

Sunday Reading

The Thinning Ranks.

The day grows lonelier; the air
Is chillier than it used to be.
We hear about us everywhere
The haunting chords of memory.
Dear faces that once made our joy
Have vanished from the sweet home band;
Dear tasks that were our loved employ
Have dropped from out our loosened hand.

Familiar names in childhood given
None call us by save those in Heaven;
We cannot talk with later friends
Of those old times to which love lends
Such mystic haze of soft regret;
We would not if we could, forget
The sweetness of the by-gone hours,
So priceless are Love's faded flowers;
But lonelier grows the waning day,
And much we missed upon the way
Our comrades who have heard the call
That soon or late must summon all.

Ah! the day grows lonelier here.
Thank God it doth not yet appear
What thrill of perfect bliss awaits
Those who pass on within the gates.
Oh! dear ones who have left my side
And passed beyond the swelling tide,
I know that you will meet me when
I, too, shall leave the ranks of men,
And find the glorious company
Of saints from sin forever free,
Of angels who do always see
The face of Christ, and ever stand
Serene and strong at God's right hand.

The days grow lonelier, the air
Hath waitings strangely keen and cold.
But woven in, O glad, O rare,
What love-notes from the hills of gold!
Dear crowding faces gathered there,
Dear, blessed tasks, that wait on hand,
What joy, what pleasure shall we share
Safe anchored in the one home-land.

Close up, O comrades, close the ranks,
Press onward, waste no fleeting hour!
Beyond the outworks, lo! the banks
Of that full tide, where life hath power.
And Satan lieth under foot,
And sin is killed e'en at the root.
Close up, close fast the wavering line
Ye who are led by One divine;
The day grows lonelier apace,
But Heaven shall be our trusting place.

—Margaret Sangster.

THEIR LESSON.

How the Beauty of Plants Influence the Moral Nature.

A story is told of a woman who lived a rather careless life in a home none too clean or comfortable. One day she found a beautiful, snow-white lily lying upon her table. She admired it greatly, but noticed that the light which came through the dusty window failed to bring out its full beauty. So she set to work to wash the window. With more light in the room, she was struck with the general dinginess of things as they were contrasted with the lily. A complete housecleaning followed, in which everything was made to harmonize, so far as possible, with the snow-white flower. Such is the transforming effect that the flowers and other beautiful forms of vegetation have upon human beings. We cannot see beauty, and admire it, without setting our souls in order, consciously or unconsciously. This is especially true of the sensitive child. It loves flowers, and trees, and everything that is fresh, and chaste, and beautiful. Its contact with the plant life of nature is therefore always beneficial to its moral and religious character.

But flowers and trees and grass have definite lessons for the child, if its parents and teachers will but help it to interpret what it sees. In the words of Tennyson,

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
I hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Plants may be made to teach children the moral relations of the universe. To begin with, they are serviceable in the economy of life. All animals, including man, must draw their food from plants, or from animals that feed upon plants. Plants work up the inorganic material and hand it on to animals. The humblest plant is therefore a benefactor of some creature, working in nature's laboratory to provide for a larger life than its own.

Little children should be led to understand the usefulness and sacredness of life as it appears in the grass, flowers, and trees. It should be taught to destroy no living thing carelessly; but rather to preserve and multiply the plant life of the world. If a child once learns this lesson, it will come to feel that he who plants a tree by the wayside, or makes a blade of grass to grow where none grew before, co-operates with God in the work of creation, and becomes a benefactor to other living creatures. Again, plants are not only serviceable. They are also beautiful, and add to the higher enjoyment of living creatures. Every flower by the wayside that attracts the notice of a passing traveler's life. Every bed of flowers in lawn or park, every spray of blossom peeping from verandah or window, impart their beauty and fragrance to some needy soul. Thus does a flower become, for children and men, a teacher of that silent

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, Office of Official Analyst,

Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS,

Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S.,

Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

influence of truth and goodness that should go forth from every human life.

WITH GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOR.

We Should Share all Our Joys With God and Our Fellowman.

Someone has said: "We never fully enjoy any blessing until we have consciously shared its joy with God." This I am sure is quite true, and I am sure also that there is a companion truth which ought to be written right beside this one. It is this: We cannot really and fully enjoy any blessing God gives us until we have consciously shared its joy with our fellow-men. God did not mean any blessing to be selfishly enjoyed. We cannot be Godlike and Christlike and be selfish, and we cannot be selfish and be happy—not really happy. This morning's paper brought me the news of the death of a woman who owned perhaps as much money as any other woman of my acquaintance; but when I laid the paper down I sighed and said: Poor, poor woman! How I pity her! Why? Because she lived all for self, and never shared anything that she could help with anybody. She has left her store and bank accounts, and what has she to take up to God's throne with her? Not only so, but she did not really enjoy the wealth while she had it. God meant her to bless others with it, when she defied God's will for her. God wills the best for each one of us, and the really best is in ourselves, not in our surroundings. Just before Christmas I heard this: "Oh, dear! I wish Christmas didn't come so often! It's a perfect bore—but I shall not give a single present!" Her determination probably made little difference to her friends, but it made a great deal of difference to her own character before God. A heart in which there is no generous impulse at Christmas time is so little like God's own that I do not see how God can bestow great blessing upon it, because it cannot receive his bestowment.

"What has this to do with the Aborigines in America?" It has to do with all God's children—your brothers and sisters and mine in the family of humanity. May the dear Father make each one of our hearts so nearly like his own (which we may

study so exactly in the person of the Christ "who is the image of the invisible God") that we shall be happiest when we are saving others for his Kingdom.

His Mother.

There are two classes of people that particularly need our kindness, the very young and the very old; those that have borne the heat and burden of the day, and are walking along through the twilight looking for a place to rest. It is a very easy matter to hurt the feelings of an old person; it is not a very easy matter to get over the injury such an action may do us. The time may come, when the sound of a certain feeble voice would be sweeter to your ear than a symphony; when the touch of a wrinkled vanished hand would be priceless. What a privilege had Garfield, when being inaugurated president of the United States of America he reached over and took the wrinkled hand of his mother—that old hand that had become so doing the rough work of the frontiers there in the woods of Ohio—taking that hand in his he bent down and kissed her lips, as if to say to the world, "I owe to her all I am." Do you know what happened in London on the day of Garfield's funeral? A great bell there—the Royal funeral bell, that was never rung before, except when kings and queens died, was tolled for him the day that he was buried. There were thousands in London who had never heard the sound of that bell; they gathered in crowds to hear it, and as the first tone rang out over the city of London they uncovered their heads in honor of our uncrowned king, who lay dead across the sea. That bell was rung by order of Queen Victoria; it was rung in consequence of the grand incident at the inauguration; she had heard of it and her mother heart responded.—Will Carleton.

"The Time is Short."

Perhaps there is no shock so terrible as the sudden announcement that one's active life has reached its limit. Very few, even of the best of people, have done all the good unto others that they desire to do, or have planned to do. The saintliest men and women, when warned that life must stop

here, find their saddest reflection in the thought that much of the Christian work they fully intended to do can never be accomplished. Here is, perhaps, to many the strongest motive for prompt and daily attention to current duties. Even Horatius Bonar so Holy in life and service, says:

The time is short—
If thou would'st work for God, it must be now;
If thou would'st win the earlands for thy brow,
Redeem the time!

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender—

The time is short.
—Zion's Herald.

Gems of Thought.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—George MacDonald.

You cannot, in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true if the habit of your life has been insincerity.—F. W. Robertson.

Patient work with a holy aspiration behind it, these are the materials out of which saints and heroes are made. The man who whimpers and complains of ill luck comes to naught.—George H. Hewitth.

Downfall.

Men say to-day of one who sinned,
"What may
This mean? What sudden madness overtook
His brain, that in a moment he forsook
Rectitude which until yesterday
Had made his life a beacon by the way
To common men?" I answered,
We but look
On surfaces. Temptations never shook
One soul whose secret, hidden forces lay
Firm anchored in the right. The glacier bides
For ages white and still, and seems a part
Of the eternal Alps. But at its heart
Each hour some atom noiseless jars and slides,
Until the avalanche falls with thundering weight,
God only knoweth the beginning's date.

His Birthday Gift.

When Mrs. Ransom went away for a fortnight's visit, she called her two boys to her and said firmly, "Now, Rob, I want you and Ned to promise me that you will not tease papa to take you to the football game next week. If he wants to go he might wish to go with some friend, and not have the care of the little boys like you. And don't forget that you are to give papa something bought with your own money for his birthday."

The boys promised, and mother departed. The fact that the birthday and the football game occurred on the same day seemed particularly unpropitious. But the day before, Rob had a sudden inspiration, the glow of which was soon shared with his brother.

On Mr. Ransom's plate at breakfast the next morning was a somewhat soiled envelope on which was printed in painful letters, "Happy Birthday."

Opening it the beneficiary found two dingy quarters wrapped in a half-sheet of

paper which bore the words, "To by a ticket for the Game."

And looking up, he encountered the gaze of four wistfully hopeful eyes, whose owners had no reason to regret their strategy.

HEART STAGGERS.

Here's Confession of Intense Heart Suffering and Weakness That Made Life One Long Dreadful Nightmare—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was the Saving Agent.

Mr. Thomas Cooke, 260 Johnston St., Kingston writes thus of himself and how Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart helped him: "I have used in all six bottles of this great heart remedy and it has completely cured me of heart weakness, from which I suffered severely for years. Prior to using it the slightest exertion or excitement would produce severe palpitation and nervous depression. To-day I am as strong as ever, and without one symptom of Heart disease."

Only Natural.

Angry Manager: "What did you mean by smiling in that death scene?"
Actor: "With the salary you pay death seems a pleasant relief."

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk one—try it.

Some men are born liars, while others are compelled to acquire the art.

HEART PAINS

The Heart and Nerves are Often Affected and Cause Prostration of the Entire System.

▲ Kingston Lady Testifies to Her Experience in the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

People who suffer from any disease of disorder of the heart nervous system, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Smothering or Sinking Sensations, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Pain in the Head, etc., cannot afford to waste time trying various remedies, which have nothing more to back up their claims than the bold assertions of their proprietors.

These diseases are too serious to permit of your experimenting with untried remedies. When you buy Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, you know you have behind them the testimony of thousands of Canadians who have been cured by their use. One of these is Mrs. A. W. Irish, 92 Queen Street, Kingston, Ont., who writes as follows:

"I have suffered for some years with a smothering sensation caused by heart disease. The severity of the pains in my heart caused me much suffering. I was also very nervous, and my whole system was run down and debilitated. Hearing of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills being a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and therefore got a box at McLeod's Drug Store.

"They afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart trouble."

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Biliousness, Dyspepsia and Constipation. Every pill perfect.

Established 1780.
Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

**PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates**

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

