

Sunday Reading.

SUNFLOWERS.

The doctor lingered. He glanced at the man, who sat staring through the blurred, unwashed window-glass into the noisy street—staring at nothing. The man's face was full of the dumb grief of the uncultured, the grief that is dumb not because it would not, but because it cannot, speak, the grief that needs the tenderest sympathy in the world. It was hurting the man; and the doctor understood, and lingered in silence.

The man turned his head restlessly; and the doctor, sitting on the side of the tumbled bed with its shabby coverings, lifted in his arms a small bundle of gray flannel that lay among the unattractive pillows. He loosened the folds of the flannel and touched gently the little pink face thus revealed. The baby stirred and smiled in its sleep. The doctor noted the dimple in its cheek and its fringe of yellow hair. He again glanced at the man's averted face, sullen and hard in its grief.

'What have you named your little girl?' was his unexpected question. The doctor was a young man, but it happened that he understood the man's sorrow for his wife, so lately dead, who had left the baby, with its dimple and its fringe of yellow hair and its baby girlhood, for a keepsake, for a farewell gift. He offered his sympathy very gradually and tenderly.

'Name her? I dunno; don't care. If it hadn't been for her, me woman wouldn't have died! He met the doctor's serious brown eyes with a defiant stare, which the doctor quite understood. 'I don't want to see her! I don't want to talk 'bout her!'

The doctor looked at the baby. 'It is a pity not to name her soon. She is such a nice little girl, and she has a dimple in one cheek. My little girl has a dimple in one cheek. It is the prettiest way for a little girl to have dimples, I think—just one in one cheek.' He looked at the child's cheek, but he was thinking more of the man than of the little girl's dimple.

'An' 'ave you a little gurril?' asked the man, with his face turned still to the window.

'Yes, Didn't I really tell you?' said the doctor. 'She is the dearest little girl in the world! There couldn't possibly be another one half so nice.'

'An' what is it that makes her so out o' the common? Sure, an' likely there's others as foine,' remarked the man, with more interest than the doctor had expected.

'There couldn't be another so nice to me,' said the doctor, turning his eyes to the man. 'You see, her mother died when she was even a tinier baby than your little girl, and she is the only child her mother and I had, and she looks like her mother.' The doctor's voice was very low. His little girl was not yet three years old, and he had not learned to speak very often, even to her of her mother.

The man's face relaxed. 'Well, now, an' what's come to me come first to you, an' you know how 'tis,' he said in wonder.

'Yes, said the doctor, 'I know how it is. Yes, the same thing came to me.' He brought his lips very closely together, and then he looked at the other man's baby girl, and smiled and said, 'And your little girl has yellow hair and a dimple in one cheek,—why don't you look at it?—just as mine has.'

The man looked for a moment at the baby; then his face darkened and he said, 'If it hadn't been for your little gurril, I suppose you—'

'Yes,' the doctor hurriedly interrupted, 'I know what you are going to say.'

He bowed his head and was silent for a few moments. Then he lifted his eyes and said, 'Come here and hold your little girl, and I will tell you about my sunflowers.'

'Sunflowers?'

'Yes; now you hold her while I tell you. Yes, that's the way to hold her. Now if you touch her cheek she will smile in her sleep and you can see her dimple. See?'

The man held the baby in an awkward bundle, and fearfully touched her face. He smiled when the tiny dent came into the pink cheek.

'Is a dimple such a nice thing for a gurril to 'ave?' he asked the doctor.

'Very nice,' said the doctor, gravely.

'I ain't never held the baby afore,' said the man. 'You are the first person to notice the dimple,' he continued, doubtfully, 'Perhaps no one else has seen her smile,' said the doctor.

'I ain't held her,' the man repeated, unheeding the doctor's explanation of the general ignorance regarding the baby's dimple, 'because—'

'I suppose you were afraid of dropping her,' the doctor inteposed. 'I used to be.'

'No,' the man said, honestly, 'it wasn't

that. I didn't want to see her, because if it hadn't been for her, me woman wouldn't have died. Ain't you never felt that way?' he asked the other father with sudden curiosity.

The doctor's voice had a slight quiver in it when finally he spoke. Had he understood less keenly the meaning of the other man's bereavement, he perhaps might not have replied.

With the sympathy of a similar consolation, he heard of this man's utter grief and of his unreasoning resentment toward the child, to whose life the mother had given her own. The doctor had learned much in the three years of his little girl's life, and he had come to tell it to the other man. He found it harder to tell than he expected, but he did not shrink.

'At first I think I did,' he said, gently, 'and then I saw how much my little girl's mother had left to comfort me. She had left me her own little girl. She—couldn't make up for—'

'Ah, no!' the man murmured.

'She couldn't do that, but she could do a great deal,' went on the doctor. 'You see, she needed my care. It's the best comfort in the world really to be needed. She helped me to see how much I might do—for her and for other people. She helped me to see that I might perhaps make myself worth the—the gift of love I had been given; and then, she is my own little child—and mine,' the doctor concluded more simply.

He waited for some comment, but the other man was looking into the face of his little girl. 'Do you see what I mean?' the doctor said.

'Well, I dunno, I dunno,' the man said; but he wrapped the gray flannel more carefully round the baby, and touched the pink cheek in which the one dimple hid. The doctor smiled; the other man was beginning to understand.

'An' what'd be her name?' he asked.

'That's just what I was going to tell you,' the doctor replied. 'Her name is Clytie—for the maiden of olden times, who, looked at the sun so often, that she was changed into a sunflower. You see, I always called my wife Clytie—because she was the bright glory in my life; she was truly a flower of sunlight. My mother and my sisters think Clytie a queer name for my daughter, but you see she is my other sunflower; she has made the sun shine still in my life.'

The doctor again paused, but the other man did not speak; his eyes were bent with new interest upon the pink face of his daughter. The doctor did not hesitate now to offer the full measure of his sympathy. 'I have told you these things,' he said, 'because I was sorry when I heard of your loss, because I understand how you feel, and because I know how bright a sunflower the little child left by the mother may be to its father; how much it can help the loneliness.'

The doctor concluded the telling of his lesson with unaltering faith in the other man's power to learn it. It was this simple greatness in dealing with the other person; this unflinching belief in the strong bond of a common humanity uniting the rich and the poor, the high and the less high, that had made the first appeal for the doctor to his first sunflower, and caused her to turn to him her bright face. It was sufficiently strong to hold the other man's attention, to make him look with different eyes at his baby.

'Faith, now, an' it was thim things I was sayin' to me woman; but she was me own.'

'Well,' said the doctor, 'when I called my wife my sunflower, it was merely a way of saying that she was my own.' And your little girl—'

'An' is yours so much nicer than mine?' the man anxiously asked. 'I don't believe she is!'

The doctor laughed softly. He knew now that he had helped the man. 'She is the nicest little girl in the world, I think,' he said. 'Perhaps I can't judge impartially, but she seems nicer to me than any other little girl could be.'

'An' that's because she's yours,' said the man, indulgently. 'Now I'm thinkin' if we put thim together, mine'd be pretty near yours, let alone bein' a little ahead.' He had forgotten that he had not wanted to see his baby, that he had refused to look at her.

The doctor remembered, and he said, soberly, 'We shall see. When your little girl is a little older you must bring her to see us, and then we will compare the two sunflowers.'

'An' it's Clytie yours is named? Well, now, mine'll be Nora. It was me woman's name, and it's what I called her.' He looked at the doctor for approval.

'Yes,' the doctor assented. 'It means for you what Clytie means for me.'

'An' would you see that dimple?' said the man as the baby stirred. 'I'm thinkin' your little gurril's ain't much more than that.'

'You shall see for yourself,' said the doctor, with a smile. 'I must go now and

finish my calls, or I won't get home before my sunflower is in bed,' he added, seeing that the other father no longer needed him.

The man laid the baby among the pillows, and went with the doctor to the door and down the first flight of narrow stairs.

'Good day to you,' he said. 'Sure, an' you was kind to come—an' you knowin' how 'tis.'

'I came because I do know,' the young doctor said. 'Good afternoon, and a good night to your sunflower.' He shook the man's hand, and ran down the other flight of stairs.

The other man went back to the sleeping baby. He stood gazing at its tiny form. He touched its cheek, and the baby smiled and moved one hand from beneath the flannel coverings. The man touched the little hand, and it softly closed round his finger.

'Well, now, if you'd see that?' he said. 'Ah, the docther was right; she is me woman's own gurril, an' a foine wan, too, wid one dimple! Sure, an' sunflower is a good name far her. Faith, but the docther was consoated over his gurril! An' it's me own as is as foine—like enough foiner! It was truth he said, he knowin' how 'tis; but faith, he was thot consoated over his own gurril! An' me own like enough a foiner, bein' me own Nora's—an' her only wan!'

Sunday-School Teaching.

The need of better methods of instruction in Sunday-schools is generally admitted, and some of the churches have given considerable attention to the subject. In the day schools pedagogic principles have been evolved and established, and the teacher who seeks a desirable position today must know not only the subjects he is to teach, but also how to impart his knowledge to others.

The Sunday-schools have not kept pace with the general educational advance. They are still, as they have always been, an incalculable influence for good. The teachers are now, as always, a noble body of disinterested men and women who give freely of their time and strength in the holiest of causes; but only a few of them are persons trained in the art of teaching, or familiar with the best ways of inspiring interest and holding the attention of their pupils. Hence their task is harder and the fruits of their labor smaller than they should be.

It was to help those teachers who have no special training that the Sunday-School Commission of the Episcopal Diocese of New York began to issue its educational publications; and with the same end in view it is now entering a new field. It is establishing a series of training classes for Sunday school teachers, to be held in various centers, so that teachers in different parts of the country can be accommodated.

The classes will be conducted by skilled educators, and will consider such topics as 'How to Teach,' 'The Art of Story Telling,' 'The Principles of Religious Education,' and similar subjects.

The plans offers attractive possibilities which are within the reach of any church. There are trained and skilful day school teachers in every large town, and some of them would undoubtedly be glad to give their Sunday associates the benefit of their experience in a series of lectures or informal talks. In the knowledge of the Bible, in ethics and doctrines, many Sunday school teachers are well versed and competent guides; but as to how they can best make those matters vital to the young people of the land, many of them would welcome the advice of secular experts.

Making the Most of the Flashes.

A gentleman caught out in a terrific storm at night narrowly escaped bewilderment, and perhaps a whole night of wandering and exposure. 'I made the most of the flashes of lightning,' he said, 'and by what I then saw I went forward into the deeper darkness that succeeded. They almost blinded me, and would have left me the more helpless, but I watched each time to see how every object stood out clear and distinct, and I marked my course for the next advance. And so by a series of pauses and rushes, I got home.'

'It was a parable to me,' he added, 'and I have thought of it often. Our days are not all alike to us. There are times when we go on blindly doing the inevitable, the customary, the duty which presents no alternative. But there come rare moments in which duty stands out distinct as in a lightning's flash, and all things else fall into their true relations. I am learning to make the most of the flashes.'

Doubtless the lives of most good men and women have been helped by taking advantage of luminous moments—flashes from on high that made uncertain duty suddenly clear.

Sometimes as if by intuition the light comes, sometimes in a great thought struck from the anvil of another life, sometimes in victory after self conflict. But these me-

ments of revelation come seldom. Make the most of them.

Her Baby.

At a prosperous Boer farmhouse where General Ian Hamilton requested shelter for the night, a bedroom and parlor were placed at his disposal. This was not very enthusiastically done, but at that no one could wonder. The general began talking with the old lady of the family, the farmer's wife.

He spoke through an interpreter, and her answers were given with so little grace that he relinquished the task. Only once had her stern face lighted; this was when he asked about her youngest fighting son, a boy of fourteen. Her lips quivered; emotion was not really frozen within her.

Next day the general had occasion to ride past the farm, and he called for a moment, upon her.

'Tell her,' said he to the interpreter. 'that we have won the battle today.'

They told her and she bowed her head with some dignity.

'Tell her the Dutch will certainly be beaten.'

No answer.

'Perhaps her sons will be taken prisoners.'

Still no reply.

'Now tell her to write down on a piece of paper the name of the youngest, and give it to my aide-de-camp. Then when he is captured, she must write to me, and we will not keep him a prisoner. We will send him back to her.'

At last her face broke into emotion. The chord had been struck.

A WIDESPREAD TROUBLE IN SPRING TIME.

Paine's Celery Compound. The Only Remedy That Cures and Saves Life.

One of the most prevalent and fatal of troubles at this season is Kidney disease.

It comes on as silently as a cat steals upon its prey, and too often wrecks life before the victims are full aware of their danger.

Do not disregard the only symptoms of Kidney disease, some of which are backache, constipation, indigestion with headache, and a constant call to make water which has abundant sediment of a brickly color.

The prompt and honest use of Paine's Celery Compound will quickly banish every symptom of disordered Kidneys. The great medicine has cured and given a new life to thousands in the past; it will do the same good work for all sufferers today.

Mr. M. Maher, hairdresser, St. John's Nfld., says:

'I suffered terribly for two years from Kidney trouble and Dyspepsia. I was completely rundown and could not eat or sleep. One of the ablest city doctors attended me, but no good results followed his work. Happily a friend advised me to use Paine's Celery Compound. I procured a supply, and the first dose relieved me. I have used eight bottles, and now sleep well, appetite is good, and I am as strong as ever before. I recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all.'

A NEW FISH STORY.

Plague of Devil Fishes Said to be in the English Channel.

A plague as horrid in its way as any of those from which the ancient Egyptians had suffered has assailed the south coast of England.

Countless hordes of octopuses—the devil fishes of Victor Hugo—have invaded the English Channel and have swarmed along the shores of Devon and Cornwall in such numbers as to beggar belief. Travelling about in marauding armies, they have well nigh destroyed the local lobster and crab fisheries by devouring these crustaceans wholesale.

On the French side of the strait, especially in the Department of Finister, they are thrown up on the beaches by the sea after storms in such quantities that their loathsome bodies have been gathered up and removed by hundreds of cartloads to prevent them from endangering the public health by rotting.

Many of these creatures have a spread of six feet or more, the tentacles being three feet in length and covered with suckers as big as fifty-cent pieces. But specimens have been seen very much greater in size, and individuals are known sometimes to attain a measurement of sixteen feet from arm tip to arm tip. That the larger

ones will readily attack human beings is well known, the suckings discs with which the arms are provided holding the victim with an irresistible force. Once fairly embraced by the animal, there is small chance for the strongest man, unless he is lucky enough to have a big knife or a spear.

The most surprising point about the plague referred to is that the octopus has rarely been seen hitherto in British waters—so rarely, indeed, that during many years past specimens could only be obtained for aquaria in England at long intervals and half a sovereign was frequently paid for a small one alive. It is very numerous in the Mediterranean and ranges as far north as the south side of the English Channel, which is its extreme limit ordinarily.

Seemingly the present scourge is due to a series of hot Summers and mild Winters, which have encouraged the propagation of the disgusting mollusk—by nature a warm water animal—and possibly other conditions may have helped it to multiply in unprecedented numbers. Its marked increase was first noticed along the French shores in 1893, and recent investigations go to show that, after having exhausted the available food supply on that side of the strait, the overplus migrated in swarms across the Channel to England.

One of the first signs of its arrival upon the shores of Devon and Cornwall was the appearance of great numbers of crab which had been driven into the shallow waters by the marauding mollusks. The latter enter the traps of the fishermen and destroy the lobsters and crabs which have been caught, and sometimes the seine nets are literally burdened with the writhing pulpy monsters.

The female octopus makes her nest in any sheltered and convenient hollow in the rocks. There she lays her eggs, which in due time hatch out young octopods. One of the curious phenomena incidental to the recent plague has been the finding of immense numbers of poups, not long hatched, and hardly bigger than grains of rice. Not much is known as to their rate of growth, but it takes them years to mature.

Arizona's Great Ruined City.

The Arizona Antiquarian Society will begin in a few days the work of excavating in the ruins four miles east of Phoenix of what is believed to have been the largest of the prehistoric cities in this territory.

The wreck of what appears to have been a city of temples and palaces covers an area nearly a mile wide and in parts it has been undisturbed. Civilization has carried irrigating ditches through other parts of the ruins and in many places all traces of the old walls have been removed. Several of the larger structures are still in comparatively good condition.

Part of the ruins have been found some distance below the surface of the earth, a fact which leads to the belief that the city may have extended a long distance down the Salt River Valley and that the lower part may have been buried by a great flood.

The largest of all the ruins above ground was apparently a temple or amphitheatre and covers a space 200 feet wide by 300 feet long and is from 10 to 20 feet in height. This structure has scarcely been disturbed. Only once, about six years ago, was an excavation made in it. At that time a hole was dug near the centre by men who pretended to represent the Smithsonian Institution. They found a quantity of pottery, engraved tablets and stone implements, which they pretended to send to the institution, but which never reached the government collection. It was reported that the same men found a large quantity of gold.

The Antiquarian Society hopes that the investigation will develop some important new facts and throw new light on prehistoric America.

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TALK about Pny-Balsam, the greatest modern remedy for coughs and colds. It cures quickly and certainly. 25c. Of all dealers. Made by proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

Roderick—On inauguration day I guess President McKinley will consider himself the luckiest man in Washington.

Burke—Not by a long shot! There will be some luckier men than he.

Roderick—Who?

Burke—Why, the hotelkeepers.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT, when you are leaving home to buy 'The D. & L.' Menthol Plaster. It is guaranteed to cure the worst case of backache, headache, stitches. Get everything said to be just as good. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

He—Oh, you know how much you are to me. Won't you stop toying with my heart? Say 'Yes!' and let me be off.

She—But why such a rush at a time like this?

He—Pardon me, darling; but I have a cab waiting at the door.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE . . .
 Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blowers from All Dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.