

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

A colored man, who worked for a white man who believed in faith cure, Christian Science, or whatever it is called, was an hour or so late reporting to work one morning. His employer, upon inquiry, was told that he was detained at home on account of the illness of his brother. The Christian Scientist ridiculed the idea of the brother's illness, and said:

"Henry, your brother is not sick. He just thinks he is sick. If he will just use his mind, exercise his will-power, decide that he is not going to be sick, and will have faith in God, he will get up, and you won't have to use any medicine."

This was all new and strange doctrine to Henry, but he did not think it wise to get into any kind of argument with his boss, so he scratched his head and said nothing.

The third day after this conversation, Henry remained away from work the entire day. When he reported for work the next morning, his employer said: "Well, Henry, how is your brother today? Does he still think he is sick?"

The colored man replied: "No, sir; we buried him yesterday. I reckon by this time he thinks he's dead."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*



THE FOLLY OF FEIGNING WISDOM.

Into what confusion people are sometimes thrown by feigning wisdom; presuming to know things when they do not know them. The good old professor stood before the young man who had asked a question, and said, frankly, "I don't know." Seeing a quizzical look on the face of the young man, he said, "Look here, you are surprised at my saying, 'I don't know.' The truth is, I do not know—but I might have attempted to answer, and so given you the impression that I did know." Then, looking into the young man's face, he said earnestly, "William, never be afraid to say you don't know—if you don't. It will save you much trouble. You think I know a lot, but there are a great many things of which I am ignorant, and I am not ashamed to say it." Long years have gone since the old professor talked with his young friend, but the meaning of the old man grows clearer as the years grow shorter. Only the foolish and the ignorant pretend to "know it all." Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools," said Paul, speaking of the Romans; but that tribe has not passed from the earth. It is only the humble heart that is the teachable heart; he who thinks he knows everything is in a doubly sad way; he is ignorant and does not know it, and his heart is closed to further light.—*The Baptist Union.*



THE NAME IN GOLD LETTERS.

Not long ago, at a meeting in the east of London for the purpose of promoting the better observance of the Lord's day, the Rev. William Tyler related the following remarkable instance which had come under his own notice, of the benefits resulting from keeping the Sabbath day holy:

Some years ago, in one of the streets in Spitalfields notorious for its open doors on the Lord's day, a young man with whom he was acquainted opened a cheese monger's shop. Mr. Tyler called upon the new shopkeeper, on his first day of opening, to wish him success. In the course of a short conversation, Mr. Tyler said:

"Now, my friend, what about Sunday? I hope you do not intend to open your shop on the Lord's day."

The reply was, "You see, sir, all the people about here open on the Sunday. I fear I shall be obliged to do the same."

"That is no reason why you should do so," rejoined the minister. "Don't let them be guides for you. Give me pen and ink and a large piece of paper, and I will show you what to do."

Upon this request being complied with, Mr. Tyler immediately wrote in clear, bold letters the following notice: "This shop will not be opened on Sabbaths."

"Now," said Mr. Tyler, "take my advice; put that up in a conspicuous place. Hoist your colors at the outset, God will not let you suffer for doing your duty."

At this moment the wife came in and seconded the appeal; upon which the shopkeeper took a hammer and a nail and struck the announcement on a butter cask behind the counter near the window, so that it could be read by all customers who entered the shop.

About seven years after, Mr. Tyler was passing by this tradesman's shop, when he noticed that the proprietor's name was being placed upon the front of the shop in gold letters.

The shopkeeper presently appeared and said, "Mr. Tyler, I have to thank you for that. I am the first member of my family whose name has ever appeared in gold letters! Nearly every tradesman who was in business in this street when I commenced, and who opened his shop on Sabbaths, has failed, while I have prospered."

Time has passed on, but it only brought with it greater prosperity, and when Mr. Tyler last heard of the tradesman, in whose welfare he had taken such an interest, he found that God had so far blessed his industry and conscientiousness that he was enabled to retire upon a comfortable competency to a country residence; thus verifying again the promise, "Them that honor me will I honor." For, although it is true that no man ought to be religious for the sake of what he can get by it, it is also true that, "godliness is profitable unto all things having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."—*British Workman.*



A FOOL'S PARADISE.

There is an old story in the book of Ezekiel about how the prophet once was led to a place where, through a hole broken in the wall, there was shown him an inner chamber, on the walls of which were painted the hideous idols of the heathen. And there, in the presence of the foul shapes, stood venerable priests and official dignitaries of Israel, with their censers in their hands, and their backs to the oracles of God. There is a chamber like that in our hearts; and it would be a great deal better that you and I should go down, through the hole in the wall, and see it, than that we should live, as so many of us do, in this fool's paradise of ignorance of our own sin. It is because we do not attend to the facts that we ignore the facts. The evils that we do, and that we cherish undone in our hearts, are, if I might say so, like the wreckers on some stormy coast that begin operation by taking the tongue out of the bell that hangs on the buoy and putting out the light that beams from the beacon. Sin chokes conscience; and so the worse a man is, the less he

feels himself to be bad; and while a saint will be tortured with agonies of remorse for some slight peccadillo, a brigand will add a murder or two to his list, and wipe his mouth, and say, "I have done no harm." We are ignorant of our sin because we bribe our consciences, because we drug our consciences, because we will not attend to the facts of our own spiritual being.—*Alexander MacLaren, D. D.*



DIET AND BEAUTY.

What has the stomach to do with beauty? What we are physically is evolved from the stomach. We are today the product of wise or foolish eating. Every morsel put into the stomach enhances, preserves or destroys the strength and beauty of the body.

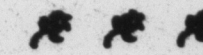
Every particle in excess of actual need is a burden which the face will report.

Every ill-selected, unwholesome, indigestible repast writes an open letter on the person of sallowness, pimples, wrinkles and obesity.

It does not take many of these letters to spell age.—*The Ledger Monthly.*



A "new earth is always the result of a new heaven." The ideal always walks before the real. Great earth powers are always of celestial origin. The poets and the prophets who usher in a new earth have first caught a vision of heaven. The movements of the sun and planets determine what kind of an earth this shall be. Even John Fiske says that in material things the great forces are essential. But a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; it cannot be brought about—here in the old doctrine of divine grace—until men see a new heaven. Without God we can do nothing.—*The Advance.*



Let us be only patient, patient; and let God our Father teach His own lesson His own way. Let us try to learn it well and learn it quickly; but do not let us fancy that He will ring the school bell and send us to play before our lesson is learned well.—*Charles Kingsley.*

To Increase Your Appetite.

Nothing will stimulate a keen, healthy relish for food, insure good digestion and perfect assimilation like Ferrozone, which is the most successful tonic and health renewer known to medical science. Ferrozone is a positive cure for Anaemia, Impure Blood, Boils, Pimples, Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Ferrozone cleanses, strengthens and purifies the blood, it invigorates the heart and nerves, banishes sickness and pain, and makes ailing people well. Try a box or two of Ferrozone, the result will be a surprise. Price 50c. at Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

It will Prolong Life.—De Sota, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whither he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

In the spring and in the fall a good flesh building tonic is required whenever weakness or loss of weight is apparent. "The D & L" Emulsion will be found admirable for this purpose.

Prevent Disorder.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these



Soak the hands thoroughly, on retiring, in a hot lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry and anoint freely with CUTICURA Ointment. Wear old gloves during the night. For sore hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends, this one night cure is wonderful. Sold by all Colonial Chemists. Ferran Daves and Co., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

The Surest Remedy is Allen's Lung Balsam

It never fails to cure a SIMPLE COLD, HEAVY COLD, and all BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.

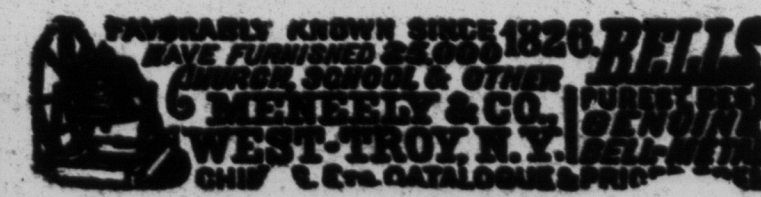
Large Bottles \$1.00. Medium Size 50c. Small or Trial Size 25c. Endorsed by all who have tried it.

Prince Edward Island Farmer compelled to stop clearing up his farm.



Mr. Job Costain, Mininogash, P.E.I., writes: "In the Spring of 1900 I started to clear up a piece of land, but had not worked many days before I was taken with a very lame back, and was compelled to stop work. The trouble seemed to be down in the centre of my back and my right side and I could not stoop over. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had taken the whole box I was completely cured and able to proceed with my work. I take great pleasure in recommending them to all farmers who are troubled as I was."

50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventative of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.