

## Sunday Reading.

MEETING CHARLES KINGSLEY.

It was in 187-, when the bloodless battles of the British Autumn Manoeuvres were raging in Hampshire and over the Surrey Hills, that I went from London to record for a daily paper the doings of the troops, and one day chanced to lose my way when ten miles or so from camp. It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when the last regiment had disappeared, leaving me in about the most wild portion of the country I had seen that autumn. I was upon a far stretching common, with patches of great fir-trees on one hand, beyond which, with its many windows glistening in the sunshine, stood a great Jacobean mansion, but miles away; otherwise there was not a house to be seen—nothing but heath and gorse.

Not a pleasant position for a weary and hungry man who had started to overtake the troops after a very early breakfast, hurriedly snatched.

At such a time the sight of a roadside inn with its familiar sign, promising refreshments for man and beast, would have been heartily welcomed; but let alone inn, there was no roadside.

Thinking that I must come to a house at last, I started off, laughing to myself at the thought that any one could be so thoroughly lost in little England.

Soon I saw in the distance the figures of a man and a boy, and stepped out to cut them off, for they were plodding over the rugged ground slowly in a direction at right angles to my own. They had of course seen me, the only other human being visible, and as I waved my hand I had the satisfaction of seeing them turn in my direction.

As I neared them, I could see that the man carried that familiar walking staff known as a 'thistle spud,' and I immediately said to myself 'farmer,' and began thinking of a snug kitchen, ham fried with eggs, and either tea or a mug of warm new milk—very pleasant thoughts for a half-starved man.

As I drew nearer still, I noted that my welcome friend wore dark tweeds, knickerbockers and black wide awake hat, and I prefixed an adjective to my former word. 'Gentleman farmer,' I said, and after a few more paces, 'clergyman who farms his glebe.' For I had caught sight of a white cravat.

In another minute I was speaking to a pleasant looking, slightly built, rather delicate man, with a typical English face, one whom an observer would have mentally declared to be a London parson of broad views, with no finical nonsense about him—a thorough lover of outdoor life, perhaps seeking for the vigorous health that he did not seem to possess.

I addressed him at once, stating my position, and asking him if there was any inn near where I could get refreshments.

He laughed and said, with a peculiar, hesitating stammer, that there was nothing of the kind, only some laborers' cottages yonder.

'What house is that?' I asked.

'Bramhill,' he replied. 'Sir John Cope's one of the finest old Jacobean mansions. Been following the troops, I suppose?'

I replied that I had, and incidentally added what my mission was.

'Oh!' he said. 'On the press? Well, so am I, in a sort of way. My boy and I have been watching the soldiers, too. Come with me; we are going home to lunch.'

I was glad to accept so kind an offer from one who announced himself a fellow member of the writing profession, and my new friend began at once to set me at my ease, and show me that he was glad to receive a stranger as a guest.

Of course my first natural question was as to whom I was indebted to for the hospitality.

'Oh,' he said, quietly, 'my name is Kingsley.' I was so taken aback, so staggered by the unexpected declaration, that I looked at him in blank surprise.

'Not Charles Kingsley?' I cried.

'Yes,' he replied, with a pleasant smile.

'Then this is Eversley,' I said, for in my utter ignorance, although I was perfectly aware of the fact that the Rev. Charles Kingsley was rector of Eversley, I had not the most remote idea in what county of England Eversley was situated.

'Yes,' he said, 'and there is the church yonder, behind those firs. My fir trees, I call them. They are some of the finest I know.'

I glanced at the church and the great ruddy and gray trunks of the huge fir-trees, which ran up to a considerable height before branching out into quite flat, wind-swept tops; but they took up little of my attention, the whole of my interest being in

the quiet, pleasant-spoken man walking at my side. I thought of the hours I had passed in the bygone, poring over his works and fixing his vigorously cut characters in my mind: 'Westward Ho!' with Amyas Leigh and Sir Richard Grenville; 'Two Years Ago' and the vivid description of the cholera plague at Clovelly; 'Hereward the Wake,' and the wilds of marshy Lincolnshire.

My musings were checked by our coming suddenly upon the long low rectory with its garden and flowers, the ideal home of a nature-loving country rector—just such a low-ceiled, Old-World house as a country dweller loves.

It was a pleasant close to an exciting day, with the lunch and introductions to Mrs. Kingsley and the two daughters, followed by a chat about the manoeuvres, books and fishing. Sundry flyrods on the wall indicated a love of trout, and one of heavier build told of pike, which, I was informed, dwelt plentifully in waters on the Bramhill estate, where they were pursued in their reedy haunts by the rector's son.

The time passed all too swiftly, and after a while I tried hard to gratify a pleasant idea that the unexpected visit brought into my mind. For I was at that time editor of a popular magazine, the enterprising proprietor of which did not hesitate to pay liberally for novels written by our best authors. Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins and others had written for our pages novels of a goodly length.

No sooner was the idea formed than I put my project into words, asking my host to write our next story—such a tale as 'Westward Ho!' or 'Hereward the Wake'; but he shook his head.

'No,' he said, 'I shall write no more novels, for I have devoted myself to natural science. But come into the drawing-room.'

I followed him into the pleasant apartment, where Mrs. Kingsley and his daughters were seated at their needlework, and one, I remember, was writing.

He turned at once to his wife.

'My dear,' he said, 'Mr. Fenn has been asking me to write him a novel for his magazine. What do you think?'

She looked up at him, and then at me, smiling and shaking her head.

'I have told him so,' he said.

It was a business matter in which I was acting as the agent, and in my eagerness to obtain the work I ventured to say:

'If it is a question of terms, Mr. Kingsley, I am sure that the proprietors would satisfy you in that.'

'Oh no,' he said, smiling, and stammering a little more than before. 'It is not that. What I write now will be upon natural science.'

The end of the visit came all too soon, and as I had a long walk to the nearest station on the southwestern line, from which by a roundabout ride of many miles I could reach headquarters, I had to take my leave, my host accompanying me to put me well upon my way, but pausing, with a natural love of his district, to show me his church and point out from beneath their shade the beauties of his great fir-trees, for which he seemed to have a special love.

He came far on the way, and then we parted. In my journey back, the whole scene of the past hours seemed to fix itself upon the tablets of my memory, for it was a red-letter day to me—this of my unexpected meeting with the man whose works, after those of Dickens, had impressed me the most deeply of any I had read.

It was hard, too, to think that the quiet, nervous, hesitating man from I had just parted was the eloquent chaplain who preached occasionally in the Chapel Royal, St. James. But so it was.

When he once faced an audience on platform or in pulpit, Kingsley's nervous nature seemed to give him a greater vigor; the speaker grasped pulpit rail firmly, he did not stammer, he was the fervid, eloquent preacher so well known.

It was a disappointment to me that he had written his last novel, but I was glad I had grasped hands and spoken with the man.

Truly a Helpmeet.

In his 'Recollections of a Lifetime,' Gen. Roeliff Brinkerhoff gives a delightful picture of the wife of Andrew Jackson. 'I have often wondered,' he says, 'what was in this diffident, retiring, uncultured woman which so won all hearts that came within the sphere of her influence.'

'When I went to the Hermitage,' continues General Brinkerhoff, 'Mrs. Jackson had been dead for nearly twenty years; yet the aroma of her presence filled the air and penetrated every nook and corner of the neighborhood. She dominated the volcanic nature of her fiery husband as the sun dominates the humid vapors of the morning.'

'There never was a moment in Jackson's married life but he would have died for her upon the rack or at the stake. Even in my death, her influence ceased not, and at the

White House her memory with Jackson was more powerful than Congress, Cabinets or kings. It controlled his passions; it curbed his tongue; it held him true to his convictions of right and duty.'

'In public and in private life, in the White House and at the Hermitage, down to the day of his death, Jackson never retired to rest without taking from his bosom the miniature portrait of his wife, and placed it in such a position, propped up against his bible, that it should be the last thing seen before he went into the land of dreams and the first to greet him with the morning light.'

'Over her grave in the little temple in the Hermitage garden is a plain marble slab, and upon it is this inscription, written by her husband:

'Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22nd of December, 1828, aged sixty one. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind: she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods: to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and virtuous, slander might wound but not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of God.'

Church Collections in Holland.

A Sunday among the staid burghers of Holland gave Mr. Clifton Johnson an opportunity to see three church collections taken up in rapid succession. He had asked to be directed to a characteristic country church in an outlying village. As a result he went by train from Leyden to a little place with an unpronounceable name, where there was a church as severe in its simplicity as the meeting houses of colonial New England.

It resembled them, too, in its chilliness; for there was no attempt at warming it, and the people were dependent upon foot stoves of the old fashioned type that was beginning to go out of vogue in America a hundred years ago. Several score of these little boxes stood in the church entry neatly piled against the wall, ready to be filled with smoldering peat and supplied to the worshippers as they came in.

When the time for the collection arrived, a man started out from the raised off space before the pulpit, which space was occupied by the elders, and with a black pocket at the end of an eight foot pole proceeded to his task. With this accessory he could reach clear to the end of a pew, only he had to be careful not to hit some worshiper with the butt end while making his short reaches.

Everybody in the congregation put in something, and the collector made a little bow every time a coin jingled in the pocket. He had gone about half-way round when another elder started out with another bag and pole. The writer wondered he had not started before. His purpose, however, was not to help his fellow collector finish the work. Instead he started just where the other had begun and passed the bag to the same people; and everyone dropped in a coin as faithfully as he had done the first time.

Nor was this the end, for the second collector had no sooner got a good start than a third stepped out from the pulpit front with bag and pole, and went as industriously over the ground as the two others had done. He was just as successful as his predecessors.

Things were getting serious. The stranger had put silver in the first bag, but fearing that the collection might continue indefinitely, he dropped copper coins in the second and third bags, and was not a little relieved when he saw that the rest of the men in the elders' seats kept their places.

Later he learned the secret of the process. The first man collected for the minister, the second for the church, the third for the poor. As each member of the congregation contributed one Holland cent to each bag, it seemed as if a little calculation might have saved much collecting. The sum of the three deposits would in our money be about one and one-fifth cents for each person.

At the moment when the bags began to pass, the minister gave out a hymn; but the congregation finished singing it long before the collection was over. There did not, however, ensue one of those silences during which you can hear pins drop and flies buzz, for the minister ignored the collectors, who were still making their halting progress through the aisles, and promptly began his sermon.

Simple Kindness.

It was at the height of Brownings's fame that there occurred a little incident, nar-

rated by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, which showed that simplicity and kindness are not of necessity destroyed by prosperity and the appreciation of the world.

A certain writer, of that time young and unknown, was introduced to Browning by a friend. Stammering from nervousness, he attempted to express his admiration of the poet's work. To one whom the world united to praise, the appreciation of a mere boy was a small thing, but so natural and simple was the poet that the sincere tribute of the young man caused him real pleasure, which he did not try to conceal.

Some time afterward the same young writer received an invitation to a great literary function. Browning was present, surrounded by a circle of the most distinguished men and women of England. Presently he caught sight of the youngster standing awkwardly by the door. Turning his back to his humble admirer, called him by name, and expressed pleasure at this opportunity of renewing acquaintance.

'Was that really Browning with the white hair and beard?' said a lady who had been standing by. 'Why, by the way he spoke one would think he would be better pleased to be taken for an ordinary gentleman than for a great poet.'

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"Hark! Hark! the Lark!"

If any skeptical reader doubts the lark's use of the human vernacular he is respectfully referred, after reading the following, to Shelley's authoritative line, 'Bird thou never wert.'

The lark dropped down on the edge of his nest in the meadow. 'My dear' he said to his wife, 'I've just heard the best thing at the club!'

'At the club?' murmured his wife, with a quick glance at Sissy Lark, who was teetering on a tall head of wheat quite within ear-shot.

'Oh, it is all right,' said the lark, reassuringly. 'The deacon told me.'

Oh, very nice, of course,' said his wife,

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all her attention fixed on Sissy. 'I do believe that child is going to soar!'

'Smart as they make 'em!' said the lark, without a glance at Sissy. Not that he was an unnatural father, but he had a good story to tell.

'It seems,' he continued, 'that the man in the big house over yonder has a lot of people stopping with him, among them a very rich man known as the 'copper king.' Of course he has been too busy making money to become an expert in anything else, but he is fast for sports—all sorts, but particularly shooting, although he doesn't know a woodcock from a wabler. Everything is game to him that comes within shot.'

'Well yesterday he blundered into a number of larks, the deacon among others and he discharged both barrels into the crowd, and then looked about to see his spoil.'

'I thought I saw a bird fall,' he said.

'Never a one!' said the fellow with him, who didn't approve of a man who tried to shoot larks.

'But I'm certain I saw feathers fly.'

'Why yes, and so well that they flew away with the bird.'

Mrs. Lark laughed dutifully, but her gaze was fixed into the sky. 'I declare, she's out of sight!' she exclaimed.

'Out of sight? I should say it was!' said the lark briskly. 'But you ought to hear the deacon tell it!'

How an Indian Girls Play.

Alice Carey Hewett, in Outlook, says that Indian boys and girls are full of spirits and laughter. They love fun and are never tired of listening to stories about white children.

Lucy Hawk is a little Indian girl who lives on a reservation in Dakota. When at home, Lucy goes coasting sometimes. A big buffalo-skin is spread on the snow at the top of the terrace which divides the prairies from the river-bottom.

Lucy and her sisters find a nice warm seat on the soft fur, the child in front gathers the ends over her feet, holds on tight and fast as those behind give a starting push, and away they go down the steep slopes, and come to a quick stop at the foot, a screaming, laughing, squirming heap of tousled heads and twisted shawls.

Sometimes the boys slide with a barrel stave under each foot, and we have enjoyed watching their agile jumps and somersaults at the foot.

On cold or stormy days, after school hours are over and household tasks are done, Lucy amuses herself by making moccasins for her funny babies. When tired of her babies she gets her pebble tops, of which she has a number hidden in the pocket of her dress, tucked away in a corner of her pigeonhole in the row of boxes in the playroom, or buried safely under the steps.

It is only a common pebble with smooth sides and a little white child would never call it a top; but Lucy drops it with a little twirl of the fingers, and sends it spinning away with a dizzy rush. Then she follows it up with her whip, lashing it until she is tired and out of breath, the pebble whirling faster, and faster the longer the lashing continues.

Sometimes she pastes bits of bright paper on the sides, and then the spinning pebble seems to be covered with rings of color. It is pretty play, and never loses its fascination for the little brown children.

Sick Stomach

may be often quickly relieved and its unpleasant consequence averted by taking thirty drops of Nerviline in a little sweetened water. It instantly relieves the nausea, and by its soothing and stimulating properties calms the stomach and enables it to go on and complete the process of digestion. The action of Nerviline is simply charming, pleasant, penetrating and powerful. Druggists sell it.

'Upon what,' said the student of antiquity, 'do we base the statement that Solomon was the wisest man?'

'I dunno,' answered Senator Sorghum, 'unless it is on the report that he was also the richest.'

'Say, pa, 'rithmetic doesn't always work out right. Now, listen: When people's married, 1 and 1 make 1. When they're divorced, 1 from 1 leaves 2. How's that?'