

**Sunday Reading.**

**CHRISTIANS UNDER A CLOUD.**

It is not every Christian who walks in constant sunshine and carries within him a cheerful and happy heart. There are quite too many who spend most of their time under a cloud. Here, for example, is one who leads a reputable life before the community; but in his own heart lies an overwhelming mass of doubts that rob him of his spiritual peace. He has become a chronic doubter; and what the Apostle Thomas was for a single evening, he is for nearly every day and night of his uncomfortable existence. It has become habitual with him to distrust God's promises, and sometimes to distrust his own conversion. He seldom knows what it is to grasp a divinely revealed truth firmly and cling to it, and rest on it, and grow by it, as his own body eats and thrives on his daily food. If the Apostle Paul should come to him and say, 'I know whom I have believed,' he would be very apt to reply, 'How do you know it? I never have any clear assurance. I sometimes doubt if ever Jesus Christ redeemed me, or if the Holy Spirit ever converted me. I am enrolled on the church record as a 'believer,' and yet I am very often a terrible doubter.'

That is very true, my friend, and it is your own fault. The man that does that wretched doubting walks in your shoes. It is not another person's sin against you that robs you of peace, but your own sin against your own soul, and against your forbearing Master. It is your besetting sin. God commands you to believe His Word, and you disobey. Jesus Christ bids you look to Him, and you look away; to lay hold on Him and trust Him, and you stand off and question His truthfulness, and love and power. He promises you that if you will honestly strive to obey His commandments, and will sincerely seek the grace that is sufficient for you, He will answer your prayers. You are no exceptional character. If Paul received from Christ pardon, and peace, and power, and assurance of hope and spiritual joy under fierce trials, so can you. I fear that there is a subtle self-conceit in your heart, which pretends that what sufficed for Paul and for millions of other Christians, is not clear or strong enough, or efficacious enough, for you.

In addition to self conceit of which you may not be fully conscious, you are guilty of no little obstinacy in cherishing your doubts. You hold fast to them, instead of holding fast to Him who died to save you. When these harassing doubts come to the door of your heart, instead of bolting it in their face, you let them in, and parley with them and harbor them. Your duty is to treat them as summarily as Joseph treated the wanton proposal of Potiphar's impudent wife. To every skeptical whisper of your tempter, say, 'Get thee behind me Satan!' Pray for more faith. Grasp hold of a promise, as sinking Peter stretched out his arms to his omnipotent Master. Be done with your pitiful 'ifs,' and lay hold of Christ's immutable 'wills' and 'shalls.' You listen to Satan more than you listen to your Savior. The wretched habit you have contracted of disbelieving the Lord Jesus must be dealt with as a tippler must deal with his habit of indulging in intoxicants. You must break it up, or it will break you down. Fix your grasp on the loving Son of God, and say to yourself: 'If I go on any longer in this way, I shall become an infidel and an outcast. I will be done with the devil and cling to Christ if I perish. Lord, I believe; help Thou my accursed unbelief!'

Depend upon it that you will never attain any sunshine of spiritual peace, or any power, until you—in divine help and strength—overcome this deplorable habit of doubting. What have you ever gained by it? How much has it cost you? And if you expect to rely on Christ in the dying hour, why not do it now? It is said that Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, the famous Swiss historian of the Reformation, was sorely troubled with doubts during his student days. He went to his old experienced teacher for help. The old man refused to discuss the doubts, saying, 'Were I to rid you of these, others would come. There is a shorter way of destroying them. Let Jesus Christ be really to you the Son of God, the Saviour; and His light will dispel the darkness, and His Spirit will lead you into all truth.' That old man was right. He saw the fatal habit which the young man was acquiring; and he knew that the glorious Sun of Righteousness could alone scatter the clouds that make so many lives dark and dreary. I remember that once when a famous infidel book was under discussion in a certain ministerial circle, grand old Dr. Thomas H. Skinner said to us: 'Brethren, difficulties have arisen in my

own mind that were worse than any or all infidel writers could suggest; I have in the strength of Jesus Christ conquered all these; why should I care what the skeptics have to say?'

I cannot close this article without saying that many professing Christians are under a cloud caused by indulgences in sinful practices. Their transgressions, like a thick cloud, separate between God and their own souls; the divine countenance is hidden as in an awful eclipse. Spiritual declension is always fatal to spiritual peace. No church-member who neglects prayer and the house of God, who pursues crooked paths in business, who indulges in secret tipping or unclean lusts, or who is unfaithful to his word with men and his vows with God, can ever expect to enjoy a blessed 'assurance of hope.' That is a fearful description which Bunyan drew of certain backsliders, who, having turned off over a 'stile' from the King's highway, were left to grope among the tombs under the shadow of a dark and lonely mountain. As Christian looked at them, his eyes gushed forth in tears. I have occasionally seen such backsliders awakened out of their guilty condition by some alarming providence, and crying out, 'Where is now my hope?' If any who is under such a cloud should read this paragraph, I would say to him, or to her—you may find your lost 'hope' where Peter found his when he went out and wept bitterly. You may find it, in penitence and confession, at the cross of Christ Jesus. And when, after your return to obedience and right living, the forgiving love of Christ has lifted away the cloud, you will feel as Lazarus must have felt when he was delivered from the tomb, and back again in his home.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., in Zion Herald.

**Moody and Religious Cranks.**

Mr. Moody was a successful business man before he became an evangelist, and he brought his business habits into his religious work. He was as sharp as a needle, nothing escaping his eye. Whenever a large attendance was doubtful, he plied every means of advertisement. Some of his meetings were 'open' in the sense that any one so disposed was at liberty to speak or pray. But on important occasions he knew very well beforehand who were likely to take part in the meeting, and some of the most delightful surprises were what Artemus Ward would have called 'prepared impromptus.' Of course he was beset by 'cranks;' but he faced them with great courage. When a speaker was taking breath, he would give out the next hymn as naturally as if the man had finished. I have heard him say to a speaker who had scarcely commenced what he intended to say, 'Now, sir, that is perfect; if you add a single word you will spoil it. Let us sing No. 123.' When provoked beyond measure, he could be very severe.

An Australian evangelist had told a long story of his own glorious doings and of the opposition he had everywhere encountered. As he sat down Mr. Moody remarked, 'I can tell you, sir, why they opposed you.' 'Why?' 'Because you spoke too much about yourself.' This was said in a crowded meeting.

**Where She Began.**

She was a christian mother, and when her first-born child lay in her arms she said reverently, 'God's boy and mine,' and a partnership was formed between God and the mother for the training and teaching of the child. The mother resolved that he should never know when first he heard a prayer or knew of Jesus' love.

So every night after the little one had been made ready for bed the mother would kneel down, and, taking both tiny palms in one of hers, would gently place her other hand over baby's eyes and ask in simple audible words that the dear Lord who loved children would keep and bless her boy and help him to be good and true. By and by when baby was strong enough to sit up, the mother would have him sit on the edge of the bed and lean his cheek against hers—but always one hand covered his eyes while the other held his.

Then came a time when the little frame was racked with agony. Mother and doctor and friend were seeking to save a little life. Not old enough to talk, he could not tell his pain, but after awhile rest came and the doctor said, 'I think the worst is over, and if baby will go to sleep nature will do the rest.' But the eyes kept opening with a restless look, and the hands reaching out, mamma stooped over and said, 'What does my darling want?' Instantly two tiny hands were put into hers, and, moving his head toward hers, the eyes closed. A moment of silence followed, for the mother thought she could not pray with the doctor there. The blue eyes opened, the little hands nestled closer into hers, and the eager coo of the sweet baby voice broke the silence. 'He wants something—do you know what it is?' asked the doctor. And the mother, remembering the partnership with God, knelt

down and prayed the simple, brief sentences, and baby slept. With moistened eyes the doctor said, as he laid his hand on his mother's bowed head, 'I wish every child could grow up that way.'

Do you smile and say it was only a habit and had no reverent meaning to the child? True; but the boy grew into the habit of prayer, and the mother and son were forever bound together by a cord of that extended; that partnership till 'God and we,' as the boy put it, were working together.

Mothers, it is a blessed thing to be partners with God in the training of your children.

**A Legend.**

A legend was told me the other day which may interest you. A young man, discontented with his lot, dreamed a wonderful dream. He was carried into a beautiful country, and was driven in state through leafy bowers and under arching trees, through groves redolent with orange blossoms. Rare exotics bloomed on every side. The place seemed a perfect fairyland of beauty.

After driving for miles and miles, he stopped before a magnificent palace. It was built of marble, and the carving was of the finest workmanship. Its minarets and domes were ornamented with rare jewels, which flashed in the sunshine. The doors were of pearls, the floors of gold, and the ceilings, instead of being frescoed, were studded with rubies and diamonds. The building was of enormous size, covering, with its wings, fully a square mile, and everything was on a scale of rare splendor.

Stepping to one side of the palace, his eye rested on a dark brown niche, small, but in such a striking contrast to the place that he asked the guide what it meant, and why that was not marble, also, and set around with precious stones.

Imagine the young man's surprise when he said, 'The fault is yours. This is the Palace Beautiful, and this is your niche. You have been unhappy because of your lowly station in life, and since you could not have a position of prominence you have spent your time in discontent, while others have been improving their time. It rests upon you alone to make this palace perfect.' The young man awoke, saw the lesson taught by his dream, and set to work to marbleize his brown niche.

**A NEW BOOK. For Feminine Home Workers.**

Sent Post Paid To any Address in Canada.

The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes and the popular Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patters are now issuing a new and enlarged edition of the Diamond Dye Rug Book, that should be in the hands of every woman and girl in Canada. Many new and attractive designs for Mats and Rugs are shown as well as full directions for the making and coloring. Thousands of women who are interested in the making of pretty Rugs are sending for this book. Send in your address at once to The Well & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Que.

**KILLING WALRUS FOR FUN.**

A Wanton Sport That Threatens to Bring Starvation Upon Northern Tribes.

Vessels are going into the northern waters of the western world every year and the larger representatives of animal life in the far north are rapidly diminishing in number. The right whale has been nearly exterminated, a falling off in the supply of the oil seal is noticeable and, according to good authorities, the walrus is also in danger of being wiped out. The extermination of the walrus would be particularly deplorable, as it is the chief food resource of the Arctic highlanders of northwest Greenland and of the Indians along the coasts of northern Alaska. An Arctic explorer of this country recently said with regard to the slaughter of walrus in Greenland waters:

'Any one who is familiar with the conditions of life among the Esquimaux living north of Cape York, Greenland, must fear for the fate of these natives, numbering only about five hundred souls. They are shut in by the ice of Melville Bay from intercourse with any other people in the world except that the whites come to them nearly every year. Their food resources are almost wholly confined to walrus and seal, mainly walrus. The Esquimaux pay little attention to hunting the reindeer with their crude weapons. The animal is comparatively abundant, but plays a very small part in the domestic economy of the Arctic highlanders.

'Now, for ten or twelve years past, white men have been visiting the North Water and the region of Littleton Island nearly every summer. They have killed large quantities of walrus for dog food. They have killed numbers of walrus in order to

take their skins and skeletons back home to the museums. No attention whatever, apparently, has been paid to the fact that the main source of food for the natives was thus being endangered. I believe it is the general opinion among those who know that the wholesale inroads that are being made upon the walrus of northwest Greenland should be stopped in the interests of humanity and to avert starvation from the band of Esquimaux who eke out a bare existence under the most difficult circumstances in that region.'

The Treasury Department issued instructions last month to the collector of customs of Port Townsend, Wash., to urge the captains of vessels going to Alaska to prevent the killing of walrus by persons on board their ships. Many of the Indians along the northern coasts are said to be in a nearly starving condition, and these orders were issued with a view to protecting their main food supply. Hundreds of passengers on the steamers to St. Michael and Cape Nome are said to make a practice of firing into the herds of walrus that they see drifting on the ice floes. A great many of the animals are killed and wounded, and their bodies are seen floating in Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean. This destruction is purely wanton, for no good comes of it, as the passengers cannot possibly recover the ivory or the valuable hide of the walrus. They shoot merely for the excitement of killing. The practice is a reprehensible one, and in the opinion of Alaskan officials the most stringent regulations should be adopted to put an end to it.

**La Grippe's Ravages.**

**A CAMPDEN LADY CURED OF ITS AFTER EFFECTS.**

She Was Left Weak and Run Down, and Unable to Regain her Strength Until she Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the village of Campden, Ont., and throughout the surrounding country, there are few people better known or more highly esteemed than Mr and Mrs Daniel Albright has for many years filled the position of village postmaster, in addition to conducting a boot and shoe business. But it is with the postmaster's estimable wife that this article has chiefly to do, as it gives, particularly in her own words, the particulars of her recovery from a severe illness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To a reporter who asked Mrs. Albright if she would consent to give the particulars of her illness and cure for publication, she said: 'If you think my experience will keep some other sufferer I am quite willing to give it, for I may tell you that I am a very enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years prior to the winter of 1898 I suffered with a lame back, which frequently prevented me from doing my household work. Later exposure to cold developed sciatica, and every movement of the body caused intense pain. In this way passed gloomy days and restless nights, until the winter of 1898, when my trouble was aggravated by an attack of la grippe. The first and most severe symptoms of this trouble passed away, but it left me in a weak and depressed condition. I did not appear to be able to recover my strength; my appetite was very fickle; I was extremely nervous, and my heart would palpitate painfully at the least exertion. I had been under a doctor's care, but did not recover my strength, and as a consequence I was much depressed in spirits. At this juncture a friend who called upon me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to follow the advice and procure a supply. To my gratification I felt an improvement in my condition almost from the outset, and after using the pills for little over a month I was once more enjoying the best of health, every trace of the trouble that had afflicted me having disappeared. It is nearly three years since I used the pills and I have been well and strong ever since and I have the best of reason for ascribing my present good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last and thus bring health to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

**After Thirty Nine Years Waiting.**

This is a romance of youth and age, of the old fashioned days of the old century and the bright promise of the new. Fifty years ago it began with a courtship and the old story. Last week it ended with a marriage. Fifty years ago when Toledo was but a little settlement, Philip Breidt and Mary Rall were lovers. He was twenty one then, she twenty. She the daughter of one of the oldest settlers, he with no capital save his energy and strength. For twelve years varying fortune kept him, except at brief intervals at from Toledo and his sweetheart.

Then he returned, the love vows were repeated and a marriage license was obtained. That was in 1862—thirty nine years ago. The first Probate Judge of



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the county, F. A. Jones, issued the license. But the marriage did not occur.

'It was put off,' said Philip Breidt.

'It was put off,' repeated Mary Rall.

Thirty nine years elapsed, and still no marriage. The lovers were old now. He was seventy one she seventy. But last week the old man took the marriage license from the drawer where it lain for nearly forty years. Accompanied by Mary Rall he took it to the Court house—the little Court house of forty years ago, but the splendid building that tells the story of Toledo's growth.

'Is—this good yet?' he asked the clerk.

The clerk assured him that it was. 'Well, we're going to get married this time, sure,' said the old man. 'It should have been long ago, but—well, we didn't that's all. And there's no reason for it either.'

That evening they were married by Rev. Dr. Shannon of Madison Street Church. They were the oldest couple ever married in the county who had not previously entered matrimony.

**A WOMAN OF NERVE.**

Preferred Army Life to Honors and Anxieties of Court Life.

There was buried last Sunday in the National Cemetery at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, a woman who, had she so elected could have occupied a high position in the Old World.

She was the Baroness Von Clossman, the wife of Dr. Von Clossman, assistant surgeon at the recruiting station. In the court of Vienna her title is a matter of record, and had Maximilian maintained the double-headed Hapsburg eagle in Mexico she would have borne a higher title, for her husband was one of those soldiers of fortune who followed the brother of his sovereign to the New World. He would have won a duchy had Maximilian held the palace of Chapultepec, but that dream faded at Queretoro.

At Solferino the Baron led a company of Austrian hussars. All through the Austrian-Danish war he fought. Then he joined Maximilian. After his leader's death he escaped from a Mexican prison.

At Fort Wingate, New Mexico, he married the woman who died last week. She was a Virginian, Miss Martha Hester Spangler. During the civil war she lived in the besieged city of Petersburg. Two of her brothers were lieutenants under Lee.

Fully twenty years of her married life were spent on Indian reservations. In an army camp on the frontier she reared her seven children, and often when the Indians were hostile an ambulance was her home.

Her twenty years on the plains were twenty years of peril. She was at the Standing Rock Agency when the Sioux hordes gathered to avenge Sitting Bull.

At the Tule Rose Agency the Apaches on the warpath tried to rush the stockade. While the attack was on the brave woman handed her husband cartridges.

For many years the Baroness lived at No 614 West Haven street, Carondelet. Three of her daughters married army men. One is now in Manila, and another, Mrs. John McCormick, is the widow of a soldier who stormed San Juan Hill.

He gazed at the individual who was spread over four seats in a crowded railway car and murmured:—

'May I ask you a question?'  
'The individual granted assent.'  
'Have the government inspectors examined you yet for trichinosis?'

'Emerson,' said Mr. Hanpeck, 'informs us that to be simple is to be great.'  
'That's all right,' his wife replied, 'but don't you go and get any absurd ideas in your head now. Always remember there is a big difference between being a simple man and a simper-ton.'

'Your doom is sealed,' said the sheriff solemnly.  
'Doesn't matter!' responded the prisoner absently. 'my wife will open it.'

**Piles**  
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto, Dr. Chase's Ointment