

## Sunday Reading.

### The Wrinkle-Makers

One of the great logs on the hearth rolled over with a spiteful snap, sending bright sparks whirling up the chimney and queer shadows dancing through the room.

Winifred's big, brown eyes, as they watched the burning wood, saw a strange thing happen. A crooked shape, like a small, black stick, with the ugliest face, sprang out of the flame and stamped upon the hearth rug.

'Why are they all so late?' he cried, fretfully. 'They never come on time.' But at that moment there was another snapping sound in the fire place and out came four dark figures, crooked, scowling and bowing to the first with the cry of 'Here we come, ill-temper! Chief of the Wrinkle-makers, here we come!'

Ill-temper stood frowning at them, and replied, with a sneer: 'The stormy day has suited our work: you need not be all night in bringing your reports. What has Sir Anger done?'

'Done?' cried Anger, 'I have followed your steps, as I always do! When Winifred looked from the window this morning and found the weather too rough for her Saturday shopping, you, ill temper, told her it always happened that way; so she fretted and made everyone miserable until I came along, when she flew into such a passion that she almost struck her little brother, who begged for a story. Ha! ha! I had some fine wrinkles in her face just then, and they might have been there now only for the White Elves' coming.

'Next, you and I had a merry race with the old woman down in the cottage. You remember how a neighbor's hen came clucking about, among the dried snowflakes. We made old Hepzibah rush out the door with a broom stick and drive the frightened hen all about the wet garden. Her specs flew off her nose, and her gray hair streamed in the wind. When she came back to the house, scolding and out of breath, we had deeper wrinkles between her eyes and down at the corners of her mouth. She has entertained ill temper and Anger so many years she will never be rid of us now. Ha! ha! Never be rid of us now! Then Anger, with a shrill laugh, seated himself astride the fire-tongue, making them clatter most dreadfully.

'We deserve some credit,' cried Selfishness and Discontent; 'we had something to do with the frowns that spoiled Winnie's fair face this morning! We have lived with old Hepzibah, too, we know how some of the wrinkles grew.'

'I helped to keep them,' laughed Pride, from his perch on the brass handle of the fire shovel. 'When the White Elves told Winifred she was ill tempered, I told her not to own it. I kept your lines upon her face as long as I could, and always, when old Hepzibah flies into a rage, it is Pride that whispers in her ear not to confess she is wrong.'

He would have said more, but a cry arose from all the imps: 'The White Elves are coming! The White Elves!'

Then Anger and Pride, Selfishness and Discontent, went scrambling away with ill temper, and their ugly figures soon disappeared, climbing up chimney in a whiff of smoke.

Next, the brown eyes of the little girl on the hearth rug saw a group of dainty forms, looking, to her, like a cluster of big snow flakes with the sun shining on them. The brightest one, with starry eyes, came up to Winnie, and spoke in a voice like some wee rivulet's whisper:—

'Do you know me? My name is Love. I have just been looking at a sweet face I have watched these fore score years. There are many lines that I and my friends have made upon it. Contentment has helped, and Gentleness and Humility; Sorrow, too, who sometimes works for the black imps, has left nothing but curves of sweetness here. It is the face, my little girl, of your own dear grandma, who is quietly waiting for God's angel to call her home. It was a weary time this morning, dear, before we could make you hear our voices. If you listen often to the evil imps, your face will become like old Hepzibah's down in the cottage. Listen to us instead, and then it will grow sweet and fair, so that, in years to come, it will be like that other face, filled only with lines of love.'

Just then, mother opened the door and saw only a little girl asleep in the fire-light and heard only the old clock with its tick tock, tick tock, in a far away corner. But the home folks now say often to each other, 'How lovable our Winifred grows!' and none but Winnie and mother know the story I have been telling you, of the shining elves and the ugly imps, the little

Wrinkle-makers.—Harriet L. Street, in Churchman.

#### Prayer That Gives Strength.

I leaned my head on the desk and prayed that if God wanted me to do what then seemed my duty. He would give me strength for the test before me; it not, that I might fail so fully that I should know that my duty lay elsewhere. Then with the trust that the prayer inspired, I went to work with a calm mind.

The woman who told this story sat facing the school examiners, in application for a teacher's certificate. Within a year she had lost her husband, her mother, her sister and her sister's husband, her fortune and her health. For years she had not taught, but she had no other means of earning a living. Hastily, she prepared for an examination, and approached the day with nervous fear.

The night before she was up with a sick child, and when, weary and nervous she sat down facing a blackboard with written questions upon it, she felt incapable even of beginning the examination. Then it was that she rested for a few moments and calmed her mind with prayer, and in answer to that prayer came her strength.

She faced the questions then with courage. The first one—ah, yes, she could answer that! And answer it she did. Then the next answer was soon written neatly on the paper. The third question perplexed her, and the effort to think began to stir her nerves again; but she sought once more the calmness of her beginning, and after a little she recalled the answer. Another she could not recall, but she passed it without worry, believing that God would take care of the result, after she had done her best.

There were more questions that tried her, and she could not feel sure that some of the problems were correctly solved; but at every difficulty she quieted herself with the same reflection, and did as well as she could.

When the long, weary examination was over, she was tired, but wondered that she was not more so, and she knew that she had not wholly failed. A few days later her certificate came; she could have wept for joy—it was of the first grade. Her prayer had brought her strength and had taught her a lesson besides.

She obtained a school, and taught it. Her health came back with self-forgetfulness and the calmness which her daily prayer afforded. Her school was a success. She taught the next year and the next, and other years that followed, and now a score of years have gone. Her barrel of meal has not failed.

Her children have grown to maturity, and she is a grandmother, living happily in the home of the daughter, whose sickness kept her awake on the night before her examination. The years have brought their burdens but more joys. Through all she has remembered the lesson which she learned in that dark hour when, in poverty and grief, she faced the examination for a teacher's certificate. In her appeal for divine aid that day she found the source of strength which she has since many times tested. And it has never failed her.

Her experience was an example of faith and work. One of the old Greek fables represents a poor carrier sunk in the mire with his burden, and crying to his god for assistance. The answer came back, 'Strive to get out, and Zeus will help thee.' The story is Christian truth in pagan form.

#### 'What Faith is Good For.'

'God knows the pain I suffer,' said a noble woman beside the coffin of her son, 'but I realize now what faith is good for.'

The way she bore her grief was a lesson to many. There was no affectation about it; there was no pretense of superiority to pain or sorrow; only simple faith and patience. There was no frantic weeping, neither was there a solid absence of tears; there was womanly grief and Christian comfort.

After a few weeks she brought herself to the work of disposing of some of her son's clothing, and the effort to place this where it would do good brought her into contact with other sorrow, much of it deeper than her own. The effort to comfort this led her farther, and she became a comforter of many, having herself known grief.

To realize what faith is good for is a sublime triumph. There are many truly good people whose faith, when tested in new and unexpected ways, does not bear the strain. It has served them well, perhaps, through years of happy and useful life; but in the crisis for which they need it most, it proves inadequate.

When the heart is nearest to breaking it may gather new strength—or sink in doubt and despair. That is faith's crucial moment. It is the time to 'lean hard' upon God, and hold fast His angel of hope.

#### Moody's Handling of a Bully.

'In his various offices Mr. Moody did not always have plain sailing. As ser-

geant-at-arms he kept order as well as he could, writes William R. Moody, of his father, Dwight L. Moody, in this week's 'Saturday Evening Post.' 'On one occasion he had trouble. A young bully, the ring leader among the worst element in the town, made malicious efforts to disturb the meetings. He was a source of great annoyance. After being repeatedly warned he only assumed a more belligerent attitude. It was against the rules ever to turn a scholar out. Grace had failed, and Mr. Moody saw that recourse to other means was inevitable. At last he whispered to Mr. Farwell:

'If that boy disturbs his class today and you see me go for him to take him to the ante room, you ask the school to rise and sing a very loud hymn until I return.'

The meeting proceeded. The boy began his interruptions and Mr. Moody made for him. He seized him with a strong grasp, hurried him into the ante-room and locked the door. Then he gave him a thrashing such as he himself had known in his boyhood days in New England, and when he returned there was a flush upon his face, but it had in it an expression of victory. This boy was soon afterwards converted, and many years later told a friend that he was still enjoying the benefits of that gospel service.

#### PRIVATE CONNOR'S MOTHER.

Her Advice to Him When in the Front Ranks in Battle.

Mothers of soldier boys are uniformly made—in romantic history, at least—after an approved general-in-petticoats pattern. Mrs. Connor, of Clonmacnoan, of whom Miss Jane Barlow tells in 'The Land of the Shamrock,' was of a different stripe. Her views of glory and of conduct in the field were demoralizingly un-military, but they make refreshing reading for those who think the Spartan mother a bit un-natural.

Terry Connor—six feet three in his stockings—in his scarlet uniform with green facings was beautiful to behold. When he came ever from Athlone on furlough to visit his mother, she openly exulted in the splendor of his martial aspect and in his inches. Athlone was no such long way off, and it was known to have been actually visited by ordinary people.

It was a wofully different matter when the Connors were sent off on active service to strange lands, about which all one's knowledge could be summed up in the words 'furrin' and 'fightin'—words of limitless fear.

Then it was that retribution might be deemed to have lighted upon Mrs. Connor's vanity about her son's conspicuous stature. For this now became a source of especial torment, as 'threatening to make him the better man.'

'And you'll be pleased to tell him, Mr. Mulcahy,' she dictated to the schoolmaster, who was also cobbler and scribe at Clonmacnoan, 'that whatever he does he's not to be 'jannin' into the fore-front of the firin', and he a head and shoulders higher than half of the lads.

'He'd be the first thing. God be good to us! Bid him be crouchin' down a back of somethin' handy. Or if there was ne'er a rock or a furrin' bush on the bit of bog, he might anyway keep stooped behind the others. If he lets them get aimin' straight at him, he's lost.'

Mr. Mulcahy stirred the sediment of his lately watered ink.

'Bedad now, Mrs. Connor,' he said, disapprovingly, 'there'd be no sense in tellin' him any such things. For in the first place he wouldn't mind a word of it, and in the next place—goodness may pity you, woman, but sure you wouldn't be wishful to see him comin' back to you after playin' the poltroon, and becomin' himself discreditable?'

'Troth and I would,' said Mrs. Connor, 'if he was twinty poltroons! All the be-havin' I want of him's to be bringin' himself home. Who's any the better for the killin' and slaughterin'? The heart's weary in me doubtin' will I ever get a sight of him agin. That's all I'm thinkin' of, tellin' you the truth, and if I said anythin' diff'rent, it'd be a lie.'

'He might bring home a trifle of honor and glory, and no harm done,' Mr. Mulcahy urged.

'Glory be bothered!' said Mrs. Connor. And in the end Mr. Mulcahy only so far modified his instructions as to substitute for Mrs. Connor's more detailed injunctions a vague general order to 'be taking care of himself.'

#### Little 'Tony's' Prayer.

Madame de Navarre, known to fame as Miss Mary Anderson, has a little four year old son, who bids fair to inherit much of his mother's talent. His love for music is already extraordinary.

Tony, as he is called after his father, was saying his prayers, one evening with fervent emphasis, and the following petition was overheard: 'Please God, bless little Tony and make him a good boy, and



## Soap-heredity.

Women who use soap don't do so because they know it's the best. Probably they haven't given a thought to the matter. They inherit the soap-habit—their mothers and grandmothers did, before them.

Women who use Pearline do so, because they have used soap and Pearline, and have found Pearline to be better—more effective, saving time and rubbing; just as harmless, and more economical.

Millions of Women Use Pearline

bless mamma and papa and please God bless Brabms—and Nanna—and Beethoven—and all my good friends.'

The German nurse says she never remembers being so near the music of the spheres before.

#### Through Heart and Brain.

A woman's first experience of killing an innocent animal is a disheartening thing of which to read. Yet it is somewhat consolatory to know that she felt the sadness of it, as well as the emptiness of the glory. Let us hope that other women will not be moved to engage in a similar 'sport.' This is how Mrs. Grace Seton-Thompson shot her first shot:

He was drinking from the lake. Now was the time. I crawled a few feet nearer and raised the gun. The stag turned partly away from me. In another moment he would be gone. I sighted along the barrel, and a terrible bang went booming through the air.

The stag raised his antlered head and gazed in my direction. Another shot, and the animal dropped where he stood. He lay as still as the stones beside him. I sat on the ground, and made no attempt to go near him. One instant, a magnificent breathing thing; the next, nothing.

I had no regret, no triumph, only a sort of wonder at what I had done. I felt surprise that the breath of life could be taken away so easily.

Meanwhile, Nimrod had become alarmed at the long silence, and followed me down the mountain.

He had nearly reached me, when he heard the two shots and came rushing up.

'I have done it,' I said, in a dull tone, pointing to the dark, still thing on the bank.

'You surely have.'

As we went up to the elk, Nimrod paced the distance, a hundred and thirty five yards. How beautiful the creature's coat was, glossy and shaded in browns! And those great horns, with eleven points! They did not look so big now. Nimrod examined the carcass.

'You are an apt pupil,' he said. 'You put a bullet through his heart, and another through his brain.'

'Yet,' I said, 'he never knew what killed him.' I felt no glory in the achievement.

#### Dog-teams.

Indian dogs have been at a premium in the Klondike, the demand for them being so great that they were bought up rapidly at prices equal to those which a good horse would fetch elsewhere. All sorts and conditions of men found their way to the gold regions, and nobody troubled himself to inquire into their antecedents, but inquiry came fast enough when a dog was in question. Here the value was in inverse ratio to the civilization. Lately, however, it has been found that dogs accustomed to complete idleness can be utilized in the drawing of sledges.

The discovery was made when the Canadian government decided to send a police force to the Klondike. An agent went to the most likely spots in the northwest, to purchase dogs for the force, and reported that he 'could not get a dog that was a dog' for any price within the limits of reason.

The government then sent out another agent with orders not to be too particular in his selection. The result, according to Mr. J. B. Burnham, in Forest and Stream, was a company of all sorts of creatures called dogs. They were quite civilized dogs; for instead of going among the Indians to purchase them, the agent went down to Lake Superior and bought up everything in the form of a dog, from performing poodles to the pet dogs of barber's shops.

And the strangest part of the business was that the purchase was not a failure. Many of the dogs were turned into useful sledge animals, and the dogs of civilized man were soon in competition with the native teams.

One set of fine mongrels, about the size of large Scotch terriers, none of them weighing forty pounds, drew a load of three thousand pounds over the ice of Lake Bennett. The sledge was always started for them, but once started they kept it moving. The owner, a half breed, would follow,

out of sight, encouraging them by voice and by a system of rewards. Dogs previously educated to other businesses acquitted themselves well.

'I saw a trick poodle in one team,' says Mr. Burnham. 'His leader—there were only two dogs to this sledge—was a big, sullen Newfoundland, the picture of pessimism. The poodle had been recently clipped, and still had his heavy mane and tasseled tail. He was the best tempered little animal imaginable.

'Every time the team stopped he would caper round in his harness, and do every sort of training somersaults. He stood on his hind legs, turned backward in the harness, and was never still for an instant. Our sympathies went out toward this poor little strolling actor of a dog, forced to join in the search for gold.'

As an animal of draft, the dog has in the Klondike been found decidedly superior to man, although men have pulled sledges without grumbling. A man can draw a weight equal to his own and travel fifteen miles a day. The dog will pull a load equivalent to his own weight and travel thirty miles a day.

#### A Greater Need.

The Young People's Weekly prints a pathetic story of a poor, half-starved child, living in a city alley. Some one had given her a ticket to a free tea and entertainment.

She was wild with delight, and was running to tell her mother of her good fortune when she stumbled over a child crouched on the stairs, crying.

She asked what was the matter. The child said her mother had beaten her because she asked for some breakfast, and she was so hungry she could not help crying.

'Well,' said the other child, placing the ticket in her hand, 'take this, and get a good tea. I've had no breakfast, either, but my mother never beats me.'

And she passed on, leaving the ticket in the hand of the astonished child.

#### What He Meant.

'That was the year,' said Mr. Jesse Sparhawk to the little group of listeners who had gathered to hear his reminiscences of war times, 'that was the very year that my cellar was so unmercifully overflowed.'

'What do you mean by "unmercifully overflowed," I'd like to know?' demanded Mr. Potts, the town trial, from the outskirts of the group. 'I don't gather your sense.'

'I mean,' said Mr. Sparhawk, after a glare at the offender who had thus arrested him in the full tide of recollection, 'that there was too much water for walking, and not enough for boating. I sh'd think 'twas plain enough.'

#### Six Hours Afloat.

A London paper relates the trying experience of an English sailor. He could not swim, and was six hours in the water during a storm.

He had a life preserver, but was in constant terror lest it should slip from his grasp. If it did he knew he could never regain it.

He had fallen off the bow-chains of the vessel, and from midnight to daylight the life-boat was searching for him while the ship lay to. Many captains would have desisted in an hour or two, but this one persevered, and the men were finally rewarded with a sight of their comrade a mile away. A day's rest restored his strength, and he resumed his dangerous duties.

'What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?' petulantly asked Mrs. Youngcouple.

'I was looking at the money market,' he answered.

'Oh, do they have a money market? Are there ever any bargains?'

'Madge—You'd better not trust that girl with a book. She never returns one. Major—But she won't keep this—it's a diary'

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