

RELIGIOUS READING.

PERFECT FAITH.

A story is told of a street boy in London who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said: "Bobby, did you ever hear about Jesus?" "No I never heard of him." "Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain if you axed him." "I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me. But he'll do all that if you ax him." "How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how could I get there when both my legs is broke?" "Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him." "But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I will die." "Bobby, hold up your hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by." They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said: "I give it up." Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my pillow; I can do without it." So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus. You may search the world and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to mission school but once.

THE KING AND THE RABBI.

A great and wealthy king once said to a pious Jew, named Rabbi Jeshu: "Do you actually ask me to believe that God is in all places at the same moment, and that he is now in this place—in this very hall? I cannot believe it to be true, I must continue to doubt it, until I have seen him with my own eyes." "Yes, God is everywhere present," replied the rabbi, "but he is invisible; no one has ever seen him, no human eye would ever be able to bear the sight of such dazzling glory." The king smiled, as if still unable to believe this, and Joshua went on to say: "Well, if you do not believe this, try and look the herald and ambassador of this great God in the face." He then asked the monarch to go with him to the large window of the hall. It looked towards the south, over an open square. "Look out from this window great king," said the rabbi, "upon the sun now shining at noonday in all the fulness of his strength; just gaze for one single moment into his radiant face." "I cannot," replied the king; "if I were to look on anything so dazzling I should run the risk of losing my sight." "How," exclaimed the other, "your eyes cannot endure even the brightness of the creature, and yet you think yourself able to behold the Creator face to face. Surely we should both of us be destroyed at once by the brightness of his presence, if we saw him with the mortal eyes we have now."—Young People's Paper.

DESIRE FOR WORK BORN OF COMMUNION.

It is profitable to attempt to force an appetite when natural conditions are wanting. If there is not a healthy desire to eat, the body should be regaled with air and exercise, and the regimen adapted to its abnormal state. To prepare dainty dishes, and to administer stimulants, are methods only fit for extreme cases, and in those they generally fail. To the invalid loathing food, we say, You will find an appetite best by doing anything but eat against your inclination. Many Christians are unwise enough to force themselves to work, when they have not the spiritual desire which makes work palatable. They are driven by conscience to attempt something, but the soul revolts. They prepare for themselves some sphere of effort which has a spice of worldly attraction in it, and drink of the stimulus of personal ambition, if, perchance, they may cheat themselves by some kind of religious activity. But the work does not agree with them, and their efforts soon cease. The only help for this state of things is to bring the soul into healthy, spiritual condition. No man is fit to do work who is not at home with the Great Worker. The soul that is not exercised in prayer cannot partake of the food which sustained the Master, cannot find its meat in doing the will of Him that sent it. The fresh air of communion produces real hunger; all else is but an artificial stimulant, likely to derange the relation which appetite should always bear to the vital forces.

IT WAS A THING NOT FIT FOR GOD TO SEE.

So read a little one. What was it? My heart answered, "O, how many such things there are." Your hard bargain with that foreigner, the other day, was a thing not fit for God to see. You got him to saw your wood for a shilling less than the regular price, because he was so poor, and could find so little work, that he was glad of the job at the smallest pay. You had no pity for him in his misfortune, and even took advantage of his necessity. You would have blushed for it, had a brother man been a witness to your unworthy chaffering for a few moments which rightly belonged to the needy laborer. God saw it. His generous eye beheld it. When you, prosperous business man, gave

that large bundle of work to the sickly, careworn, and broken-hearted widow and told her that you could not afford to give any more than eight cents for the shirts, and seven for the overalls, because so many wanted employment that you thought you might get them done for even less—was that a thing for a bountiful-giving God by behold? You would be ashamed of it if there were not so many others who do the like to keep you in countenance. I heard the poor needlewoman say, that when she did so much for so little money, she felt that you were unjust. Her heart went up to God against you.—American Messenger.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew tells the story of his visit to the mechanical department of Cornell University. He found at the head of it Professor Morris, who claimed him as a superior officer giving as a reason that had was an old time worker on the New York Central railroad. "How did you get here?" asked Depew. "I fired on the New York Central. I stood on the footboard as an engineer on the Central. While a locomotive engineer I made up my mind to get an education. I studied at night and fitted myself for Union College running all the time with my locomotive. I procured books and attended as far as possible the lectures and recitation. I kept up the class and at graduation I left my locomotive, washed up, put on the gown and cap, delivered my thesis, and received my diploma, put the gown and cap in the closet, put on my working shirt; got on my engine, and made my usual run that day." "Then," says Depew, "I knew how he became Professor Morris." That spirit will cause a man to rise anywhere and in any calling. It is ambition, but it is ambition wisely directed, aiming, not at the goal—for such an ambition produces envy, scheming, discontent, and weakness—but bravely and cheerily aiming at one's self, seeking to make one's self fitted for higher work. When this is accomplished the opportunity for higher work is sure to come.

The petty sovereign of an insignificant tribe of aborigines every morning stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good-morrow, and points out to him with his finger the path he is to take for the day. Is this arrogance more contemptible than ours when we would dictate to God the course of his providence and question the wisdom of his dealings with us?

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Judge Kimball, of the Washington (D. C.) Police Court, in a recent temperance address, gave some suggestive facts and figures. It follows: For the fiscal year 1894, the United States Government issued 228,000 liquor licenses, which is equivalent to one licensed saloon for each 298 people, not to mention the unlicensed liquor sellers. In Washington there are 605 licensed barrooms, one for each 445 people. Deducting women and children and temperance people, and there are less than 100 drinkers to support each saloon. The estimated annual consumption of intoxicating liquor in the United States is per capita: whisky, four gallons; wine, one gallon, and beer forty-six gallons. This at the lowest wholesale price amounts to \$883,000,000, spent directly, but the indirect cost by loss of wages, loss of health, position and life, is far greater. "We are all," said Judge Kimball, "individually and collectively responsible for this state of affairs, and we must not shirk the responsibility, but fight the battle of temperance until we win, always remembering that we have God on our side, and that God and one is a large majority in any fight. The temperance organizations are doing a great work and will be victorious in the end. I may not be here to see it, but I will wait for the glad tidings at the gates above."

THE SOURCE OF POVERTY AND PAUPERISM.

The mystery is solved, how it is that we find in America pauperism and want. No country on the globe is as rich as ours in resources and rewards so liberally toll and talent. There should be no poor, except from unforeseen accidents, in America. Yet the plague of pauperism has broken out in our cities past seeming cure; waifs and vagrants line streets and highways; institutions rear in all directions their massive piles; economists are alarmed. The prime source of pauperism and of all its attendant social evils is the saloon. Thither the laborer and the mechanic bring their hard-earned dimes, to be afterwards penniless when demand for work slackens; their fortunes are wrecked, the ruin of which precipitates embezzlements and fraudulent bankruptcies, their energy is paralyzed and idleness is consecrated. In a saloon men toss off their money to purchase shame, while wives and children at home cry for bread, and when the wretches have been murdered by the poisonous draughts, the doors of the county poorhouse or of the orphan asylum must open to shelter their families from the biting blast of winter, to save them from the pangs of cruel hunger. Bishop Hendrickson, of Providence, appealing for charity in favor of the hundreds of inmates of his orphan asylum, was not afraid to say that those helpless children, in the far greater number of cases, are dependent upon alms because "saloons murder their parents." A similar verdict will be rendered by those who examine into the sources of all forms of poverty in America. Five-sixths of the poverty in this country comes from intemperance, and mere idle babble are all discussions of social reform so long as alcohol retains its present sovereignty and despotically exacts in tribute the life-blood of the people.—Archbishop Ireland.

Diaz Greets Our New Minister.

Matt Ransom, United States Minister to Mexico, presented his credentials and was received cordially by President Diaz.

A Strange Story.

A young man, walking to the house of his brother, a yeoman, found the inn at a neighboring town very full. He shared the room of a merchant who was openly counting out his money. Having occasion to visit the garden, and also to borrow a knife, he accepted the loan of a knife from the merchant. On returning to his room he found the merchant gone; he went to bed, slept, rose early, walked to his brother's, and was arrested in the afternoon for murdering the merchant. In his pocket was that tradesman's knife, and between blade and handle was a guinea of Mary and William.

At the inn the merchant's empty bed was stained with blood, and, though the merchant's body was nowhere to be found, the young man was condemned for murder and hanged in chains on his brother's farm. Here a swain observed that the body moved; it was cut down, life was reanimated and the youth fled to sea. Taken by Spaniards in South America, he rose to be warden of the gaol, and while in enjoyment of that office recognized among some English prisoners the person for whose murder he had suffered.

The fact was that the merchant, while the youth was absent in the garden, discovered that he was bleeding freely from a vein which had been opened that day. He hurried to the surgeon in the dark, was seized by a press gang, served his Britannic Majesty in a ship of war, was taken by the Spaniards, and, at last, met, in a gaol of South America, the very man who had been hanged for murdering him in England.—Saturday Review.

Not Spoken Of as Suicide.

In Vienna they still talk in whispers about the tragic death of Prince Rudolf, and no one dares to refer openly to it as a case of suicide. An American tourist who was being shown through the royal stables said when he saw the Prince's riding horse: "Ah, yes; that was the Prince who committed suicide." "No, madame; he died," said the attendant in a serious tone.

Boats Made of Aluminum.

Some of the boat builders in New England have discarded the use of aluminum in the building of shells. At first the extreme lightness of this metal made it a favorite, but it has been found that it will corrode, and the shell will then be full of pin holes. On the other hand, musical instrument makers are using aluminum in the manufacture of drums. Made of this material, they are not only of light weight, but give out a better tone than the ordinary article.

Every new pair of shoes usually develops a new pair of corns.

How It is Done.

The simple reason why the hurts of prize fighters show no sign and disappear so quickly is because in the treatment of training the flesh is hardened. They can stand a blow like the kick of a horse and not show a bruise. Other men's bruises heal slowly, but if they would use St. Jacobs Oil, they would find there's nothing in the world like it to heal and restore. It acts like magic. All athletes should use it. It's the great renovator. The same with cuts and wounds, if used according to directions, it will heal surely and make the parts sound again.

Many a man sets up for a public benefactor who never thinks it worth while to give his wife a word of encouragement.

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The man who said "it takes a thief to catch a thief!" knew what he was talking about.

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Love needs no definition. Men and women loved long before there were dictionaries.

Spring Cleaning

Is such a trial that men say "Let the house take care of itself." But the conscientious wife feels bound to risk health and strength in this annual struggle with dust and dirt. The consequence of her feverish anxiety over extra work is depletion of the blood, the source of all life and strength, manifested in that weak, tired, nervous condition too prevalent at this season and very dangerous if allowed to continue. What every man and woman needs in the spring is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It keeps the blood vitalized and en-

riched, and thus sustains the nerves and all the bodily functions.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every spring, and it is the only medicine I use through the year. It enables me to do my house cleaning and farm work all through the summer. It helped me very much for palpitation of the heart. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for everyone and all who take it will never be without it. I have also used Hood's Pills and they are the best I ever tried." Mrs. F. H. Andrews, S. Woodstock, Ct.

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