

Sunday Reading.

The Modern Son and Daughter.

By an American Mother in Ladies' Home Journal.

I noted in the last issue of the Journal how far the American, during this century which is so nearly gone, had shifted his position toward his neighbor and his God. He has changed his attitude toward his children, also, and quite as widely. Sixty years ago the faithful Christian parent believed that the first duty toward a child was to save him from hell. The baby, no matter how sweet or fair, was held to be a vessel of wrath and a servant of the devil unless he could be rescued.

To effect this rescue the father and mother prayed and labored unceasingly. The hill of Zion, up which they led the boy, was no path of roses. Above was an angry God; below was hell. They taught him to be honest, to be chaste and truthful in word and act, under penalty of the rod. The rawhide hung over the fireplace ready for instant use in most respectable families. The father who spared it on his son felt that he was giving him over to damnation. Often the blows cut into his own heart deeper than into the child's back, but he gave them with fiercer energy believing that it was Satan who moved him to compassion.

Christianity at the Beginning of the Century.

As most pleasant things in life were then supposed to be temptations of the devil they were forbidden to the young aspirant to Heaven. The theatre and the ballroom were denounced; cards, pretty dresses, and, in some sects, music and art, were purveyors of souls for the devil. To become a Christian meant to give up forever these carnal things.

Parents who were not members of any church also taught their children self-denial. Did a boy cut his finger, the first howl was silenced with: "Not a word! Close your mouth tight! A man never cries!"

The same adjurations were given when the whip was being applied to his back. A high tempered child was held by many intelligent parents to be possessed with a kind of demon which required strong measures for its expulsion. "You must break his spirit and then he will obey you," was the universal rule. In my childhood I once heard a bishop, who I am sure was a kindly, godly man, say: "Whipping does not always conquer a child's spirit, but I never have known a dash of ice water on his spine to fail."

Was the old System Wise or Unwise?

It was, believed that, once conquered, the child would yield implicit obedience to his parents, and in that unreasoning, unquestioning obedience lay his one chance of safety. Had not God appointed them his guardians during the years when his brain and soul were immature and ignorant?

Now, it is not for me to say whether this system of training was wise. I only know that sixty years ago such things were.

But such things are no longer.

They have come to parents successive pauses of doubt, of inquiry. There were heard at first timorous suggestions of "moral suasion." Was the soul really reached by a rawhide on the back? Why not appeal to the higher nature of the child? Why not give up thrashing and lure him to virtue by his reason? The child who was old enough to sin was old enough to be redeemed. Why not then bring about the awful change of soul called conversion, in infancy?

Outbreaks of Infant Piety Were Frequent.

This theory, urged in practice by pious, zealous people, caused, half a century ago, a sudden outbreak of infant piety. I do not speak irreverently. There is nothing on earth so near akin to God as one of His little ones. Our Lord, when He would set before His apostles an example for their lives, placed a little child, pure, humble and innocent, in their midst. But He did not send that child out to preach the Gospel.

The children of fifty years ago, if they were nervous and imitative, soon caught the religious dialect of the hour. They lisped of regeneration and sanctification; every village boasted of its baby saint, usually an anæmic inheritor of consumption, whose diseased brain fed on his body. Tales of his superhuman virtue and piety were carried by eager grandparents and aunt far and wide, and often crept into print. I remember especially one popular book—a memoir of Louisa B., who was hopefully converted at three, and died, triumphant, praying for her unregenerate neighbors, at four years of age!

Sunday School Books Were Not Helpful.

The Sunday-school libraries were flooded with fictitious tales of boy and girl evange-

THE FAT IN

the food supplies warmth and strength; without it the digestion, the muscles, the nerves and the brain are weak, and general debility follows. But fat is hard to digest and is disliked by many.

Scott's Emulsion supplies the fat in a form pleasant to take and easy to digest. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, invigorates mind and body, and builds up the entire system.

See and find out, all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

lists, who invariably were weighted in life by drunken fathers, fashionable mothers or infidel uncles. The conversion of these sinners by pious infants was the motive of most of the Sunday-school books of that day.

Boy preachers were another product of this phase of education. Lads of twelve or fourteen, driven by excitement into hysterical raptures, were carried from pulpit to pulpit to kindle revivals. Such boys usually continued in the public eye, voluble and zealous, for a few years, and then lapsed into obscurity, carrying with them an overweening vanity, a bitter sense of failure, and abnormally dull brains which yielded them nothing but headaches.

It seems incredible to the shrewd, practical, unimaginative American of today that his forefathers could ever have led their children to such spiritual intoxication.

Methods, Not Motives Were at Fault.

But, after all, it was the methods, not the motives, of the man of that day that were at fault. The Almighty, you must remember, was always present with him.

He appealed to God when he lay down to sleep and when he arose, when he ate or when he fasted, when he wanted rain and when he had too much rain. It he should die suddenly it would be by the visitation of God; if he sent out a cargo he invoked God, on the bill of lading, to bring the good ship into a safe harbor. He held that this Supreme Power took a personal interest in his crops, his rheumatism, and his choice of a wife. He tried, naturally, to make his children the servants of this Omnipotent Ruler. Whether he set his boy in a pulpit or took him to the barn and whipped him like a dog, his motive was the same—to make him a Christian, and a faithful follower of God.

Candidly, is that our purpose now in the rearing of our children?

Or is it to fit them to make money?

Are we Rearing our Children as Christians?

Look at the system of home training of our boys and girls. The old ascetic discipline, once given up, has never been resumed. The modern father does not beat his son, nor put his girl on a diet of bread and water. He does not urge them to bear pain without whimpering, to do without luxuries, or to make the best of a bare, hard life. Instead, he gives his strength, till he totters into the grave, to earn luxuries for them, to make their lives soft and easy, and he sharpens their wits by costly education, that they may earn more luxuries for themselves when he is gone. Nor are the luxuries which he craves for his children all gross and sensuous. It is not only sumptuous fare and Russian saffles, private trains and yachts that he wants for them. He tries to give them that hunger of soul which only can be satisfied by the best things in art, music and literature. His aspirations for them rise even higher than these. He will have them taste the keen joy of chivalric courage, of unselfishness and of charity. It is usually the sons and daughters of our most influential men who work hardest in the slums and make count less reforms and charities the occupation of their lives. In giving to our children a scheme of life we have not, by any means, left our poor neighbor out of it.

But we do leave God out of it. How many of us teach our boys and girls, when they go out into the world, that God is the only Reality in it—its beginning and its end?

What Foundation are we Living on?

This modern life into which they are born is a beautiful dwelling such as our grandfathers never imagined. Every art and every science lend comfort and splendor to it. But its foundation—What foundation has it?

I do not think that the average American parent knows how strange his attitude is toward his child. It is new—absolutely unique in the world. You will find nothing

like it in any other country. He no longer regards his child as an animal to be tamed by beating, or as a possible saint, but as the heir to all the good things of time. Almost invariably the child has a more thorough education, a better chance, a higher social position than had his parents. They stand in the background watching him with fond, admiring eyes; there is a certain curious deference in their attitude toward him which puzzles a foreigner.

Old-Fashioned Mothers and Their Daughters

The old fashion mother sometimes hears her daughter chatter to young men of subjects which even now bring a hot blush to her withered cheeks. But she does not reprove her. Susy has gone through college. She talks as flippantly of Huxley and Renan as if they had played with her in the cradle. She has spent a year with out a chaperon in Dresden studying music. What is there that Susy does not know? How should this poor lady advise or correct her daughter as mothers used to do when they stood upon a higher plane than their children?

Her son, Tom, has even wider freedom. His father, like most Americans, is climbing up the ladder with breathless haste, and, too, like most Americans he feels his nerves, stomach and brain suddenly fail at middle age. But Tom will not fail! He will be the great millionaire, the famous author, the powerful man that the father meant to be. The father watches the boy as the gambler watches the card that is to win the game for him. And the boy from his cradle knows his importance. There is no raw hide for him, no side table, no snubbing, no discipline not even a hint that he has sins, nor any effort made to convert him.

The Future is the kingdom of which these young people are taught that they will be the legitimate rulers. Is it their fault that they are vain, aggressive and ill-mannered? How, when they never have learned to obey can they know how to command?

Summer Resorts have Spoiled American Children.

Our hotels and summer resorts have helped to make the American child what he is. Even as an infant he learns to live in a staring crowd. In what other country would the baby daughters of respectable families be exhibited to the public in a contest for prizes for beauty or fine clothes? You may see every summer the poor little winners in such contests marched up and down the street before shouting a crowd to the music of a brass band, trembling with conscious pride in the dimples or plumed hat which won for them the blue ribbon. A child dead in his mother's arms is a sight far less tragic.

In what other country would the parlors of hotels be given up to the euchre parties of children in the morning, and the ball room to their Germans at night? The vanities, the jealousies of adults thus reproduced in a miniature are not pleasant to look upon.

A few months ago, at a well-known summer resort, a young lad contrived unseen to tie the queue of the Chinese Minister, while he was sitting on a bench in the garden, to the parasol of a lady. When she rose his head was jerked violently backward. Even then the good breeding of the Asiatic did not fail. He listened with dignity and courtesy to her apologies, and at once left the hotel with his suite. The exploit of the boy—an insult to an old man and the representative of a great nation—was treated as a capital joke. It was a curious contrast between the ancient and modern civilizations.

Why This Homage to the Rising Generation?

In certain sections of the country this universal homage to the coming generation has given birth to a singular theory of education. Boys are to be scrupulously left alone, freed from any restraint or fear of punishment, to grow as Nature chooses. Among certain families the maxim is, "A well born boy must never be subject to rule; his individuality must have room to develop."

Mothers sit calmly silent while their sons of ten or twelve swagger, and jostle gray haired men, and their daughters of the same age carry on active flirtations.

I know that there is another and brighter side to this picture. I have not written of the finer Brahmin class among us, but rather of the great majority of our homes and the general tendencies of American life. I can hear the eager protest from thousands of quiet homes where Christ is still an actual, live power; homes in which there are fathers who have better work to do than to make money, and mothers who hold the strange, obsolete doctrine that a gentleman never can be conspicuous, and that her business in life is with her husband and babies. The children of this class of Americans are kept in the back ground of the family life, and are treated

at once with a tender care and a whole-some neglect eminently wise.

And those homes will stand, for they are founded upon the rock.

An Ashbarrel Bible.

A church in New York City acquired its pulpit Bible in a way that was probably never paralleled. During the absence of pastor, Rev. John B. Shaw, D. D.,—as he relates the circumstances in the Presbyterian Banner,—certain repairs and additions to the church edifice had included the gift of a handsome new pulpit. But the new Bible, donated as its companion piece, was found to be too large to fit its lectern, or reading board. The same objection prevented the use of another one sent by a different donor.

One day a woman came to the doctor with a neat package, which she proceeded to untie. He was not surprised to see a beautifully bound gilt-edged Bible unfolded in her hands; but his feelings changed when she told him she had found it in an ashbarrel.

A family, after a short residence in the apartment house where she lived, had moved out that morning, and had left their rubbish with the janitor to be carted away in the city garbage wagon. The costly Bible was among this 'rubbish.' The family record had been cut out of it, being evidently the only thing about it that its owners valued.

The minister took it to his new pulpit, and it has been there ever since. It fitted the book-board exactly. He wrote out his thoughts about that ashbarrel Bible, two columns of them; but we cannot repeat them here.

There is a sadly pathetic vision of a sacred wedding gift once prized: of resolutions forgotten; of decaying household piety amid a hurried city life and frequent removals; of a birth and death, and their little record: of the final loss of religious faith and all reverence for its symbols. The family Bible meant only so many pounds of paper and leather—a piece of lumber too heavy to carry away.

There is another form of neglect of the Bible that appears less rude and disrespectful to the holy volume. It adorns its beautiful covers, but does not open them—a kind of fetish worship of a book that is never read. Which neglect is the worse?

Loyal to The Lord's Day.

Recently a large party of railroad conductors made a trip to a Southern city. They arrived on Saturday evening. In the morning one of the conductors, noticing that a member of the party, a friend of his, was dressing with more than usual care, asked him:

"Are you going with us on the excursion?"

"No," was the reply. "It is Sunday, and I happen to like to go to church on Sundays." To another questioner he made practically the same reply.

This brought on a discussion in which, eventually, a majority of the members of the party engaged; and finally, when the conductor who preferred to go church started on his way, he found himself one of a company of some two hundred men, who had all been influenced by his quiet example.

We lately read of a young lady who quite as nobly 'stood by her colors' at a summer resort. A college graduate, she possessed not only fine musical and scholarly accomplishments, but bright talents, wealth and personal beauty. Naturally her social influence was unquestioned. When Sunday came, a large party of boarders planned a horseback excursion, not doubting that she would join them.

"Why, no," she replied, when appealed to, "I am going to church."

In vain the thoughtless company pleaded vacation liberty, disparaged the 'stuffy little country church,' and protested that the 'sleepy old minister' was 'no preacher.' She reproved them in her sweet way, suggested that the 'city boarders' might help to wake up the poor old minister and his people, and then went to church as she had intended.

The horseback party departed with only a fraction of its expected number.

Before the season closed, the little church had a Sunday crowd of strangers, and not only the Christian young lady but several of her friends sang in the choir and had classes in the Sunday school. These incidents invite two reflections. There is no better mark of sterling character than the moral independence that foregoes a popular pleasure for duty's sake—the conscious frankness that fearlessly refuses to "go with the crowd." Stand alone on a high principle, and the crowd will be more likely to come your way.

The obvious penalties of disregarding the Lord's day as a day of rest ought to lessen the tendency to sneer against the "Puritan Sabbath." Human rights, as well as divine laws, are sacred and both the beneficence and the sanctity of Sunday are

testified to by the physical and mental nature of man.

Is not much of the business plea of 'necessity,' which exacts human toil seven days in the week, a narrow and mistaken commercialism? Is not the imitating of the 'European Sunday,' spending the day in exhausting sport or travel, an abuse of nature and a cause of moral enervation.

A PIONEER'S STORY.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MR. B. L. MASTIN.

After Long Years of Perfect Health He Was Attacked With Kidney Trouble and Other Complications—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring New Health.

From the Picton, Ont. Times.

Mr. B. L. Mastin, of Hollowell township, Prince Edward county, was a caller at the Times office the other day and during his visit told of his great suffering from kidney trouble and rheumatism, accompanied by dyspepsia, cold feet and a generally broken down constitution. Mr. Mastin is one of the first settlers of Prince Edward county. He is in his seventy-first year and is the father of a grown up family of well-to-do farmers. In the course of the conversation Mr. Mastin said:—"I had never known what it was to be sick. I have always had good health and worked on my farm every day until some months ago, when I was taken with severe pains in my back and shoulders. I consulted a doctor but received little benefit. I was told by one doctor that I had rheumatism and kidney disease, but his treatment did not help me and I continued getting worse. My appetite failed me and I fell away in flesh. I became irritable and could not sleep well at night. Nobody can conceive the intense pain I endured. Not deriving any benefit from the food I ate and having a constant pain in my stomach I soon became aware that I had dyspepsia, and the pain in my back and shoulders intensified by the stone like weight in my stomach, made life to me almost unbearable. I was also a great sufferer from cold feet, nearly every day my feet would get like chunks of ice, and unless I was constantly by the fire the soles of my feet would feel as though they were wet. One day I told my wife I was going to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having read so much of these famous pills, I thought that what they had done for others they might do for me. I procured a box from Mr. E. W. Case, druggist, and to my great delight before I had used quite one box I had improved. When I had finished a couple more boxes I felt like a new man and I gladly tell this for the benefit of all who suffer as I did." Continuing Mr. Mastin said: "My rheumatism is all gone and I can come and go and enjoy as good health as well as ever I did." With these remarks Mr. Mastin got up to go, but added that his wife was receiving much benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "I took home a couple of boxes the other day and she thinks they are splendid."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Boys Got In.

The late Dan Rice the famous circus man, was fond of boys, and always wanted to see a lot of them in his audience. He never gave a performance, says the Cleveland Leader, when the nooks and corners were not filled with youngsters who had come in free.

One story of this sort is told by Capt. George J. Grammer traffic manager of the Lake Shore Railroad. At the time of the occurrence, Grammer, who lived in Zanesville, Ohio, was standing one afternoon with a crowd of other boys, looking longingly into the tent, not having the price of admission.

It was Mr. Rice's custom to stand at the door until the first grand entry of the circus people, when he would leave. On this occasion he saw the hungry look on the faces of the boys, and called them around him. "You want to go in, don't you, boys?"

"Bet yer life!" shouted back the youngsters.

"I'll tell you what. All the boys who are back here in ten minutes with clean faces and hands get in."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there was a dash for the Muskingum River, and in less than seven minutes two hundred clean faces and hands came back to the tent. The boys went inside with a rush.

"Jemenenty!" exclaimed Farmer Harix, as he dropped his paper. "I reckon thieves must be kind o' skeered down to the city." "Now, what in the name o' goodness put such an idee into your head, Josh'way?" asked his better half.

"Some feller put an advertisement in the paper fer 'em," replied the old man, "an' what's more, he offered \$10 reward fer any information leadin' to the discovery o' 'em."

"I'm so glad that the poor fellows at Mat-king have been relieved."

"Yes. Why so?"

"Because now we'll find out what they think of the starvation cure."