

**Sunday Reading**

**Living by the Day.**

My house was well built,' said a farmer once to me, for it was built by the day. That is the way in which the best, strongest and happiest lives are built; they are not constructed 'by the job,' but one attainment in grace is laid upon another like the blocks of granite in a solid house wall. Each day brings its duty to be done, its temptation to be met and conquered, its burden to be carried and its progress to be made heavenward. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in every year, but really there is only one working day, and that is to-day. Sufficient to each day is the evil thereof.

This is just the sort of living that I commend to my readers. God means to shut you up to this style of thinking and planning and doing when he makes his gracious promise, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' The journey made up a mountain is simply a succession of steps. If the climber attempts to leap forward he exhausts his strength, if he looks down he grows dizzy, and if he looks too far forward he gets discouraged by the distance yet to be surmounted. So in accomplishing each day's work you have simply to take one step at a time, and to take that wisely is all that you need to think about. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. God never made a Christian strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of one's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the foolish experiment. We have a right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the day, but we have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength beyond it.

My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants, and something over for Christ's treasury, don't torment yourself with the idea that you will yet fetch up in the almshouse. If your children cluster around your table to-day, enjoy the music of their voices, train them for God and trust them to God without racking yourself with a dread that the little ones may be carried off by scarlet fever, or the older ones may fall into bad marriages or some other disaster. Faith carries present loads meets present assaults, feeds on present promises, and commits the future to a faithful God. Its daily song is:

"Keep them my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene: one step enough for me."  
So we exhort you again most earnestly to take short views. Let us not climb the high wall till we get to it, or fight the battles till it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the joys and the blessings that we have by the sinful fear that God may take them away from us. We need all the grace that he can give us for to-day's battles. I would not penetrate into the secrets which to-morrow hides if I could. It is far better to know whom we trust, and that he is able to keep all that we commit to him until the last great day.

"Why forecast the trials of life  
With such sad and grave persistence,  
—And look and watch for a brood of ills  
That as yet have no existence?"  
Strength for today is all we need,  
For we never shall see to-morrow;  
When it comes the morrow will be to-day,  
With its measure of joy or sorrow."

That earnest Christian who lives by the day not only faces each duty or each trial as it comes, but he also is on the lookout for each day's opportunities for serving his Master. Almost every Christian promises himself that some time or other he will be holy minded and very useful. The growing, productive Christian is he who is on the watch for opportunities and grasps them when they come. The beautiful morning glories which opened in my little garden yesterday are all withered away. So with some precious opportunities to serve my Savior and to do good to my fellow man—they will never bloom again. But there are fresh flowers that opened with this morning's sun; even so doth our Master give us a fresh chance to serve him and bless others every day we live. Here lies the generic difference between profitable and unprofitable Christians. The one class are always looking for opportunities to do a kind act, to gain an influence, to win a soul to Jesus.

The Earl of Shaftesbury in England and William E. Dodge in America were two men whose lives illustrated grandly the principle of grasping every day's opportunities to strike a blow for Jesus Christ. The holy and heroic General Samuel C. Armstrong, of Hampton Institute—the noblest benefactor the negro has had, next to Abraham Lincoln—left a remarkable paper written just before his death in which he says, 'I have never made any sacrifices.' It was joy and ecstasy

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It enables you to resist the disease. Even if your lungs are already affected, and if besides the cough you have fever and emaciation, there is still a strong probability of a cure.

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the very life of his life to be doing good; the 'sacrifice' would have been to miss the precious opportunity which each day brought him. Harlan Page made it a rule never to talk to any person even for fifteen minutes without saying something hopeful to profit that person's soul. Our days are very much what we choose to make them. The happy days are those in which we improve the golden occasions, and the most terrible specter that can haunt us in the ghost of a lost opportunity. That is what will make hell so unendurable to those who fling away Christ's loving offers and their time for repentance.

With new duties come new supplies of grace every morning to those who seek it with earnest prayer. We cannot live on yesterday's meals. As the children of Israel gathered fresh manna every morning, so we must look upward for a fresh supply of heavenly "rations" for the daily march. The early hour is the best for prayer and feeding on God's word. That godly-minded Christian, Garret Noel Bleecker of New York, used to go home at noonday not only to take his meal with his family, but to have a few quiet moments with his Master. Arthur Tappan had a room up near the roof in his store for noonday devotions. In these times of awful stress and strain on business men, would it not clear their heads and nerve their faith if they would stop, amid the heat of the day's toil and hurry, to have a few minutes face to face with God?

The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances, but in our hear life. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the soul's windows to the precious promises of the Master, a few words of fervent prayer a deed or two of kindness to the first person you meet, will brighten your countenance and make your feet "like hind's feet" for the days march. If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight, burying them under your mercies. Begin every day with God, and then, keeping step with your Master, march on toward home over the roughest road, or in face of the hardest winds that blow. Live for Jesus by the day, and on everyday, until you come where "the Lamb is the light thereof" and there is no night there.

**All Things of God.**

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." That all the worldly wealth belonged to God the Jews could readily understand from their own history. On different occasions when money was needed by the nation, as at the time of the Exodus, and on different occasions in the times of David, God wonderfully increased the nation's wealth, and he was about to do so again. God will always be a present help to his people in all their need. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." Every penny in this world bears his image as well as Caesar's. It is all his own and of his own. They who have silver and gold must serve and honor God with it, for it is all his own, and we have but the use of it. We must honor him with such as we have.

**What the Benediction Means.**

If I asked, 'What does the benediction mean?' you might answer, 'It means that it is time to go home!' Well, a shepherd's dog knows as much as that. Scottish Highland shepherds take their dogs to church, and the dogs are quiet through the service until the benediction, and then they know that all is over and begin to be restless, and ready to start home. But what do the words of the benediction mean? They are words which St. Paul wrote at the end of some of his 'epistles' to letters. For some reason or other St. Paul used to have his letters written for him. He dictated to some friend of his the things he wanted to say in a letter. People have supposed that the apostle's sight was not good, and that is why he had letters written for him. I cannot tell

whether or not that was the reason, but for some reason he dictated his letters, while some one else wrote. Then, if there was anything very special to say, St. Paul took the pen and wrote a line or two, and added, 'I, Paul, have written these words with my own hand.' Always when the letter was finished he took the pen and wrote what he calls the 'token,' some kind of good wish. And the benediction is one of these sentences which St. Paul used to write with his own hand at the end of his letters. It was a sort of 'good bye' to finish off with. A good-bye is a good wish. It means 'God be with you!' And the benediction is a good wish, and means, 'May these three good things be with you: The love of God, the grace of Jesus, and the communion of the Holy Spirit!'—(Rev. Benjamin Gregory.)

If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would strive earnestly to be so for the sake of my aged mother, that I may requite her care of me.—Hooker.

**The Tragedy of the Faithless Life.**

'Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good will fall  
At last, far off, at last to ill,  
And every winter turn to spring.  
'So runs my dream; but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night;  
An infant crying for the light  
And with no language but a cry.'

These lines are a portion of one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most noted poems in the English language. The distinguished author was seventeen years in writing 'In Memoriam.' The year of its publication, 1850, Alfred Tennyson was crowned by the bays as poet laureate of England's Queen. For more than a generation this bard voiced the thought of his age as few are ever able to do. Tennyson was a true seer. The poet often discerns what the scientist cannot see at all. In the above sad lines it must be admitted a characteristic of our present century is correctly expressed. It is an age of unrest.

The spirit of the day demands a reason for all things in the form of a positive and scientific demonstration. It manifests itself, however, in uncertainty, rather than in denial; in unbelief, rather than disbelief; in skepticism, rather than infidelity. Agnosticism, which is the confession of the lack of knowledge, is common; but atheism, the assertion that there is no God, is very rare indeed. Rationalism, nevertheless, has won a place, and demands attention of thoughtful men.

The laws of evidence, the witness of history, the testimony of experience and the principles of judgment—all enter into the problem which confronts the seeker after truth. Nothing by proxy can be taken for granted. Individually and alone man must decide this momentous issue. Each one sits a judge at the bar of his own conscience. This should magnify personality, and teach the worth of the soul.

Yet we are in danger to-day of losing ourselves in the mass. Man is too often engulfed in the great sea of society. Sociology is the most popular of sciences. It may be well, for we recall the time when society was regarded lost and no longer worthy of serious concern. We hear more about the 'social conscience' than we do about the individual conscience. The world goes in crowds today. Philanthropic activities are more popular than single-handed efforts. The very complexity of life is bewildering. In the Middle Ages the future life filled the entire vision and the present was overlooked. Nowadays, eternity is forgotten in the passion for the passing hour.

Literature, which is the mirror of human thought and action, reflects the sad fatalism of a purposeless life. The novel seems to reign supreme. He who would

**SMOTHERING SENSATION.**

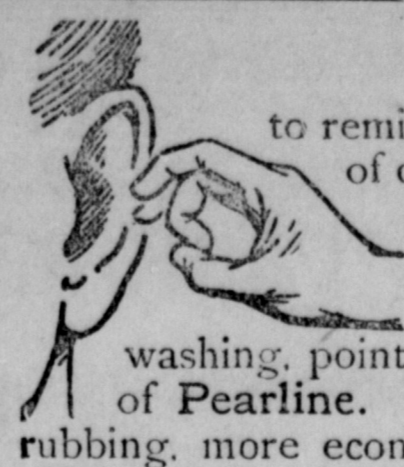
**A Kingston Lady's Experience with Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in Relieving this Distressing Condition.**

"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 that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills were a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and 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.

(Signed) MRS. A. W. IRISH,  
Kingston, Ont.

LAXA LIVER PILLS cure Biliaryness, Constipation and Sick Headache.



**A fillip**

to remind you that it's time to listen to the voice of common sense. It isn't reasonable to do your washing in the hardest way, when there's nothing to be gained by it. Compare soap-washing with Pearlline-washing, point by point, and all the gain is on the side of Pearlline. Greater ease and quickness, absence of rubbing, more economy.



make his voice heard amidst the ceaseless strife must speak through fiction. Broken down altars, faith forsaken and marital infelicities are too often the themes. Even our leading poets grope in increasing darkness when we wish they might firmly walk in the sunshine of noonday. Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell were ethical rather than religious, deistic rather than Christian. Not alone the pessimism of the novel, but the sentimentalism of much of the poetry, would, unchecked, make the world a moral desert.

France presents a picture of the legitimate results of a faithless life. Dreyfus, and all the ills which follow in his train, are the second crop of the seeds sown by the light-hearted egotists of the Empire. Voltaire and his sarcastic followers were the fathers of the present-day infidelity in the French Republic. That brilliant skeptical school had minds which flashed with wit and repartee, but their hearts were cold, and their only worship was that of themselves. Their end was often tragic, and their death un mourned.

Germany also presents a never to be forgotten example of the doctrine. Her philosophers, rather than her literati, were the chief priests of pessimism. From Kant to Hegel, metaphysics became more and more gloomy. Schopenhauer's gospel is one of despair, and Hartmann taught life was not worth the living. No German ever wrote more characteristically of his nation than Goethe in his immortal drama, 'Faust.' He rightly entitled it a tragedy. This bard of Weimar early wrote, 'I turned everything that pleased or pained me into a song.' But the song is always sad. 'Faust' is the literary sphinx of the ages. Listen to the hopeless cry of this faithless student:

'I've studied now philosophy,  
And jurisprudence, medicine,  
And even, alas! theology,  
From end to end, with labor keen;  
And here, poor fool, with all my lore,  
I stand no wiser than before.'

England has not yet forgotten David Hume. Huxley has only recently passed away. George Eliot's uncertain notes still linger. The saddest of all her poets laid down his pen two generations ago. Misanthropy plays a leading part in 'Sardanapalus,' 'Manfred' and 'San Juan.' Byron found only thorns and briars where he might have reared flowers and fruit. To his maddened brain man appeared irredeemably lost. On earth goodness offered no reward, and heaven was uncertainty. On his thirty-sixth birthday, a few weeks before his death, he wrote the requiem of his heart:

"My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruit of love are one;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone."

**The Desire of all Nations.**

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land, is applied to the setting up of Christ's kingdom in the world, and shows how universal it shall be: God will once again do for his church as he did when he brought them out of Egypt. He then shook the heavens and earth at Mount Sinai. With thunder and lightnings and earthquakes he shook the sea and the dry land, when pathways were made through the sea, and streams fettered out of the rock. And this shall be done again when, at the sufferings of Christ, the sun shall be darkened and the rocks rent. He is indeed set for the fall and rising of many. When his kingdom was set up it was with a shock to the nations. The oracles were struck dumb, idols were destroyed, and the powers of the kingdoms of earth were shaken and moved. The shaking of the nations is often in order that the church of Christ may be the more deeply rooted and the more widely extended—the one only object which shall never be shaken.

**Criticizing Lord Wolseley.**

How a man in Lord Wolseley's position could attend a public banquet, where he must have known he would be reported, and make a speech which, as he told us, he had not prepared, is one of those things which passes comprehension. The speech was full of verbal infelicities of the most distressing kind. Fancy the commander-in-chief taking credit to himself and his colleagues for preparations "to try and bring this 'curious army of ours up to the level of the modern armies of the world.' Then followed the complaint of "the most

dire opposition on the part of a great number of people who ought to have been the first to help us." Who were these people? The nations would like to know.

"The most serious remark of all was the admission that "the enemy are much more numerous and powerful than we anticipated." Does Lord Wolseley realize what a damning indictment he has hurled at the Intelligence Department? But the crowning gaucheerie was the hope "that when we read the list of casualties there will be a very large proportion of officers sufferers as well as men." Of course we know what Lord Wolseley meant, but for awkwardness of expression the phrase would be hard to beat.

**ANOTHER CASE.**

**New Brunswick is Being Cleared of Backache by Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

Zealand Man Reported Cured—All Over the Province the Good Work Goes on—Dodd's Kidney Pills are Conquering Everywhere.

ZEALAND, N. B. Dec. 11—Since the days when St. Patrick banished reptiles out of Ireland nothing has been seen like the wholesale operations of a certain remedy in this Province. It has banished disease in hundreds of districts, and is steadily increasing its influence and popularity. The medicine referred to is Dodd's Kidney Pills, the greatest kidney remedy ever discovered.

All kinds of Kidney Diseases are fleeing from New Brunswick before Dodd's Kidney Pills. Bright's Disease and Diabetes, the two formerly invincible destroyers, have lost their power the instant that Dodd's Kidney Pills came on the scene. Backache is conquered and flying from all parts of the province. Last week it was reported routed in Antigonish, where H. M. Spears was rescued. How it is Frank P. Mills in Zealand.

Similarly the other forms and allies of Kidney Disease are being ousted—Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Lumbago, Sciatica, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, Women's Weakness and Blood Impurities. Frank P. Mills, of Zealand, says about his case of Backache:—

"I tried everything I could think of to no purpose. I had given up hope of getting rid of my misery when I thought I would try once more. This time I bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have only taken one box and feel like a new man. The lameness has all left my back and I think I am entirely cured and would recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all persons suffering with like trouble."

**First Score.**

"Mary," said Mr. Thomas when a silence fraught with unpleasant meaning, had followed his first altercation with his young wife.

"Yes?" said Mary interrogatively. "When a man and his wife have had a—difference," said Mr. Thomas, with a judicial air, "and each considers the other at fault, [which of the two do you think should make the first advance toward reconciliation?"

"The wiser of the two," said Mrs. Thomas promptly, "and so my dear I'll say at once that I am very sorry."

It occurred to Mr. Thomas that it might have been as well for him to have made the first advance, after all, but he thoughtfully refrained from saying so.

**PLUNGED TO HIS DEATH.**

Insidious Disease Lurks Everywhere.

A bright young man in Grey County, Ont., thoughtlessly plunged into the lake at a summer resort when the blood was about the normal heat. The shock stopped the kidneys work. Poisons which should have been carried off were circulated through the system. Dropsy was the result, and one bright autumn the mourning badge was on the door, and the promising young life was snuffed out. He trusted himself to skilled physicians, but they failed to do what South American Kidney Cure would have done. It clears, heals and puts and keeps the kidneys in perfect action. A specific for all kidney ailments. Sold by E. C. Brown.

**THE EMPHATIC STATEMENT THAT** The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism, is based upon facts. The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Her hero (angrily)—'Was there any idiot in love with you before I married you?' His heroine:—'Yes one.' 'I'm sorry you rejected him.' 'But I didn't reject him; I married him.'