive that lay dismembered and useless on the rocks below there went out a kind and tender feeling, as it, in giving its life to save others, it had shown something akin to the love and bravery and sacrifice of a noble human being.

Blind Bartimeus.

As our Lord on a certain occasion was journeying to the city of Jericho, he came in contact with a poor blind man who sat

people. The rustling tramp of the approaching crowd caught the quick ear of accompanied it; there was no brakeman the sightless mendicant, and when he understood that Jesus of Nazareth was drawing near, he cried out, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!'

> He was blind, and lived in a perpetual midnight. Beauty surrounded him, but he saw nothing but the impenetrable environment of gloom. The sun shone fair above him; but while he felt its glowing kisses upon his cheek, and its warm beam resting on his head, his eye beheld no radiance, and he looked not on the smiling ot its glorious face. Nature arrayed in beams of beauty lay outspread before him; but the only robe he saw was the sable pall of night-a night upon whose eternal shade no dancing moonbeams played, and whose deep darkness no twinkling firma ment transfixed.

> Who has not seen a blind man in our streets groping his way alone, or led, it may be, by a child, or even by a dog? He hears the hum of traffic and the shout of men, but he sees no shape through the grim cloud which veils him. He passes by the statue, and the carved cathedral, but they are lost on him, for he sees nothing but a waste of gloom. How blighted and awful such a lot! Prisoned within a cloistered world of his own, touching and handling the objects he can never see, hearing the voices of the lips he can never look upon, grateful for friendly aid, although he never saw a smile, or looked upon the face of wife or child. All the glory that is about him is lost upon the poor blind man, whose rayless eyes revolve within their spheres like suns

Who does not breathe a sigh of pity for the blind? And vet there is a deeper blindness by far than his. The sinner and using three-fourths of contents of bottle, the Christian stand side by side. The they do not relieve Constipation and Headoutspread landscape lies before them both; both bend their eves upon it; but one looks into vacancy, while the other looks upon a scene that fills him with delight. The sinner cries, Let us away from this, for I stumble amid this darkness. Yonder are the lights of the city and the palaces of pleasure. Thither let us bend our steps! Darkness! What do you mean? Can you not see the bright resplendent glory before you? No; but I see the city where men are dancing and feasting, and I would be with them.

O better stay and look upon the Christian's vision, for he sees a prospect glorious indeed. He sees a city paved with gold, and with bright domes and buildings flushed with an affluence brighter than the noonday sun. He sees fair troops of shining ones gathered about the city gates, whose crown and circlets coruscate the self-same radiance; the portals are of pearl, and the robes of those who throng them are of spotless white. The city is surrounded by a goodly land, whose hills are crowned with light, and whose valleys flow with milk and honey. Its river is clear as crystal, and the banks are fringed with the foliage of the tree of life, whose laden branches bend with the weight of twelve manner of fruit; a choir of seraph minstrels sit beneath its shade singing hallelujahs of eternal praise. High up above the loftiest minaret of the city towers a rainbow girdled throne, and on its seat there sits the Lamb of God, and about it a multitude no man can number, while the harpers harping on their harps take up the volume of the song which angels sing - Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, torever!'

This is a beatific vision of the saints of God. But the poor purblind sinner sees it not. He is so dazed with the glare of the haunts of men, and with the grating music of their revels, that he cares not for the seats or songs of angels. He cannot see them; and if he did there would be no beauty in them that he should desire them. And why? Because he i morally blind, and has not felt his way to Christ, the source and center of all light to have his eyelids touched and the curtain drawn away that hides the brightness of

The eye's light is one of heaven's kind. est gifts to man! but it were better far by the wayside to receive alms of the uever to see a single work of the great

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Creator's power-never to gaze upon the light of day, upon the beauty and glory of the flowers, or upon the face of man-better to have the vision black as the blackest darkness of night, than have the eye of faith eclipsed, or the vision of the spirit dimmed. Let it be our prayer that we may have faith to realize the wondrous verities of redeeming love, as we feel in anxious helplessness around us, if haply we may touch the hem of Jesus' garment, crying, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' Then shall we feel the curtain of our gloom gently drawn aside, and as the scales are falling from our eyes, and the first dawning of a spiritual day comes gleaming on the sense, we too, like Barti meus, shall pursue our way with renewed strength and hope, giving glory to the Son of David. J sus of Nazareth is in the way. He is passing by just now. O call upon him befo e he is out of sight or out of hearing, 'Have mercy on me, thou son

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after ache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills's English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists,

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RENTS ITS ELECTRIC MOTORS.

Remunerative Experiment Conducted by City of Bradford, England.

St. John, N. B.

One obstacle to the more rapid adoption of electric power, especially in the case of small users everywhere, is undoubtedly the want of capital to purchase the necessary motor; but where the power to purchase exists the buyer often has little or no experience with electrical matters to guide him in his purchase, and if his means are limited he will naturally be tempted to venture on a cheap line with probably unsatisfactory results. A solution of these difficulties, which has been applied with excellent results at Bradford, England, is the purchase of good reliable motors, and oftering them for hire by the owners of the electricity supply undertakings, who, in this instance, are the municipality itself. According to figures prepared by Alfred H. Gibbings, the city electrical engineer of Bradford, they have found there that a rental charge of 10 per cent upon the initial cost of each motor was amply sufficient to yield acceptable returns, the charge being made up of 3 per cent for interest, 3 per cent for sinking fund, and 4 per cent for depreciation and contingent ex-

The Bradford corporation inaugurated their scheme of hiring-in which, by way, are lamps also included on similiar terms-in November, 1896, and up to October of this year had supplied ninetyeight motors to consumers. The increase in electricity supplied for motive power in 1896, with only two months of the hire system in force, over that supplied in 1895, was a little over 19,000 Board of Trade units; in 1897 the increased sale over 1896 was 52 000 units, and for 1898 the increase over 1897 will probably be nearly 63,000 units. representing a more than 50 per cent increase. These figures show very strikingly to what extent the facilities off red by the Bradford corporation are appreciated.

small power uses, such as for cranes, hoists tans, pumping and similiar purposes. More recently, however, applications for motor service have come from a large spinning and weaving firm, several founderies where blowers are to be driven, a sawmill requiring about twenty horse power, and an engineering shop requiring about fifty horse power, all of which indicates growing and gratifying confidence in electric power.

KICKED HIS PHYSICIAN.

'Never Leave His Bed Alive." Said the Doctor-South American Rheumstic Cure Does the Miracle.

Mr. Granville Haight, of Sparta, Ont., says his father, who is a very old man, was very low from an attack of rheumatism. His physician assured the family he would never leave his bed alive. A friend took a bottle of South American Cure to him. A few days later upon receiving a visit from the doctor, he rap across the room, and playfully administered a hearty kick. He is now up and as well as ever.

The Spectre is Coy.

'Every now and again ghosts crop up in out-of-the-way country places,' remarked a reporter on a provincial paper. 'On such occasions we often get sent down to investigate. Needless to say, we never succeed in laying the spectre, for whilst we are on the spot it never seems to have an inclination to walk. What is the trick about these baffling visitors from another world? As far as I have been able to discover, some country person, going home down a dark lane late at night, sees, through a gap in the hedge, a white horse or pale colored cow in a field, and imagines it a ghost. Flight is rapid, and, with the wind whistling in their ears, the fugitives hear all manner of weird sounds. In the village they tell the tale. It gives an idea for a bit of fun to those fond of mischiet. They procure a sheet, and the ghost is soon seen by others. But when taken se jously in hand, and invited to a conference, the spectre is ever absent.'

Milkmaid Taught the Professor.

Rev. Dr. Upson says that he was once rusticating with Dr. Timothy Dwight, who had just resigned the presidency of Yale, when they borrowed a horse from a farmer on condition they unharnessed him when through their drive. They filled the contract except as to the collar, which they could not get off Mr. Dwight said: 'It must have been put on when he was a colt, and the way his head's grown since it's impossible to remove it. Just then a passing milkmaid told them to turn the collar round if they wanted it off. 'My dear brother,' said Dwight, 'either of us thinks he knows ten times as much as that woman and yet we didn't know enough to turn the collar.'-Pittsburg Dispatch.

'What can equal the warmth of a true woman's love?' asked the dearest girl. 'Her temper,' replied the savage bach-

Energy Easily Earned.



Wasted energy must be made up or the body will weaken and perhaps perish.

For a long time prior to taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills my nerve system was greatly deranged and I was terribly nervous, so much so that in my business (Linesman of the Kingston Electric Light Co.,) my extreme nervousness naturally made the following of my business extremely hazardous. Before taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills my kidneys had been affected for some time. I had constant soreness and stiffnese across my loins and the small of my back. My appetite was variable and very poor. I also suffered greatly with constant headaches. I am glad to be able to inform you that Dr. Ward's Pills completely cured me of all the above ailments and made me a well man. I have found no medicine like Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, although I have tried many different kinds. They acted quickly and effectually on my nerve system, making my nerves strong and removing all indications of nervousness. These valuable pills also removed all kidney and back trouble and restored to me a healthy vigorous appetite. I have had no headache since five months ago and feel justified in saying that they are a wonderful remedy. They not only removed nervousness, but gave me healthy kidneys, removed all soreness and stiffness from my back and loins, cured me of headache and gave me a good appetite, consequently I am highly pleased. I know of no medicine that equals Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills for nervousness, chronic headache, sore kidneys and back and loss of appetite. Yours truly, John McCutcheon, 522 Princess St., Kingston, Ont.

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