

Sunday Reading

Last Words. I am not brave; I am not strong In deeds of great heroic worth; I only walk the wrinkled earth. In peace with men, in strife with wrong. I bear my part as best I can Among the chafing multitudes; I love the world's calm solitudes That have been so since time began. I love—ah, God; I love the faith That blesses while it purifies, And scatters star-drifts through the skies That light the way to life and death. I love the hands that held a trust Inviolable as the granite shore, That clasp keep it evermore, Till earth be earth and dust be dust. And hearts that know not any guile Of evil shaping to its mood, But cleaving Christ-like to the God, Have guerdon in the afterwhile. Ah! friends of days and not of years, What gentle heaven and largesse Of kindness holds me in duress To you my spirit stoops and hears. But words are cold and I am weak In tongue or pen to say my mind; I strive, but striving I am blind, And this is all that I can speak. But out beyond this pleasant land I shall look back with eager eyes To spaces green as Paradise With memories men understand. Who walk about in strange climes, Less pilgrim than the Ishmaelite; And walk not always in the light, And feel not always the Sublime. So may it be with me, I know But only this, I value all That you have given whate'er befall I shall remember! Even so.

The Scotchman's Prayer.

I was pleased the other day with a story which an aged Scotch minister told me about an old Scotchman who, many years ago, was on his way to a meeting of the people of Gold held in a tent, or some such temporary structure.

The old pilgrim was poor and ill-clad, and partly deaf, but he trusted in the Lord, whom he served, and rejoiced in his kind providence. On his way to the meeting he fell in with another Christian brother, a younger man, bound on the same errand, and they traveled on together.

When they had nearly reached the place of meeting, it was proposed that they should turn aside behind the hedge and have a little prayer before they entered the meeting. They did so, and the old man who had learned 'in everything to let his requests be made known unto God,' presented his case in language like the following:

'Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf and I want a seat on the first bench, if ye ken let me have it, so that I ken hear thy Word. And ye see that my toes are sticking through my shoes, and I don't think it is much to your credit to have your children's toes sticking through their shoes, and therefore I want ye to get me a pair of new ones. And ye ken I have nae siller, and I want to stay there during the meeting, and therefore I want you to get me a place to stay.'

When the old man had finished his quaint petition, and they had started on, his younger brother gently suggested to him that he thought his prayer was rather free in its forms of expression, and hardly as a reverential as seemed proper to him in approaching the supreme Being. But the old man did not accept the imputation of irreverence.

'He's my Father,' said he, 'and I'm weel acquainted with Him, and He's weel acquainted with me, and I take great liberties with Him.'

So they went on to the meeting together. The old man stood for awhile in the rear of the congregation, making an ear trumpet with his hand to catch the words, until someone near the pulpit noticed him, and, beckening forward gave him a good seat upon the front bench.

During the prayer the old man knelt down, and after he arose a lady, who had noticed his shoes, said to him:

'Are they the best shoes you have?' 'Yes,' said he, 'but I expect my Father will give me a new pair very soon.'

'Come with me after the meeting,' said the lady, 'and I will get you a new pair.' The service closed, and he went with her to her house.

'Shall you stay during the meeting?' said the good woman, as they went along. 'I would, but I'm a stranger in the place, and have nae siller.'

'Well,' said she, 'you will be perfectly welcome to make your home at our house during the meeting.'

The old man thanked the Lord that he had given him all the three things he had asked for; and, while the young brother's reverence for the Lord was right and proper, he might learn that there is a reverence which reaches higher than the forms and conventionalities of human taste, and which

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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.

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(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

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leads the believer to 'come boldly to the throne of grace' to find all-needed help in every trying hour.

The Children's Feet.

The 'Presbyterian' makes note of an English incident that is as beautiful as a 'golden text.' A poor woman, crossing one of the London parks, suddenly stopped and picked up something which she concealed in her apron. A policeman saw the act, and followed her. She was ragged, and her furtive manner convinced him that she was making off with some articles of value, such as is frequently dropped in public places. He called to her roughly: 'Here what have you got in your apron?'

His threatening, official tone frightened her, and she made no answer.

Feeling sure that she had hidden a pocket-book or a jewel, he told her to show what she was trying to carry away, or he would arrest her. Then the poor woman timidly unrolled her apron and revealed a handful of broken glass!

The policeman stared at it a moment, and muttered, 'What in the world do you want of the rubbish?'

'I just thought I'd take it out of the way of the children's feet,' she said meekly.

When we read the gentle Master's warning never to 'offend' one of His little ones,—the favorites of His Kingdom,—it is charming to know what verb in the New Testament language the word 'offend' translates. The emblem of the child's soul-history is the passing of its tender feet. Who would leave anything in their path to hinder or hurt them?

Whether she knew it or not the poor woman put a Gospel of love into her thoughtful deed. She obeyed in spirit the divine command to the ancient prophet: 'Take up the stumbling blocks out of the way of my people.'—Youth's Companion.

An Encourager.

S. R. Crockett writes of one of his characters, William Greig of Neither Larg: 'For him the morning's duty was not done till he came to put his warm, friendly hand into that of the minister for the day, and gave him thanks for every good word spoken. He was of the great Society of the

Encouragers, who make the wheels of the world go round. May power be given to their elbows.

'Many a raw lad preaching his first or second sermon had been grateful for the hand-shake and the good cheer. Many a one had carried William Greig's voice with him in a nook of his memory as William himself might carry a lamb in the nook of his plaidie.

'There was once, they say, a sad voiced, disappointed probationer, who had preached in vacancies and as 'supply' for years which ran into two figures. He was so set by a good word of William Greig's that he pulled himself together the following Sabbath day, and preached so well that he took a congregation by storm and got a call on the spot. He does not know it, but it was William Greig who got him that call.'

Your Work.

If Christ had a work to do, and He is God's idea of what man should be, then we must believe that each of us has a work to do, some sacrifice to make, some cross to endure, some soul to save. And the success of life is measured, not by the world's standards, but by the way in which we do our life-work. He is in some one's else place if He has no place of His own.

Have you found your work? I do not mean your trade or profession; I mean have you found your life work, the thing God has given you to do? I cannot tell you what it is. But I am sure everyone has something worthy to do, something to lift live above the commonplace, and dignity.

What is your work? Why brother, sister, I cannot tell you; but if you are a mother, I have some idea of what it is. Train that soul which God has committed to your care. If you fail in this you are a failure. If you are a friend be a friend worth having. If you are a citizen you have a work to do.

O let us do our work! Quickly the time is short! Why are we so slow? Why are we so inefficient? Why are we so soft-handed when this world needs toilers so much? O friend, look at your hands this morning? Have you one single blister or callous on your hands to show that

you ever once in all your life have struck one blow for God or fellowman—ever did one hour's work for immortality? If you should die to-day, what would the words 'It is finished,' mean as respects your life work? Would they mean that your opportunities are finished, or that the work God gave you to do is finished? Which?—

Obilied Kidneys.

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Quite Satisfied.

A contemporary of Professor Ferrier tells this good story of the eminent writer; The Professor had just finished, after a life-long labour, his theory of philosophy, and it was being printed under the title of 'Institutes of Metaphysics.' Being full of the subject, he was fond of reading extracts from the proofs to any intimate friend who called. One day Major P—dropped in.

'Well, major,' said Ferrier, 'I have just completed the great work of my life, and if you don't object I should like to read to you a short extract from it. But, before I begin, let me say that I claim in this book to have made philosophy intelligible to the meanest understanding.'

'Very well,' replied the major, taking a chair, 'go ahead.'

Ferrier proceeded to read a passage in his slow, emphatic manner, but the major soon became fidgety, and at last burst out—'Well, Ferrier, do you mean to say that this is intelligible to the meanest understanding?'

'Do you understand it, major?'

'Yes, I think I do.'

'Then, major, I'm satisfied.'

For the Year 1898

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as 'just as good' as the great only sure-pop corn cure—Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

Birds as Sleepers.

The habits of birds in regard to sleep are unlike, some being very solicitous to be in good time, while others are awake and about all night. But among the former the sleeping-place is the true home, the dormus et penetralia. It has nothing necessarily in common with the nest, and birds, like some other animals and many human beings, often prefer complete isolation at this time. Sparrows which appear to go to roost in companies, and sometimes do so after a vast amount of talk and fuss, do not rest cuddled up against one another like starlings or chickens, but have private holes and corners to sleep in. They are

fond of sleeping in the sides of straw ricks, but each sparrow has its own little hollow among the straws, just as each flock of sleeping larks makes its own 'cubicle' on the ground.

Different.

Skidmore:—'So Mullins has married a wife.'

Kilduff: 'That is not the way in which I understand it.'

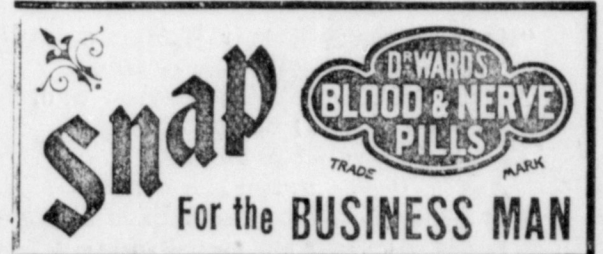
'How do you understand it?'

'My information is that a widow has married Mullins.'

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine the great cough remedy costs only 25 cents per bottle.

Smithers—Why don't you run for school director Abraham?

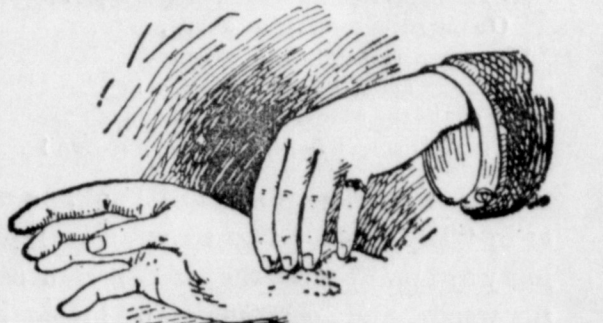
Brown—Well, you see, sir, there is the farm to look after and the work on the roads, the timber to cut, the strong party feeling, my views on the education question, my tax theory, my ideas on the money problem; and then, besides—my wife wants to run.



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Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says Laxa-Liver Pills cured her of Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.

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