

SUNDAY READING.

The Scourge of Tongues.

BY MRS. EMMA CURTIS HOPKINS.

"Pilate took Jesus and scourged him." But Jesus said never a word. We do not speak when the scourge of tongues is upon our character, our work, our motives.

We do not think anything when the scourge of adversity is upon our undertakings. We do not think or speak when sharp pains scourge our bodies. We answer never a word when one who has wronged us sorely tries by adroit accusations to make us speak some retaliatory words to engage us in quarrel. We give the "soft answer that turneth away wrath—when one has just cause for anger against us. This is the summary of this lesson. According to the gospel of Jesus Christ all evil is a lie from the beginning—pure delusion. But the loving kindness of the gospel is such that we may know exactly what to do under every circumstance and condition of human experience to rise out of suffering which seems real.

According to the gospel, suffering of any kind was not made for the children of God; and we are the children of God. Jesus told us that if the cup of sorrow be pressed to our lips we must refuse it saying: "I will not drink it." He tasted it once for the purpose of telling us we need not drink it. He showed how the refusing to feel sorrowful at a sorrowful state of affairs would set the affairs straight.

This is the gospel. Under the law and the prophets we have cause and effect, physical and metaphysical.

Under the law we have the cold to chill our bodies into consumption and the failing mental state to show a wrong thought once held.

Under the gospel, "None of these things move me." At each point of human experience touch your lot with the gospel and be free from cause and effect.

The oldest teaching known to the race is that all things we see and feel and hear and taste were wrought and built by some thoughts we used to hold.

We have now riches or poverty, health or sickness, sorrow or gladness, friends or foes, according as our thoughts have formulated. Edwin Arnold gives us this as a teaching of Buddhism:

"Thought in the mind hath made us.
"What we are by thought was wrought and built."

"If a man's mind hath evil thoughts
"Pain comes to him as comes the wheel the ox behind."

Once they taught in ancient books that we are surrounded by a cosmic ether or matter principle which receives every thought we think and every word we say and brings it forth as the soils bring up the seed.

Some thoughts are slow to come to fruits just as some seeds are slow. The apple seed is longer than corn; the corn longer than the pea.

Every affirmation is a prayer. An affirmation is the positive statement that something is. Every affirmation carries the tacit asking for something and also carries the tacit expectation that it will be so proved. These things bring to pass. A certain quick tempered feeling, for instance, is the tacit asking for something bad to happen. We speak impulsively the accusation, "You are a hateful thing." We, of course, expect something to result from our speech—either the pain or the despair of somebody.

Then we forget our word, but afterward we are lame or some member of our family is disabled. "For the lightest word thou shalt give account in the day of judgment." Judgment is when the words have come forth in solid pictures. There is a physical mode in trying to set things that are consequences right. The oculist, the artist, and the surgeon are as busy as can be rectifying consequences. Our popular magazines often have page after page of descriptions of successful management of consequences by surgeons, artists, oculists.

But the metaphysician or moralist says that so long as the causes remain the consequences will follow as "comes the wheel the ox behind." If a strong prejudice caused cataract the cataract will stay till the prejudice is gone; it will form and reform, says the moralist. If Napoleon III. shot caecally at Maximilian in Mexico, Napoleon's son must be shot caecally in the jungles of Africa.

The confidence in God of right will add to you sixty and an hundred fold "He that leadeth into captivity shall be led into captivity, and he that killeth with the sword shall be killed with the sword," whether it be sword and bondage of tongue or steel.

To annul this we follow Christ Jesus. We can not make believe follow his ways, either. Making believe brings failure and loss. "The hypocrite's hope shall perish." Here is a beautiful lesson in Christ of how to act under the stings as the thongs of the law, when we are in some bodily torture or mental pain, or hurting circumstances. Keep still. There is a breathing finer than the nostrils and the lungs and the airs experience.

There's a pulse-beat more irresistible, and a heart-beat for ever steady, which it is possible to watch with the muscles relaxed and the mind intent. When the little widows of India were asked how they endured the scourgings of their lot one of them explained that they had learned that they had a finer life within them which would live and bear it if they would be still enough. Shall we not see the Christ in the innocent victims? Is not Christ able? Is not Christ in us? This is the finer life that can make scourging nothing if we relapse into it.

Within the alchemy of mind is the peaceful spirit. Within the chemist's fire is the crystal eye. Within the sun, a centre of peace. Within the cyclone, stillness. Within the mind, God. "My peace I give unto you." That finer life within us all knows suffering; knows no death; never healed by us of them. We all have the same faculty given us of watching the subtle, sweet life when the pains and torments of our past thoughts come to their fruition, and thereby we feel the pains.

When we call it the faculty of wrapping the matter of our own thoughts around us, as we were taught in science to do on the Sabbath.

Indeed the teachings of Jesus are the twelve simple lessons of Christian science put into practical living. The silent life of us is the rampant power of us. It will speak and so perfectly for us, if we get into the way of letting it, that we hear and see and know only that life, and to us it is no longer silent.

In these days of noise and hurry we must

not lose sight of that fine victorious life ever coursing through us, willing to do all things for us.

In a newspaper we were all told recently that everything nowadays has to be loudly heralded. "To depend upon merit is obsolete and chimerical. The only winning card is assurance." But Jesus Christ's teachings were for all time and for every situation. He taught a sure rule for success. Success means good health, good judgment, and prosperity. All other ways except His way have failed. Let us try His way.

"The letter kills and systems fail,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit overbrooding all,
Eternal love remains."

Try for your health the silent way, the supremely still way. A few years ago a number of invalids, scourged, beaten things they were, had an idea come to them all over the world simultaneously as an idea of a patent car-coupler would strike ten thousand minds just ready for it simultaneously. They determined to lie still—still, and see what would become of them. They all got well. How many have stopped their vain searchings and hard studyings to suddenly find themselves thoroughly enlightened on the subject that had baffled them. "Be still and know that I am God." You can get best financial and professional success by relying upon the still principle.

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me."

Some people will not turn to the silence of the fine life within them till they are driven by the winds of some failure of every other plan. There is a wind flower in South America which will not show its sweet bloom unless the rough winds blow, but we need not wait for calamity to blow sore winds, or the scourging of adversity and cruel tongues, or bodily pain. We may sing the Benedictus from a silence not enforced like Zachariah's. We need not wait for the law to imprison us before we write a great book like Bunyan. Here we are taught to cease from fretting at sore trials for they simply mean that old ways of thinking and old material conditions are being struck off.

We have got into set ways of thinking, supposing, feeling. When we have believed in the necessity for summer and winter, seed time and harvest, we have come to believe in toil—hard toil. If we believe in hard toil we believe in unavailing toil. This always brings death or famine to the individual and to the planet. Death of peace, hope, substance, happiness, friends—death of something.

"As comes the wheel the ox behind."

Pilate, whose name shows that he stands for a hand of the law and the prophets, finds no real fault in us. He is simply an instrument of the people with some hint of a soul. He lays all the blame of the scourging onto somebody else. His wife warns him.

Whoever acts the Pilate will be warned in advance.

Before you speak harshly to your boy for some supposed offense stop. You had a warning not to do it by a feeling the other day that something bad was going to happen to him. You are the thing that is going to happen. The child must not be scourged by your tongue or your whips, for Pilate acted out always has a fearful end.

"Take ye Him," said Pilate. Now be no coward. If it was right for Pilate to scourge Jesus it was right for him to finish the punishing. The Adam type never likes to be intruded upon. The Christ always is. Bold, unshrinking, shirking ones.

Cortez was engaged by the Aztecs, though his boldness was engaged by them, though his see how he was a hand of the law, not afraid to destroy those Aztecs in a religious frenzy if those Aztecs had boldly destroyed 20,000 noble youths every year in cruel religious frenzy.

Cleopatra was intrepid, fearless to the last breath. "We have a law," she shouted to the populace, "whereby he ought to die." This law was Lev. xxiv., 16, which put their neighbors to death for blasphemy. But who should judge what is blasphemous? Luther haughtily refused to shake the hand of the gentle Zwingli because he thought the kindly heart had blasphemed God. But is haughtiness honor of God? Is not mercy and tolerance more God-like? How can the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Catholics, etc., know whether they or the Briggs, Newtons, Brooks McGlyns, etc., are more nearly Godlike, save by the mercy, gentleness, love, forgetfulness of opinions they show? Who is more likely to be honoring the maker of all things he who calls himself a worm of the dust, a helpless child, or He who rises and says, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth, for I and my Father are one?"

The Pilate nature is in great doubt when he gets between the two factions, one calling himself a helpless infant and the other God in his greatness. "Whence?" But Jesus answers nothing, for Pilate is determined not to hear the Jesus idea. He is mortally afraid of the people. Do not explain yourself to one who is afraid the people are not ready to be told of their omnipotence and omniscience. Your silent presence is all they can bear. Whatever you know of your power and wisdom will treat them. They will catch the idea from your atmosphere. If you said yesterday to anything, "I hate it," or "I hate you," somebody coming near you to-day will feel a little hate of you come suddenly into his mind. You cannot think a thought but somebody will catch it, and if your mind is absolutely absorbed with any theme everybody will catch it.

So you see how the disease germs will spread by thinking of disease germs. You see how a doctor may actually drop down into your house the idea of that last case he attended and you will be another just like it on his list pretty soon.

Tostudy nosology, classification of disease, astrology, causes of disease, symptomatology, symptoms of disease, is not nearly so healthy a state of mind to carry around as the absorption with the idea, "The spirit maketh you every whit whole." Now Pilate gets angry. What at? Why, because he has done Jesus a great wrong, and his patience under it makes Pilate hate him.

Here is where Jesus speaks. Pilate begins to feel that it was cruel of Jesus to get him into such a predicament. Pilate, he says tenderly, you would not have done it if you had acted out your own best judgment. There is no real power in being wrong even with members on your side. Power is being in the right. He shows him how his foolishness came from Judas, the luster. Weakness had its rise in lust of some kind. So, whoever is cowardly or weak or faltering of courage of mind or body needs the whole six treatments of science.

Pilate refused the divinity side and gave over to the material side of the question.

All those who parleyed with Judas ended violently. They had to, because they kept under that law of cause and effect, as "He that killeth shall be killed."

Judas, Pilate, Herod, Caiaphas, Annas, and His doctrine—were they crucified, killed? To the Christ that never was crucified, to the Christ that never was entombed, to the Christ that never had to rise, being risen, to the triumphant Christ, high over principalities and powers and nations, be joined. Ye are of like substance. The fine, still life within you, watch it; it is Christ in you, victorious over all, never knowing defeat of health, or wisdom, or wealth.

A FEW ODD FACTS

MARKETING EXTRA HEAVY OATS.
Thirty-two pounds per bushel is the standard weight for oats, and it is the best for horses, as that gives a proper proportion of chaff for good feed. Among hosteleries where horses are boarded a weight rather under than over the standard is liked best. The oats are sold by measure, and on a light weight six or eight quarts cost less than they will with oats at standard weight of above.

WHY HOG MANURE IS RICH.
The old-fashioned notion that manure from pigs or fattening hogs is richer than that from other animals is mainly due to the fact that hogs are generally fed on grain or other concentrated food. Hogs have also the faculty of putting on more fat from the same feed than other animals. Even when they are fed corn, their manure is rich, for they put in their excrement the flesh-forming elements richest in plant food, and use chiefly those that go to make fat, and which are of little value as fertilizers.

ROOFING FOR FARM BUILDINGS.
Slate is now much cheaper than it used to be. Shingles are dearer and generally of poorer quality as there are now few rived shingles, that can only be made from the straight-grained timber. Sawed shingles absorb the water and rot out quickly. On all wooden roofs the pitch should be made steep. The water runs off faster, and so the shingles, being kept dryer, last longer. But we prefer a slate roofing. Here the pitch is of less consequence, and there is safety in case of fire in neighboring building that cannot be had with buildings having roofs of inflammable material.

MATING BREEDING SOWS.
The period of gestation of the sow is a trifle more than sixteen weeks, usually about 115 days. They should be mated as early in December as possible. This will bring pigs the last of March or early in April. A record should be kept of each sow so that her time for farrowing may be known and an especially warm shelter provided for her then. A March pig is worth much more if well cared for early than is one a month or six weeks younger. The first will acquire strength of digestion required for a corn diet in Fall. The younger pig corn may be too difficult of digestion, stunting rather than following him.

VERMIN-PROOF CORN CRIBS.
It is hard to keep a cornhouse entirely free from mice or rats. It is impossible unless the accumulations of corn and cobs are cleared out regularly, at least once a year. The best device we have seen for excluding mice is to set the crib on posts capped with an ordinary milkpan with flaring sides. This the mice and rats cannot get over. But they are liable to come in other ways. We have known mice nests in heaps of corn husked in the barn to be shovelled into the corn crib with young mice in them old enough to make their way in the world. breed rapidly. Plenty of feed and mice nothing else to attend to.

SUNSHINE FOR FARM STOCK.
In all discussions about covered barnyards too little account is made of the beautiful sunshine. This for farm stock, equally as for mankind, is of the greatest importance. Every other requisite for health may be present, but if the light of the sun be withdrawn disease will be the certain result. Men have found that as forests are cleared away health improves, until much more than the threescore years and ten is often attained by man. It is questionable whether the flesh or milk of animals is as healthful where they are kept in close confinement, and especially if sunlight is excluded. Whatever affects animal health is first shown in its influence on secretions, of which, in a milk-bearing animal, milk is one of the most important.

VALUE OF SNOW FOR WHEAT.
Wheat is considered a hardy plant, but exposure to continued low temperature freezes the soil down to the depths of the early Fall roots and leads to that brownish tinge often seen on the ends of wheat leaves at such times. It is then that the benefit even of a light snowfall is seen. It is not only helpful by preventing quite so severe freezing of the soil, but what is of greater importance, the snow furnishes the moisture to the wheat leaves, or at least prevents the drying winds from reaching them. Wheat protected by forests or by side hills from prevailing Winter winds is always a surer crop than where winds have full sweep. Only a slight snow covering is needed. Wheat under snow-banks, behind fences, is apt to be smothered by too long exclusion from air and light.

MILK IN CELLARS.
As cold weather approaches many housewives find it necessary, or at least think they do, to put milk in the cellar, often filled with all kinds of vegetables, each giving off their various odors indicative of decay. Milk is one of the most absorptive of fluids, receiving and holding noxious smells, so that even the slightest impurities in the air affect the quality of cream and butter made from it. Even where creameries are used there should be a separate cellar for milk, partitioned off, with closely fitting doors, and good opportunity for frequent ventilation on suitable days. It should be kept light as possible and scrupulously clean. Thus kept, milk in cellars may be preserved as free from foul odors as it often can be upstairs, when the weather is such that doors are closed most of the time, while many smells that are scarcely noticed by the family are revealed in a poorer quality of butter and cream.

106 Agnes St., Toronto, Ont., May 23, 1887: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the fact of my mother having been cured of a bad case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs' Oil, and this after having tried other preparations without avail." Wm. H. McCONELL.

A PERSIAN PRINCE IN EXILE.

He is the Head of a Religious Sect and Lives in Great Style at Bombay.

A Persian Prince lives in Bombay of whom very little is heard, though he is a power in the Oriental world. He wields more authority than many Oriental potentates. He is at the head of the Maulai sect of Mohammedans who are widely scattered over northern India and the regions north and east of India. The Maulais regard this refugee Persian Prince as their spiritual head, or pope. Col. Tanner, who has described the inhabitants of the Himalayas recently, says that were this prince to return to Persia he would speedily lose his head, though he exercises absolute spiritual authority over a vast number of followers in the upper Oxus States in Kashmir, in Burma, and even in China. The constituted ruler of these countries do not influence those of their people who are members of this religious sect so powerfully as does this far away Prince.

The lowliest Maulai who wanders over the lofty plateau of the Pamir feels it his duty to subscribe from his scanty means this year toward a tribute to his spiritual lord. Across the snowy passes which lie between Central Asia and India this tribute is carried and delivered, regardless of the difficulties which for many stages beset the embassies on their journeys.

The Prince, who by the way, is addicted to horse racing, and is one of the most liberal patrons of the Indian turf, is one of the descendants of the original saints so commonly regarded in olden times by the Persians as persons of the greatest sanctity. He lives in the greatest luxury. His very large income, wholly derived from the annual contributions of the faithful, enables him to occupy a fine palace. He has a large retinue of servants, a stable of fine horses, and all the outward trappings of a very important and wealthy personage. He is far more fortunate than the princes of the Upper Oxus States, who, within a few years, have been passing under the rapacious rule of the tyrant of Afghanistan. Under one pretext or another the leading and most influential of the upper Oxus princes have been made way with by the Ameer, and the rest are apparently destined to meet the same fate at the hands of the Afghan ally of Great Britain, whose hands are steeped in the blood of every man of note in his dominions whom he considers to be inimical to his rule.

Many of the curious practices associated with the dead are quite as singular as those referring to the marriage state.

One of the least known is a usage called "Sin-eating," which was carried on by a class of people who followed this profession systematically. Among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, are statements in Aubrey's handwriting to this purport:—"In the county of Hereford was an old custom at funerals to hire poor people who were to take upon them the sins of the deceased. When the corpse was brought out and laid on the bier, a loaf of bread, a bowl of beer, and 6d. in money was given to the sin-eater, in consideration whereof he took upon himself all the sins of the defunct, and freed him or her from walking after they were dead." Aubrey adds this custom is used to this day (A. D. 1688) in North Wales.

Among the simple fashions of earlier times was that of carrying garlands before the bodies of unmarried girls, then hanging them up in the church as a memento of the departed one. Probably the wreaths and other floral offerings which are now sent without limit upon the death of any one, old or young, is the survival of this sentiment.

Burial in some form or other is the most usual mode of disposing of the dead. In some countries the bodies are exposed on hill-tops to eagles and other birds of prey; and on the Himalayan slopes the people of Sikkim burn the body and scatter the dust upon the ground, not collecting it, as is usual in other cremating countries.

The practice of cremation is gaining ground in Britain, slowly but surely, is the general belief of most educated people; but it will require several generations to come and pass away before the long-established custom of earth-burial is established in Britain.

Last November, says the Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle, a man went to America to endeavor to improve his position in life. In January he was reported to have been killed. He returned, however, last week to find that his wife had turned over a new leaf in the marriage service, and that a new man occupied his seat in the chimney corner. Did he go to work to slaughter his false wife and new husband? Not much. He walked in and said:

"Well, old gal, how is things?"

"Putty good, Bill, said the doubly married woman, not taken aback greatly.

"Which do you prefer—the old or the new love?"

She hesitated for an instant and then said:

"I don't like to hurt your feelings—but—but—"

"Oh, spit it out! Don't mind my feelings or the other chap's. I won't be angry if you come down a little rough on my vanity. Count on me being amiable. I won't cut up rusty if you should go back on me."

"I'm glad you're so thoughtful, Bill; and I acknowledge that I do like my present husband best; but if anything should happen to him I know nobody else I would as soon join fortunes with again as you."

"That's the way to talk. I'll now bid you good-by, hoping that no accident will happen to the other fellow, and that he will live long enough to enjoy your delightful society. So, good-day."

And the husband travelled off with his knapsack on his back, whistling in cheery, clear tones, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, and every other form of blood disease have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it.

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100 Doses One Dollar

Whether it be bicycling or tricycling for which a lady "goes in," it should be a recognized fact that the amusement requires a suitable costume equally with riding, shooting, bathing, or gymnastics. Speaking recently to a young lady, who, though she also rides on horseback when she is at home in the country, uses her bicycle a great deal and, indeed, thinks very little of a run of 30 or 40 miles, I was first to gain some valuable information. "First of all," she said, "I wear next to my skin a silk and wool combination garment, tight-fitting and high at the neck, with half long sleeves. Of course, I vary the thickness according to the weather. It is a great mistake, both from a health point of view as well as that of comfort, to wear one's ordinary linen under-clothing. When I began to ride I did so, and I suffered for my indiscretion by getting a thorough chill, which laid me up for several weeks. Next to the combinations I wear my stays—riding ones, with the hips cut away and a short busk—low in front and high at the back, lacing sufficiently tight to clasp my figure firmly without injurious pressure, and giving me a maximum support. Over these I usually wear a ribbed silk or silk and wool snugly-fitting vest. Then short, tight-fitting knickerbockers, reaching to and buttoning just above the knee. Experience has taught me that such a length is the ideal one for comfort, and that a tight-fitting garment is preferable in many ways to a loose one, or any form of

"August Flower"

There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for indigestion, indigestion and Constipation we

known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out

Constipation of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

"divided" skirt, which, if worn without an outer skirt, is neither desirable nor picturesque, and if worn under an ordinary dress is a far more clumsy and cumbersome form of dual garment than is at all necessary.

I wear no petticoats, except in very cold weather, and then only one—a warm linsey. My knickerbockers, as well as my skirt and bodice, are made by the tailor who makes my riding habits. The skirt is made so that it just clears the ground when walking. I always wear warm, long stockings, which, by a little patent of my own, I arrange to button at the front and back of the knee (just above it) to the knickerbockers, by this means doing away with the necessity of either garters or suspenders. The buttons should be placed back and front, as they get in the way if placed anywhere else. Low-heeled shoes and a Tam o' Shanter cap, that can be made to act as a shade for the eyes, complete the costume, which I have found to wear excellently if made of a good habit cloth, with narrow braid trimming." —The Queen.

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."