

thought not only of the blessed mother who had given him life, but of the other woman who deserved honor and tenderness because of being mother of his children. There were tears on more than one face, and children looked up at their mothers and resolved they would be good and take better care of them if they were so precious.

But the last of the sermon was the best. Suppose a woman could not command the love and consideration she deserved; suppose she had to work far beyond her strength; suppose she had poverty and ill-health before her — the promise was for her. She could have sufficient grace; she could lean on the strength that was made perfect in weakness; she could have a happy victorious life and a glorious reward hereafter.

The preacher saw that Mrs. King had received her message. She might, or she might not, be able to make her environment pleasanter. It did not matter so much now. She would be all the more precious to her heavenly Father because he chose a hard path for her. She would live day by day by his grace and in his strength; and she went home a new woman, carrying with her a divine influence that in time was to change every one in her unpleasant home. She got such a vision of what Christ can be to a human soul that, after that day, she would have been satisfied with "Jesus only." It was like our heavenly Father that, after she had sought first the kingdom of heaven, the other good things were added.

"That was one of the best sermons I ever heard," a leading man said. "You pretended to preach to our wives, but you hit the husbands, too."

After the sermon on "Honesty in Business" the minister was not surprised to hear that two men had entirely changed their business policy. The preacher fired at a definite aim and expected results.

"Mary," the minister said one morning, as he ran in a moment from the study. "I overheard the brethren talking about me last night. Before I could make them aware I was near, Mr. Sheldon said, 'I don't think our preacher is as full of literature and science as he used to be, but how he does straighten out our difficulties.' 'He keeps us listening, too,' answered Dr. Little. 'People are coming to church who never darkened the door before.' I guess you are right, Mary. Folks need help in daily living."

"I suppose Jesus thought that when he preached the Sermon on the Mount," answered the wife, softly.—*Zion's Herald.*

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**WORTH REPEATING.**

You hear so much nowadays about the preacher of the twentieth century. Do you know what sort of a man he will be? He will be the sort of a preacher who opens his Bible and preaches out of that. Oh, I'm sick and tired of this essay preaching! I'm nauseated with this "silver-tongued orator" preaching! I like to hear preachers and not wind mills.—*D. L. Moody.*

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**Why Catarrh Cures Catarrh.**

It goes to every affected part and kills the germs that keep up the diseased condition. Catarrh never irritates but stimulates the mucous lining of the nose, throat and lungs to normal action, and keeps the nasal passages free from offensive discharges. Catarrh contains no dangerous drugs or opiates, and is delightfully pleasant and simple to use. Catarrh is an absolutely certain cure for any form of Catarrh and is for sale at drug stores, small size 25c. By mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

**HE COMPLETED HIS TESTIMONY.**

Too tenacious a memory sometimes leads to embarrassing situations. In *Tit Bits* is related the story of a right-of-way case which concerned an ancient foot-path over an English estate. The place had passed from an old and respected family into the hands of a rich nobody.

The lawyer who appeared on behalf of the land-owner cross-examined a venerable countryman who had testified to his own personal knowledge that there had been a right of way over the land ever since he was a boy of five.

"And how old are you now?" asked the lawyer.

"Eighty-five, sir."  
"But surely you can't remember things which occurred when you were a boy of five, eighty years ago?"

"Deed an' I can, sir," asserted the octogenarian witness. "I can mind a year afore that, when your feyther, sir, 'owd Skinflint Garge us called him—"

"That will do; you may step down," said the lawyer, hastily, as a titter ran round the court room.

"—got a wolloping from Mother Buncombe—"

"Stand down, sir!" said the lawyer, wrathfully.

"—for cheating her five-year old bairn—"

"Do you hear. Stand down!"

"—o' a thrupny bit!" concluded the venerable witness, triumphantly, as he slowly left the box.

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**EIGHT GREAT SECRETS.**

A certain fellow who answered advertisements in cheap story papers has had some interesting experiences. He learned that by sending \$1 to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. And he did. It was to take the pledge and keep it.

Then he sent fifty two-cent stamps to find out how to raise turnips successfully. He found out — "Just take hold of the tops and pull."

Being young, he wished to marry, and sent thirty-four one-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read, "Sit down on a pan of dough." It was a little rough, but he was a patient man, and thought he would yet succeed.

Next advertisement he answered read, "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them, and he would see his money doubled.

Next he sent for twelve useful household articles and he got a package of needles.

He was slow to learn, and so he sent \$1 to find out "how to get rich." "Work like mad and never spend a cent," and that stopped him.

But his brother wrote to find out how to write without pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil.

He paid \$1 to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card, "Fish for suckers, as we do."

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**A SURE SIGN OF BACKSLIDING.**

Professors of religion may go among the people of the world to transact lawful business, or to impart religious instruction, and return unhurt; but when they deliberately leave their brethren to associate with the enemies of Christ, they afford sad proof that their hearts are estranged from him.—*Bishop Morris.*

**NO EFFORT IN VAIN.**

"Some day I hope you will preach the gospel," said an aged minister to a little boy in England. That boy became Charles H. Spurgeon. That great soul-winner, Mark Guy Pearse, says that when he was a boy his father took him to see a saintly old lady, who laid her hand upon his head, saying, "God bless the boy, and make him a minister!" Mr. Pearse says that, through this aged woman, God called him to the ministry.

In a college chapel in Pennsylvania a Christian layman sat beside a boy and talked to him about Christ. That boy became Alfred Cookman, whose name will be held in everlasting remembrance.

An eminent lawyer of Minneapolis, converted a short time since, declares that the earnest question, "Have you found Jesus?" spoken by a young lady to his friend who sat by his side in a revival meeting, and her startled look, when she was answered roughly, followed him for fifteen years, until he was converted.

No sincere effort for Christ can fail. To human eyes there may be little encouragement, but his Word shall prevail. Every invitation and entreaty shall in the end be, to those who reject it, "the savor of death unto death," but to those who accept it, "the savor of life unto life." We may go forth now, weeping, bearing precious seed, but some day we shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing our sheaves with us.

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**MORALS NOT ENOUGH.**

"Well, I cannot understand why a man who has tried to lead a good moral life should not stand a better chance of heaven than a wicked one," said a lady a few days ago, in a conversation about the matter of salvation.

"Simply for this cause," answered another lady; "suppose you and I wanted to go to a place of amusement where the admission was a dollar; you have half a dollar and I have nothing; which would stand the better chance of admission?"

"Neither."

"Just so; and, therefore, the moral man stands no better chance than the outbreking sinner. But now suppose a kind and rich person who saw our perplexity presented a ticket of admission to each of us at his own expense. What then?"

**THE CONFESSION OF A WIFE.**

**PAINÉ'S CELERY COMPOUND**

**Was the Medicine that Saved My Life.**

This is the closing sentence of a thankful and grateful letter of testimony written by Mrs. Fred. M. Wetmore, of Windsor, Ont. She suffered from kidney disease and heart trouble, which resisted the best treatment of her physicians. When all seemed dark and gloomy for the suffering woman, Paine's Celery Compound was brought to her attention. Mrs. Wetmore used the compound with faith and was happily cured. Mrs. Wetmore writes as follows:

"A year ago I was in such a low condition of health that my life was despaired of. Medical treatment failed

"Well, then, we would both go in alike; that is clear."

"Thus, when the Saviour saw our perplexity he came, he died, and thus 'obtained eternal redemption for us,' and now he offers you and me a free ticket. Only take care that your half dollar does not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket, and so be refused admission at last."

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**HOW MANY ARE THE STARS.**

A futile question, many would reply; but Dr. A. W. Roberts tells us that in the southern sky he has counted 5,600 stars visible distinctly to the naked eye. There are, therefore, about 10,000 stars in the whole heavens which can be seen by the eye alone, without any other aid. An ordinary opera glass will show close on 100,000 stars, and it is estimated that in the great Yerkes telescope, the largest in the world, 200,000,000 stars are visible. Then the sensitive photographic plate will show under long exposure "groups and clusters of stars where the specks of light are like falling snowflakes on a still winter's day or raindrops against the sun." A long exposure survey of the whole heavens with one of the most modern photographic telescopes would indicate, Dr. Roberts thinks, no fewer than 500,000,000 stars.—*Selected.*

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**THE MESSAGE THAT BROUGHT JOY.**

Henry Richards, the missionary, tells us that while he preached on the law and biblical history no one was converted. But when he began to preach Christ and him crucified, at once the faces of the heathen began to lighten with a new joy, and in a short time there were hundreds of happy converts.

A missionary to the Indians preached the death and resurrection of Jesus, and many savages were soon tamed by the power of God. Their chief said to him one day, "Years ago a man came and preached to us that there was a God, and we told him we knew that before he came. We worshipped the Great Spirit whose voice is in the thunder. Another came and told us that we must not get drunk and abuse our wives, and we know that. But you told us that God loves us, and showed his love by giving his Son to die for us. This touches our hearts. We need a God that loves us."