

# Sunday Reading

When Mother Came Home.

Carl came in from the baseball game  
When he heard the clock strike two.  
He had to put on his Sunday clothes,  
As the train would soon be due.  
His good sister fixed his best blue tie,  
Then took from the china bowl  
A pink, like one the President wears,  
And put in his button hole—  
For mother was coming home.

He ran all the way to station,  
For fear that he might be late,  
But the baggage man smiled and told him  
He had a whole hour to wait.  
Which made him feel very impatient:  
An hour at a station, you know,  
Is twice as long as anywhere else—  
Carl thought it would never go,  
When mother was coming home.

O the days that had been such long, long days  
Since the mother went to town,  
And her boy, somehow kept seeing things  
At night-time when he lay down.  
Then every unkind word of a deed  
To that dearest one of all,  
When the moon shone in his window, seemed  
To be written on the wall—  
But mother was coming home.

Then his arms he'd throw about her neck,  
While he kissed her o'er and o'er,  
And promise her he'd never make  
Her dear heart ache any more.  
But—what if the train ran off the track!  
He paced the wide station round,  
And in his heart he prayed to God  
To bring it in safe and sound,  
For mother was coming home.

Soon he heard the shrill whistle at the bend,  
Then the engine plunged in sight,  
And the fastest train over the road  
Thundered on time, all right.  
When the mother from the chair car stepped,  
Her dear heart was full of joy  
To see the glad look upon the face  
Of her waiting, loving boy,  
Because mother had come home.

## Sowing and Reaping.

There is a disposition on the part of many, especially among the young, to make light of youthful sins and excesses, which are excused, as it were, under the term of 'sowing one's wild oats.' The idea seems to be that it is altogether a natural and proper thing to do; that we are born into the world with just so much devilry in us, and that in the sins and excesses of youth we work that off, as it were, and thus prepare for a virtuous manhood in the latter years. Doubtless you have often heard the expression, 'Give the young man his fling, he will come out all right in the end.' In fact, vice in youth has come to be almost regarded as a virtue, or at any rate, as preparing the way for virtue; and so we are often reminded that the wayward youth turns out not unfrequently a most exemplary man.

But this is not the way God regards this matter. He has declared through His Word that 'He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity,' or, as the Revised Version puts it, 'calamity.' Are these vices of youth, which are so curiously supposed to prepare the way for a virtuous manhood, so innocent and harmless? What a madman he would be who should first sow his intended wheat field, with tears, or his garden for flowers and vegetables with thistles!

Young men who break away from parental control and dishonor the God of their fathers, who give themselves up to pleasures that unsettle them for honorable work and bring them into demoralizing associations, who frequent the liquor saloons, and the haunts of the strange women whose feet lead down to death, are mildly described as 'sowing their wild oats.' But God gives it a far different characterization: 'They shall become the victims of their sins. They are sowing to the wind and shall reap the whirlwind. They shall be ruined alike in body and in soul, in time and in eternity.'

Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny. There may be a measure of pleasure in sin, but it is pleasure only for a brief season. When the reaping time comes, or the harvest season, that will not be found so pleasant. 'Nature,' says Lord Bacon, 'owes us many a debt until we are told; but nature always pays its debts.' Justice, however slow it may travel, always overtakes a man. However we may make a mock at sin, however lightly we may esteem it and try to soften it down under the head of youthful errors and indiscretions, it will be found everlastingly true, that that [the way of transgressors] is hard, and the wages of sin is death. Gloss it over as we may, sin is sin, that one abominable thing that God hates.

We say to young men especially, Hold on to your integrity. Do not suffer yourselves to be led astray by the tempter. Say No, with your whole soul most emphatically in it, to every inducement to violate conscience and your sense of duty. There is a weakening of moral fiber, there is less resistance to the next approach of sin, often ending in hopeless captivity to the destroyer. Even when conscience is awaken-

ed and there is a desire to retrace one's steps, it is difficult, because the man has surrounded himself with influences all set against his return to virtue.

Even those who by the grace of God have been led to repentance, find their sins of youth a sore trial in their maturer years. As in the fable, where the dragon's teeth were sown there sprang up an armed and hostile host, so, from every wild oat sown in his youth there has sprung up an armed foe obstinately contesting the Christian's approach to virtue and peace and heaven. There are consequences of sin which even the forgiveness of God does not take away. When God forgives he forgets—our sins are blotted out—they are as though they had never been, to God. But not to us. We cannot forget the sins of our youth. Their memory follows us to the grave.

## Consolations of the Word.

Can mortals ask for any greater consolations than those given in God's Word? Is there a valley so dark, a desert so desolate, or a plain so bleak, that he has not promised to cheer, lighten and comfort by his presence, and are there not hosts to witness that he has faithfully fulfilled his promise?

Those who trust in him and are sustained by him, wonder again and again how it is possible to live 'without God and without hope in the world.' These are the blessings which pertain to this life, but on what will be a vast eternity to those who hear the final words, 'Depart from me, I never knew you!'

From the Saviour's birth to his death, he appeals to every fiber of our organization, both mental and physical. Nothing was left undone, that he could perform for our salvation. Can such a costly sacrifice be ignored without its bitter and everlasting consequences? Though 'mercy endureth forever,' in order to receive it there must be the work of true repentance and humility of heart.

What can awaken slumbering Christians to the unspeakable importance of souls hearing his voice today? May it not be a fault of ours that we are satisfied with our own hopes and consolations, our sympathies being lulled to rest, even through God's goodness? Could we stand upon the brink of eternity, and look with our natural eyes upon the dark and shadowy future that awaits those who do not seek God, our souls would be stirred within us, and cries from their farthest depths would go upward and outward to God, and to the indifferent.

How much there is transpiring in our world at the present time, not only to give consolation to Christians, but to call out every elevating force and purifying influence and to remove every light from its hiding place. Should the labor be more arduous, the consolations and rewards would be correspondingly more satisfactory and comforting. To 'spend and be spent' in God's service, is the highest pinnacle a mortal can attain, and the most glorious reward awaits such in eternity.

We need not go beyond seas, nor to the country's wildest limits, to find or material on which to exercise faith. Upon the right hand upon the left the fields are white, souls are in danger and time is short. Personal work, like 'the touch of Jesus,' often transfigures, and the cold and inanimate heart becomes a thing of life, awake to its wonderful destiny and alive to new responsibilities. It sees the failures of the world, the instability of the things of time, and the duration of eternity, as never before. Old things pass away. New love, new hopes, new desires and new impulses are awake, and rise above all former futile aspirations and ambitions.

Nothing can take place on earth that is so wonderful as the new birth of an immortal soul. Both earth and heaven are interested, and angels rejoice.

Jesus never forgets his loved ones, and his benediction is, 'Peace I leave with you,' though not as the fluctuating and unsatisfactory peace which the world giveth, but that which abides and hath its everlasting hold on eternity.

## The Tender Faithfulness of Christ.

Our Lord has a people in this world that are his own. They were given him by the Father, he has purchased them and paid dear for them, and has set them apart for himself as a peculiar people, and as his own in the strictest sense. Though they are in this world, a world of darkness and sin, yet he loves them. He was now about to go to his own in heaven, the spirits of just men made perfect there, but he is at this time most concerned for his own on earth, because they most needed his care. The love of Christ is enduring. They whom he loves he loves to the end. His love is an everlasting love; and nothing can ever separate a believer from the love of Christ. He manifested his love to them by washing their feet, thus showing them

that as his love for them was constant, so was it also condescending, that in prosecution of the designs of it he was willing to humble himself, and that the glories of his exalted state, which he was now entering upon, should be no obstruction at all to the favor he bore his chosen. The disciples had just betrayed the weakness of their love to him in grudging the ointment that was poured upon his head, and yet he presently follows it with this proof of his love to them. So do our infirmities serve as foils to Christ's kindnesses, and to set them off more conspicuously. Christ was now about to depart, but his disciples were to remain yet awhile, exposed to the enmity and evil he was escaping, and the thought of feebleness and defenselessness and their sufferings and persecutions intensified his affection for them.

## Self-Surrender a Christian Duty.

The first act of discipleship is self-surrender. When the Saviour came to Peter he expostulated, first in a question, then in a positive refusal to submit his feet to be washed. The reply of Jesus, though doubtless gentle in tone and full of love for the self-confident man, for whom he had made special prayer that his faith should not fail in terrible the trial to which it was to be submitted, was a pointed rebuke: 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.' Then Peter yielded. We must do just as the Saviour says, or we can have no part with him. In particular we must do just as he says about cleansing from sin. Our objections may seem to be such as honor him; but all objections must be waived. The objection of Peter arose from tenderness of conscience. He felt that he was unworthy to be washed. So, we may feel ourselves unworthy of the grace of God, and that we are too great sinners. He knows our condition. But some Christians urge a very different objection. They say 'We need no cleansing; we are satisfied with our way of life; that is, with all our want of spirituality, our Christian inaction our doubtful practices, with our prayerlessness and coldness of heart. Pass on to others, we do not need any cleansing.' But the Saviour still tarries. He says to them, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.' And he knows. It is he who decides upon our case. There is nothing for these but self-surrender. You know it, you feel it. How can you help it, looking upon Jesus, kneeling and waiting before you? Willingly would Peter have taken the basin and towel, and washed his Master's feet, and been proud of the honor. This would have been natural and regular, but the reversal was a paradox which it seemed hard for Peter to comprehend. How great the condescension of Christ to us!

## The Marvelous Love of Christ.

In this story of Christ washing the disciples' feet, we have no miracle, unless we call it a miracle of humility. Mary had just anointed his head, and now lest his acceptance of that might have the appearance of taking state and precedence, he balances it with this act of abasement. But why should Christ do this? If the disciples' feet needed washing, could they not do it themselves? A wise man will not do a thing that looks odd and unusual except for very good causes and considerations. There are four principal reasons for this act, as gathered from the story itself. First that he might testify his love for his disciples; second that he might give an instance of his own voluntary humility and condescension; third, that he might signify to them spiritual washing as referred to in his conversation with Peter, and, fourth, that he might set them an example. Our Lord having loved his own which were in the world, loved them to the end. This is true of the disciples that were his immediate followers. Children he had none to call his own, but he adopted them, and took them as his own. He loved them, he called them into fellowship with himself, bore with their infirmities, was always tender of them, and careful for their comfort and reputation. And this great love he continued with them to the end. They were weak, defective in knowledge and grace, dull and forgetful. He had often to reprove them, but he never ceased to love them, and to care for them.

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

I like the man who faces what he must  
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
Whose hopes fall, yet keeps unflinching trust  
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,  
His plans work out for mortals.

—(Sarah K. Bolton.)

As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it. So, many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us a kiss of his intimate and everlasting love.—[Anon.]

Tell him about the unwatchfulness; an' if there is sin, bring it right out. Call it by the proper name. Ask the Lord to make it hurt, so that you won't go doin' it



Mrs. James Constable, Seaforth, Ont., writes:—"Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I frequently had sharp pains under my heart that I was fearful if I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going up-stairs I had to stop to rest and regain breath. When my children made a noise while playing I would be so overcome with nervousness and weakness that I could not do anything and had to sit down to regain composure. My limbs were unnaturally cold and I was subject to nervous headaches and dizziness. My memory became uncertain and sleep deserted me.

"I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and as a result am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly. The blessing of sleep is restored to me. My heart is much stronger, and the oppressive sensation has vanished. I can now go up-stairs without stopping and with the greatest of ease, and I no longer suffer from dizziness or headache. It seems to me the circulation of my blood has become normal, thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good."

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again. . . . But be sure o' this: Don't go confessin' sins that you're not sorry for, an' that you haven't done. 'Tisn't religious, though scores o' people think it is. 'Tisn't. . . . Do 'e be real, young folks, and speak from your hearts. There's lots o' people who think if they do only kneel down an' call themselves dreadful names, an' own to all sorts o' dreadful things, they're sure o' heaven. An' all the time the Lord isn't listenin' to their words 't all.—Daniel Quorum.

Some people seem to take a morbid delight in making themselves and other people miserable. If they have no real troubles to worry about, they manufacture artificial ones, and their mills never shut down. They grind out just about so much misery, whether the market is brisk or dull. They are like old, rusty pianos, that have not been turned for forty years. They are so full of discordant elements that no harmony can be evoked from them. Play on any key and you evoke nothing but a jangle. They whine and sigh, but they never sing. And yet a Christian, above all others, should be forever singing at the heart. A sure recipe for cheerfulness is to be always on the alert for some pleasant thing that may happen to us. A washerwoman in a miserable tenement house was asked how she kept singing in her disheartening surroundings. 'Oh, because there is always a breeze in our alley.' She might have said it was because she had a singing heart within her. To every such soul God giveth songs in the night.—[Louis Albert Banks, D. D., in Preachers' Magazine.]

## Looking Onward.

One of the bitterest elements of grief would be eliminated from the death bed scene if it were as distinct in our hearts as it is in Scripture that death is embarkation. Select the remotest star in the universe, and if you could suddenly realize that your departed and sainted friend were there, with what overwhelming brightness your conception of death and the heavenly world would be transformed, enlivened and beautified! May the Holy Spirits encourage our thoughts to move out cheerily along this line of a sweeter and richer consciousness of the Somewhere of the heavenly world; a little of the bitterness be thereby subtracted from the bereavements that have shadowed our past, and our anticipations incline with a firmer confidence toward the City which hath foundations, and toward reunion with those whose bark sped out into the night and over the sea while we stood weeping upon the shore.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

## Court Costumes and Jewels.

Twelve dressmakers are kept constantly employed in empress of Germany's tailoring department, as it is called, under the superintendence of a lady of the court. The staff is increased to the number of 40 at certain seasons—when the court festivities are going on or the empress is making preparations for a journey. At court festivities her majesty appears decked in brilliant worth millions. Only a comparatively small portion of these precious jewels are her own property. The largest and most valuable portion are loaned by Prussian crown treasury and are returned

in the event of her majesty becoming a widow on her death.

On the death of the venerable Empress Augusta the present empress inherited by will several magnificent sets of pearls and diamonds to her pleasurable surprise, for the belief prevailed at court that the late empress would dispose otherwise of her jewels. Empress Augusta Victoria's collection of fans, several of which were given her by her imperial spouse, is of great value. The fan of black woodcock feathers is the one she prizes most highly, as it is made from the feathers of birds shot by his majesty himself.

## THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Mrs. Ducker's Fair Face Softened the Heart of Her Assailant.

A most remarkable case of conjugal intellectuality was revealed in a Chicago the other day. Dr. James C. Ducker, a professor in the Postgraduate Medical college, was charged with hiring a man to throw vitriol in his wife's face and 'spoil her beauty.' The evidence against him was so convincing that he was held to await the action of the grand jury.

Charles W. Hill was the principal witness. He swore that Dr. Ducker promised to give him \$10 if he would throw the contents of a bottle in a young woman's face, and says he accepted the offer on account of poverty. He did not know at first that the woman was Dr. Ducker's wife.

He went to Mrs. Ducker's home to get the lay of the land. By accident he caught sight of Mrs. Ducker, and her beauty softened him. Instead of lying in wait for her with the mysterious fluid which the doctor was to give her he went to her and confessed everything.

Acting under instructions of Mrs. Ducker's lawyer, Hill said, he had gone on with his part of the plot as though nothing had happened. He met Dr. Ducker according to arrangement and received the bottle which was to do the mischief and his final instructions.

'I don't want to kill or blind her,' Hill said Dr. Ducker told him, 'but just to destroy her complexion, because she is such a pretty woman.'

Hill said the doctor told him how to handle the stuff and advised him to practice throwing it so as not to get it in his victim's eyes, but on the nose and cheeks.

Mrs. Nannie Tallis Perry of St. Louis claims that she was the first wife of Dr. Ducker. She claims to have evidence that he entered into a conspiracy with a woman named Amelia Wehrman a number of years ago to poison Judge Mackay of Louisiana. Mo. Judge Mackay was wealthy. The woman was to marry him and then administer medicine, to be furnished by Dr. Ducker, which would cause him to die of 'heart disease.' Then the Wehrman woman and Dr. Ducker were to marry and enjoy the doctor's fortune. This plot was discovered and abandoned.

## Quick as Thought

The maddening toothache stops when Nerviline—that wonderful nerve-pain cure—is applied to the tooth. Nerviline is the only positive, never-failing remedy for toothache and all nerve pains. Be advised and try it.

## Case of Cruelty.

A little girl whose acquaintance with the zoological wonders of creation was limited was looking at one of the elephants in Lincoln Park, Chicago, while on her first visit to that popular resort.

Observing that the animal stood motionless near a watering-trough, she said: "Poor thing! Why don't they lift up his trunk and fasten it back so he can drink?"

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