

Sunday Reading.

The Test.

Wouldst thou thyself correctly know?
Watch well thy thoughts, when none discern,
And mark toward what, all free their flow,
In solitude they surer turn.

"As one doth think his heart within,
So is he"—not as he doth think,
Or thinks he thinks, amid life's din,
But when from mind surroundings sink.

Ay, whatso, with thy thoughts a one,
Doth in thine inmost bosom start,
Thy secret self to thee hath shown;
What thus thou thinkest, that thou art.

—Philip B. Strong.

WITHIN OUR GATES.

I wonder what we mean by 'our gates'? Do we mean the gates of our own lives, which we sometimes shut so closely and bar so tightly, within whose sheltering protection we pass to our hearts unmolested our own little sorrows and joys, our own loves and hates, our own interests and aims and ambitions, where we may live for ourselves and die for ourselves? Do we mean this? Yet no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for if ye live, ye live unto the Lord; and if ye die, ye die unto the Lord; so whether ye live or die, ye are the Lord's. And if the Lord's, then we belong to those for whom he lived and died, and what right have we to shut ourselves within our own walled garden, forgetting the waste places, the wilderness, the deserts and the solitary places outside? We have come into a glorious inheritance, a blessed something which the world cannot give or take away, and which the world has not. Shall we keep this thing hidden in our hearts, wrapped about by our love, covered over, buried, until it becomes dwarfed and narrow to fit the nature which has hidden it?

We have our Father's invitation to give to the world—we who have tasted and know whereof we speak. We are to remember that there are souls sitting in the shadow of a great despair because the battle has turned against them; dreary, lonely lives which have known only the barren places and the wastes of sand; mourners who mourn as those having no hope; sin-sick souls who have not quite the strength to repent alone; marble masks bidding aching hearts; careless smiles covering gaping wounds, for "e'en the lightest heart hath much to suffer and to bear." Does it pay to go unheeding through the world? We cannot know when we may have turned away our Lord as we pass by on the other side; we cannot know when Christ may be looking out at us through the shadowed depths of the eyes of one whom we meet but for a moment. Nor can we know the secrets of these hearts and their needs. So do not let us hold our treasure too closely, but let it grow and spread in tender thoughtfulness, kindly smiles and warm handclaps. Natures are contrary things, and while lips may not invite, a heart may be crying out to you for your sympathy, your kindness.

There is more of the divine than we know in all nature, and very often it needs but a touch to waken it into life. A little love is such a wonderful thing, a little kindness goes so far in these busy days of ours. We can never know where the influence of a word, a deed, will cease—a pebble dropped into the sea of life, its waves grow and spread beyond our sight, beyond our knowledge, on and on until they touch the shores of eternity.

Life is such a serious thing with all its responsibilities, such a glorious thing with all its opportunities. Only God's unerring touch can sweep the strings of human lives in perfect, all-harmonious music, but we can touch a tender chord now and then, which will thrill and vibrate in the heart longer than we know. We can speak and act as we are given opportunity, but God alone knoweth the end thereof—we do not expect to see the harvest.

Harpstrings that have been hushed and mute so long,
Cannot at once respond with perfect song
That falters not nor knows abating."

What matter if we do not hear the chord we may have struck, if it has tuned that life to a sweeter melody? We are here to sow seeds, not to sit down and wait for blossoms to carry in our hands. It is later years, long after we have passed beyond the Silence, some other gathers these blossoms and finds them sweet, and they gladden that life, is it not a glorious thing to have lived and sown seed, even though we could only upturn the brown cold earth, bury the little seed and water it with our tears? So, does it pay to shut the gates of our lives and our hearts against those who stand outside? There are always touching our everyday lives those who are strangers to the promise, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel who know not the love of God, and

to whom a word, a smile may reveal Christ himself. Some day we shall come into a Kingly presence—will it be with heads bowed with grief because a voice unutterably sweet and sad shall say to us, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in?' Shall we hear Him say, 'I was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, stricken for your iniquity; the Lord laid on me the sins of you all, because I loved you with a love that ye know not of; homeless, a wanderer on the face of the earth, despised rejected of men, tempted, deserted, beaten, crucified,—all because I have loved you; and ye who have known me and loved me, to whom I have always listened when you called, to you have I come as a stranger, and ye took me not in?'

Could we bear it? Then let us remember the Christ in every man whom we meet, and treat him as we would treat Christ himself. We need not be of the world to be in the world. Very practically must we fit ourselves into the earthly niche set apart for us, and very really must we go about our work and meet our obligations. But there will always be the little part of our life that belongs to God alone—the still hours and the quiet places, in the secret of His presence, where we have a little foretaste of life as it is in heaven, a little fragment of the beauty of the Lord, and go away bearing the image in our hearts until there are no more strangers, but all men are brothers.

And so from the temple to the marketplace we go bearing His messages, giving of what he gives us, loving all because he loves all, and sharing our joy with their sorrow until the former things have passed away, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. Then shall we see Faith, Hope and Love as they are, and shall know that of these three Love is best and greatest. When we shall be no more strangers to one another, and shall not see through a glass darkly, but stand face to face, and know even as we are known When Christ shall be all in all.

THE CHEERFUL SOUL.

The Blessing of a Sunny Disposition is Truly Immeasurable.

How different it is when one is habitually cheerful! Wherever such a person goes he carries gladness. He makes it easier for others to live. He puts encouragement into the heart of everyone he meets. When you ask after his health, he answers you in a happy, cheerful way that quickens your own pulses. He does not burden you with a list of complaints. He does not consider it necessary to tell you at breakfast how poorly he rested, how many hours he heard the clock strike during the night, or any of the details of his miserable condition this morning. He prefers only to speak of cheerful things, not staining the brightness of the morning for you with the recital of any of his own discomforts.

The cheerful man carries with him perfume in his presence and personality, an influence that acts upon others as summer warmth on the fields and forests. It wakes up and calls out the best that is in them. It makes them stronger, braver, and happier. Such a man makes a little spot of this world a lighter, brighter, warmer place for other people to live in. To meet him in the morning is to get inspiration which makes all the day's struggles and tasks easier. His hearty handshake puts a thrill of new vigor into your veins after talking with him for a few minutes, you feel an exhilaration of spirits, a quickening of energy, a renewal of zest and interest in living, and are ready for any duty or service.

The blessing of one such cheerful life in a home is immeasurable. It touches all the household with its calming, quieting influence. It allays the storms of perturbed feeling that are sure to sweep down from the mountains of worldly care and conflict even upon the sheltered waters home.—"The Blessing of Cheerfulness," by J. R. Miller, D. D.

"PUSHING FOR CHRIST."

How Even the Smallest Duties may be Consecrated to Him.

Recently I met a young man pushing a wheeled chair, the occupant of which was one of the sunniest King's Daughters in

spite of her crippled condition that I ever saw.

It was a very cold day, and as I passed them, making my way up a steep hill which was icy in the extreme, I thought how dreadful it would be if the one wheeling should carelessly lose his hold. Then I remembered that his employer—at whose house the half-helpless one had been to dine—had often spoken of his implicit confidence in this young man who was pushing the invalid's chair, and with a sigh of relief, I passed on out of sight.

Returning over the same road a little later, I met the young man, and, halting, I said, 'Did you get her home safe?' 'Oh, yes,' replied he with a genial smile, looking somewhat surprised that I should ask such a question; and then, seeming to recognize me as one of our city in His Name workers, he said, pointing to the silver cross I wore, 'One may even push an invalid's chair though pushing for Christ.'

'Pushing for Christ!' repeated I; 'that is a beautiful idea.'

'Well, it is like this,' said the other, modestly, 'you know you are to do even the least of duties as for him; and a smile beautiful to see lighted his face. How little we realize the value of words! What a sermon the one who stood and talked to me had unconsciously preached! When I met that faithful follower of the King, my hands were hanging heavy by side; but when I passed on, they were tingling for action—ready, yes, eager, to 'push for Christ' the work which until then had seemed beyond my strength.

Are you faint-hearted? Do you feel unequal to life's burdens, dear reader? If so 'lead a band' with fresh courage, cheered on by the thought: 'I'm pushing it for Christ.'

The adult scalp should be thoroughly washed occasionally to remove the oily particles, then apply Hall's Hair Renewer to give the hair a natural color.

THE STOMACH

Weakness and Dyspepsia Cured

Dear Sirs,—I can heartily recommend Burdock Blood Bitters. For a long time I was troubled with dyspepsia and weakness. The least exertion would tire me out. I am glad to say, however, that your B.B.B. has greatly benefited me, curing the dyspepsia and making me strong and well.

JENNIE EVANS,
Hesperia, Ont.

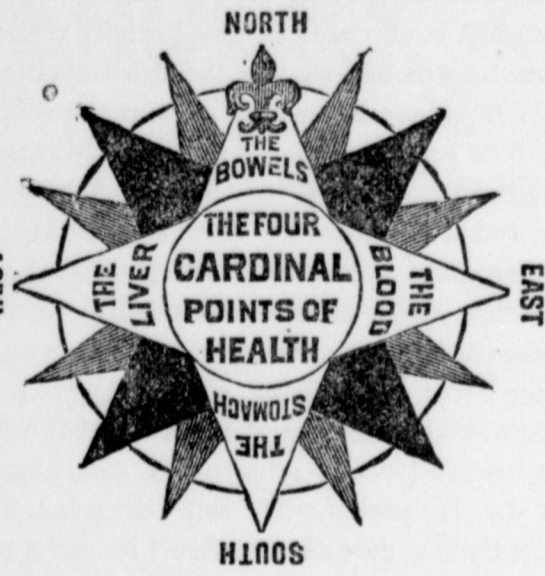
THE LIVER

A Cure for Biliousness

Dear Sirs,—For a number of years I was troubled with biliousness and sick headache, and could get no relief until I tried B.B.B. I have taken four bottles, and am now completely cured. I am glad to recommend it, from my own experience, as the best cure for all liver troubles.

MRS. GEORGE HADDOW,
Walkerton, Ont.

Use It This Spring



It Purifies the Blood

THE BLOOD

A Remarkable Cure

Dear Sirs,—My blood became impure on account of the heavy food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsok me. My skin became yellow, my liver was lumpy and hard, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness. For some months I tried doctors and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the miraculous result. When the fifth bottle was finished my health was completely restored. I enjoy good health now, and have done so ever since the happy day I used B.B.B.

J. GILLAN, B.A., 39 Gould-st., Toronto.

THE BOWELS

Certainly Cures Constipation

Gentlemen,—I was for over two years troubled with constipation, and have great pleasure in naming B.B.B. as a certain cure. I improved from the first, and was entirely cured by the use of only five bottles. I do all in my power to praise it, for B.B.B. gets a good word from all who try it.

BELLA BROWNING,
Bellingham, Ont.

BEAUTY IN MATURITY.
A Woman is at her Best Late in Life—Some Notable Examples.

The physical beauty of women should last growing more and more mellow until the end. That the beauty of women, like that of men, should be determined from the standpoint of advancing maturity cannot be disputed. It is absurd to claim that the ripe, rich beauty of forty is less attractive than the budding immaturity of sweet sixteen. When women live in harmony with nature's laws each stage of life has its own charm. The fulness of beauty does not reach its zenith under the age of 35 or 40. Helen of Troy comes upon the stage at the age of 40. Aspasia was 36 when married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure thirty years thereafter. Cleopatra was past 30 years when she met Antony. Diane de Poitiers was 36 when she won the heart of Henry II. The King was half her age, but his devotion never changed. Anne of Austria was 38 when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe. Marie de Medicene was 43 when united to Louis, and Catherine of Russia was 33 when she seized the throne she occupied for thirty five years.

Marie Mar was most beautiful at 45, and Mme. Ramier between the ages of 35 and 55. The most lasting and intense passion is not inspired by two-decade beauties. The old saw about sweet sixteen exploded by the truer knowledge that the biggest beauty does not dwell in immaturity. For beauty does not mean alone the fashion of form and coloring as found in the waxen doll. The dew of youth and complexion of roses are admirable for that period, but a woman's best and richest years are from 36 to 40. It is an arrant error for any woman to regard herself as passe at any age, if she grows old gracefully.—N. Y. Sun.

HAND-IN-HAND.

Health and Happiness go Hand-in-Hand With Stomach and Nerves all out of Sorts, Health and Happiness are Unknown.

Frank A. Gadois, Cornwall, Ont.: "I was for several years a great sufferer from indigestion, dyspepsia and nervousness. I took many remedies without any relief. I saw South American Nerve advertised. I procured a bottle, and I can truthfully say it is the best medicine I ever used, and I strongly recommend it to anyone suffering as I did. A few doses wonderfully helped me, and two bottles have made a new man of me." It cures by direct action on the nerve centres.

The Height of Trees.

It has, perhaps, occurred to few of us that the boughs of trees occupy a very different position in summer and winter, respectively, but Miss Agnes Fry has made careful measurements of the height from the ground of branches of both walnut and mulberry trees in August and December, and she finds that in some cases there is a difference of as much as thirty-one inches in the height of the same branch from the ground in these two months. This parti-

cular figure was obtained with a branch of a mulberry tree, and it was found that in December a weight of thirty five pounds was not sufficient to lower it to its summer position.

In other cases there were differences of from thirteen to nineteen inches in the distances in summer and winter respectively of branches from the ground. No wonder then that the diagnosis of a tree in winter from its general outline is so difficult a task.—Public Opinion.

TORTURED AND HELPLESS.

Rheumatism has Hordes of Victims, and is no Respector of Persons—South American Rheumatic Cure Relieves his Cruel Grasp, and Heals the Wounds he Inflicts—Relief in Six Hours.

Geo. W. Platt, Manager "World's" Newspaper Agency, Toronto, says: "I am at a loss for words to express my feelings of sincere gratitude and thankfulness for what South American Rheumatic Cure has done for me. As a result of exposure I was taken with a severe attack of rheumatic fever which affected both my knees. I suffered pain almost beyond human endurance. Having heard of marvellous cures by South American Rheumatic Cure, I gave it a trial. After taking three doses the pain entirely left me, and in three days I felt my bed. Now every trace of my rheumatism has disappeared."

The Queen of Greece.

It is said by a lady who recently visited Greece and had the honor of meeting the royal family, that perfect harmony exists between them, and the King and Queen are devoted to their children. The Queen is still a very beautiful woman, and the only lady Admiral in the world. She holds this rank in the Russian army, an honorary appointment conferred on her by the late Tsar, because her father held the rank of High Admiral, and for the reason that she is a very capable yachtswoman. The King has a very remarkable memory, an interesting personality, and is a brilliant conversationalist. He goes about the streets of Athens without any attendants, and talks with any friend he chances to meet. Prince George is very attractive, and his feats of strength, shown often in the cause of chivalry, are a continuous subject of conversation among the people.

IT HOLDS THE KEY.

Insignificant Beginnings—But They Steal on one as a Thief in the Night, and Before one has Time to Wonder what Ails him he is in the Firm Grasp of Disease—South American Kidney Cure Will Break the Bonds and Liberate, no Matter how Strong the Cords.

The thousands of cases that have been helped, and cured by the great South American Kidney Cure is the best recommendation of its curative qualities. The remedy is a specific for all kidney troubles. The formula is compounded on the very latest scientific discoveries in the medical world. There are thousands to-day who do truthfully say "I am living because I used South American Kidney Cure." It relieves in six hours.

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on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

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