

## The Fireside.

### IF HE COULD TRY IT OVER.

He was an old minister, and a young minister was asking him questions.

"If you could try it again," said the one with the upward slope of the hill before him, "what would you do?"

There was a pause, and a far-away look in the older man's eye; then he slowly replied, "I should probably do what I have done."

"You are satisfied, then, with your first attempt?"

"No, satisfied is a long, deep word, but man's career seems like an equation in algebra, the x's and y's and z's on one side of the equation are equal to what is on the other side. To change the answer to the problem you must change the factors. Put in the same man, the same environment, and the same other people, and why would not the result be the same?"

"Perhaps it would, but it sounds like fatalism. Suppose that we add to the equation the knowledge which you now have, then what?"

"That is, if I could shift the light from the stern of the vessel to the prow, what course would I take? Well, in the first place, I should take off my coat and roll up my sleeves for harder work. I have heard of ministers killing themselves by hard work, but I never died of hard work, and I do not remember to have attended many funerals where the deceased died by the sweat of the brow."

"But some ministers get on famously without working hard."

"Yes, 'famously,' but disastrously for the young men who try to imitate their example. If a man is not a genius, or gifted with a tongue like that of the United States senator who could go off and leave it, he would better work, and work, for the night is coming to him if he does not work."

"What would you work at?"

"I should work at the preacher. Some men build houses and others make engines. I should try to make a preacher. Preachers have audiences, calls, crowds. Providence runs their way. They are not affected by the weather, and colds, headaches, rheumatism, and the whole brood of evils which decimate other men's audiences, never get into their flocks. A popular preacher is a quarantine against a lot of troubles."

"Where would you begin?"

"Inside, of course, at the very end of my heart strings, down at the bottom layer of belief. Preachers can soar through the air, but they cannot be built on air. They must have a foundation. The greatest of all preachers was a chief corner stone. On this rock, not on sand, I build my church. And mind you, when I got myself built up in the faith, I would stay built up. Ministers should not be like little girls who pick their dolls to pieces to see what they are made of. Faith should be such a living reality that we would no more think of picking it into pieces than we would a live baby. Culture, growth, development, is what it needs."

"As to the other works, I think I should begin with my voice. Voice is half the battle. Joshua captured his first town by blowing trumpets. When a voice is a trumpet of eloquent tones, an instrument of music and sweetness,

it captures audiences, towns, cities. Could Beecher have stilled the storm and captured the mob at Liverpool without his magnificent voice? Think of a young man intending to do his work, convert the world, and make his living by the use of his voice, and yet not paying more attention to its development and culture than the boy who is following a plough and calling 'gee' and 'haw' to his horses. How many American ministers have really good voices, voices that in themselves are eloquent, power, persuasion? Webster had a voice, Clay had a voice, O'Connell had a voice which moved the Irish crowds as winds do the grass of a meadow; and Whitfield could make men and women cry by the pronunciation of a word.

"Make a voice for yourself, young man, make a voice."

"What then?"

"I should try to master the language, to acquire a ready and easy use of words. A good voice is a great help in this direction; but I should spare no pains to make the command of words complete. A preacher should know the language of the market place and of the Bible. He should have the latter at his tongue's end. For nothing so impresses an audience as the Word. It was made by the Maker of all things to fit the soul, and it fits."

"How would you study the Bible?"

"The book itself more and the helps less. For as Beecher used to say, the Bible can be understood in spite of the commentaries."

"What else would you read?"

"The daily newspapers. With all their faults, the newspapers are a great achievement. Nearly all that is said, done, or discovered is there. From the mightiest victories to the glistening tear on the cheek of sorrow, all the throb of human experience is in their columns. Magazines, periodicals, are their echo. They give us all things first-hand, and there is no denying the power of first impressions."

"Would you read philosophy much?"

The old man stroked his wrinkled forehead, glanced off into space, and said, "If I wanted to be thought deep, I should."

"Still waters run deep, is a saying which shows a proverbial admiration for depth."

"I know it, but ministers are not still waters. They are expected to make a noise in the world. They are religion's cry, wisdom's cry, danger's cry, a warning voice at every parting of the paths, a watchman's call in the dark and in the storm, a shout of victory to every traveller on the way to heaven. There is no carrying still waters on the shoulders that go into the pulpit."

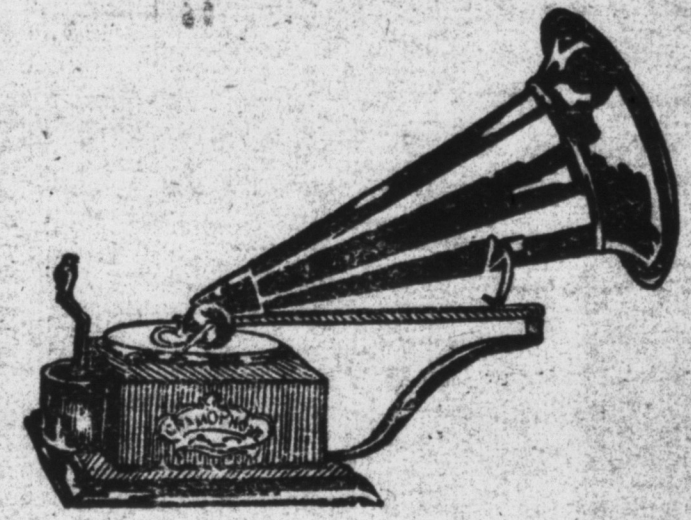
"But it is bad to be called superficial."

"It seems to be, and yet all flowers and harvests grow in the ground, and men do not raise corn in caves, or gather wheat harvests in the depth of the mountains. And all men and women live and move and have their being on top of the ground. A preacher has to do his preaching where people live, whatever he may be called. And right here, young man, let me put one remark in your mind to stay; it is better to know how to succeed than how to explain away the success of other men. Suc-

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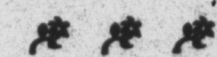
**E. BERLINER,** 2315 St. Catherine St.,  
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cess opens doors. Explanations are the husks on which we feed our dissatisfaction.

"A minister should read what interests him. A book which puts him to sleep cannot do him much good. Books should be like showers which make the grass grow and flowers bloom in the meadows. They should start thoughts, ideas, emotions, make the mind quiver and the heart throb. That is the kind of a book I like to read. And in the pulpit a man needs a flashing mind and throbbing heart."

"But, young man, my day is done, the door is locked, and time is walking off with the key. I shall never pass this way again."—*The Advance.*



### What Whiskey Makes for a Mother.

Can a mother forget her child? Yes, when she is addicted to the awful habit of strong drink. Poverty cannot make her forget. Suffering cannot, but strong drink can. The following true story is calculated to make the blood curdle: A woman in Manchester, N. H., has six children. The oldest is eleven years old, the youngest six weeks. In the police court she pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness, but asked the court to suspend sentence because of her helpless children, agreeing to leave the place and live with certain relatives in the country. When she was released, instead of going to her children, who were then suffering from hunger, she went back to the saloon and got drunk again. The oldest child went to the police station to look for her, which gave the officials the information that she had not returned to her family. The boy added that the children were entirely without food and crying from hunger. The officials took care of the children while the mother was again taken into custody.

It is no new thing for a man to become brutal and turn against his family, or neglect and starve them, but here is a case where the motherly instinct yields itself to the curse of strong drink. Rum can make a mother forget her child. Rum can do what the most vicious and profligate child itself cannot do. The child may be bad, may abuse the mother, and bring her head in unspeakable sorrow to the grave, but the mother will not forget, or turn against her child. Rum can do it. Rum can destroy the maternal passion. Rum can make her hopelessly indifferent to her offspring. Rum can destroy her motherly affection. O rum, great is thy power! Surely Satan has no agency so effective for destroying all that is good and true in human life.—*New Voice.*

### Do You Belch Gas?

If you have uneasy sensations in the stomach, a bad taste in the mouth, headache—remember that ten drops of *Poison's Nerviline* in sweetened water is a quick and certain cure. *Nerviline* aids digestion, dispels the gas, makes you comfortable and free from distress at once. *Nerviline* is just splendid for Cramps, Colic, Dysentery, Stomach and Bowel Troubles, and costs only 45c. Better try it.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

*Found at Last.*—A liver pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and thoroughly, that does not gripe. *Laxa-Liver Pills* possesses these qualities, and are a sure cure for liver complaint, constipation, sick headache, etc.

*Narrow chested,* weak lunged people can't be cured by medicine. Plenty of fresh air, mild exercise and "The D & L" Emulsion at the first sign of weakness or loss of weight is the best treatment.

*Always a Good Friend.*—In health and happiness we need no friend, but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands. Those hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, for when the Oil is out it would indeed be friendless.