

Sunday Reading.

MANHOOD AND THE STATE.

The Education and Training that Makes the Most Useful Citizens.

Edward Everett Hale contributes to the N. Y. Advertiser the following sermon as the first of a series by famous preachers: Let us make man—Genesis 1, 26.

In any board of education I should be told that the great idea is to carry out this purpose of the good God. In any adequate treatise on government I should be told the same thing.

What constitutes a state? Men who their duties know; Who know their right, and, knowing, dare maintain.

And, certainly, if I turned to the directors of the various churches, to the people who say they are the church and that other people must obey and follow them, they would say that this is what churches are for—to make men. And probably they would add what this noble legend of Genesis adds: "We want to make men in God's image, after his likeness."

Is it not, then, rather pathetic, that with all their endeavors, the people whose business it is to make men, turn out so few specimens of successful manufacture?

Why are there so few men? And when one changes the sex, and for the work of women makes the same inquiry, the women come out no better. You find a plenty of people fussing over detail, who, as somebody says, cannot tell a small thing from a great one. But you ask eagerly, and nobody, tells you, where are the women? Where is our steady supply, not exceptional, not a miracle, which shall give.

A perfect woman, nobly planned? It is worth while to ask our 500 colleges propose to say for themselves. What do they say is their best achievement? At their annual commencements, from Labrador to San Diego, they say: "We present to you these youths, who have acquired skill in Greek or Latin or mathematics, or the study of nature, or in the study of history." Possibly they will say: "We present to you this or that hero who has successfully led his crew in a boat race or in a ball match." But there will not be one of them from one end of the country to another, which will venture to say on commencement day: "We present to you a man." All that my own college says in presenting the bachelor's degree in this:

"We present to you these youths, whom we know to be fit for speaking in public as often as anybody shall call them to that duty."

This is the best that has been achieved in a course of study covering four years and prepared for in many more.

We are thrown back, then, to the definition of manhood. A man is not a finely armed or well-trained physical machine. Physical strength and health come from manhood, but they are not manhood. A man is not a well-adjusted, well-trained—shall I say well-oiled?—intellectual machine. Reasoning, imagination, memory, are good tools of manhood, but no one of these, nor all of them, can make a man.

A man is a child of God. No language is fine enough to make the full statement, but this is the best that has been tried. He is born from God and he goes back to God. "Spark from the divine fire," the poets are fond of saying. "Light from the divine light," that is one of the Bible expressions. "Dewdrop from the divine ocean," that is an image hinted at in the Bible. Man is a living soul. Perhaps I shall not do better than to take this phrase. This living soul has the business of controlling this body, making it strong and quick, active and pure. This living soul has also the business of controlling this mind, making that to be strong and quick, active, and pure. And it is only as this living soul asserts itself, will not be swayed by the body or by the mind—it is only thus that you have a man.

It is only thus that you have a woman. Those who have to do with machinery know instances upon instances where, in familiar language, the machine "runs away." The locomotive runs so fast on a down grade that for a moment it escapes from the hand of the driver. The steam which is called the power is not the power; for it is crowded back on itself by the impetuous force which the downward grade has given. Precisely, in the same way one sees intellectual action, where the vigor of a man's habit of reasoning, or where the distinctness of his memory get the control of his will, and conscience and will are ridden over by the mere force of the intellectual machine. And in every day, in every hour of the day, you see some poor wretch who has let a bodily appetite so overmaster him that, as Paul says, he does the thing he does not want to do. He does what he knows he ought not to do.

The body has become too strong for the soul, as on that downward grade the weight of the engine was too much for the steam. With perfect correctness we then call him a "poor devil." All these are instances wherein the man the divine power has been lost. It is fair to say that the man has ceased to be a man, in the true interpretation of manhood. For the man ap-

pears only where the soul masters the mind and the body. The man appears where the true will achieves its real purpose. As Paul says, in that noblest epigram of the New Testament, to will and to do God's good pleasure here is the sign of the present God.

One hears a great deal in our time of the better education of the hand and eye. All right! But I wish we could always manage, in this mere sharpening of the edge of the tool—for it is nothing more—to give the boy or girl a deeper sense of who it is who is to use the tool; how great, how unmeasured, is the power of the boy or the girl. If we could lead along a boy or girl from day to day in this sense of possible mastery, if we could really make them believe that in the temptations which are likely to befall them they can really tread on serpents and scorpions, and that nothing shall by any means hurt them, we should not so much mind if the edge of the tool were not of the very sharpest.

When Daniel Boone made his forest home, he owed more to the strength of the blow by which he drove his ax, he owed more to the precision with which the axe alighted in its preordained place, than he owed to the sharpness of the tool. And these boys and girls of ours are to succeed or are to fail according as it is the infinite power of the child of God which undertakes his duties of manhood and womanhood.

This is the true lesson when a great man dies, or a great woman. Little people ask, in a little way, "How could she do what she did; or he?" The great teachers answer, "Of course she did it; she was a child of God; she could do what she chose. Of course he did. Sons of God do not stop or turn backward from the plow." And any boy or girl who will try the great experiment has this victory open. "I control my body; it shall do what I command. I control my mind. It shall think things which are pure, which are lovely, which are of good report. It shall not think things which are base or mean and in any shape wrong."

The boy who makes that determination of a son of God, and determines to put an end to all other notions, in that moment becomes a man. The girl who thus determines becomes a woman. These two, at least, of us all, get an answer to our question. "Let us make man in our image," said the good God of old, not so long ago. And here are two of his children who propose to join him in that endeavor.

HE LOVED THE POOR.

Characteristics of Samuel G. Howe the Great Philanthropist.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe is perhaps the best-known philanthropist that America has produced. He devoted the greatest part of his life to the education of the blind. He went to Greece, and lent himself to the struggle for freedom that was absorbing that country. He then came back to his own land, and there was hardly a practical reform or a good work within reaching distance, but numbered him among its ardent supporters.

His office in Boston, during the latter days of his life, was generally crowded with what might be called his natural patients. Persons who wanted help or advice or encouragement gravitated to Dr. Howe as naturally as water seeks its level. The doctor never was "engaged" when suffering or want called.

Here was a poor Greek who sought money for a return passage. There, came woman who was looking for a situation as a housekeeper. But near the desk a man richly dressed had stopped to speak to the busy philanthropist. The gentleman thought that his position and wealth entitled him to immediate attention. The poor who had come for help stepped back before the importunity that rested upon social standing; but the doctor only saw the aristocracy or suffering.

"Please excuse me, sir for the present, as I am engaged," he said.

Then he turned to the poor people who were waiting for his advice or help.

When Dr. Howe died a eulogy was pronounced over his bier. After the orator had summed up the traits of the great soul whose departure his friends had come to mourn, he startled his audience by saying:

"Dr. Howe is gone from us. He has gone to a state known to our limited knowledge as heaven. But God is there, and I wonder what God can do for Dr. Howe. Our friend has no use for the rich and happy—only the poor and miserable. We are told there is no suffering in the life that is beyond, nor any sin or sorrow. My imagination fails me in my wonder to know what Dr. Howe can do in heaven."

One thing, at least, is sure. The life that is lived in the heavenly spirit is sure to find itself at home and busy in the heavenly place. If the great philanthropist had spent his days in gaming and drinking, in horse-racing, in social frivolity, in idling about clubs, or in any other empty way of wasting life, then it might well be asked—and not for rhetorical effect—"What would he do in heaven?"—"Youth's Companion."

Soul Education.

Wilhelm Meister is an attempt to solve the problem of soul education. The mind is not something distinct from the soul; the heart is not something separate from the mind, indifferent to it. One part is not salvable without the other. The method of soul culture is education. The former has a definite end in view—when reached it is satisfied, finished, triumphant; the latter has no end in view—it is never finished, it is endless. Wilhelm

Meister encounters many adventures, falls into many evil plights and sorry predicaments, but he persists in his quest, and, on that account, he is not only on what the preacher calls "saving ground," but he is on the saving road, he is in the way of character. This book assumes the identity of culture with character. It proves the piety of the growing man and demonstrates the contrary, the immorality of the stationary mind.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

EUGENE FIELD'S WORK.

He Will Be Loved For His Gentleness of His Spirit and His Songs.

"Suffer little children to come unto me." Mark x., 14.

Heaven is richer and earth is poorer than last Sabbath morning by the departure of Eugene Field from the scenes of mortality to the rest and fellowship of heaven. Tens of thousands read the sad message of four words last Monday morning—"Eugene Field is dead!"—with a shock that had more of anguish than surprise. Many who had never seen the face or touched the hand of the gentle poet, sighed, as though they had lost a personal friend. If all the kind words spoken of Field last Monday morning could be collected and put in books, we may quote the words of the Apostle John and say, "I suppose the world would not contain them."

It needed only this one event we call death to learn how high he stood in the general esteem; how large a place he had in the hearts of the people. And yet this busy toiler did no great things! He will not have a place among the great ones, and the heroes of the earth. But he will long be honored and loved for the gentleness of his spirit, and the sweetness of his songs. It will be some time before we shall be able to think of him as dead. We shall turn involuntarily to find the column where so often sunshine and laughter mingled, but we shall turn in vain. By common consent, we shall think of him most as the sweetest singer of songs for children this generation has seen. He has been most happily called "the children's laureate!" There is no impropriety in linking with the name of Eugene Field those sacred words that stamped Jesus of Nazareth as the children's friend to the very ends of time. It Jesus were to come to our world today in very person, these words would be often on his lips:

"Suffer little children to come unto me." In the persons of such men as Eugene Field, he is here by representation. There was nothing in the last forty-eight hours, who has just left us, the doubt of our dear sweetly in a sunnier sphere—more beautiful and really Christ-like than his unfeigned, constant love of children. He sang them to Wonderland many a time, and then sang them to the land of dreams with lullabies as sweet as an angel's palm and soft as the zephyrs of evening. Let us thank God we had Field so long, and pray that in God's good time more of his tribe may appear.—Inter-Ocean.

Invited to the Feast.

A king determines to act with generosity; and, to show how liberal his disposition is, he desires to make a banquet for those who need it most. He says, "If I make a great feast to my lords and dukes, they will think little of my hospitality, for they fair sumptuously every day; therefore I will seek out guests who will be more likely to be grateful. Where shall I find guests who will most enjoy my dainties, men who eat with the greatest gusto, and drink with the greatest delight?" Having considered the matter, he cries to his heralds, "Go ye into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." From among the tramps by the roadside the heralds soon gather starving wretches who exactly meet the king's wishes. Here is a poor man who has had nothing to eat for the last forty-eight hours. Look at his eager delight at the sight of the food! If you want somebody to eat largely and joyfully, is not he the man? See how he takes it in! It is wonderful how the provisions disappear before him! Here again is a poor woman who has been picked up by the wayside, faint for want of bread. She has scarcely any life in her, but see how she begins to open her eyes at the first morsel that is placed before her, and what delight there is in her every expression as she finds herself placed at a table so richly loaded. Yes, the poorer, the more hungry, the more destitute the guests, the more honor is accorded to the king who feeds such mendicants, and receives such vagrants at his table. Hear how they shout the king's praises when they are filled with his meat! They will never have done thanking him. Now, if I address a soul tonight that is very needy, very faint, very desponding, you are a fit guest for my Master, because you have such a fine appetite for his generous repast of love. The greatness of your need is your fitness for coming to Christ, and if you want to know how to come, come just as you are. Try not to improve yourself one single atom; come as you are, with all your sin and filthiness and need about you, for that is the best way to come.—C. H. Spurgeon.

How to Avoid Grippe.

Prepare your system to resist the ravages of grippe. This is the gripper's harvest season, and it is no respecter of persons. If your system is run down you are a good mark for the disease.

Better to make some preparation for giving it a warm reception and turning it to the right about.

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THEY LEARNED A LESSON.

It Was that Dudish Clothes May Cover a Warm and Generous Heart.

It was a hot, dusty day, when two or three passengers entered the train on the Iowa division of the Chicago and Northwestern road at Ridgewater. Among them was a stylishly dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs and the shiniest of standup collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face, a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay motionless and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open doors and windows. The heat and the dust made traveling even for the strong man, almost unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brain under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman:

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby awhile; you look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised, though the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"Oh thank you," she said tremulously, "I am tired."

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile.

"Poor thing, it's so sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest awhile. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What, by stage?"

"Yes, but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way home to my friends in the East. My husband—"

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of craps in the little traveling hat. By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms.

"Now, you lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise, and prepared to lie down on a seat.

"Ah, yes, I see! and you haven't money enough to go in a sleeping car, have you madam?" The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers. I looked out of the window; and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculations of the young man's mental ability. He looked down thoughtfully and tenderly at the baby; and in a short time the mother was asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I'm ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It is asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now," with a cheerful smile.

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up by Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman (pointing to the sleeping mother) has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead, and her baby is ill. She has not money enough to travel in a sleeping-car, and she is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water cooler, rising excitedly. "Take up a collection—the American citizen's last red cent in distress. I'll give \$5."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around and the way silver dollars, and quarters and ten-cent pieces rattled in would have done your heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke and the money was given to her. She tried to thank us all, and failed. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you."

More than one of us in that car took a little lesson to himself; and I learned that even stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart.—The Ensign.

Pleasure Worshipers.

The ruin of Abaz was not partial, but complete. He was ruined in position, ruined in reputation, ruined in character. And this all because of Abaz's choice of his gods. The Kings of Israel and Damascus, the armies of the Philistines and of the Edomites had arrayed themselves against Abaz and had waged successful warfare with Judah. Then Abaz turned to the Assyrians and to false gods. He took the sacred vessel from the temple, caused his children to pass through the fire to Moloch, and built altars to Baal. There was seeming gain for a little, and then Abaz found himself a despised slave in Damascus. The gods in whom he had trusted proved his ruin.

One of the pathetic sights in our everyday life is the pleasure worshipper. He may not be drunken or vicious, but the

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powers of mind and body God gave him for noble uses are devoted to ignoble ends. He has no place among the toilers, the producers, among those who are making this world better. His god is a gaudy, simpering, worthless cartoon. To worship pleasure is to fritter away life. Numbers of people who are avowed followers of Jesus Christ are real worshippers of something else. They sing and pray to the Almighty, and in every nook and corner of the soul adore the almighty dollar. When it comes to a question between the coming of God's kingdom and the possession of money the latter wins the day every time.—A. L. Crandall.

A Double-Dealing Organ. A little while ago I was with some friends, going through Her Majesty's state apartments in Windsor Castle. At the end of the great banquet hall we were shown, in a gallery above our heads, a fine organ. Now, this organ, I found, was just like one of the double-hearted people of whom we have been speaking, for the old man who was taking us round explained carefully that it performed double duty, having two finger boards. At the sides from which we saw it, it was played on the occasion of a royal banquet, to the delight and pleasure of those who feasted below. But, on the side which we could not see, it had another finger board, and performed a wholly different service, for it was in the royal chapel, and pealed forth strains of sacred music to help the worship of those who gathered there. Well, I despised that organ for its double-dealing, though of course you know the organ could not help itself. It was only what it had been made, but it seemed to me so like a double minded man, unstable in all his ways. God keep us from having two finger-boards? Do you understand what I mean? Do you see that we who are blood-bought and made nigh to God, have the blessed privilege of being

brought as worshippers into the holiest? That there we may be as beautiful instruments, in full tune for the Master's hand; that when He strikes the chords there may rise rich swelling tones of worship and praise to His ear and heart. Having then a finger-board in the holiest, in the place of worship, let us be very jealous that there be none to which the revellers of this world can have access, that no note of sympathy may be ever struck from our hearts by the world, that has rejected Christ, the David whom we own as Lord.—Rev. A. J. Gordon.

Reasons for Being Thankful. He who sees in the heavens and the earth the loving power of Almighty God is never in want of reasons for being thankful. The light of the sun by day, the moon and stars by night, are evidences of the sustaining strength of our God. Knowing these things, how can we fail to be thankful? For food and health, for home and its comforts, for garments and shelter, for liberty and friends, our sense of obligation ought to be given.

The Oven Bird. One of the most wonderful of the feathered inhabitants of South America is the oven bird, which mixes hair with mud, and builds its nest in the form of a baker's oven. In this structure there are two compartments, one of which—where the eggs are laid—is high up, so that the birds may hatch their young in the dry. What is Life? The wisest don't know, but if you use the celebrated Windsor Table Salt in your food, your life will be prolonged; it makes food nourishing; keeps it sweet; pure, soluble. Ask your grocer for it. By Queen Victoria's wish the room in Kensington Palace where Her Majesty was born and which was closed for years, has been renovated so as to present the exact appearance which it had in 1819.