

Sunday Reading

Missionaries to the Mountains.

As the mountains were round Jerusalem so they swept in majestic outlines and guarding strength about a fair village set high in the summit of the Catskills. The mountains of this newer world looked down also upon the descendants of Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Rachel walking the streets of this mountain village, showing their birthright in their strong Jewish features and gay apparel, as they passed under the giant trees of the mountain, or or flitted over smoothly shaved lawns.

But beside these descendants of an ancient race, the people of a later civilization, differing in form and feature, and carrying about with them the easily borne name of Christian, found this little village nestled among the mountains a retreat full of beauty, restfulness and grateful shade, in the overheated August days. At least the stories of nights and mountain tops, which, with their forest lined slopes, protected the village from the fiercest rays of the sun, and drives which would take the summer sojourner in half an hour into the cool depths of mountain roads, where ice was to be found even in the hottest of summer weather, had been the attraction which had drawn many to this fair haven of rest.

Who could have foreseen the unusual, and prolonged and intense heat which they met instead? Day after day of glaring sunshine, till the fields hard tilled in this rocky region, dried in great patches of yellow brown over land that should have been green and promising an abundant harvest.

Sunday came—the first Sunday—the day that tests what manner of people the summer tourist has fallen among. The broad piazza and hammocks filled early with their accustomed groups. The appealing notes of the village church bells struck unheeding ears. Coolness and comfort, if they could be found, if not, their nearest approach, was the one good sought after by the assembled guests.

As the noon hour sounded, down the broad path from the front gate came a woman of foreign aspect, tall and somewhat angular, with strong German features.

She bore in her hands a bunch of pure white everlasting.

"Oh, Mrs. S.—, where have you been? You have not been to church," laughed the idlers on the piazza in mock reproach; but Mrs. S.—, perhaps losing part of the import of the speech in the unaccustomed language, flushed deeply before the curious eyes as she answered in the carefulest of broken English.

"I have been at the woods searching little flowers, and I have these that the good Lord has put for such as may find them."

There was a hush over the group for an instant as she disappeared, but their merriment was renewed as one more woman entered the gate and faced the crowd of inquiring and mirthful eyes. This one claimed the opening sentence.

"Not one of you has been to church this morning. You ought to be ashamed."

"Come right here, Mrs. R.—, and take this chair and tell us all about the sermon," returned a frank faced young man with laughing blue eyes.

"You all need it, I wish I might preach it over to you," answered Mrs. R.—with imperturbable good nature and honest frankness. Then she went her way, and the day passed on till its close very much after the manner it had begun.

It was a week later—a week of brazen days. Every heart longed for rain at nightfall. Every morning [saw the same red sun arise, run its course and sink behind the mountain tops with no sign of moisture. To look into the green depths of the mountain sides gave the nearest approach to coolness to the fevered imagination. The six days seemed like a month, so long is time when hope is deferred.

It was Sunday again, no cooler or more comfortable than a week before, but speaking quietly to one at a time, dropping a word here and there, the report had gone abroad through the house that there would be special music in the little village church that day, and music, that bath charms to draw reluctant souls back into the path of duty, won many churchgoers on this second Sunday morning.

"And I suppose the minister will pray for rain. Do you suppose it will make any difference?" asked a guest at one of the tables that morning.

There were a half dozen pair of shrugged shoulders, an inadequate remark or two, and the faithless poured down the village street in glorious array, accompanied by sunshades which were marvels of art in lace and ribbon and silk.

"Probably no single drug is employed in nervous diseases with effects so markedly beneficial as those of cod-liver oil."

These are the words of an eminent medical teacher.

Another says: "The hypophosphites are generally acknowledged as valuable nerve tonics."

Both these remedies are combined in Scott's Emulsion. Therefore, take it for nervousness, neuralgia, sciatica, insomnia and brain exhaustion.

Soc. and Dr. on all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

The little church was filled to overflowing. The music was all that had been anticipated, and the minister prayed from the depths of his heart for the audience gathered in the house of God that day, and with equal fervor for grateful showers of rain for the parched earth, pleading the great need of water through all the mountain side. Then he closed the service with that hymn of strongest trust and love, 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee,' and the congregation passed out.

A drop of rain was falling here and there, only a drop, and they raised the parasols of lace and ribbon. The rain came faster and they stepped more quickly. Then it began to pour and the people ran. The unbelief of the morning had given place to a certainty that called for prompt action.

All that afternoon the rain fell in torrents, lightning flashed over the mountain tops above them, and the thunder rolled over the hills. On every side was the glory of the storm. The Lord was speaking through the majestic forces of nature.

The bed of the brook behind the house where the children had walked on dry stones the afternoon before was now a rushing torrent. Down from the mountain sides hundreds of streams were adding their volume to the rushing waters below. Water ran through the streets brown and soiled, having washed away as it passed all the effects of the long dusty drought.

Half a mile distant the long swinging bridge, which had been the delight of the young men and maidens, had been swept from its moorings, and carried on by the mighty rush of the water.

Slowly the tempest subsided at sundown, like a child sobbing itself to sleep, and over all the green and refreshed earth the rays of a glorious sunset cast their lingering beauty. The Lord of heaven and earth had spoken through the voice of the storm, and the visible world rejoiced in the refreshing moisture sent for the revival of tree, and flower and herb.

In the parlors after supper they sang, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" once more, and followed it by many another hymn of faith and trust, and "He who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand" swayed also the hearts of these people, quietly leading them from the indifference and unbelief of the morning into the promised light of the eventide.

An Early Christian Endeavorer.

When our Captain bids us go,
'Tis not ours to murmur "No."
He that gives the sword and shield
Chooses, too, the battlefield
On which we are to fight the foe.

The first and best choice for a young life is to seek God and to do his will. Once the mind is made up to this, it becomes an easy task to walk in the paths of righteousness. The child who is brought up from his youth to serve God and is trained in the way he should go is apt to continue on in this good way when he has attained older years, or if he should wander away in maturer age in the bypaths and bewildering mazes of temptation and sin, he can never fully escape from the influence of his childhood. The feet may often slip over the dangerous shoals of life, but once they have been planted on the Rock of Ages, they cannot altogether lose their hold. The time will surely come where the teachings and guidance of youth will assert themselves, and the heart turn again with reverence and longing to the only true and profitable instructions with which it was profited.

But while it may be true that the early years of misspent manhood and womanhood will be repented of, sooner or later, when sober and more reflective age brings back the desire to follow in the path the Scriptures advise and the ways taught in their youth, it is far safer and wiser experience to begin life with one's hand in God's, and to let him be the leader and guide all through the earthly pilgrimage. With him as the commander there can never be any snares, however alluring,

which can lead astray the feet which he directs, and which are ready and willing to go where he leads. The earlier one confesses Christ the more easily his counsels are written on his heart, and the easier it becomes for him to serve and to delight in doing his will. The way thus prepared in youth grows brighter and more desirable as the years go by, till God's grace and mercy encompass him completely, and the traveler heavenward watches for every opportunity to catch the whispers coming from on high bearing the messages which God has for him. Like the Mussulman in his devotions, his one common gesture will be to put his hands to his ears, as if listening for what God has to say. This will ever be the attitude of the mind of the one who has his standing place above the din and confusion of this mortal world.

Young people can do so much toward advancing Christ's kingdom, if they but try. If each young Christian would but follow the example of Timothy, what missionaries they might become! Timothy was a model Endeavorer, and the study of his life will help others to attain his perfection, to live their lives in understanding and in good works. From first to last he was a faithful follower and preacher of Christ, willing to do hard things as well as easy things. He went to prison with Paul, and tradition tells us that he suffered martyrdom in the end. His Christianity was for life and death, and his only choice, it is quite clear, was to serve and honor God.

In Paul's letters to Timothy, it is easy to see how near he was to the apostle's heart; he called him his son, and this affection could never have been so deep and tender had not Timothy espoused his cause, and been ever ready to help him in his work, whether it interfered with his plans or not. And this should be the aim of every young Christian, to aid and supplement his pastor in his work. Together they should become partners in the great business of saving souls, and together they should 'endure hardness as good soldiers.' The Christian's path is not one of pleasantness and ease. There are sorrows and burdens and anxieties to be carried and borne, and times of depression and sadness, but through all these God's peace will flow like a river, and in the end, if the fight is well fought, the reward will be 'a crown of righteousness which God the righteous Judge shall give' at the last day. Is it not worth seeking?

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

Way the Doctor Did Not Approve of the Young Man's Sermon.

The doctor as he walked slowly homeward down the village street in the quiet Sunday afternoon, was joined by the young minister, who had preached that morning in the little church. He had been ordained only a week, and this was his first sermon since his ordination.

His friends thought it "a masterly effort." He hoped the old doctor would say this of it too. The effort had cost him much study and prayer, and surely deserved commendation. But the doctor only said, "Good morning, Willy!" and talked of the drought.

The old man had known the young minister since he was born, had lanced his first tooth and brought him through the measles. It was natural that he should call him Willy. Still he ought to recognize the fact that he had become a teacher of men, one whose office was to declare the oracles of God.

The doctor meanwhile eyed askance the smooth face, with a sad yet half questioning expression in his gray eyes.

"So I've reached the goal at last!" the young man said, presently.

"You are fully qualified now to take charge of a congregation?" asked the doctor.

Carpenters' Kidneys.



Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

now on the first sign of backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit. "I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not stoop without great difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic pains in both temples. Seeing the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone. I feel fresh and vigorous in the mornings, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CLARENCE E. SEEDS, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.

"Well, I hope so. I passed through college and the seminary with success, as you know," the lad said, modestly. "I have studied hard. I think I am sound in doctrine. No man in my class is better versed in the original Hebrew and Greek of the Bible, and I have made myself familiar with modern forms of unbelief—the 'bane and antidote,' you know."

"Yes. But what do you know of men?" gravely demanded the doctor. "What have you learned of sin? That poor tavern loafer yonder knows depths in the devil's power and God's patience of which you never dreamed. How can you preach to such as he?"

"What would you have me do?" cried the young man in surprise.

"Go out into the world, as your Master went. Mix with men and learn their temptations and the good and ill of their lives. Get close to them. Take poor outcasts by the hand, and try to lift them up. Feel with the tempted man's heart, see with his eyes, think with his thoughts. Then you will be able to speak to men who are like him words that they will understand. Neither they nor men of higher moral character care to listen simply to a clever literary essay in the pulpit."

"You do not approve of my sermon, then?" asked the minister.

"It was grammatical, terse, and in good taste. The allusions were apt. The poetry was well recited. You told us of a flame which you proved logically would burn us, of which you had read in three languages. If you could have spoken—as I trust you may do some day—out of the temptations of your own life; out of your own struggles against selfishness and fleshly impulses, urging, 'Behold, I have felt the fire; it rages in every nature; it burns on every heartstone; it is ready to burst forth in every daily act;' and then had proclaimed God's methods for extinguishing it every attentive soul in your audience would have responded in personal sympathy and in desire for the better life."

"Young men in theological schools are sheltered," said Willy, coldly, "and occupied by their studies, they note little of the vice or of the temptations of human nature in the world about them."

"And that is the reason," said the doctor, promptly, "that older men and every-day business men, who are forced to see and note both, and whose daily lives are filled with besetments, are not eager to fill the pews to hear young men from the theological schools preach. The German apprentice, when he had learned to handle his tools, went out into the world for a year or more,—his Wanderjahr,—to enlarge his experience and from personal observation to learn if possible, how to use them with greater skill and efficiency. The same custom would be useful to the young minister."

The Word of God Stands Sure.

What God has said may be depended on. Not one jot or tittle of his Word shall ever fail. The calamities and triumphs of secular life, the smallest and greatest events alike, the events that stir the world, the moods of men as well as the greatest political upheavals, are all used by Providence as warp and woof in the weaving of the divine plans. How clearly this is evidenced by the events preceding the return of the Jews at the expiration of the seventy years and which may also be taken as a type of the return of our souls from the bondage and misery of sin!

STOP IT NOW.

Don't Let It Run on Until Your Condition Causes You to be Ostracized as if You Were a Leper.

Before it is too late stop that succession of colds that means nothing more or less than catarrh. Stop the suffering. Stop the disagreeable discharges that are so humiliating to you and so offensive to your friends. Don't let it run on until your condition causes you to be ostracized as if you were a leper. Don't neglect yourself until consumption makes its fatal appearance. You can be cured. Not merely relieved, but absolutely and perfectly cured. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will restore you to complete, perfect health. It gives relief at once. It cures in an incredibly short time. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Marginal Notes.

The descendant of a New England Puritan divine has in his possession an old sermon written by his ancestor which shows that the preacher did not trust entirely to the impulse of the moment when delivering his discourses.

The manuscript is written in a strange, crabbed hand, and plentifully is sprinkled with marginal references. "Read slowly here," the minister admonishes himself in one spot, and "To be given out very loud and clear," is the suggestion for another passage.

"Hurry a little, with fire," he wrote in several places.

The most emphatic and important part of the whole sermon is indicated by a much underlined marginal note. After hearing stories of this saintly old-time preacher, it

is amusing to know that he deemed it wise and even necessary at the climax of his eloquence to "Yell like one possessed."

Echoes of the Diner Bell.

"Table Talk" is the apt caption which a prominent journal gives to its weekly column of hints about diet. Many publications are helping to spread information on a subject which concerns the health and happiness of every human being; and all the best physicians are doing what they can to create a rational science of dietetics.

A business man, whose relations with the food market give wide opportunities for observation, testifies that there is steadily growing demand for the best class of edibles. The hand of commerce is reaching all lands and zones and seas, to gather select supplies in response to the prayer of millions for daily bread.

It does make a difference what we eat. Few of us can safely venture to follow the example of the man who said, "I never mind what I put in my stomach; I send all sorts of things down there, and let 'em fight it out among themselves."

To be sure, people of delicate health and sedentary habits may easily fall into a fussy way of watching their reluctant digestion till they look it out of countenance, being too unmindful of Edward Everett Hale's injunction to "look out, and not in." But we have all learned something in the school of experience—perhaps at a high rate of tuition.

The ordinary "bill of fare" has been re-enforced by the inventors of many kinds of "health foods." Many of these are excellent, wholesome and palatable, but it takes something from an approving appreciation of them when they are mixed with physiological lectures. One's relish may be impaired when required to eat for reasons laid down in a chemical formula. The religion of the dining-room can still be learned from those old Hebrews who blessed the Lord for satisfying the mouth with good things, and who then absorbed the goods things without analytical comment.

Be Cured of Catarrh.

It is quite easy to cure yourself of Catarrh or Asthma if you use Catarrh-rhizone, the medicated air treatment for all diseases of the nasal and respiratory organs caused by germ life. Catarrh-rhizone will cure—absolutely cure Catarrh, and is a very pleasant remedy that can be used without any danger or risk whatever. When inhaled it rapidly volatilizes, and finds its way to the very seat of the disease where it kills the microbic life that causes Catarrh and at the same time restores all irritated membranes to their normal condition, effecting a permanent cure. You simply breathe; Catarrh-rhizone does the rest. One trial will demonstrate its worth. For sale at all druggists or by mail, Price \$1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 607 Kingston, Ont.

Uneasy Consciences.

The United States Treasury has a curious account upon its books. This is known as the "Conscience Fund." The sums entered to its credit are repentance-money received from persons who at some time or other have defrauded the government, and whose consciences have compelled them to restore their dishonest gains. No questions are asked when a penitent declares his sin in this practical way. Some penitents return the amounts unlawfully taken, and leave them to tell their own story; but oftener letters of confession accompany the money. These are kept on file. A letter from a clergyman, who signed his name and enclosed four dollars and a traction, stated that the money was owed the government as duty and accrued interest on several cheap watches smuggled into this country a number of years ago by a man who confessed his wrong to him. "The man who pays this money," writes the clergyman in substance, "entered upon a religious life a few weeks ago. This act attests the genuineness of his purpose to live in obedience to both human and Divine law."

Another letter from an old veteran reads: "Sir: Please find my thirty dollars, to be placed to the credit of the Conscience Fund, from the awakened conscience of an old veteran, who has been laying aside a little at a time for some time, and who has not been able to figure yet just what it is, but who hopes to light on the data yet, and restore it before he is called to meet his God."

The simplest fact in an upright character is its acute sense of right and wrong, and the honesty that pays secret as well as open debts.

IF TAKEN IN TIME THE D & L Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

An Electric Fog Horn.

A Canadian engineer has invented a fog horn in which the noise is produced by half a dozen clappers striking a gong and actuated by electro-magnets. A dynamo, supplied with power by a naphtha engine, furnishes the current. About 600 strokes per second fall upon the gong, thus producing a practically continuous sound, and this is magnified and governed in direction by a megaphone. A small model of the horn is said to have made itself audible at a distance of two miles.