

Sunday Reading

The Coming of His Feet.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glow of the day's retreat,
In the midn'g't, robed in darkness, in the gleam-
ing of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of
Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street.
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering on the slopes
of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendor, from betwixt
the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion
strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread, approaching with a music
far and dim—
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with
woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors
sweet,
But white-winded and shod with glory in the Tabor-
light of old—
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting
peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete,
He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming brings
release,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

—Independent.

DICK'S SIGNATURE.

Little Dick Howell was a boy who often surprised people. They called him 'Lezy Dick', because he loved to get into sunny corners and think, and he was not always ready for work such as little fellows can do. But one day he said: 'Pa, I want a lot of money.'

'Yes, Dick, I have known other folks who felt so. Go to work and earn it.'

'How?' asked Dick, who really was in earnest, for he longed for a little express cart.

'Oh! weed the garden, said Mr. Howell growing absent-minded, as he often became. He remembered suddenly a business letter he must write, and so when Dick said, 'Will you give me a penny for every big weed?' his father said 'Yes'.

Well that night Dick amazed his father by presenting him with four hundred big weeds, and eagerly claimed four dollars. Mr. Howell never broke his word to a child; he said he did not think that he was promising, because he knew there were too many weeds in his garden for such a bargain but he paid the money down, and Dick had the prettiest cart in town. Not long after his father said: 'Dick, you and I ought to have made a written contract about those weeds. If we had, I should not have agreed to such terms as I made. A man thinks when he signs his name. If I had been dishonorable, too, I could have said I never agreed to pay you a weed and you could not have proved that I did. You must learn to write your name before I do any more business by contract with you. Then we can each sign our names.' And so Dick's father went on to tell him that solemn promises, not to be broken, were made in writing, and men who broke such promises were men whom nobody could trust.

Dick hated to read, and he could not write a letter, but after that he used to climb upon the woodshed roof with his dear little sister Nelly. She did her best to teach him, and the first word he ever wrote was Dick, and the next was Howell. Such funny business contracts as Dick made that year with his father, and such a pile of nickels as he earned! First five cents, for every week that he never forget to shut a door and never slammed it, ten cents for picking over a barrel of apples; and so on, up to a dollar and a half in three months. Every time he signed a written contract to do what he agreed, or try his very best to do it. How proudly he used to sign 'Dick' with a big ink flourish!

When Dick was twelve years old he was asked to sign a temperance pledge. He took it to his father, who talked it all over with him, and proposed that they sign it together—a contract that neither would break. Dick did not know then, nor until years after, that his father was taking too much wine. They signed the pledge—Richard Howell, Senior: Richard Howell, Junior.' And then Dick's father told him to kneel by his knee, and laying his hand on the boy's head, he prayed God to help them both to keep the promise they had made.

'You have signed your name a great many times, my boy, but never to a paper that meant so much as this.'

'Oh! I don't ever want to drink, father. It is easy to promise, and I shall never go back on my word,' said Dick, gaily.

Years went by. Dick grew up, and many and many a time he was tempted to take a glass of wine or beer. He never yielded, for he had signed his name and was on his honor. A few more years he had seen the curse of drunkenness, and was so glad of that boyish pledge—so glad of a

father who made him feel the sacredness of a promise—Temperance Banner.

God Honored Him.

A parishioner once told his pastor that thirty years before he heard a certain preacher, and he remembered that the sermon held his attention, but the text he recalled perfectly. 'Buy the truth and sell it not,' were the words about which the minister spoke in all fervor and faithfulness. Because he thus honored God's word, God honored him in leading that soul to Christ, after the lapse of all those years, by means of that text driven home and clinched by his argument and appeal. The real epochs in our religious life are marked by a text of scripture that opens our eyes to truth as we never had seen it, and opens our hearts to truth as we never had felt it. A preacher who sticks to his text with the aim of thus making an epoch in some life, may hope that his text will stick to his hearers. For a sermon is the prayerful effort of a man spiritually endowed, thoroughly educated, experienced, with leisure for study, to make people realize what God means by a passage in his word. Thus does one prepare a discourse when he feels that the eye of Jesus is upon him, and thus does he preach when he realizes that Jesus is in a pew before him. There is danger to the bible in the so-called higher criticism we are told. But there is a more subtle and surely not less serious danger to the world of God.

When the World will be Free.

The world will be free whenever every individual recognizes the mutual debt between himself and the world of simple justice. The world owes no man a living, it owes no man a competence, it owes no man wealth, it owes no man life, liberty nor the chance to pursue happiness. It owes man more than the sum of all of them. It owes man only justice. And the civilization or the government that willfully or blindly ignores that solemn obligation plots its destruction. A man owes the world just what the world owes him, justice. Governments, societies, organized reformers nor schools can ever settle or adjust these conditions between individuals by the inculcation of the moral principle alone. They can do that by making every man awake to the sense of his relation to man as a brother, not as a grasping, as a helper, not as an oppressor. When that time comes, when justice is universal, last, the universal ideal, when justice throbs at the heart of civilization through its religions and through its laws the world will be free.

The Christian Faith.

It is thought that the Christian faith will be displaced—will be outgrown. Many of its forms have been, its systems, its definable theology. But because its ethical ideals are the highest the spirit and essence of Christianity will abide. Its history is a history of extraordinary expansion. It has shown the power of adapting itself to the most diverse forms of thought, and it will go on sloughing the ideas associated with it in days of darkness and superstition and will spread undivided in the world and operate unspent by its own divine vitality. It contains the potency of moral, ethical and spiritual development, and as one said, 'will assimilate and absorb in the future all the best forces that enter our civilization, and yet will not lose its essential spiritual character.'

Lessons on Time.

Born in time man is nevertheless the heir of eternity. The soul, immortal in its source, shall never die. Possessed of immortality man shall see the consummation of all things and live when the fashions of this world have passed away, so that we may say, when time ends, our being has only begun. We enter upon an existence compared with which time is as a grain of sand to a globe.

The Consecrated Life.

A good many Christians dedicate their service to their pastor and when he goes they go. When medicine stands in a bottle, the good qualities go to the bottom,

leaving worthless water at the top. To be useful it must be mixed. The consecrated life means that the good, noble purposes, resolutions, promises and God given abilities of my life shall not lie dormant, but be so mingled with my thoughts and actions as to bring to the world the healing balm of Christ's atoning sacrifice.

Blessed Are the Merciful.

A little story poem tells of an eager throng of youth setting out in a race. One among them excelled all the others in courage, strength and grace and gave early promises of winning. The way was long and hard, and the goal far away, but still this favorite held his place in the lead.

But, ah, what fell! See he stops
To raise a fallen child,
To place it out of danger's way,
With kiss and warning mild.
A fainting comrade claims his care,
Once more he turns aside,
Then stays his strong young steps to be
A feeble woman's guide.

And so, wherever duty calls
Or sorrow of distress,
He leaves his chosen path to aid,
To comfort and to bless.

So at last, when the race is over, and the victors are crowned, some with fame's laurels, some with love's flowers, some with gold circlets on their brows, all unknown, unheeded, with empty hands and uncrowned head stands this, the real winner of the race. Earth had no crown for him, but on his face shines heaven's serene and holy light.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Religion of the Future.

The religion of the future must lead and inspire men. It must offer to all classes and nations the loftier ideals of true godliness and justice, one which will commend itself to head, hand and heart, and one that will cement all classes of men together, teaching them that they are children of one and the same Father. It will not be a thing of dead forms and ceremonies, but a power, inspiring men with the grandest hopes for the life that now is and of that which is to come. By it the brotherhood of man will become a reality and the fatherhood of God a sublime thought, lifting men up to noble purpose and Christlike life.

The Church's Call to Laborers.

The church is constantly calling. She calls in the very vestment she wears. She voices admonition, hope, sacrifice and the promise of eternal reward through them. Although the eternal reward through them. Although the church may call at the eleventh hour the reward given to the faithful laborer is the penny of the same value as that which is earned by the toiler called in the early morning or to work through the hours of the noonday heat, God in rewarding the good and faithful servant does not regard time, but sincerity and earnestness of purpose.

Christlike Spirit.

The same spirit which ought to be in the church more than it should be in politics, industry, in everything where men band themselves together for the doing of any good thing. The devil is willing that the spirit of Christ should be in the churches if he could lock it up there and keep it out of the daily relations of life. Only where the spirit of Christ rules may men come together without strife and avarice. It may be said that unselfishness is not practical in the business world, but Christ was eminently practical, and his life was the model of unselfishness.

Path of True Happiness.

Resolutions will not serve in a case that test requires execution. That which will serve is the ideal life from above the sun lived out in the earth by Jesus Christ, the seed of a higher life and a provided salvation, rightly bringing into use this life under the sun, but giving comfort to passing birthdays and new years and an onward movement to a realm where stars are but the diamond dust of my divine abode, the pavement of those heavenly courts where I shall reign with God.

Spiritual Contentment.

The contented, happy spirit is that which keeps in harmony with God. The man who never loses his hold upon God

"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS"



This is a title which Miss Canada didn't seem to care for, but it exactly fits our wash-lady who uses

Eclipse Soap

and turns out snowy-white goods.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,
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Bad Blood Will Out.

Can't help but come to the surface in the form of Ulcers, Sores, Boils, Pimples and Rashes of one kind and another. Especially is this so in the SPRING. At this time of the year the Blood needs purifying, the System needs cleansing. Nothing will do it with such perfect success as

B. B. B.

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes:

"I had boils very bad and a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle. The effect was wonderful—the boils began to disappear, and before the bottle was done I was totally cured. As an effectual and rapid cure for Impure Blood B. B. B. cannot be equalled."



will never be wholly overcome or borne down by the sorest trials and reverses of this life. One reason of this is that the man whose nature is in this state of true harmony with the heavenly and divine can never be really selfish. He has the God life infused into him. He loves humanity. He learns more and more to live for others.

New View of God.

The newer conception of God is making us trust him as men in the past never did. In nature we see that God is active and true to his promise, 'I will never leave thee or forsake thee.' We see that the power working on through events of human life is making for righteousness. We know that God is a mortal being. Put then, thy trust in him.

His Mother's Songs.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The new had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tired of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm.
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
"And shall I fear to own His cause?"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbb'd with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good night.
God grant us sweet repose."

The Desert of Sahara.

The Sahara is a very large country, some parts of which are very high. In the central and southern parts are mountains and tablelands ranging from five hundred to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The lowest part of the country is in its northern part, and there is a large tract filled with salt lagoons, which is from fifty to one hundred feet below the sea level. This tract was no doubt in remote times a part of the Mediterranean Sea, to which it was joined

by the Gulf of Gabes. The deposits on the coast in the lapse of time made the arm of the sea an inland lake, which being fed by no inlets, in the natural course of things was dried up by evaporation. Another tract, also below sea level is in the eastern half of the Sahara, south of the tableland of Barca. This last low country was also probably once a part of the Mediterranean, joining it west of the modern delta of the Nile, at the head of the Gulf of Syrtis Major.

One more child perfectly cured by the MORIN'S WINE—CRESO-PHATES.

A happy mother who wants to testify in favor of Dr. Ed. Morin's Wine of Creosote and Hypophosphites called Morin's Creso-Phates Wine.

Mrs. St. Pierre, of the parish of Chateau Richer in Montmorency County says that her son Antoine became very sick last fall with an acute bronchitis. "Our poor child," says she, changed very quickly, having no sleep, no appetite and complaining of great pains. His father and I were desperate to see our child in so bad a state.

Every person who came to see him was convinced that he would not live until the winter.

We tried every known medicine without any benefit. He was getting weaker. One day we decided to have him try Morin's Creso-Phates Wine so well recommended by such large numbers of testimonials published weekly in so many newspapers. We did not regret this trial which gives us the greatest satisfaction.

We bought three 50 cent bottles; the first bottle gave him relief which we did not expect the second gave him the strength and courage to fight against his terrible disease and the third cured him completely. We shall never forget the wonderful effects of this wine and how our child whom we despaired of was cured.

We advise every person suffering from Cough, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Throat disease, Asthma, Grippe, Consumption, to use without delay this wonderful medicine.

MRS. ST. PIERRE
Chateau Richer, Montmorency.

Defiance.

He—If I should kiss you, what would you do?

She (started)—I—I never measure an emergency until it arises.

He—If this emergency arose now, how would you meet it?

She (courageously)—Face to face.

Here's a Little Nut to Crack.

Just a grain of corn! The principle upon which Putman's Painless Corn Extractor acts is entirely new. It removes the corn layer by layer, without any pain whatever. It never fails either. Try it.

The Count—"I have been told, madame, your daughter hat ze bad tempaire." The Mamma—"Ah, yes, count, but you know she loses her temper so easily." The Count—"Ah how lovely."

"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults." "How did it work?" "We haven't spoken for nine years."



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does more than cleanse and polish the shoe. It is in reality a food for leather. It fills the leather with oil so necessary to its durability, keeps it soft and pliable and neutralizes the effect of perspiration so deadly to the life of a shoe. The polish imparts a brilliant, even and durable gloss.

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