Sunday Reading

Whether Here or There. May God ke near thee, friend, When we are far away;

May his smile cheer thee, friend, And make all light as day: Look up ! the sky, the stars above Will whisper to thee of his changeless love.

In distant, desert p'aces The 'Moun's or God' are found; His sky the world embraces, And makes it 'holy ground :' The heart that serves, and loves, and clings. Hears everywhere the rush of angel wings.

To God the 'there' is here; All spaces are his own; The distant and the near Are shadows of his throne: All times are his, the new, the old-What boots it where life's little tale is told?

'Tis not for us to choose; We lisien and obey: 'Tis his to call and use; 'Tis ours to serve and pray: It matters little, here or there God's world is wide, and heaven is everywhere.

We cannot go so far That home is out of sight; The morn, the evening star, Will say, 'Good-day !' 'Good-night !' The heart that loves will never be alone; All earth, all heaven it reckons as its own.

Substitutes for Christ.

Christ is the circled completeness of the Christian life. In him we find it in all its fullness and perfection. He stands at the beginning to guide our tottering footsteps and he stands at the end to put the laurel wreath upon our brow. There is no task of you who have read Quo Vadis know. so lowly that we cannot find him hiding behind it, and there is no goal of faith so lofty that we shall not find him there when we reach it. No man is so sinful that he cannot touch him; no man is so socialists on Sunday night, instead of going perfect that he does need not him. At to church I think I know their thought. his feet is the place for all those whose It is like this: It you give a man a new pride has been wounded, and for all the coat, and an increase in wages, and some self satisfied who do not recognize their books to read, and all the soup he can eat needs; for every man who has been overthrown in his contest with his passions and his lusts, for every good hearted man who feels no passions but those of selfishness and pride; for the man who stands a trembling criminal before the tribunal of his conscience; and for the man who has gone counter to the inner voice until he has hushed it; for all the discouraged ones who look with tearful eye up to the lofty summit of some impossible ideal; and for all the mean-minded ones whose vision never rises above the low level of animal contentment

but he who starts on a radius may never | times to resist his surroundings, and therefind the centre. It marks the degradation by he gets his muscles. I cannot see why of our Christianity, when Christis eclipsed. | they do not tell him that character is of far In the mountains of Switzerland there are more importance than soup. I cancertain hotels that seem to be trying to not see why some one does not ask make the mountain seem low, by putting him if he thinks that if he could protheir prices up so high; that get their liv- vide each man's house with a lightning-rod ing from the mountain and so are always to carry off the belts of poverty, and sorready to recommend it. but that act as if row, and temptation from without, that the they thought the mountain was for the sake | man would be safe from the lightning of the hotel, and not the hotel for the sake flashes of anger, and passion, and selfishof the mountain. And there are certain in- ness within. What I object to in the stitutions nourished by Christian culture dream of socialism-the vicious assumpthat seem to be trying to make the 'Rock | tion that position makes the man. We are of Ages' seem low beside their high pre- inevitably baffled if we lay hold of the tensions, that owe their existence to the problem at this end. charm of that sacred name, and so are always ready to defend his bistoric personality, but that conduct their establishments as if they thought Christ was for the sake of the institution, and not the institution for the sake of Christ. This is the spirit behind the cry of our day for a secular education. We hear it on every hand. It numbers its advocates among all classes of Western city. Along comes a buyer and society; from the learned follower of Plato, who believes that sin is ignorance, and salvation consists in the holding of right opinions, to the illiterate follower of Ingersoll, who would turn all the churches into school-houses. Every morning a most excellent paper is left at my door, and I often read therein the profound conviction of a pompous editor that Christi anity is dying out; that science is taking the place of theology, with a disirterested study of the universe; and that the common people are staying home from church, because they prefer to have their facts served up to them cold, in the newspaper, instean ot hot with passion from the pulpit. Indeed! Tnen the criminal will become a useful citizen, if you increase the amount of his information ! Instead of this being the case, you only make the evil man more dangerous by educating him. 'Knowledge is power' for evilast as truly as power for good. Knowledge puts weapons into the hands of a man, but it does not compel him to use them for the defence of society; he may attack society with them. Anyone who has passed through an educational institution knows the vanity of the dream that an educated man is a regenerated man. Do great sins knock at the doors of our colleges in vain? Because a man is brilliant, does it follow that his in-

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fluence is for good? Do we never see mighty men of letters trailing their genius in the dust, and for a few paltry dollars setting before society a pabulum of filth? No superstition in the world is more dangerous, because none is more attractive than the oft-repeated assertion that culture is the only power that will redeem the world. When was it that vile and degrading corruptions crept into the social life of Greece, and sowed the seeds of her run? Why did Rome fall, despite the adhesive power of her matchlees system of jurisprudence, that the world has not ceased copying to this day? Those

This same spirit is behind the dream of

the socialist. I have lived in that part of New York that is called the slume. have attended the little gatherings of the you will make a new man of him. The strange part of this plan is the way the socialist spends his nights dreaming this dream, and his days cursing certain men because they have so many coats, and such large incomes, and which vast libraries, and so much soup, and yet are such bad men. The thought is something like this: If my watch keeps poor time, and I take it out and line the pocket with chamois skin, when I put it back it will be regulate I Environment makes the man. I cannot see why they do not tell the socialist that it is only the dead fish that always swims 'Follow thou me !' said Christ. He how with the current; that the live fish has a touches the centre touches every radius; power within him that enables him some-

> It may seem strange to read it, but I must declare my belief that this spirit is rampant in the church. The essence of all high churchism (and there are high churchmen in all denominations) is that position makes the man. If you transpose him into proper surroundings he will be all right. Let us imagine two farmers entering a leaps upon the wagon of the first man, and opens the bags, and begins to examine the wheat. It is moderate in quality, with now and then a rusty kernel, now and then a little cockle. He joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, offers a moderate price foa it, and the farmer starts back, with a grieved and surprised expression on his face, saying: 'I will not take any such figure as that for my wheat.' 'And why not?' asks the buyer. 'Don't heaven, as the post-office takes a letter. It you know,' says the farmer, 'that the original seed, from which that wheat was to deliver it. So if the stamp of the right

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grown, came out of the casket of a mummy? Don't you know that my grandfather bought the ground from the Indians, and I have a clear title to it? Don't you know that I grew that wheat, as nearly as possible, the way they grew wheat in Palestine two thousand years ago? The ancestry of my seed wheat, and my right to grow it, and my way of growing it, no man can dispute. Indeed, no other wheat is authoritative or orthodox, or has a right to grow. I shall not take the same as others for my grain. 'Then' 'says the buyer.' you will have to grow better grain ' The man goes on disgusted, marvelling at the ignorance of buyers. Along comes the other farmer, and the buyer leaps upon his wagon, and when he opens the bags, the most beautiful clean, round, plump grain comes to light that he has seen for many a day, and he exclaims in surprise: 'Where did you grow that wheat?' The farmer answers: 'The most of it I grew beside an old, lonely road, over the flow only through the channels of certain hills, where there was not much travel, and where I thought it would not be trampled on. I haven't any farm, and so I have to do the best I can with the land that other men think is of no consequence. It was lonesome over there, but the ground | and until the heights are reached where was rich.' Then the buyer makes an offer, naming the highest price in the To be sure, there will always be some who market, and the wheat is sold. After think they are too large for that which going about all day to dispose of his they are too small to appreciate. There wheat, the other farmer at last accepts an is an old story that is as good as it is old. average price for it, and starts home. On The captain of a certain vessel, after his way he hears of what the second man | battling all night and all day with the received for his grain, and his face grows | winds and waves, as the shadows of the like a thunder-cloud and he muses: second night began to fall, saw the heavens 'Things have come to a pretty pass when clear and the stars come out. Thinking scrub farmers can get more for their grain | the time had come to take a much needed than the regulation people do. It is a rest, he left the helm in the hands of an great encouragement to farm by the good, inexperienced sailor, and went below to old, orthodox methods, it people can grow | sleep. Just before he left he told the better wheat beside the road. When I fellow to keep the vessel pointed toward get home I mean to try to get the town a certain a certain star. Several hours commisioners to stop this highway farm- passed. At last, awaking from his sleep ing. But the buyer goes back to and springing to his feet, he rushed up

There is no other test of Christianity. According to highehurch principles, as judged by its practices, if you put an apple and a pear, and a plum, and a potato, and a stove, and a cinder, in a proper plush box marked 'Apples,' you will have sixapples. Change of position is tantamount to change of nature. But any spirit of exclusiveness in our churches is equivalent to a claim to a better way of becoming Christlike than have others, and the test of this is exactly parallel to the test of methods of farming. Sometimes I have gone up to a fruit stand, and have picked up an apple that looked luscious, and ripe, and tempting, and I was about to buy it, but as I lifted it, I found that the other side was rotten. It had been turned in by the shrewd fruit-vendor, who had polished up the good side, and had turned it out to the world. Have you not had that same experience with other churches than your own? Sometimes they turn out to the world a beautiful claim to superiority, but you feel that the inner life is not up to the outer promise. There is no mistaking a genuine Christianity. 'The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering gentleness, goodness, taith, meekness, self-control.' Do you have to put put a label on your peach trees, that the boys of the neighborhood may know them? Do you have to put a sign, with an index-finger, pointing to your rosebushes in June that the perfume may be detected? Do you have to employ an expert to come around at the right season to see whether your vines have strawberries on them or not? Nor does the fruit of the Spirit. The bees know where the honey is, and the world knows the Christian. If the winds of life shake him, and scatter do wn on the ground a shower of "love goodness, meekness, faith, self-control,' there can be no mistake. The great danger of organized Christianity is that men forever come to the church and try to get to he stamp be on it, the government is bound

By their fruits ye shall know them."

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church is on a man, he feels safe. The church is bound to deliver him in heaven And too often the church is a partner to the contract. So it comes to pass that the Master is eclipsed. Some great earthly institution instead of exalting the Christian spirit above everything else, exalts its forms, makes itself the mediator between God and man, and acts as if the spiritual life could rituals and ceremonies.

'Follow thou me !' Mankind can never outgrow Christ, until souls are perfect and characters complete; until the earth is free from the mephitic air of temptation, we no longer breathe the malaria of sin. his office, saying: 'I hope that on deck, and you can imagine his surthe first fellow understands, by this prise to find the vessel going back over time, that in the open market the rule is: her course. Rushing to the man at the helm he shouted: 'Man! Did I not tell to keep her pointed toward yonder star?" 'Ay, ay, sir !' was the calm reply, 'but we passed that star a long time ago.' Sometimes this experience happens to us in religion, and we find someone who thinks we have passed our guiding Star. But before we resign the helm of our hopes to the hand of a would be pilot let us ask him to tell us truly, what | Kidney Cure of the century other star, in all the firmament of truth and glory, he has found to take its place. We are indeed, learning that many things pass away that once we thought permanent. Astronomy tells us that the sun is burning up, and the time will come when its light will go out, like a candle burned to the socket. Geology says that the mountains are destined to pass away. They are crumbling as the years go by. | and he looked serious. 'Your kidneys are Prophecies fail; tongues cease; knowledge vanishes away. But amid the crash of worlds, and the ruin of systems, the Christian stands repeating the old, old

The Bible and Modern Thought.

words of his faith: 'Jesus Christ, the same

yesterday, to day, and forever!'

able fear among large numbers of believers in the Bible that the efforts of critics to prove the Old Book untrustworthy might be successful. Scientific men were advancing theories which contradicted the teachings of the Scriptures, and facts were alleged to have been discovered which demonstrated that the Bible in its statements concerning science and history was ncorrect. To-day, however, the case is far different. Not only have the critics been unable to show that the Bible con tains errors, but so much has come to light during the past few years to prove the truth of the teachings of the Old Book, that Christians welcome every new dis covery, hoping to find as before some confirmation of Scriptural statements.

Miracles have been attacked by able critics, but the evidence of their reality becomes stronger as the years pass by; and the statement of Ebrard, one of the most critical scholars that Germany has produced, that a careful study of the proofs of the gospel miracles convinced him that no events in history are better attested, goes to show how little the credibility of the supernatural is affected by the speculative reasoning of sceptics. Quite recently Harnack, one of the most eminent professors in Germany, and a man of sceptical tendencies, declared that the attempt to sketch the origin and development of Christianity by assuming the unhistorical character and late date of the New Testament has utterly broken down; and Halevy, the eminert French Assyriologist, who has long been considered one of the leading lights of the destructive school of Biblical criticism, has admitted the essential truth of the history contained in the Mosaic writings.

Sir J. William Dawson, the distinguished scientist, has said that opposition to Christianity among scientific men is fast dying out; and the fact that among the greatest scientists of the age we find firm believers in the truths of the Gospel is sufficient to show how little the Bible has to fear from geology and other scientific subjects which a few years ago were declared with such confidence by infidels to demonstrate the falsity of the teachings of Old Book.

Moody and the Sinless Man.

Some time ago a man who claimed perfection went to Evangelist Moody and commiserated him on his low level of Christian experience. Mr. Moody, in a kind manner, asked his caller if he never sinned or did any wrong.

'No; I have not sinned for years, neither have I done anything that was wrong,' was the prompt reply.

'Well, I'm glad to know it, said Mr. Moody, 'but before I am convinced I would like to ask your wife.'

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"I spoke to my trainer about the matter, out of order?' he said, 'We must remedy that, or you had better give up training at once. I'll get you a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They'll set you all right in no time. He got me a box of the Pills, and I must

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Compl te.

Clara: 'Here is a book on Love and Gestrade: 'It ought to be interesting, as is takes up both sid sof the question.

'Nan is worried to death.'

What's the trouble?' 'She can't tell whether she is in love with Lieutenaat Jimber or with his uni-

