

Sunday Reading

Whether Here or There.
May God be near thee, friend,
When we are far away;
May his smile cheer thee, friend,
And make all light as day;

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.

'Follow thou me!' said Christ. He how touches the centre touches every radius; but he who starts on a radius may never find the centre. It marks the degradation of our Christianity, when Christ is eclipsed.

Lost flesh lately? Does your brain tire? Losing control over your nerves?

Are your muscles becoming exhausted?

You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. Scott's Emulsion.

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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 babulum 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.

This same spirit is behind the dream of the socialist. I have lived in that part of New York that is called the slums. I have attended the little gatherings of the socialists on Sunday night, instead of going to church I think I know their thought.

It is like this: If you give a man a new coat, and an increase in wages, and some books to read, and all the soup he can eat 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.

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 transpire him into proper surroundings he will be all right.

Let us imagine two farmers entering a Western city. Along comes a buyer and 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 offers a moderate price for it, and the farmer starts back, with a grievous 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 you know,' says the farmer, 'that the original seed, from which that wheat was

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 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 was rich.' Then the buyer makes an offer, naming the highest price in the market, and the wheat is sold. After going about all day to dispose of his wheat, the other farmer at last accepts an average price for it, and starts home. On his way he hears of what the second man received for his grain, and his face grows like a thunder-cloud and he muses: 'Things have come to a pretty pass when scrub farmers can get more for their grain than the regulation people do. It is a great encouragement to farm by the good, old, orthodox methods, if people can grow better wheat beside the road. When I get home I mean to try to get the town commissioners to stop this highway farming. But the buyer goes back to his office, saying: 'I hope that the first fellow understands, by this time, that in the open market the rule is: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

There is no other test of Christianity. According to highchurch 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 six apples. 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, faith, 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 rose-bushes 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 down on the ground a shower of 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, 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 heaven, as the post office takes a letter. If the stamp be on it, the government is bound to deliver it. So if the stamp of the right

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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 flow only through the channels of certain 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, and until the heights are reached where we no longer breathe the miasma of sin. To be sure, there will always be some who think they are too large for that which they are too small to appreciate. There is an old story that is as good as it is old. The captain of a certain vessel, after battling all night and all day with the winds and waves, as the shadows of the second night began to fall, saw the heavens clear and the stars come out. Thinking the time had come to take a much needed rest, he left the helm in the hands of an inexperienced sailor, and went below to sleep. Just before he left he told the fellow to keep the vessel pointed toward a certain certain star. Several hours passed. At last, awaking from his sleep and springing to his feet, he rushed up on deck, and you can imagine his surprise to find the vessel going back over 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 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. 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 words of his faith: 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to day, and forever!'

The Bible and Modern Thought.

Not many years ago there was considerable fear among large numbers of believers in the Bible that the efforts of critics to prove the Old Book unworthy 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 incorrect. To-day, however, the case is far different. Not only have the critics been unable to show that the Bible contains 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 discovery, 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 eminent 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.'

FOR ALL ATHLETES.

Something to Make Men Supple Strong, and Enduring.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are just what is Wanted—Freshen and Invigorate the Entire Frame—Give Strength and Staying Power.

FREDERICTON, N. B. Dec. 26.—The natives of the Maritime Provinces of Canada are famed the world over, for their prowess in athletic sports, their great physical strength, and their remarkable powers of endurance.

One of the best known, and most successful athletes of the Province of New Brunswick, in describing to a newspaper reporter, his system of training for athletic contests, acknowledged frankly the debt he owed to Dodd's Kidney Pills, the great Kidney Cure of the century.

Said he: 'Last summer I was training for a three days' bicycle race. On the third day of my training, I felt a slight pain across my back, after an hour's ride on my wheel.

'In the evening, after my day's work was completed I felt very stiff and tired, my legs were stiff and heavy, and my breath came short. I had, also, a sharp pain over my heart.

'I spoke to my trainer about the matter, and he looked serious. 'Your kidneys are 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 say that they worked wonders.

'Not only did they clear all pains, aches and stiffness away, but they made me feel fresh and vigorous, put new life and strength into me. You can wager that I'll never be without a supply of Dodd's Kidney Pills.'

Dodd's Kidney Pills are just what all athletes need. They cost only fifty cents a box and can be got at all drug stores.

Clara: 'Here is a book on Love and Marriage.'

Geztrude: 'It ought to be interesting, as it takes up both sides of the question.'

'Nan is worried to death.' 'What's the trouble?' 'She can't tell whether she is in love with Lieutenant Jambor or with his uniform.'

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