

Sunday Reading

HOW A HYMN WAS RESCUED.

The Wife of Rudyard Kipling and his Waste Basket.

Great poems, hymns and songs have had strange histories. Some of them were clearly sudden outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm, as 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' and the 'Marseillaise.' In almost every case the author did not, at any time, think much of what he had accomplished.

Of late two continents have joined in gratitude to Mrs. Rudyard Kipling for rescuing her husband's 'Recessional' hymn from the waste basket where he is said to have thrown it. The waste basket story will live as long as the poem; and the poem will probably be said and sung when the Queen's Jubilee, the event which caused its production, is well-nigh forgotten. At present a goodly number of possible poets and patriots are wooing the muses in the interests of our own country. If they do not succeed to their own satisfaction, let them read the history of the patriotic songs we already possess, and take courage. There is no telling when they may produce a poem which the country will accept as 'the real thing.' What has been true in the past may be true in the future, and a song little considered by its author may win the world's heart and makes its author's name immortal.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations spare us yet!
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Went to the Lowly.

An interesting anecdote of Dr. Charles H. Hall, one of the most elegant and useful Episcopalians in the Middle States, was told after his death, by a writer in the Congregationalist. After his ordination, when most of his classmates had been called to minister to intelligent and cultured congregations. Doctor Hall went to preach to the ignorant negroes living on one of the sea islands off the coast of North Carolina. Finding that they knew nothing of Christianity, the young man diligently studied the life of Jesus, that he might make it real to them. He 'steeped his mind in the times and life of Christ,' that he might bring them close to him in every detail. The responsibility of these ignorant, groping souls, for whom he was the only teacher, aged and sobered him, and drove him to Christ for his sole companionship and help. He remained eight years on the island, struggling to rise to the height of the duty required from him by these his degraded brethren. At the end of that time, when he was called to leading city churches, he influenced the most thoughtful and strongest men and women to a remarkable degree. He 'knew Christ,' he had lived with Him in a way that no other man who spoke to them had done; he had come close, too, to human nature stripped of disguise and conventionalities. The lesson he had learned in his work of eight years with the poor negroes enabled him to help every class of men. But what if he had despised his work and rebelled against it, as so many of us do in our blind youth? God has His own ways and messengers. He did not send the centurion to heaven or to the temple to receive the Holy Spirit, but to the unpretentious little house of one Simon the tanner.

Wayside Stories.

A curious account is given by a Mr. Grose, who has just returned from a tour of exploration in the Canadian Northwest, concerning the law of cache. A man going along wishes to leave, say, his coat behind, for reasons of personal comfort. He hangs it on a tree, and it will be there for him if he does not turn up for a week. Similarly the ownership of a suspended gun or rifle is respected. Mr. Grose says that a man

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished.

A part of a teaspoonful mixed in milk and given every three or four hours, will give the most happy results.

The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only to feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

Ask your doctor about this.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

would be safe in hanging his gold watch and chain on a tree with the assurance that it would be there when he returned to claim it. A cache of provisions is subject to a slight modification in respect to the rule of inviolability. A hungry Indian discovering such will make a fire in front of it, to make it apparent that there is no secrecy intended in connection with his visit. He will then take from the cache sufficient food for his immediate needs and pass on, without touching anything more. It seems to me that all the natural wealth of the world, such as the veins of gold and silver, and the fertile soil that will produce wheat and corn, or the grass to fatten flock and herds, are caches which God has stored away. A man has a right to take what he can use, but all beyond that he holds as a trustee, for the benefit of his weaker brethren. This is surely the Christian standpoint. How happy all the world be if all men acted from this standpoint and lived in harmony with it!

The Key-Note of Life.

An ingenious inventor claims to have discovered that each individual has a key or tone which must harmonize with those of the people around him in order to insure a peaceful and happy life. Another gentleman, commenting on this, declares that it is not a new discovery, but that in teaching music he has for many years ascertained the individual key of each pupil before giving him his first lesson. This man claims that human beings are individualized or made known to each other by the pitch of their voices, and that the disposition of an individual is indicated by the key-tone of the voice, just the same as the tone of an E flat cornet or any other musical instrument with which the sound is produced. He says that persons whose voices are pitched in the key of 'C' are of a social nature, and their whole make-up is amiable. 'D' voices indicate hopefulness and cheerfulness; 'E' indicates a sanguine temperament. Those who are pitched in 'F' are earnest and sincere; those in 'G' are egotistical and domineering; those in 'A' are fretful, nervous, and pathetic, while those in 'B' are timid and apprehensive, and lack confidence and self-control. Whatever truth there may be, or lack of it, in this analysis, there can be no doubt that the key-note of a Christian life is love. The life is pitched in that tone, and any other pitch, stop and start in again at once on the Christ-key.

The Farmer Boy and the Preacher.

Elisha was the son of a farmer; his father was very well-to-do, and had a rich farm in the valley of the Jordan. Among the visitors who came to the farmhouse was a quaint circuit-rider of the olden times, they called them prophets in those days; and his name was Elijah. He was a rugged, daring sort of a man, just the sort to capture the imagination of a wide-awake farmer boy. One day the preacher came through the field where Elisha was plowing with oxen, and as he past by Elisha he flung his own cloak over him and walked away as fast as he could. The young plowman knew well what that meant. It was God's call to him to

follow Elijah and become a prophet himself. He ran after the older man, and obtained consent to go and say good-bye to his father and mother and his friends. He took the oxen he had been plowing with and that he would not need any more, and killed them and made a great feast of farewell, and went away to live one of the purest lives, and filed with noblest service, that is pictured in all the Bible. How many lives would blossom in to beauty and helpfulness if we would all respond so quickly and so willingly to the divine call! Laymen as well as preachers have their call from God for the special service for which they are fitted.

An Indian Child's Prayer.

Miss Mary P. Lord, a teacher on the Sioux Reservation, North Dakota, relates this touching little scene of wigwam life:

The infant daughter of One Bull lay in her father's arms, sick unto death. The face of the stocial Indian gave no sign, but the tender grief of a parent was as keen in his breast as in the heart of a white man. A little daughter a few years older stood by, looking pitifully at the sick baby. Presently she said:

'Papa, little sister is going to heaven to night. Let me pray.'

She knelt at her father's knees, and prayed in her Indian tongue: 'Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen.'

Miss Lord's little pupil is one example of the education that begins with the children to Christianize a pagan race. This tiny girl is a grand-daughter of the famous Sitting Bull. He was a capable warrior and chief, but a ruthless man and a savage. Her father, One Bull, is one of the so-called 'good Indians,' who had left the influence of civilization, and the child herself, only three removes from barbarism, has declared herself a young disciple of the Great Teacher who seeks the highest welfare of men, whether civilized, or uncivilized 'bond or free.'

The Helpfulness of Little Things.

No one can measure the happiness that comes from little deeds of kindness and mercy. Henry Van Dyke sings the truth with great clearness:

Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be a flower or grass or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, rusty window ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear, shining hours,
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain;
Warm sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream.
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room—
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

Gold in a Honey-Tree.

Some boys in the Tennessee mountains the other day discovered a bee-tree. The bees had selected a big hollow limb of an oak-tree for their hive. The boys set to work and cut down the tree, though it was a work of many hours. They were, however well repaid for their work, for after they had filled themselves with honey and had taken out several buckets of the delicious food, they saw some shining object still further down in the tree, which they found to be a pot with \$2,000 of gold in it. It is supposed that the money was hidden there during the civil war in 1865. There is always gold in sweetness. The sweet spirit that distills honey and not vinegar out of all the common flowers of daily life is sure to treasure up the gold that can never perish.

Relief in a Day.

The red letter promise that never fails in cases of the severest and most chronic stomach troubles in using Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. Nature decreed the pineapple as one of humanity's great panaceas—medical science has searched it out and now it's at the door of every sufferer. A pleasant and positive cure. 35 cents.

WHILE WAITING TILL PROHIBITION COMES

Dodd's Cyspepsia Tablets are the Best "Bracer" Known.

They Steady the Nerves, Cool the Blood, and Brace the Whole System, Giving it Strength, Steadiness, Freshness and Vigor.

Prohibition may put an end to consumption of alcoholic liquors, and it may not. Some think it will; others think it won't. Whether it will or not, remains to be seen. In the mean time, people will have their "glass of ale," their "toddy," and their "B. & S." etc.

"Some fellows" will, sometimes, take a little too much. Next morning they'll be sorry for it, even as thousands of "other fellows" have been sorry for similar mistakes, thousands of times before. Their heads will ache, their eyes will be bloodshot, and "glarey," their nerves unstrung, their hands shaky; there'll be a

ringing, or a roaring in their ears, and they will yearn, with a great yearning for "a bracer."

The best, surest, and speediest bracer, in case of this kind, is one (or two) of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cool the fevered blood, calm the shaking nerves, soothe the aching brain, tone and brace up the entire system, and impart steadiness, freshness, strength and vigor to the frame.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets can be carried easily in the vest pocket; they are pleasant as "candy" to the taste, and positive, rapid and permanent in their effect.

One or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets taken just after meals, will correct acidity of the stomach, cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Biliousness, and all other Stomach Troubles, except Cancer.

Fifty cents a box; six boxes \$2.50, of all druggists.

AFTER "MORTAL" WOUNDS.

Remarkable Results From Medical and Surgical Science.

When Mark Twain's hero, after being severely mauled by the Celtic pseudo-Indians of Niagara Falls, remarked that only nine of his wounds were mortal, and the doctor expected him to pull through, it was looked upon as a more than usually farcial exaggeration on the part of the American humorist; but instances are continually cropping up which go to show that people can and do recover from injuries which are usually considered mortal.

Only a few months ago a German scientist leapt suddenly into fame from having performed the brilliant surgical feat of removing the entire stomach of a patient, the said patient being at the time of writing alive and well. How long ago would the idea of anyone living without a stomach have been scouted as a madman's dream?

Certainly one of the most marvellous recoveries is that which took place at Birmingham not many years ago. A girl of about twenty, in descending some dimly lighted steps, fell and actually broke her neck. That is to say, the bones were severed; but, by a miracle, the spinal cord was uninjured. She was lifted with the most scrupulous care, and removed to the Queen's Hospital in Bath Row, Birmingham. There she lay for four months, with her neck encased in plaster-of-Paris, and was eventually discharged cured.

Several injuries to the brain are not always followed by death. Dr. Agnew relates two striking instances of this. In one case a man was run over by a tram-car. He got up instantly, walked home, and went to bed. In the morning he was found insensible, with portions of the bone of the skull driven deeply into the brain. He eventually recovered.

So did, as by a miracle, the man in the second case. A wheel broke in front of him as he stood at work, and a flying piece of iron carried away not only half the frontal bone of the skull, but portions of the brain itself!

It may astonish many of our readers to learn that at his heart itself—the very seat of life—may be penetrated without fatal result. In the reports of St. Thomas's Hospital may be seen the record of a man who was treated there for a knife-stab in the chest, and discharged cured. He lived for four years afterwards, and after death a deep scar was found in the wall of the heart.

Many cases have been known of recovery from doses of poison which medical experience has generally considered fatal. That well-known professor of medical jurisprudence, Dr. Dixon Mann, relates one in which a youth drank half a fluid ounce of nitric acid, and is still alive; while in another instance the huge quantity of an ounce and a half of spirits of salts was not sufficient to cause death. In a third case two ounces of the same substance were taken without fatal result.

Probably the most remarkable recovery from drowning was that related recently. The victim's boat capsized, and he was precipitated into the water with a heavy weight on the top of him. He retained sufficient presence of mind to grasp the gunwale of the boat, but speedily lost consciousness, so that with the exception of a part of his left arm he was under water for quarter of an hour. He was eventually rescued, artificial respiration was applied, and the man yet lives to tell the tale. The favorable issue was attributed to the weight pressing on his chest, thus preventing any water from entering the lungs.

Identified.

Nor long ago a man who gave his name as Jack Wilson was arrested in St. Louis charged with petty larceny. When the chief of police saw him and heard him talk, he perceived at once that he was probably no ordinary criminal, and ordered him to be measured by the Bertillon system. This was done, and at its completion the prisoner's average was found to be 1149. Then the books were searched, and it was found that of all the criminals whose measurements have been taken and

recorded only one bore this average. That was Patrick Crowe, a man wanted for many serious crimes. The prisoner was confronted with the evidence, and on being questioned admitted that he was the man. Under any other system of identification says the Globe-Democrat in reporting the case, he would almost certainly have escaped detection.

KIDNEY'S CLOGGED.

Many Victims of Bright's Disease—Diabetes, Dropsy and Distressing Urinary Troubles Have Been Saved by the Timely use of South American Kidney Cure.

The kidneys are nature's filters in expelling from the body all impurities. If the kidneys are out of sorts the whole system becomes impaired and disease follows as sure as fate. Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy and distressing urinary troubles infest four-fifths of the race. It need not be so, for South American Kidney Cure is a power in dispelling all tendency to the seating of disease. It has cured cases that have been long and stubborn and that have baffled medical skill.

Caught in a Box.

'Why is it,' he asked 'that beautiful women are always the most stupid?'

'Sir,' she replied, 'am I to understand that you desire to cast reflections upon my mental capacity?'

'Oh, no,' he hurriedly returned; 'I have always said that you were one of the brightest girls I ever—'

But he didn't finish. Before he could do so he realized that he had said the wrong thing and could never make it right.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine has been found of great service in croup and whooping cough. No house where there are children should be without a bottle.

Mr. Oldchap: 'Are you interested in fossils, Miss Gushley?'

Miss Gushley: 'Oh—er—this is so sudden!'

A man imagines before marriage that he will be his wife's cup of joy, but finds out afterwards that he is only a fly in it.

A man who is able to speak six languages may be unable to think of anything worth saying.

A Guaranteed Catarrh Cure.

Japanese Catarrh Cure—use six boxes—buy them at one time—apply exactly according to the directions—and if you are not cured see your druggist; he will arrange to pay you your money back. There's a positive guarantee with every box that Japanese Catarrh Cure will cure. No cure, you get your money back. Guarantee in every package. 50 cents at all druggists. 115.

A Dunnville Jeweller's Wife

CURED OF PALPITATION OF THE HEART AND SMOTHERING SPELLS BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. D. E. Lasalle, Canal Street, Dunnville, Ont., whose husband keeps a jewellery store, and is one of the best



known and most progressive citizens of Dunnville, Ont., gives the following description of her recent experience in the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills: "I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for weak nerves, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, smothering spells at night and sleeplessness. Before I used them I could not get restful sleep, and my nerves were often so unstrung that I would start in alarm at the least noise, and easily worried."

"Last February I commenced taking this valuable medicine, and it proved the right remedy for my weak and shattered nervous system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restored my nerves to a strong and healthy condition, gave regular and normal action of the heart."

"I sleep well now, and am better in every way, and I recommend them heartily to all who suffer as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect, and to work without a gripe or pain. Price 25c., all druggists.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

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The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

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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.