

## Sunday Reading

Bear Me Afar.

Bear me afar, beyond this star,  
Ye messengers of peace,  
From sin and shame, from fear and blame,  
Where sorrows never cease;  
Bear me to him, through shadows dim  
Revolving round this sphere,  
To realms of light where spirits bright  
Shall wash away each tear.

Bear me afar, beyond the star,  
Ye messengers of joy;  
Upon his breast, oh, let me rest,  
Whom death could not destroy;  
He knows my sin, but "enter in"  
Will shout the glad some throng,  
"The wayward soul has reached his goal  
Though wandering far and long."

Bear me afar, beyond the star,  
Ye messengers of God;  
His love is great, 'tis never too late  
For Christ has shed his blood,  
And by that deed, for us in need,  
Salvation beams on high,  
"I will ever shine, if at love divine,  
Which glowed in Cavalry."

—Oecil Defton.

### The Shadow of a Great Rock.

It was the vision of more prosperous times for the people of God that Isaiah saw. He was looking to the more benedictive reign of H. zekiah or Sennacherib. And yet there was a wider view of things, a more distant horizon that was swept within his vision. The prophet spoke first of all the blessings immediately in store for Israel. He spoke also of the ultimate and larger blessings in store for the world through the kingdom of Jesus Christ. It was Jesus of Nazareth who should be as a hiding place from the wind, and as a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

The rock and its shadow suggest the idea of refuge. In the cleft of rocks and behind them men have found natural fortresses in times of war. When David was fleeing before Saul he found refuge in the rocks of Engedi. When Elijah fled from the cruel Jezebel he hid himself in the rocks of Horeb. When Samson was hiding from his Philistine foes he found refuge in the lime stone cliffs of Elam. When Leonidas and his gallant Greeks would stem the tide of Persian invasion, he took his stand in the rocky pass of Thermopylae. And this thought is often coming to the surface in the scriptures. Like a spring of water it keeps bubbling up in the poetry of the Psalms. "The Lord is my rock and my fortress." "God is the rock of my strength and my refuge is in God." The same idea passes into our thoughts of Jesus. He is the "Rock of Ages" of which Toplady sings.

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

In the cleft of this Rock, sighing sorrowing, sinning man finds refuge. The conflict with evil is close. The breath of the foe is breathed with burning flush upon the cheek of everyone. Man can never stand alone against the battalions of all his mortal foes. But in the Gibraltar of Christ's saving grace, the little one becomes a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.

Jesus is also a refuge from the temptations of the world. We sometimes pray as he taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," and we go out to feel again the pressure of the world's allurements, go out to feel the tangling snares which temptation has set in life's path for our unwary feet. But here is the Saviour whose life and words throw their shadows of retreat about us all. When the soul longs to flee from itself, when it would fly from its doubts, when it yearns to get away from its own uncertainty, then when all else has failed, when all life's props have been swept away, we come to know the shining truth in Wesley's hymn:

"Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave Oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me."

The rock and its shadow is suggestive of protection. Who does not remember some rock of childhood days, in which we found protection from the sun at noon-day and from the shower in mid afternoon? Or, does there not come to mind some great boulder in the old pasture, with a beaten path all the way around it? The sheep and cattle have followed its shadow all through a hot summer's day, and in driving storms it has offered them its protection from piercing winds and cold rains. So, says the prophet, shall the Saviour be. So, indeed, he is. He stands in the unprotected paths of men. He sees the multitude as sheep without a shepherd, with no one to lead them, with no one to protect them. He longs to care for them to guide and to protect them. With outstretched hands, with tender voice, he says: "I am the good shepherd." The

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world has witnessed a marvelous triumph of faith in the days of Mr. Gladstone. Dying of a most terrible malady, what he dwelt on to the exclusion of all other things was the consciousness of the divine protection. So many times did he repeat, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And still another suggestion of the rock and its shadow is the idea of rest. You have been out for a walk on a summer's day, the day was hot, the road dusty, and you became very tired. But you found a resting place in the shade of some way-side rock.

We are passing through vacation days. To the farm, to the lake, to the mountain and to the sea, people are hurrying from town and city. For ten months and more they have been in the midst of work and worry. With tired heads, and tired hands, and tired feet, they are in pursuit of some resting place. These hills and vacations are well. There must be times for repair, times to regain lost energy and lost health. But may it not be true that we make too little of the place of rest which is at hand all the year? We toil on in our strength. We do not stop beneath the shadow of our Rock. "Rest in the Lord." We need more of the rest. "I will give you rest," says Jesus. Yes, we may find rest by lake and mountain and sea. But there is a rest conditioned by any geographical change. It is the rest that Christ gives to the soul. Have we this rest? It so then with Mrs. Browning we can say:

"And I smiled to think God's goodness flowed  
around our incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness his rest."

The rock and its shadow give us the thought of refreshing. You think of the refreshing shade of some rock in pasture, or hill, or meadow. How cool it was, clad in its robe of lichens, black and grey and yellow! Around it was the carpet of moist, green moss, and, growing close up to the roadsides were palm-like ferns, while from its base there bubbled up a little spring of water, clear and cool and sweet. As you lay down upon the velvety carpet, and beneath the shadow of the rock you said this is delightful, this is refreshing. And perhaps as you fell to musing, there came to mind the imagery of Isaiah: "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Christ, the Lord, is our refreshing shade, our cooling stream.

In southern and western Media the climate in summer is intensely hot. Vegetation withers and dies. Life itself flies before the gusts of hot air which, at intervals, blow up from the southern desert. But the mountains with their perpetual snows are not far away. And "in all ages the people in these districts of Media have been in the habit of seeking refuge during the heats of July and August in the shadow of the adjacent mountains, from whose cool white brows, the refreshing air has dropped upon the feverish faces of the suppliant population." Like the snow-clad mountains of Media, the Lord Jesus Christ lets fall upon us, weary travelers, the refreshing influence of his

grace. Today, let us step into the shadow of our Rock. In it aching heads, and aching hearts are always soothed. Turn aside from the dusty way, from the shadeless sun's of life's passions and strifes turn aside from the meridian heat of a world's ambitions and sins, and find rest unto your souls.

Begin Each Day With Prayer.

I begin my day's work some mornings, perhaps wearied, perhaps annoyed with a multiplicity of trifles which seem too small to bring great principles to bear upon them. But do you not think there would be a strange change wrought in the pretty annoyances of every day, and in the small trifles that all our lives, of whatever texture they are, must largely be composed of, if we began each day and task with that old prayer, "Rise, Lord and let thine enemies be scattered?" Do you not think there would come a quiet in our hearts, and a victorious peace to which we are too much strangers? If we carried the assurance that here is one that fights for us into the trifles as well as into the store struggles of our lives, we should have peace and victory. Most of us will not have many large occasions of trial and conflict in our career; and, if God's fighting for us is not actual in regard to the small annoyances of home and daily life, I know not for what it is available. "Many lilies makes a mickle," and there are more deaths in skirmishes than in the pitched field of a great battle. More Christian people lose their hold of God, their sense of his presence, and are beaten according to reason of the little enemies that come down on them, like a cloud of gnats in a summer's evening, than are defeated by the shock or a great assault or a great temptation, which calls out their strength, and sends them to their knees to ask for help from God.—Alexander McIlwren, D. D.

A Reasonable Service.

It is reasonable to believe that God is, that He loves us, and that we are subjects of His grace. Believing this, it is reasonable to praise him for His goodness. We praise God with our reason when we trust His promise, obey His voice and are submissive to His will, and when we give our intellectual powers to His service.—United Presbyterian.

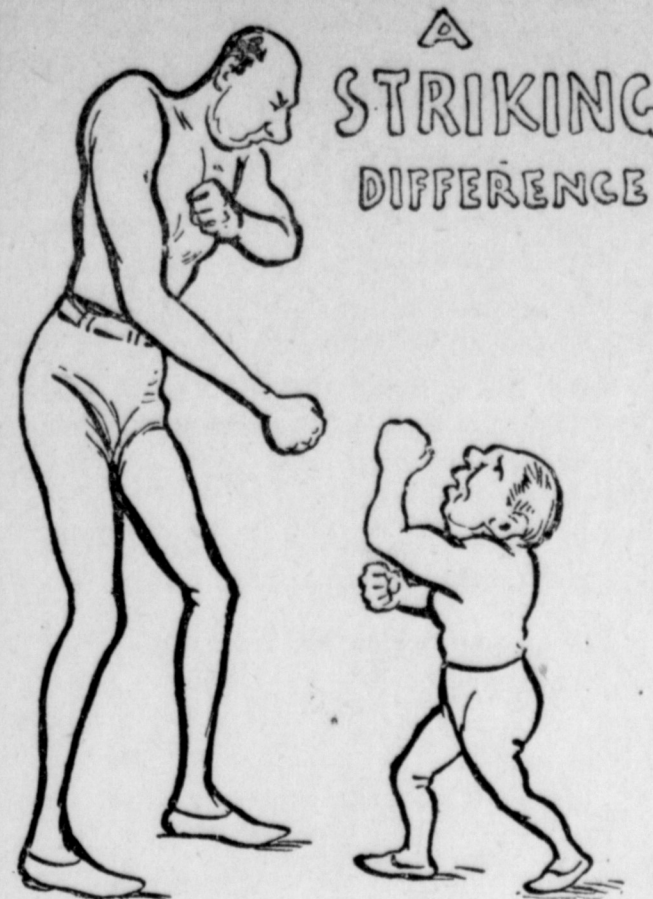
CURED BY LOVE.

The Most Remarkable Case Ever Recorded in Medical Annals.

Perhaps the most remarkable case ever recorded in the annals of medicine or love was brought to a happy conclusion recently by the marriage of the Rev. Thomas C. Hanna to Miss Anna Barnes Cook, in a Connecticut church.

The two young people, now happily united, were engaged to be married when, a year ago, Mr. Hanna, one of the most eloquent and promising young ministers in America, was thrown out of a trap and received serious injuries to his head. When he was removed to his home it was found that his memory was absolutely gone, and that the brilliant young giant (for he is a man of splendid physique) was reduced to the helplessness of an infant. Intellect as well as memory was gone. He could not formulate a single word, understood nothing that was said to him, did not know how to use his hands or feet, or even how to eat the food which was offered him. His fiancée, who nursed him with a pathetic devotion, undertook the task of training this upgrown infant. She slowly and patiently taught him how to walk, and how to speak and write simple words. In his dreams he would repeat names and incidents associated with the life he had lost; but on awaking he lapsed to the child again, and the girl he loved was to him a nurse and nothing more.

Then ensued a very remarkable phase, which puzzled doctors and friends alike. He would at times recover his memory and intelligence, and from a child would suddenly grow into the man and scholar. He would talk of old times, remember old friends, and discuss problems in theology with his old skill. A few moments later, however, he would become a child again, and set to work to learn his alphabet or to form his letters. With infinite patience his nurse tried to unite these two personalities,



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Miserly—People who don't spend their money as we think they should.

Nervous—The sensitive state of some people induced by the nerve of others.

Love—The thing that makes a girl think as much of a man as she does of herself.

Repartee—The bright things we always think of after the occasion for saying them is past.—Chicago News.

Hadn't Thought of That.

In the waiting-room of the military commission in a Russian town sit two fathers of families in deep anxiety about the fate of their sons, which would be shortly decided by the said commission.

"I am at a loss," said one, "what to say if I am asked the age of my son. If I make him out to be younger than he is, he will be sent to school; if I make him too old, they'll stick him in the army. What am I to do?"

"How would it be if you told the commission his exact age?" inquired his friend. The first speaker looked up in amazement.

"Capital; I hadn't thought of that."

An Immense China Closet.

The Czar of Russia probably owns a greater quantity of China than any other person in the world. He has china belonging to all the Russian rulers as far back as Catherine the Great. It is stored in an immense closet in the winter palace at St. Petersburg.

"Papa," said the boy, "when you say in your advertisements that your goods are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the best, what do you mean by connoisseurs?" "A connoisseur, my boy," answered the beat manufacturer, "is an eminent authority—an authority in short, who admits that our goods are the best."

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Sixby: "That's my wife."

Bixby: "Ff—th, a no—I don't mean that one: I mean the guy with the horrid stupid rational."

Sixby: "O'r that's your wife!"

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