

SUNDAY READING. Jonathan Long's Ordeal.

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 Rev Jonathan Long was trying to write his sermon. It was a hard task. He laid his head on the table and moaned:
 'O, Lord, it were a prayer instead of a sermon, I could write fast enough—and yet, would it be a prayer that a minister of God—a man of faith—should write? Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!
 'Yes, it was hard. The wolf was at the door. For the past week Beth's life had hung in the balance, and the minister was worn with much watching and nursing. Even now, when the scale had turned definitely—'prayer-tipped,' he said—in Beth's favor, incessant care and vigil were required to hold the advantage for her. And the things she needed! And he had no money!

'Water, papa!
 The Rev. Jonathan had dropped asleep. It was an effort to wake, to pull himself together. He was so weak and so tired!
 'Water, papa!
 'Yes, dear.
 In the coolest corner of the room was a dark-grey bundle. Rev Jonathan Long knelt over it, and from many unfoldings of blanket and newspaper, withdrew a stone jar. This contained, embedded in ice a number of tiny, large-mouthed jars—such as come from the apothecary's or grocer's, holding concentrated food for invalids. Mr Long removed one, re-wrapped the big jar; and from the little one filled a feeding-cup with cream, which he held to his daughter's lips, coaxing her to take the last drop.

The Rev. Jonathan Long was a graduate of Yale. He was a graduate, too, in the school of small economies, taking equal honors with Mary, his wife. This refrigerator arrangement and division of milk into minute quantities prevented waste.
 In the next room Mary was sleeping—poor Mary! It was a tiny apartment, doing duty as study in day-time and bed-chamber at night. There the Rev. Jonathan had kept his regular office hours during the past week. He always had callers during office hours. He was not an eloquent preacher but he was a popular pastor. People came to him with their troubles. Yes, he had sat there listening to the mother, who asked him to pray with her that her child might be converted; to a man whose wife had a bad temper or whose business was going to ruin; or who wanted to conquer a thirst for strong drink; to a wife whose husband neglected her; to a girl unhappy at home; to a great strong, slothful fellow who couldn't get work; to a woman who showed black bruises on her face and who asked him to pray that she might be able to forgive the husband who had struck her—pray that God would help her to be more patient and long-suffering. He had talked with them all, prayed with them, and tried to establish their faith. On his knees he would plead:

'O, Father, we know that thou lovest and watchest over us and our dear ones and art able to keep and save to the utter most—'
 And all the while he would hardly know what he was saying, his unstrung senses falsely informing him that he heard Beth's wail for water to a tired mother who, worn with much watching, had fallen asleep. Then he would recover himself, and with passionate fervor beseech the Almighty to give these people the thing they desired; with more passionate fervor still—almost with agony—that he would give the best gift of all—belief in his love and wisdom—whether their desire were granted or not.
 'Papa!
 He was asleep again, the sermon yet unwritten. He got out another jar of cream, gave it to the child, and readressed himself to his task.

The Rev. Jonathan, as a rule, prepared his sermons with great care. He would shut out interruptions, give himself up to his subject, compare texts and authorities, and, keeping the color of his own sorrows, struggles and trials out of it, construct for his people a carefully thought out discourse—a good academic sermon that would not cause any poor, doubting soul to tremble in these times of agnostic questionings and unbelief. He did not have large congregations, and he could not understand why, when he tried so hard and gave such good sound doctrine.
 'John, dear,' his wife's gentle hand laid on his head 'I hate to wake you but it's nearly time for church. Here's your breakfast.' It was only coffee and rolls no butter. 'I wish I had an egg for you, poor dear.'
 He looked at her with wistful yearning

and with something of the old lover-look that she always saw in his eyes. She was very young; she had been little more than a child when they had married. Had she realized the cross she was assuming in sharing his lot? When, latter he was offered a choice between a comfortable country parish and this struggling city mission and had accepted the latter, feeling that he followed his Master's guidance in working among the poor and the outcast, she had sustained his decision. But again, had she realized what it would bring upon her?

'Mary,' he said, with sudden heat. 'I'm not going to let you struggle as you have. I'm not going to let Beth suffer for necessities. I'm a man able to make a living for my family. I'm going to quit the ministry, I'm a failure in it.'
 'O, John, darling, hush! you're tired and overwrought. Finish your breakfast now, there's a dear! so you can hurry off to the mission.'

'I have no sermon ready, he said. 'I don't know what to say to my people.'
 'Just tell them the truth, then, John. Say Beth's been sick and God's making her well, and how good God is. God will teach you what to say. Depend on God for your sermon today, John.'
 'God bless you, Mary.'
 A few minutes later, as looking his best in his worn, black suit, he kissed her good by, he felt a quiver run through her form; she gave a sob and caught herself, saying: 'God is so good. Beth's better. We'll take courage and be more faithful than ever.'
 But he went out with his brain in a whirl. He had no sermon. He could think of nothing to say to his people—nothing to say.

The mission was full—an unusual thing Sunday morning.
 'A rare opportunity to help many souls,' he said, 'and I'm not ready. I have nothing to say.'
 The hymns, the prayers, the lessons were finished; and Jonathan stood up and looked in the faces of his people. Everybody who had called on him during the past two weeks—and there had been many, for it had early gone abroad that the minister was unusually 'full of the Holy Ghost' and prayed 'powerful strong' with troubled folks—were there.
 All regarded him with peculiarly kind eyes. The story of Beth's sickness and—as carefully as he had sought to hide them—of severe economies practiced in his home was known now.

'Beloved,' he said, 'I have no sermon ready. My child has been ill—at the point of death, as you all know. So, I stand before you unprepared today. I am depending on God to give me some message that will help you. And I feel called to choose as my text 'Have faith in God.' I feel that in answer to prayer God has saved my child just as surely as he healed the centurion's little daughter years ago; and so I can say with a full heart 'Have faith in God.' But if he had taken my child—the minister's voice fell almost to a whisper; for an instant his eyes were blurred with the agony of the trial that had so lately shaken him—'could I still bid you 'Have faith in God?' He paused long, as questioning himself. Then in a voice low but distinct: 'Yes, I could. It does not matter what the trouble may be, there is but one armour in which we may meet it safely—faith in God.' If it be death, faith that what seems to be death is but entrance into a larger life. If it be poverty—if the wolf be at the door—if one have not food enough for his dear ones—faith in God is the one resource, the one cordial to keep home alive, to inspire endeavor, to give strength to the fainting and famished flesh. If friends be faithless—if your dearest has turned against you—then faith in God is your one city of refuge, your one security against madness. What is faith in God good for, you question, if it does not bring what we ask for? It is enough in itself! His voice rang out, clear, sweet and triumphant. 'O, my friends, if we had faith in god, there would be no black moments and no halting for us. There would be no weakness; that would be no failures. Our strength would always be equal to our task—'
 Even as he spoke, they saw him waver and sink to the platform.

The doctor who attended Beth—a worldly man whom the people didn't like—bent over and said:
 'He has only fainted,' and muttered, 'he hasn't had enough to eat for a month.'

St. Matthew's Mission was the offspring of a rich but indifferent parent. St. Matthew's up town had a fine organ and a choir of glorious voices, it had cushioned pews; wonderful stained glass windows by La Farge, and a reredos by St. Gaudens. St. Matthew's was run by one man people said: Mr. Richmond, who had paid off a debt that hung over the church who gave the reredos and who always made up deficits out of his own pocket. He had taken a dislike to Jonathan Long. 'The fellow's got no go in him,' he said, 'and he'll never make a success of the Mission.'

Meanwhile, Mr. Richmond and the other members of the up-town church came as rarely as possible to the Mission. It happened, however, that Mr. Richmond was in the Mission on the morning that Jonathan fainted; he was there as a critic; he was to report to the vestry next day, and they were to consider whether they should not ask Mr. Long to resign. Somebody repeated to him what the doctor said. The doctor, too, repeated his own words to Mr. Richmond.

'Ministers are notoriously improvident and bad managers,' said Mr. Richmond. 'They are never practical.'
 Then the doctor described the refrigerator arrangement, and a few other devices 'for making nothing go a long way' which he had seen in the Long home.

The next afternoon, Jonathan called on Mr. Richmond at his office in the bank of which he was president. The banker had made up his mind to save the Long family from starvation, but before he could announce his intention, Jonathan said:
 'Mr. Richmond, I want you to give me some employment.'
 'Do you mean to retire from the ministry?'
 'Unless I am more successful, yes. But I did not purpose resigning just yet. I want to give myself another trial. But I haven't a right to expose Mary and Beth to privations when I'm able to work. I'm a good bookkeeper. Can you let me have a set of books to keep at night? I thought as you have various branches of business under your direction, you might be able to give me a job?'

Mr. Richmond was silent, and Jonathan went on: 'I think—since Beth's sickness—I know my people better, somehow, I think I can help them, now. I know the Mission has not flourished; and I have not felt that I could look for the advance in my salary promised—'

'I think that sermon when you fainted was the best I ever heard. It wasn't much of a sermon, but it went to people's hearts. Don't ever try to preach an 'able discourse again. Talk to people's hearts. Your people have been telling me about you. You've been doing better pastoral work than I realized. It would take another man a long time to acquire as strong a hold as you have down there. I don't believe that we up here have done our part by you. I don't want you to keep books. You have enough to do without it. Your salary shall be advanced I don't know just how much, but the vestry meets to-morrow; I'll lay the matter before them and we'll make you comfortable. Don't waste your time trying to do housework and to save pennies. Give yourself to your people.'

It was dusk. Mary was sitting by Beth in the far end of the room. They were so quiet he thought they were asleep. He went softly forward, put his arm about Mary and kissed her. Her cheeks were wet. She slipped her arms around his neck.

'John,' she whispered 'have you given up the ministry?'
 'No, my darling.'
 'Thank God!'
 'Dear, I'm bewildered. I'm overcome with joy; I can't believe it's true; I'm afraid to tell you—almost afraid I'm dreaming.'
 'John darling, what is it?'
 'Mr Richmond says I'm a help to my people—they've been talking to him—they told him so. He says I'm to stay here; to give myself to them more than ever; that the uptown church will stand by me.'
 'Thank God! Thank God!'
 'And they're going to pay me enough to live on—enough to make you and Beth comfortable and happy.'
 She had slipped to her knees, sobbing for joy.
 'Mama!' Beth stirred.
 'Yes, my darling.'
 'Mama. God is good,' murmured the child, saying in her sleep the words that, waking or sleeping she had heard so often above her couch. 'Mama—papa—have faith in God.'

Gloomy Prospect.
 'Mars can boast a much older civilization than ours.'
 'Say, how their first families will look down on ours when we begin to get chummy!'

When Discouraged

Turn to Dr. Chase: He Cures Every Form of Piles Thoroughly and Well Without the Danger, Expense and Pain of an Operation.

It is surprising what a large number of men and women suffer from the wretched uneasiness and torturing itching of piles. You may be among those who, through modesty or fear of the surgeon's knife, have been prevented from appealing to your physician for a cure. You have tried the hundred and one things that friends have recommended and have become discouraged. You say, as many have said before, you, that there is no cure for piles.
 Now is the time for you to turn to Dr. Chase, whose famous ointment is recognized the world over as the only actual cure for every form of piles. The real substantial value of Dr. Chase's Ointment has given it a unique position among medicines. It is used in nearly every neighborhood on this continent and has become known by word of mouth from friend to friend and neighbor to neighbor. Ask your friends about it, ask your druggist, ask your doctor. Others have been discouraged, and after years of misery have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Here is one. Mrs. James Brown, Hintonburg, near Ottawa, writes: 'I have been a constant sufferer

from nearly every form of piles for the last twenty years, and during that time both here and in the old country have tried most every remedy.
 'I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers, or indeed to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles.'
 Mr. George Thompson, a leading merchant of Blenheim, Ont., states: 'I was troubled with itching piles for fifteen years, and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box.' Ask your neighbors about Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for piles.
 You can obtain Dr. Chase's Ointment for 60 cents a box from any dealer. If you prefer, enclose this amount to these offices and the remedy will be sent, postpaid to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Little Hero.

Mrs. J. L. Whiting contributes to the Youth's Companion the following story from her husband, who is a missionary, and went through the siege of the Legations at Peking:
 'Our Little Hero,' as he was called by the 'Legationers,' was a Chinese Christian boy of about fifteen years of age. At the time of the outbreak in Peking he was driven from the shop which had been his home because he had formerly attended a mission day school, and had been known to talk in favor of Christianity.
 'The Boxers will kill you,' said the shop keeper, 'and burn our house for harboring you.'

He wandered homeless and aimless until he saw in a crowd Doctor Amst, whose school he had attended. The missionary took him to the Methodist Compound, and when the refugees here abandoned the place and went to the British Legation, the boy accompanied them.
 After days of bombardment in the Legation there was a call for volunteers to take a message to Tientsin, and make known to the gathering armies the situation in Peking. Some messengers had already gone out and had been killed: others had returned, saying they could not get through the lines of the Boxers. The Chinese boy volunteered.

On July 4th, about the time when American boys at home were beginning to fire their earliest crackers, he was led to the top of the city wall. There a rope was tied round his waist, and he was let down into the darkness. When he was on the ground, the wall, forty feet high, separated him from all the friends he had in the world. Before him was a walk of eighty weary miles, and he carried a message which would cost him his life if it was discovered.

As it had been planned that he should go as a beggar, he had been dressed in rags and tatters, and provided with a large, coarse bowl, such as the native beggars carry. The precious message, written very small, was wrapped in oil paper, placed in the bottom of the bowl, and covered with porridge. Even the most wily Boxer would hardly think to look there, and the boy had felt no concern about it until he neared the bottom of the wall. Then his bowl struck against some projecting bricks and broke in pieces!

He could not call back to his friends, for fear of rousing some sleeping enemy. So he carefully fished out the tiny parcel from the porridge, removed the oil paper, and tearing a little piece from the ragged garment, wrapped it, with the tiny note inside, around his finger, as if it were sore. Later he ripped the hem of his garment and slipped the note into it.

Before long the Boxers bailed and searched him, but finding nothing, they said, 'Let the little beggar go.'
 His progress was slow, but always in the direction of Tientsin. Kind-hearted native women gave him food, and he slept under the stars. All went well until, when about half-way on his journey, he stopped at a farmhouse to ask for food. Now here dwelt a man whose farm hands had all left him and joined the Boxers; therefore he forced the boy to stay and work for eight days.

By refusing to stay or by running away, the boy feared that he would excite suspicion; but while he was working he was thinking how he could escape without appearing too anxious to go.
 On the eighth day he would not eat his breakfast, but lay groaning and shamming illness. No doubt the rice smelled very savory to him before night, but he would not eat. Finally the farmer said, 'You'll have to clear out of here. I can't afford to have you die on my hands.' That man

would have been surprised if he could have seen how briskly his invalid walked when some distance from the house.

The boy reached Tientsin to find it a scene of recent battle, with soldiers of the united nationalities standing guard everywhere. He wandered about for two or three days before he could get through the lines. He could not step up to the soldiers and say, 'I have a message for your general,' for they would not understand his language; but he finally succeeded in getting through, and he delivered the message to the British consul on July 22d.

Very soon after a reply was given him, and he started on his return trip. This was the message which he brought on a tiny slip of paper, addressed to Sir Claude Macdonald at the British Legation.

Your letter July 4th received. There are now 24,000 troops landed and 19,000 here. General Gaselee expected Taku to-morrow. Russian troops at Peitang, Tientsin city under foreign government. Boxer power exploded. There are plenty of troops on the way if you can keep in food! Almost all ladies have left Tientsin!

Our little hero's return trip was less eventful than the one going down, but he saw Boxers in every village; and on reaching Peking on July 28th, having been only six days on the return trip, he found it difficult to get through without attracting attention. However, just before daylight, he managed to crawl through the sluiceway under the wall, and a little later entered the British Legation.

Perhaps no beggar ever received so hearty a welcome, but it did not puff him up with vanity. He modestly made himself useful in many ways, until the Legation was relieved by the arrival of the armies from Tientsin on August 14th.

He is now with the missionaries in Peking and it is to be hoped will receive a useful education. Then, with his brave heart and willing spirit, as well as his perseverance in the face of obstacles, what may he not accomplish for China.

Deadly La Grippe

Numbers its victims by thousands, leaves a deadly trail of disease and weakness behind it. You can avert all danger from the deadly malady; you can prevent the disease if you will breathe Catarrhzone. The germ cannot develop where it is used; that is prevention. You can check and destroy its ravages by Catarrhzone by simply breathing it. That is cure. Sold in two sizes, 25c. and \$1.00, by all druggists, or by mail prepaid on receipt of price. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn.

Mistress—Remember, Bridget, we want dinner served promptly at 6. What time is it now?
 Bridget—'Tis 3 o'clock, joost.
 Mistress—Well, you'd better begin to make the frozen custard for dessert in that five-minute ice-cream freezer.

'This epidemic of grip,' said the druggist's friend, 'ought to be a bonanza for you, what with prescriptions and all that.'
 'Yes,' replied the druggist, 'I'm filling my own and the doctor's coughers.'

'There really isn't any difference between a hospital doctor and a small politician.'
 'What!'
 'No; each one is a ward healer.'

Mistress—More bric-a-brac broken. This is very annoying.
 Maid—Yes, ma'am. That's just what I said when I knocked it over.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
 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. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.