

## Sunday Reading.

How John Duff Found His Mind.

John Duff is the solidest man in the old town of Britton. While making handsome additions to his modest inheritance, he has been open-handed in public benefactions and private charities. Even Schmidt, the socialist tailor, and Gorton, the anarchist shoemaker, have been heard to admit that if all men got property so fairly and need it so honorably, the mischiefs and miseries of the present economic order would soon mend themselves.

In fact, Squire Duff, as they call him, has never been suspected of enriching himself by impoverishing others, and many of his townsmen might testify that his prosperity had contributed largely to their own.

His rugged integrity is in partnership with a clear and broad intelligence. He is not a lawyer; yet from near and far, men come to him for counsel, and refer their disputes to him for settlement. In the town meeting, after other voices have been heard, the doubtful scale is generally tipped by a few cool words from John Duff. His name has even been suggested for a place in the governor's council.

The village schoolmaster once called him "Old Bessins," and the title has stuck, just as if Dartmouth College had decorated him with a degree.

But now comes a pretty piece of history. In his youth John Duff was looked upon as the most unpromising lad in Britton. Old Peter Duff and his wife were among "the excellent of the earth;" and people wondered that so worthy a couple should be burdened and cursed with such a rattle-pated, good-for-nothing son—their only child! As parental admonitions seemed to fall upon him like sunshine and rain on desert sand, there remained only the resource of secret prayers and tears. The mother's heart was wrung; the father grew old before his time.

As John neared his twenty-first birthday, he exulted in the thought that in a few weeks the last restraint would fall away and he should be "his own man." But one day the kind-voiced doctor startled him with a message: "Your father can live but a few hours, and he wishes to see you." "About the disposition of the property?" was John's inward question.

But a feeling of awe crept over him as he stood by the bed of death and saw the strange change which had come over the ace so familiar to him from childhood.

A feeble hand reached out to clasp his own. The voice seemed to come from far away—from the boundary line of worlds.

"My son, I only ask from you one promise. After I am gone, will you go down to the wood lot every day for a week, and spend half an hour alone, in thinking?"

Deeply agitated, yet half relieved at being let off so easily, John made the promise.

The day after the funeral he repaired to the wood. As he sat among the trees, the image of his vanished father rose before him with a solemn and commanding grandeur, which seemed to reprove his own pettiness and worthlessness. "What would he have me think about, and how am I to begin? I seem to have no mind."

Could this be the place where he had gone bird nesting, chasing squirrels, gathering nuts and hallooing with the other boys—often to the neglect of his duties? He was here now on a different errand, and the place was changed. For the first time in his life he was impressed with silence and solitude, with the soft air, the breadths of sunlight and shade, the pomp of the sky, the unfolding life and beauty of the springtime.

Some slighted lessons about creation and the Creator seemed to mix with the scene, as if he were a part of the vast order, and yet not in full harmony with it.

Then came penitence memories of his father, whose forgiveness he could never ask; a stirring of tenderness toward his lone and sorrowing mother; with anger and shame toward himself for having caused them bitter years.

But he could not dwell on the wasted, wretched past. The future rose to meet him with a challenge and a voice of hope. Then all his newly roused forces of thought and feeling gathered to a prayer and a purpose. By the Heavenly Help, might he not yet be a man?

A half hour is a long time for an undisciplined youth to spend in solitary reflection; but John Duff did not emerge from the grove for three full hours.

"Mother," said he, in a voice she had never heard before, "you may trust me now. I have found my mind."

There was much craning of necks on Sunday morning as the widow walked to her pew, leaning on the arm of her son.

But not even the pastor could realize the fitness and force of one verse in the Psalm for the day: "I thought on my ways, and turned thy feet unto thy testimonies."

### POPULARITY OF THE BIBLE.

English Statistics Show That It Has No Declined.

Statistics issued this week show a vast increase in the circulation of the Bible. It has been stated that the opposite is the case in the United States, where publishers and booksellers are cited as having said "There is no money in the Scriptures." A talk with Mr. Henry Frowde of the Oxford University Press corrects this statement very materially. He says it is true that the business of some American publishers has been largely reduced, but this is not the result of any falling off in the popularity of the Bible in America. The explanation given is that new and more economical machinery has been introduced by other publishers of the Bible. Never was there, he says, such a demand for Bibles as at present; three times as many Oxford Bibles have been sold as in any previous year. The British and Foreign Bible Society, which prints the Scriptures in 400 languages, representing the speech of seven-tenths of the world, of the world, issued in the twelve months ending with last March 5,047,000 copies of the Bible—a bulk absolutely without precedent and considerably more than half a million in excess of the corresponding period previously. Of that huge mass, over 30 per cent., or 1,521,000 copies are in English.

In themselves these figures are sufficiently significant, but even more striking is the record privately compiled, and not yet published, of the growth during the last decade. In 1889-90 the number of complete English Bibles sent out was 534,980. Each year showed a consistent, steady rise up to last year, when it was 618,215. Ten years ago the New Testaments were 599,618, and last year 614,719 the intervening figures having somewhat fluctuated with a general increase. Of portions of the Scriptures, such as the Psalms or the Gospels, 25,000 were issued in 1889-90, and last year they numbered 467,482, not a little of that great increase being due to the fact that 126,000 copies were distributed to the troops as they left these shores for South Africa. The penny new English Testament is sold at less than cost price. Since it was first brought out in 1894 over 7,000,000 copies have been issued at a loss of £25,000, as it cannot possibly be produced at its selling price. At the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses, along with the Queen's Printers, alone have the right of printing the Bible in this country, the finest typography, the choicest paper, and most artistic of bindings are requisitioned for the sacred volume, and there is not the slightest diminution to be observed in the demand for sumptuous copies.

Mr. Frowde says that the total annual output of Oxford Bibles for some years past has been upward of a million copies, and even before there was an American branch of the Oxford University Press the weekly shipment of Bibles to the United States often exceeded five tons in weight. The Americans take the keenest interest in Bibles and Biblical matters, as was shown very clearly at the time of the publication of the revised Testaments. Not only the authorized Bible holds its own, but the revised version is slowly but steadily increasing in popularity.

### Forgive and Forgive.

The late Dr. A. H. Quint used to relate an instance of neighborhood strife which came under his observation.

A little New England village church, through an unhappy family difference between members, became divided, and the minister, after trying in vain to reconcile the two factions, resigned his pastorate in the interest of peace. But the trouble continued, and the hostile parties were so implacable that for years it was impossible to settle another minister.

One summer, when the congregation had dwindled and the church had become too weak to support a resident pastor, a young theological student came out to preach during his vacation. In some way he won all hearts, and continued to supply the pulpit during his remaining year of study, after which he accepted a united call as pastor.

There he lived and labored, made peace, and grew into the life of the people. It was his only pastorate, and it lasted half a century. He buried the leaders in the old quarrel, married their children and their grandchildren, and died at a good old age after fifty years of a blessed ministry.

Then happened a strange thing. When the church came to consider the calling of another pastor, Mr. Smith made a joking allusion to the historic quarrel.

"How foolish those old fellows were!" said he. "I've heard my father tell how

old Deacon Brown wouldn't pray in the meeting where he had taken part."

Deacon Brown's son laughed, too, but resented the allusion, and mentioned something which his father had told him of the elder Mr. Smith.

"That's all very true, no doubt," said Mr. Smith, "but my sainted father was a man of convictions, sir, and I honor his memory!"

"No more than I honor the memory and conviction of my father," said Mr. Brown. Incredible as it may seem, this little dispute at once called back a hateful memory and started in full career all the unbrotherly clamor and reproach of the old quarrel. Dead for half a century, the contention began again. It had sprung out of a trifle in the first instance, and the merest trifles now brought it out of its grave. Only after the greatest effort on the part of those who had no ancestors in the original strife, and the wise counsel of men outside, was the difficulty settled and peace restored.

Those who say, "I can forgive, but I can't forget," have never more than half forgiven. Unless one can so far forget that he cease to think evil and resentful thoughts about a wrong he has excused, there still is a root of bitterness out of which new hatred may grow. Dig out the root and let it die.

"Be the children of your Father which is in heaven," is the precept of Jesus; and the Father's feeling toward the pardoned offender is something for His children to imitate as nearly as they can. "I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."

## THE USEFULNESS OF DIAMOND DYES.

In Country Homes is Beyond Calculation.

Diamond Dyes are great blessings to every farmer's wife. No other article brought into country homes can give such a return of profit, pleasure and happiness as the Diamond Dyes.

A ten cent package of the world famed Diamond Dyes will give new life to any faded and dingy dress, skirt, jacket or cape. From ten to twenty cents expended on Diamond Dyes will enable any one to re-color a faded suit of clothes for any youth or man, and make them look like new clothes from the Tailor's hands.

To get the best results from your work of home dyeing, do not allow any dealer to sell you some make of dyes that he calls just as good. No other package dyes in the world equal the Diamond Dyes in purity, strength and brilliancy.

### WANDERINGS OF A JAPANESE.

The Romantic Story of a Young Man Whose Career was Shaped by a Shipwreck.

A while ago Mr. J. Heco of Tokio published an account of some of his adventures and experiences. A Stuttgart publisher discovered the interesting little volume, translated it and has published it in Germany under the title in German of "Recollections of a Japanese." Heco's life appears to have had an unusually large element of romance, and his story is well worth telling.

In 1850, when he was 13 years old, he went to sea on a Japanese junk bound for Yeddo. The little bark was driven by storms out into the Pacific: its rigging was completely swept away by the violence of successive gales, and finally the boat lay adrift several hundred miles from land without means of propulsion and at the mercy of the winds and currents. Thus the hapless crew drifted around for several weeks until an American bark came in sight and the seventeen Japanese sailors, whose friends at home believed they had perished in the storms, were taken to San Francisco. This was before Japan had entered into intimate relations with other nations, and the castaways thus thrown upon a foreign shore, of which most of them had never heard, were great objects of curiosity in the young and thriving mining port of San Francisco.

In those days no American vessels plied to Japan, and the poor stranded sailors did not know whether they would ever be able to get home. Finally young Heco, who had been picking up a meagre living in San Francisco for two years, had an opportunity to sail on an American warship to Hong Kong, where he intended to watch his chance to secure passage for Japan.

Arriving in Hong Kong he waited long for a vessel to take him home. At last it seemed to him that the opportunity would never come and so he sailed back to San Francisco. Here he worked now as a household servant, and then as a sailor on coasting vessels.

One day he met a kind gentleman who was much interested in his story and became his friend and patron. He took the boy with him by the Panama route around to Baltimore, where he placed him in school. Later the gentleman returned to

San Francisco to live, taking Heco with him and the boy completed his education in that town. By this time he was a fair English scholar and had an excellent knowledge of the language.

Then he entered a commercial house in San Francisco. His brightness was appreciated and he acquired a good knowledge of business. Every day, however, he longed to return to Japan and see whether his parents and other friends were yet alive. Fortune favored him at last and he secured the position of secretary to the captain of a United States surveying vessel that had been ordered to Asiatic waters. He did not know whether he would be able to reach the coast of Japan after all, but when he arrived at Honolulu he heard the great news that in a few months Japan was to be opened to foreign commerce. So at last he saw his native land again when 21 years old, eight years after he had started on what he expected to be a short journey; but it had carried him beyond all knowledge of his parents and friends.

Heco went home a naturalized American citizen and in the following year he obtained a position in the United States Consulate at Yokohama. Having a capital of a few hundred dollars he soon decided to go into business in a small way as a merchant. It those early days of Japan's intercourse with foreign nations many of the people were not favorably disposed toward men of their own blood who had lived abroad. Heco even came to believe that his wife was in danger from the part of the population that view the admission of foreigners unfavorably. They choose to regard him as more objectionable than a foreigner because he had lived so long abroad, could talk English and had acquired many foreign ideas and habits. So he felt compelled at last to give up trade on his own account and took up the occupation of an interpreter.

Since those days Heco has engaged in various pursuits and on the whole has been successful and is now a very well-to-do citizen of his native country. He has always helped in every possible way to inspire his people with faith in the advantages of western methods of development. His fortunes were long precarious because he was determined to act on lines of progress peculiar to western civilization and the Japanese were very slow, in the first few years, to embrace and assimilate such ideas. He had, for example, a sorry experience as the editor of the first Japanese newspaper in the western meaning of the word. The paper never had more than a few score native subscribers and when it died, very young, for lack of sustenance, it had only two regular native purchasers to mourn its loss.

The fate that carried Heco to America recalls the curious records of involuntary voyages made by natives of Asia to the islands of the sea which were collected and published some years ago by Mr. Otto Sittig. Thus the Bonin Islands were discovered, in 1675 by the crew of a wrecked Japanese junk. Other involuntary voyages from China and Japan to the Hawaiian islands prove beyond doubt the early existence of Chinese and Japanese influence there and go to show the close relationship of the oceanic world to Asia. In 1832 a Japanese junk came ashore at Oahu, on which Honolulu stands. The nine sailors on the junk had been driven from their course and drifted for eleven months, but were still fairly vigorous. "Now it is plain," said the Hawaiians, "when they saw the brown castaways, 'that we came from Asia.'"

### TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

The Greatest of all Giants Plays the Bass Horn in the Band.

"For my part," said the old circus man, "I like the big bass horn; I never tire of listening to it. If I'm around anywhere where there's a band playing in some public place, for instance like a park, or maybe in some stand built up in the street for a political meeting, I always get around by the bass horn man. I never tire of listening to the man that juggles the thunder and I like to see him play. But what I set out to tell you about was, not how much I like the big bass horn myself, but how about the greatest of all giants used to play it, in our band in the circus."

"In the street parades that we always gave when we struck a town the band, before we got the giant, used to ride in a band wagon. We had as gorgeous a band wagon as ever rolled, but when the old man decided to play the giant in the band he housed the band wagon for the season, without the slightest hesitation; he knew well enough that the great giant would look a heap sight bigger standing up at his full height and marching along on foot with the band than he would half lost, as he would be setting doubled up in the band wagon, to say nothing of his being mixed up there too, with all the band wagon's jimmickery. So that year the band walked

in the parades; and the giant marched in the ranks.

"The giant's place was at the left-hand end of the rear rank. I have never yet told you, in feet and inches, just how tall the giant was, because you simply would not believe anything else I should tell you about him. But there at the corner of the band formation he rose up above all the rest of the men like a tower rising up at the corner of some square, one-story building. It was enormously more impressive than any sort of arrangement that could possibly have been made with the giant in the band wagon. But keen and clear-headed as the old man was in all this, he made at the outset one big mistake; he fitted the giant out at the start with a clarinet. The old man's idea in this was that the contrast between the great man and a slender instrument like a clarinet would be funny. And it certainly was funny to see the great giant playing a clarinet, but at the same time it came mighty near to being ridiculous. Of course we provided him with an instrument of suitable size to be in proper proportions to the player; we had a clarinet made for him, about ten, or ten and a half feet long. But, if anything, this only made it worse. You see the whole business was foolishness; it wasn't the thing. What the giant really wanted was some big, massive instrument that should be in keeping with him self. There was nobody realized all this any quicker than the old man did; and at the first glimmering of it in his mind he put in an order for a suitable seized bass horn for the giant.

"It was a month before we got it—you see even with unlimited money back of the order they had to make new shapes to bend and form the various parts of the horn on, and the work took time; but we got it finally, I remember its coming well. It was placed in three hogheads joined together lengthwise and with all the heads knocked out except the end ones. It was about fourteen feet high and of corresponding dimensions throughout, fit horn for the player.

"And could the giant play it? To the limit, as born was never played before. When I hear the jovial thunder of some bass horn player now I hear the thunderous echo of the giant's giant horn.

"Yes, it's true," boasted Colonel Bragg, "I've been in innumerable engagements, and yet I never lost my head."

"And I've been in hundred of them," replied the summer girl, "and never lost my heart."

## Are The Kidneys Deranged?

If so Uric Acid Poison is in Your System and Your Sufferings Will be Great—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Make Healthy Kidneys and Cure all Uric Acid Troubles.

The most painful, the most fatal, and, consequently the most dreaded disease of the human body are caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood.

The nature of your ailment will be decided by your constitution. The poison left in the blood by deranged kidneys will find lodgment in the weakest part, and set up some dreadful disease.

It may be Bright's disease, diabetes, or dropsy. It may be the twanging pains of rheumatism. It may be chronic stomach troubles or bladder ailments. Whatever the form of disease this poisoned blood may cause, the cure can only be brought about by setting the kidneys right.

The experience of tens of thousands of men and women in Canada and the United States points to Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills as the most effective means of setting the kidneys right. No other kidney medicine can produce such irrefutable evidence of its wonderful curative virtue. No other kidney medicine has received such endorsement from physicians. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered that Dr. Chase is a prince among physicians.

Nature has provided only one means of keeping the blood free from uric acid poisons—the kidneys. Nature's most effective invigorators of the kidneys are combined in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. A. W. Parson, Martineville, Que., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease and bladder trouble for 18 years, and had a constant desire to urinate with its accompanying weakness."

"Medicine prescribed by a skilled physician only gave me temporary relief. The trouble would recur at very awkward times I was persuaded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. I obtained relief after one dose, and before I had finished the first box felt better than I had for many years."

Purely vegetable in composition, scientifically prepared from the great formula of Dr. A. W. Chase, thoroughly tested in thousands of severe cases, wonderfully efficient in all diseases caused by uric acid in the blood. Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills stand alone in the world's greatest kidney medicine. They prevent and cure disease by ridding the poisonous impurities from the blood. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.