

Sunday Reading

"It is the Lord."
 When the day breaks along the beach,
 And turns to gold the yellow sand,
 When singing waves stretch forth and reach
 The welcome of the meeting land,
 I see him stand!
 What though the night has fruitless been,
 And no hope gild the morning hour?
 New beauty thrills the common scene,
 And song of bird, and kiss of flower
 Witness his power.
 He comes, and lo the world is glad!
 The hours forget the gloom of night
 Mirth cheers the hearts that once were sad.
 The landscape lies in floods of light,
 And all is bright.
 I know him when he breaks the bread,
 And when he stills the roughened sea.
 Or when the morning meal is spread,
 He manifests himself to me,
 So gracious be!
 He calls to me to break my fast,
 And care and sorrow flee away.
 The dreary way is overpast,
 And in the rapture of the day
 With him I stay.
 And so I think that when ere long
 I meet the time I sometimes fear,
 My heart will sing its joyful song
 And gladly say "Be of good cheer;
 Thy Lord is here!"

Straight To Jesus Christ.

I once said to a friend who attended my church: 'I have hoped that long before this you would have taken your stand for Christ.' His frank reply was: 'So I would if I were not a coward.' He had not only enemies within, but was surrounded by irreligious associates whom he was afraid to face; he has never become a Christian yet. The famous Charles G. Finney, who had a deep insight into human nature, always aimed to bring a awakened sinners to the critical point—Will you give up your sins and follow Christ or give up your salvation? He once had a man who was in deep distress kneeling by his side as he repeated over various surrenders to be made he came to this one: 'Lord, I will serve thee in my business. The man was silent; and when Mr. Finney asked him why he hesitated at this point the poor man stammered out 'I'm in the Liquor tra'. He was willing to go a certain length; but when it came to deciding between Jesus Christ and the profits of his sinful trade he drew back and, rising from his knees, he sullenly left the room. Like that young ruler whom the loving Jesus invited to follow him, he refused to yield, and he 'went away sorrowful.' If the eye of any unconverted person is resting on these lines, I would most kindly say to him or to her: You have made a great many decisions during your life. Whenever you read in your Bible or hear from the pulpit an invitation to come to Jesus, or whenever your conscience tells you that you ought to come to him, you decide one way or the other. You become the better or the worse. Every time you refuse Christ you incur fresh guilt, you weaken your own moral purpose, you resist the divine Spirit, and you diminish your chance of salvation. Every lost battle with temptation leaves you the weaker, and will do so until you set your face like a flint and go straight to Jesus Christ.

The Saviour once said: 'No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God.' That word 'fit' is not a happy translation; for the original Greek word signifies well put or well placed. It means firmly set, with a determined and unchangeable purpose. There is no wavering and no half way work, with the mind utterly divided. John Bunyan's pilgrim, when he stopped his ears and ran eagerly toward the wicket gate, crying, 'Life! life! eternal life!' was well put for the straight road to the Celestial City. My old friend in the theological seminary, Thomas Shields Malcom, was deeply agitated, when a college student, about his salvation. He tells us in his popular tract, 'One Honest Effort,' that he went to his room and fastened the door, determined to remain till he had obtained the pardon of his sins and reconciliation to God. He fixed his eye on Christ and gave himself up to Christ as his Saviour and Lord. He found peace, and on the next evening he confirmed his resolution by rising before his fellow students and telling them what joy and strength Jesus had given to his soul. Other students were moved, and they, too, set their faces Christ-ward. Malcom was 'well put' for the Kingdom of God when he locked that door and determined that he would never retreat until, by the divine help, he had won the victory.

My friend, you have probably made but small progress toward that life which your conscience tells you you ought to lead. You often think about this vital matter; you often make good resolutions, and, perhaps, offer some earnest prayers. You have made no headway because you are holding fast to your sins, unwilling to cut

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loose from them. I have seen a steamer at the wharf start its engine, and, while the propelling screw was churning the water at the stern, the vessel did not move. A stout hawser held it to the pier; as soon as the rope was cast off, the steamer started. That vessel was not "well put" for its voyage until it was detached from the wharf and could use its motive power unhindered. It is of little matter what may be the sin that holds you back, so that it keeps your soul from a full, sincere surrender to Jesus Christ. Cost what it may, make a clean breast of it in confession to God, and clean work of it in renouncing the sin. You cannot cling to your sins and cling to your Saviour, too. Up to this time you have failed, and you will continue to fail as long as you try to "serve two masters."

At the very point where the Holy Spirit is pressing upon your conscience to take a step or perform a duty, right there you must yield. That is the decisive point. When Christ pressed closely on the young ruler to quit his estate and come and follow him, the young man drew back, because he would not cut loose from his selfishness. That poor, rich youth was not "well put" for the noble career of discipleship which Jesus held out before him. He would not secure heavenly treasures by abandoning earthly treasures, and so he made the great refusal. Compare him with Matthew, the tax collector, who quitted his toll-booth, and won afterward his place of immortal honor in the forefront of the New Testament. It was short work with him. He "left all, rose up and followed Jesus." He left his old business; he left his spiritual errors and blindness; he left his worldly aims and worldly heart behind him. He found a new calling, and peace of conscience, and a field of amazing usefulness as a disciple and sacred chronicler. He found a friend, and, finally, an everlasting crown.

Here is a model for you, my friend, if you are willing to obey the call of Christ and begin a new style of acting and living. Matthew was moved by the divine love that appealed to him; his reason and conscience were convinced; his heart was in step when he went straight with Jesus into a new life. Nothing but your own sinful and selfish will has kept you so long from becoming a Christian. All the surrender that is required of you is to give up what is wrong; all the duty that is required of you is to do what is right. To abandon your sins will cost you some struggle and self-denial, but God will help you through. The first thing that Jesus had the tax collector do he did, and that was to follow Jesus. He chose to go in Christ's way, and precisely so it must be with you if you would be a Christian in this world, and find a Christian's home in the next. Go straight to Jesus, praying for light and help. You will find his directions in your bible; study and obey them. He will open to you lines of usefulness; enter them; begin to live for others. If you have to bear some cross for Christ you may so bear it as to turn it into a crown. Your life up this time has yielded you only chaff, follow Christ, and you may open a new life that will yield golden grain.

Sometimes a single passage of God's Word comes as a heaven-sent message for the emergency. 'Here is one for you: For the Lord God will help me; therefore I shall not be confounded; therefore I have set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.' As soon as you turn from sin and set your face toward Christ you are a changed man or woman; as long as you keep it that direction you will grow stronger. Let your hand be "well put" into Christ's omnipotent hand, and every footstep will bring you fresh peace and joy and usefulness—The Independent.

Bibles as Savings Banks.

Big family Bibles are frequently receptacles for all manner of valuables. Indeed, the holy Book is a sort of a safe, and old Bibles picked up at auctions reveal curious treasures of every imaginable sort.

One dusty tome testified to the saving tendencies of a former owner, no fewer than fifty sovereigns being securely fastened between its pages. The miser had gone to work in an original manner to make his hoard as secure as possible. Cutting out a big hole in the centre of the book, he deposited his wealth therein, pasted the leaves one over the other above and below the coins, until they were completely enveloped in a hard mass of pasted paper. The book when closed appeared very ordinary, and as only the middle was a solid block, front and back leaves could be turned without exciting suspicion.

According to an insurance agent whose round is in a squalid locality of a large city, money frequently kept in Bibles by poor people. A laundress, blessed with an intemperate husband, showed the collector her little treasury, which she kept between the leather of the back of a colossal volume. Access was gained to this savings-bank by means of a slit cut near the edge of the cover, the coins resting safely between the board and its outer covering. She declared that this secret place had contained the hidden wealth of mother, grandfather, and great-grandmother, and that her eldest daughter was to possess the Bible and share the mystery as soon as she married.

The heavy cover of another big Bible was a sort of jewel-case, a pair of old-fashioned earrings, a string of coral beads, and a wedding ring being securely packed under the leather, which, well-padded, admitted them without bulging. This collection was discovered by a purchaser of odds and ends at a Miscellaneous sale.

Wills have been found within the pages of discarded Bibles, and a valuable lace collar was tucked firmly between two leaves of a very old book put up by auction recently. A most curious use for a Bible was discovered by an old dame many years ago. Besides the notices of births and deaths of members of the family, there were recipes for sauce and cough mixtures, as well as cookery and household hints, written in a crude hand, wherever a blank strip of paper permitted.

Trapped.

The smart lawyer is always intent upon getting at weaknesses in the character of the principal and witnesses on the other side. A well-known barrister recently told the story of an exploit of his own, when, as counsel for the defendant, he was examining the plaintiff in a certain case. His client had got into a quarrel with one 'Pat, Murphy' over a business transaction. The quarrel had gone so far that Murphy had made application to a magistrate to have the other bound over to keep the peace' alleging that he had threatened to do him bodily injury.

When the case was called, Murphy testified to the circumstances under which the defendant had threatened him. The cross examination began.

'Now, Mr. Murphy,' the lawyer said, 'you declare that you are under the fear of bodily harm?'

'I am sorry.'

'You are even afraid for your life?'

'I am sorry.'

'Then you freely admit that Mr. Brown my client can thrash you?'

The question stirred up Murphy's Irish blood instantly.

'Jim Brown thrash me? Niver!' he shouted.

'I kin tackle him, and anny half-dozen like him!'

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'That will do, Mr. Murphy,' said the lawyer.

The court was already in a roar, and the lawyer felt that there was no need for further testimony or argument. The case was dismissed, for it was evident that Pat could not be under serious bodily fear of a man whom, in his opinion, he had only to use one-seventh of his strength to thrash.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

Does Our Ancestors' Ideas And Feelings Live Again In Us.

'One of the most remarkable things about the human mind,' said a medical authority on mental subjects, 'is the way in which it stores up and reproduces feelings and sensations which have been handed down from remote generations.'

'Many of those singular sensations and impressions which come into one's life occasionally without apparent cause are simply the floating up into one's consciousness of the idea and feelings of ancestors transmitted by the subtle and marvellous psychology of mind. I could give you many instances, but I will confine myself to two simple cases in which the impressions were derived from near progenitors.'

'One of my patients is a widow with a little son who was not born until shortly after his father's death. The little fellow has a curious trick of slapping his pockets as he walks about a characteristic habit of the father, whom he never saw. He has also a curious fancy for wearing ties of a colour which the father was peculiarly fond of during his life.'

'A more remarkable case, which came under my own observation, was that of a young man who was strangely affected by a picture—a landscape—in the South Kensington Museum. It had such an effect on his mind that he said he had gazed on it for hours without understanding the secret of its fascination. The problem was solved when it was ultimately found that the scene was that of the birthplace of the young man's grandfather (whom he never knew). The grandfather was a traveller, and died in a distant quarter of the globe, lamenting many times that he would never behold his native place again. He was evidently a man deeply attached to his home, and the idea, you see, was transmitted over a whole generation.'

'Why do people shrink from certain things—their pet aversion? In nine cases out of ten it is the transmitted idea that is at work.'

'A patient of mine had an unaccountable horror of a certain article of diet. He could not remain in the room where it was eaten; the very odour of it was repellent to him. Why? He was utterly unable to tell me. But I could, after making very careful and judicious inquiries into his family history. The grandfather was a man of gluttonous disposition, and had at one time a peculiar weakness for that very edible which so disgusted his grandson. But a period of over-eating brought on a disorder that nearly proved fatal, and he was subsequently advised to shun that particular delicacy.'

'No, the transmitted idea is not confined to the human race. In proof of this I may cite one curious fact about horses.'

'It straw or litter from the cage of a lion or tiger is taken into a stable where there are horses, the animals will become restive and show signs of uneasiness. In some cases they will become simply frantic with fear. And yet not one of those horses may ever have seen or acquired any knowledge of wild beasts. It is just another instance of an idea transmitted in this case from remote generations.'

'The inherited idea is strongly brought out in the element of fear. Not one person in a thousand can hold his face against the glass of a case in which a serpent is confined, and allow the reptile to strike at his cheek against the glass. He may be a cool, level-headed, logical man, he may be perfectly assured of his safety, but he will be almost certain to jump back, although knowing all the time that he is beyond the reach of harm. The inherited impression, you see, is stronger than logic and common sense; the involuntary forces of the body will for the moment overcome the voluntary ones.'

'I have no doubt, too, that these inherited

impressions account for a good many of our dreams, more especially as during sleep the submerged life of the individual comes to the surface, and the involuntary faculties have full play.

'Why are some of the best of us so cruel, treacherous, and malicious in our dreams? Why do we witness or perform revolting deeds with unconcern. Well, my theory, and that of many other students of hereditary impressions, is that in dreams, we are vaguely living over again the lives of our savage and even our animal ancestors.'

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In thousands of happy and thrifty homes in the Dominion and in the colony of Newfoundland the work of rug and mat making is becoming very popular. Homemade rugs and mats are more highly esteemed just now than imported goods. This is not surprising when we remember the fact that the home articles are the best wearing and prettiest.

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'An Apology.'

An editor who published an account of a wedding which had not taken place thus very neatly explained matter:

'Apology is due to parties concerned. We don't often get caught in this way, but this time we were told so confidently by honest folk that the wedding was a fact, that we took the bait and wrote the item. We sometimes feel like the venerable Scotsman who, as he read King David's words, viz. 'I said in my haste, All men are liars,' blurted out, 'Eh, mon, if ye had lived in oor day ye might have taken yer time aboot it.'

Dyspepsia's Clutch.

Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets are nature's most wonderful remedy for all disorders of the stomach. The digestive powers of pineapple can be tested by mixing equal parts of pineapple and beef and agitating at a temperature of 130° Fahrenheit, when the meat will be entirely digested. Pineapple Tablets relieve in one day. 35 cents. Sold by H. J. Dick and Geo. W. Hoben.

London's Stray Cats.

It is calculated that London possesses 3,000,000 cats, and that about 100,000 of them are homeless. To meet their need, and lessen the sum of feline misery, Mrs. Morgan founded the institution for Lost and Starving Cats at 80, Park Hill Road, Hampstead, some two years ago, and her efforts ought to be warmly supported by the enemies as well as the friends of poor puss, for since the institution was opened she has received 10,146 cats, of whom 90 per cent, have been put out of their misery by the painless process of chloroforming, while homes have been found for the remainder.

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