

## Sunday Reading

### ESAU'S BIRTHRIGHT.

Outside, the glow and brightness of a July noon. The foliage on the trees was unstirred by even the faintest breeze, and only an occasional fleecy cloud drifted across the sky of deepest blue.

Within, was the dreary interior of a country church. The walls low and time-stained, the floors bare, and the pews uncushioned.

Amy Graham gave a quick sigh as she walked up the aisle to her Sabbath-school class. Not a sigh of sorrow, doubt or disappointment, but one of longing. Could she tell to that class of boys all the lessons meant to her?

The faces ranged before her were those of average boys; they were much like the lads you teach. Twelve eager, restless boys. Twelve men. Perhaps honest-pure-hearted men whose lives would do much to make the world a brighter and a better place; perhaps men whose feet would learn to walk in the paths of sin and crime. Twelve souls to stand one day in the presence of heaven's King where the lessons learned, the examples set them, shall rise up in review.

It was not difficult to interest the class in the lesson of that day. Amy told, in simple, forceful words, the story of the transfer of the birthright from Esau, 'the cunning hunter,' to Jacob, 'the plain man.'

'What a foolish fellow Esau was. Miss Graham,' said Roy Graves, a sunny-haired boy of fourteen, 'to sell his birthright for pottage, just to satisfy his hunger for one day!'

'I think he was more than foolish,' the young girl replied, gravely. 'Wicked is the more fitting word, in my estimation.'

'I don't see,' and Roy's blue eyes opened a trifle wider. 'The birthright was his—'

'His because God gave it to him,' Amy interrupted, quickly. 'Just as he gave you and me our lives and responsibilities. They are ours to use, to make the most of. But it is not folly it is sin for us to cast them aside or barter them for dross.'

A look of thoughtfulness came into the boyish face. His eyes wandered from the Bible in his hand to the landscape outside. Was it wrong instead of silly to refuse to make the most of life?

'But, Miss Graham,' said Floyd Merrill, 'was there not danger of Esau's suffering for the want of food?'

'Possibly,' the teacher replied, after a moment's pause. 'God often lets us see the danger that threatens us so that we may fully trust him. Esau did not trust, you see.'

'What does it matter to us?' suddenly asked Hugh Latimer. 'I don't see, Miss Graham, how this story can be expected to influence anyone now. Certainly the birthright of one American boy is as good as another.'

'That is the very point I want to emphasize, Hugh,' and from the heart of the girl-teacher rose a quick prayer for help. 'Do you not think when a young man barter his honesty, his purity of life and thought, his real manhood, for naught, that we may say that he has sold his birthright?'

'I think it would be as well to say that he threw it away,' Hugh replied, haughtily, his face darkening.

Amy shook her head. 'No, he expects something in return; something that proves to be pottage. When he reaches out his hand he calls it pleasure or worldly honors. But as the years go by it proves to be a curse. A curse that may be partly

Delicate children! What a source of anxiety they are! The parents wish them hearty and strong, but they keep thin and pale.

To all these delicate children Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites comes with the best of news.

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hidden from the world, yet is known to God and surely says from the life all happiness, all soul-growth.'

The bell rang then, and again Amy sighed. Had she sown in vain?

Two decades have passed since that summer day. Under the shadow of the little country church lies the grass-grown grave of Amy Graham. Hers was a brief existence, one of those quiet, uneventful lives that seem to leave no mark on the busy world.

'Seem,' we say. Ah, when will humanity learn that man's ways are not God's?

Do you believe that to every individual comes a testing time? That he deliberately chooses right or wrong? Sometimes the upward or downward steps are almost imperceptible, but in the case of Roy Graves there came a day when he must either accept or reject the pottage offered.

Jacob, in this instance, was a man whose outward life was stainless. The mess of pottage took the form of an easy position at a good salary, and the future held the promise of a partnership. The birthright, too, was such a little thing—just his honesty that was all.

'I understand your scruples,' his tempter said. 'I entertained such ideas once, but I learned, as you will that it is only folly to stand in one's own light.'

Back to Roy came the memory of a day when he was taught that so-called folly might be sin. It was only a moment that he hesitated, then he said:

'Thank you, but I must decline your offer.'

That crucial moment decided his life. He encountered and defeated poverty, and today is a man 'after God's own heart.'

Far away in the heart of a great city a grave-faced man is freely giving his life to uplift the fallen. His days are not spent in theorizing about poverty and crime. But denying himself a home among those endeared to him by association, he has gone down to live with those who need his help.

'They are my brethren,' he says gently, 'Christ died for them.'

Think you it was an easy thing to do? Floyd Merrill often knew what it was to fear failure. So often that he was tempted to sell his God-given birthright—a call to the ministry. It was not so much that he feared the hunger of defeat. He trusted, and to his aid came the helper unflinching. Now his birthday is his joy.

Hugh Latimer died in a hospital near the scene of Floyd's labors. He was a man young in years, yet his face was furrowed by sin and dissipation. Wine—beautiful, deadly wine—was the pottage for which he bartered his birthright. Not deliberately did he plan for this. Ah, no! Not so does Jacob tempt those whom he desires to make disciples of Bacchus.

Hugh often boasted that he could take care of himself. Drink was his servant, not his master.

Why linger over the details? Their very commonness marks one more shade of pathos in the sad picture. As is always the case, Hugh sank lower until he lay in the hospital, dying a drunkard's death.

'What is that you say?' he asked deliriously. 'No, I did not throw my life away. I sold it, sold it, for pottage. Yes, and my soul, too. Sold for drink. Yet were it mine again, I'd give it all to quench this burning thirst. But teach my boy to shun the cup, teach him not to sell his birthright,' and the head dropped feebly back, one convulsive shudder, and all was over.

Thus again did Esau 'despise his birthright.'—Epworth Herald.

#### SOME THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Maxims for Guidance in Our Daily Lives and Actions.

Remember that happiness, when it comes at all, usually comes to those who do not go in search of it.

Remember that in the struggle of life it is always possible to turn one kind of defeat into another kind of victory. Try it and see!

Remember that if you cannot realize the ends of your being in one way you can in another. Realize something!

Remember there is nothing noble in being superior to your previous self.

Remember that, as you grow older, nature's tendencies are laying their grip upon you. Nature may be on your side when you are young, but against you later on.

Remember that you can get the better of tendencies if you fight hard enough, although you can never get the better of nature's laws.

Remember not to talk too much about yourself.

Remember that having fine sentiments is a poor substitute for being a man. Thoughts are gifts; but your life and your acts speak for you.

Remember to judge people by what they do, not by their sentiments—especially yourself.

Remember you may have your best friends among those who disagree with you. Men can disagree with their heads and agree in their hearts.

Remember that the easiest person in the world to deceive is yourself. You can make yourself believe almost anything about yourself if you try it.

Remember that the self of the selves is never deceived. It keeps a record of what you are, and puts down everything. An act can never be undone. It has to stay.

Remember that the true way to conquer prejudice is to live it down. Do not talk about it with others; do not talk about it yourself.

Remember that prejudice hurts the one who cherishes it much more than the one against whom it is aimed.

Remember that to give up the struggle when it is in part over, because you can not get the chance you want, may show that you deserved no chance at all. Take what chance you can get and fight it through.

Remember that to keep chafing because fortune favors others more than you, is the way to get even less out of fortune. Be a man!

Remember that great yearnings and noble ambitions usually die away just about the time they are most wanted. Act on them now.

Remember that it is brave to be in the minority. That is where the strong usually are. Weak natures like to hide behind a majority.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

Some Beautiful Ideas that May Help Us Along Life's Way.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or bind so fast as love can with only a single thread.

It is the unscrupulous and slippery man who suspects rogues in every quarter and ridicules the very idea of disinterestedness.

There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each to decide for himself and do that which may happen to be the easier.

Sincere and earnest lives, seeking realities and spurning shams, bear within them the elements of true success, while those who waste their powers in seeking shadows where no substance is will fail even in their own poor aim.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do with shaping or influencing our lives as thoughts have which we harbor.

St. James the Less is said to have resembled Christ so closely that it was scarcely possible to tell them apart. For this reason Judas saluted his Master with a kiss, in order that the Roman soldiers should make no mistake as to which was Christ.

By striving to obtain and to cherish clear and true ideas of right, by emphasizing them in our conduct, and diffusing them through our influence, we strike the strongest and most effective blows at every form of wrong-doing.

Every one who values his or her happiness and peace of mind in this world would do well to cultivate patience. Without it man is like a ship minus a rudder, at the mercy of his impulses, which, if he obeys, may lead him into all sorts of difficulties and disasters that may even take a lifetime to undo.

The moral nature has its active and its passive side and cannot be fully developed unless both are nourished. Glorious labor for truth, for right, for duty, for the good of others, should be united with that tranquil frame of mind which leans confidently on established principals and

## THE BEAUTY of it all is that

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thus strengthens the whole nature for further action.

No man, rich or poor, capitalist or laborer, can well afford to surrender totally his individuality to dictation. He who unites to bind others is himself bound as well. Sensible, courteous and manly assertion of right, looking to agreement rather than rude controversy and resistance—to reason rather than to coercion—offers the only method of safe and lasting adjustment of jarring claims and interest.

In our talk about persons, it is their merits that we should hasten to disclose, their good deeds that we should gladly unfold. In all discussion on character, the good should come into prominence. In all our uttered hopes for the future, our highest ideas should receive the emphasis. Truth, and not error, light and not darkness, love, and not hate, should be our themes. So may we increase and perpetuate all that is good by frank utterance, while evil will decrease and disappear under the thick drapery of silence.

To be too independent, with those we love is a mistake to be carefully avoided, for excessive independence is a barrier that checks sympathy as effectually as a rugged boulder stops the even flow of a limpid stream. To yield a little, taking and giving trifling services, not only affords mutual pleasure, but serves to draw closer the silken threads of love, the tension of which, even with our most intimate ones, is apt sometimes to slacken, needing careful watching lest the threads snap entirely.

Everybody has encountered the people who take to themselves what they suppose to be the credit of being unconventional, who offer a statement of that fact as the sufficient excuse for all sorts of violations of good breeding and social rules, and who assume the license to do as they please as if they had the power to lift themselves above the authority of ordinary canons of behaviour. It is a pity that these foolishly self-blinded and, for the most part, decidedly unpleasant people cannot be made to see their conduct in its true aspect. It should not be forgotten that society is, in a sense, in an artificial state. Whatever general natural principles underlie it, its formulated rules are purely arbitrary, and it is, in effect, a conventional arrangement. It follows that one who wishes to take part in its social life must accept its conditions. To attempt to be unconventional in society is an anomaly and a contradiction of terms.

## Dollars in Diamond Dyes.

In scores of small country towns and villages in Canada enterprising men and women are adding to their yearly income by the work of dyeing for friends and neighbors around them who have not the time to do the work themselves.

These town and village dyers without exception use the Diamond Dyes in preference to all others, because they give the most brilliant, pure and unfading colors to all varieties of materials.

Hundreds of orders from the country dyers are filled every week by the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes. There are great possibilities for such work in all small parishes, and the statements just made may influence many who are seeking for a plan to increase their revenue. There are good dollars in Diamond Dyes.

#### Mushroom Neck.

'Mushroom neck' is what they are calling the latest disease attributed to mushrooms. When a person is seen walking the streets with his face painfully turned to the right or the left, his eyes glued to the ground and moving in fitful glances from one stump to the next, and with a general look of expectance on his face, as though supreme happiness were distant about eight feet and had consistently remained so,

it may be inferred that he is a victim of 'mycolitis.' His friends pass him and he sees them not; if he keeps out from under the bicycles and trolley cars it is by some such miracle as preserves somnambulists. For all the time he is wondering whether the little brown specks in the grass are the veritable marisimus oreads, in which case he is in for a toothsome dainty for dinner, or only its hateful poisonous counterpart, the false champignon.

#### A DREADED DISEASE.

More People are Tortured by the Pangs of Rheumatism Than by Any Other Cause—There is a Cure For It.

From the Advertiser, Hartland, N. B.

Mr. Richard Dixon of Lower Brighton, is one of the most prosperous and best known farmers of Carleton county, N. B. In June 1897, Mr. Dixon was seized with an attack of rheumatism, and for six weeks lay abed suffering all the tortures of this terrible disease. He grew so weak that he was unable to turn in bed, and his friends almost despaired of his recovery. At this stage one of his friends, who had been cured of the same disease by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged Mr. Dixon to give them a trial, which advice was followed. Almost from the day Mr. Dixon began the use of the pills an improvement was noted. Previously his appetite had almost completely failed and the first sign of returning health was a frequent feeling of hunger. Then the pains began to leave him, and his strength gradually returned and after using about a dozen boxes Mr. Dixon was as well as ever he had been. To a reporter of the Hartland advertiser, Mr. Dixon said that he had no doubt his present health was due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since his recovery occasionally uses a box to ward off a possible recurrence of the trouble.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by making new blood and invigorating the nerves, but you must get the genuine, always put up in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pill for pale people. Do not be persuaded to take any of the numerous pink colored imitations which some unscrupulous dealers say are 'just the same.' In case of doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

#### Remarkable Early Marriages.

The farther south one goes, the earlier one finds marriages take place. A census was taken lately in Algeria, and it was found that the youngest Arab married man was twelve years old, and that there were very many boys who were married at thirteen and fourteen, while some at fifteen years of age had several wives. There is a youthful Algerian widower of fifteen, and a divorced husband of the same age. Girls are still more precocious and are sometimes married when only eleven years old, though twelve is the more usual age. There are 189 widows of fifteen, and 1,176 divorcees of the same age.

#### Making Way for Improvements.

It is said that no fewer than four London theatres—the Gaiety, the Globe, the Olympic and the Opera Comique—are to be pulled down in the course of street improvements now contemplated. The Gaiety is historic, and will have to be paid for at a very high figure, but the others will be no loss to the public or their owners. John Hare's season at the Globe was not a financial success, but he always does well on tour, and looks to succeed when he returns to London in the winter, with a new play by Pinero.

A French chemist, more as a scientific experiment than a commercial enterprise, has made a shoe out of paper which can scarcely be distinguished from a patent leather. It has a high gloss, is waterproof, and, considering the material, quite durable. It is so thin that it makes the wearer's foot seem one or two sizes smaller than an ordinary shoe. The maker says that it could be worn in doors, but is not strong enough for street wear.



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