

Sunday Reading

Angels.

In the old days God sent his angels off
To men in threshing floors, to women pressed
With daily tasks; they came to tent andcroft,
And whispered words of blessing and of rest.

Not mine to guess what shape those angel woe
Nor tell what voice they spoke, nor with what grace
They brought the dear love down that evermore
Makes lowliest souls its best abiding place.

But in these days I know my angels well;
They brush my garments on the common way,
They take my hand, and very softly tell
Some bit of comfort in the waiting day.

And though their angel names I do not ken,
Though in their faces human love I read,
They are God-given to this world of men,
God sent to bless it in its hours of need.

Child, mother, dearest wife, brave hearts that take
The rough and bitter cross, and help us bear
Its heavy weight when strength is like to break,
God bless you all, our angels unaware!
—From 'Easter Bells.'

The Truth About Growing Old.

It is an easy thing to theorize. One can sit down at thirty-five for instance, and write most beautiful and inspiring words about the delights of old age. To be honest, I used to do that very thing myself, and I approached the grim reality with a fixed determination to grow old gracefully. But that was a good while ago, and now I really suppose that I am actually 'old.' Yes, I am 'it,' as the children say, and therefore qualified to speak ex cathedra. Perhaps some of you who are trembling on the border would like to know how it really seems when one has fairly got into the strange country, and has had time to get one's bearings and see what it is like. A girl of twenty is apt to feel that the world must be a dreary place at sixty-five, and it is amusing to see the queer looks upon youthful faces when any of us branch out for ourselves, and persist in doing things 'just for fun.' 'What do you want to learn a foreign language, or take music lessons, or go sleigh-riding for?'

But here I am keeping you waiting when you are longing. I am sure, to know just how it seems! In the first place, I am going to tell the exact truth about it, as far as I am capable of doing so, and if it doesn't sound like the truth, that may be because others haven't told it when they got here. Well, the thing that strikes one first as the very queerest part of the new experience, is the fact that one is not old, after all! Would you believe it? But I declare and asseverate, in the interests of that truth which I have promised to respect, that I enjoy my life and the beautiful world even more than I ever did before. Do you suppose that because of my sixty odd years I am blind to the wonders of the sky and sea and land? Do I not rejoice in every subtle tint and shade and shadow that unite to make the beauty which is lavished upon an ungrateful world every day? Is not the love that looks out of friendly eyes dear to me, and can I not be as glad in the mere pleasure of being alive, as if my hair was brown instead of gray, and my face fair and smooth instead of bearing the lines that tell of living? But there is the coming weakness, and perhaps poverty and loneliness. Is not the grasshopper beginning to be a burden, and what of the black substance that Holmes told of which Dame Nature infuses into the blood of such as we are? Do we not feel weary of living, and long for the rest of the grave? No, my dears, we do not, or more properly speaking, I do not; and I have as good a right to say it as anybody. As for the grasshopper, I have not yet made his acquaintance. He was probably a vision of prehistoric times, and must have been long ago eliminated from human experience. At any rate, I have never felt the least fear of him, and as for dear Dame Nature, I have long ago come to the conclusion that she gives us whatever we are willing to take. For me, I will at present have none of her black draughts. By and by they may be welcome and soothing, and just what I need. But the dark future! The lapse of one's faculties! The dependence upon others who may grudge the scanty offices of service and care! Why, do you not know that it is provided for? There is no darkness where the light of God's love shines. Do you think that he who has provided for every day of our lives thus far, is suddenly going to disappear and leave us to shift for ourselves when we need him most? I tell you, old age is the blessed time of life. Think of the youthful, and for that matter, the mature follies left behind. Think of the added wisdom and thoughtfulness and sympathy and unselfishness that make up and grace a sunny old age. Think of the tolerance and kindness and understanding and helpfulness and pleasure in little things and general heartiness that is ours if we will have it. It is truly 'the last of life for which the first was made.' Everything in our long experience leads up to this grand climax and summit of things. Worries no longer worry, and the first thing we know they are gone. Circum-

stances which have seemed iron bound and dreadful, suddenly become plastic, and capable of being molded to our will. 'At evening time it shall be light,' and it is light. I once heard a famous painter say, 'There is a remarkable similarity between the sunrise and the sunset.' Obvious and lovely parallel! One is just as good as the other.

'So we'll not sigh and look back, dear,
But walk right on, alert and bold,
To where our life sets heavenly clear,
Westward behind the hills of gold.'

'That is all charming,' here interpolate Mr. and Mrs. Doubting-and-fearing, 'but everyone cannot feel as you do. I was cheerful when I was young, but now—' Well, now you may be cheerful if you choose. Let the outward circumstances go. Not only the circumstances of daily living, but the thought that would print 'Old Age,' 'Old Age,' upon every act of every day. Say to yourself every morning, 'The spirit cannot grow old'; which is literally and absolutely true. And trust in God. You have probably tried to trust him, and have thought you did, but now make it the very marrow and pith of your whole living to do it! We have always known after a fashion that he is omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent, but now let us realize these mighty facts, together with the crown of them all, that we have always thought we knew, namely, 'God is love.' The moment we really make these truths our own, 'the worst turns the best,' and a kind of sunshine comes into the soul that effectually disposes of the dark side of old age. No more fear no more shrinking from the future, no more regretting the ephemeral pleasures of early life.

'Youth shows but half, trust God; see all, nor be afraid.'

—[Interior.]

IS THIS GOD?

How a Child's Innocent Question Touched a Strong Man.

It was one of Victor Hugo's fine thoughts when he saved the life of a mouse and quoted the Divine Kindness as his reason: 'To that little being I am Providence. I treat it as, more than once, God has treated me.'

The world has heard of the starving child who looked up to her lady benefactor and asked, 'Are you God's wife?' Even more affecting, not to say startling, in its simplicity, was the similar childlike question that surprised Mr. J. H. Hanan when last spring he saved nine souls adrift in the sinking Caspian.

Mr. Hanan, a wealthy Englishman, with a party of American friends whom he had invited to join him in his yacht Sagamore, was returning from the West Indies when, about half a day's sail north of Bermuda, his lookout sighted a floating wreck.

For his prompt rescue of the famished crew and passengers of the little ship he is to receive the Albert medal; but deeper than his sense of this distinguished honor, the lesson of innocent faith that he learned then touched him with its revelation and reward. The truth that every human helper of human suffering is a representative of Divine Providence was brought home to him in a way he will never forget.

For nine days the disabled Caspian had been tossing on the pounding waves, carried no one knew whither, and despair had come to every soul on board—except the captain's wife, Mrs. Gordon. As the crew afterward testified, this brave woman prayed, and impressed her own resolute Christian trust upon her child, Helen Sylvia Gordon, a bright little girl of four years. Hour by hour she had promised to her:

'God will save us; He has not forgotten us; He will not let us die.'

When all had been safely transferred from the wreck to the deck of the Saga-

more Mrs. Gordon fell on her knees, weeping for joy, her face buried in her hands, while Mr. Hanan held her child in his arms. 'God has answered my prayers!' was all she could say.

The child nestled closely to Mr. Hanan, sobbing in sympathy. Tears rolled down the strong man's cheeks, and were in the eyes of every one on board. Then little Helen looked up to her deliverer, and asked:

'Mamma, is this God?'

To a reporter of the New York World Mr. Hanan tried to intimate something of his feeling when the innocent eyes gazed into his with that unexpected question.

'Talk of medals and rewards!' he said. 'As for the decorations by Queen Victoria, I shall welcome it of course. Such a tribute is one of which any man may be proud. But beyond that, and greater than that, in my mind, is the memory of one thrilling moment—the vibration of gratitude thrown from thankful hearts into my own. It was the moment when little Helen nestled in my arms, asking in her childlike simplicity, "Mamma, is this God?"'

Childish Politeness.

A mother was lamenting the fact that that her children were rude to other little girls and boys who came in to play with them.

'They mortify me dreadfully,' she complained. 'They treat their guests as they treat one another, and not as company.'

An elderly relative who chanced to be present asked:

'And why not? You wish them to be natural, do you not?'

'Why, yes' was the hesitating answer. 'I suppose so. But they must be polite, must they not?'

'Certainly,' said the frank relative. 'They should be both natural and polite. To be rude should be the unnatural thing. From the first they should have been taught to be as polite to one another as they would be to outsiders.'

The weary mother sighed helplessly. She had not trained her children in that way. Few mothers do. In too many homes brothers and sisters, from babyhood up to the time they have reached man and woman's estate, feel that to one another they may speak as rudely and brusquely as they like. Naturally, if they treat other children with courtesy, it is with a forced courtesy, and sits ill upon them. In one household the parents insist that the small people shall be courteous to one another. 'Do this! Give me that!' 'Yes! No!' are forbidden forms of speech. A request must always be preceded by a 'please,' and a favor received with a 'Thank you,' while even the tiniest of the brains remembers to lip, 'You're welcome' to the sister or brother who has thanked him. 'Yes, Harry,' 'No, Charley,' have become as much habits of speech with these little ones as the brusque affirmatives and negatives used in many nurseries. And the mother of these boys and girls has seldom cause to blush because of her children's rudeness to outsiders.

The Joy of Service.

A woman writing recently of the curse of idleness in fashionable circles, declares that idleness is apt to produce selfishness, and selfishness begets immorality. She quotes a wealthy society friend who, on returning from abroad, said to her, 'You are losing your good looks. Don't worry about other people's trouble; I never think about anything except what will make me happy.' Another said to her, 'Don't be sorry or worry about any one. I never allow myself to be troubled about strangers.' After telling of the sins and sorrows that grow out of this idleness and selfishness, she comes to the conclusion, and she has all the observation and wisdom of the ages to back her up in it, when she says: 'Happiness is reflected. The purest joy in the world is that of helping others.' It is the most abiding joy, too; it never loses its relish, and can be renewed every day. Christ found it his meat and drink to go about doing good, and he declared that he would put his joy in us, and no one would have the power to take it from us. If we cultivate the art of doing good, we will find it a perennial fountain of joy and peace.

Dust From Gethsemane.

It is said that dust from the Garden of Gethsemane will be sprinkled on the coffins of all the members of Apollon Commandery, Knights Templars, of Chicago, who die hereafter. In a safe deposit vault in Chicago is a large case filled with dust from the sacred garden. It was received recently as a gift from one of the members of the commandery. The dust weighed 250 pounds, and was passed free through the custom houses. Only a teaspoonful of the dust will be used at each funeral. This quantity, very dry and very fine, will be put in an hour glass, and the latter placed on the coffin lid. At the grave, when the oft quoted words 'Dust to dust'

CAMPERS

Should take with them a supply of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.



Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Getting wet, catching cold, drinking water that is not always pure, or eating food that disagrees, may bring on an attack of Colic, Cramps and Diarrhoea. Prompt treatment with Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in such cases relieves the pain, checks the diarrhoea, and prevents serious consequences. Don't take chances of spoiling a whole summer's outing through neglect of putting a bottle of this great diarrhoea doctor in with your supplies. But see that it's the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as most of the imitations are highly dangerous.

are pronounced, a knight will release a spring in the hour glass, and the dust will sift lightly down on the coffin. All this is interesting; but how little, after all, it amounts to that dust from the Garden of Gethsemane, or even from that other garden in which Jesus was buried, shall be sprinkled on our coffins, if the spirit of Christ has had no fellowship with our hearts. It is not dust that is of value, but spirit. If we live in abiding fellowship with Christ, then we shall rejoice in fellowship with him forever.

An Ancient Inscription.

In the ancient cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old slab, with the following inscription:

'Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:
Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
Ye call me Light, and see me not;
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
Ye call me fair, and love me not;
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
If I condemn you, blame me not.'

Without Her Knowledge.

A true story of the freaks of a somnambulist comes from France. A gentleman missed from his bedroom a packet of bonds worth over £2,000. The thief could not be traced; but shortly afterwards the mistress of the house, who had taken the robbery to heart even more than her husband, was attended by a doctor, for she was suffering from nervous prostration.

The doctor, a firm believer in hypnotism, was told of the robbery, and putting two and two together, hypnotized his patient and extorted a confession from her that she had taken the bonds and buried them in the garden.

There, upon search being made, they were found, but the lady is yet quite ignorant of the fact that she herself was the person who hid them.

A DYSPEPSIA CURE.

Ever Reliable and Welcomed by the Most Delicate Stomach is Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

Let the worst dyspeptic eat a pineapple a day for six months, and so greatly would his health improve, he would look and feel like a new person. The reason is plain. The pineapple holds a generous supply of vegetable pepsin, which, next to the juices of the stomach, is the greatest digestive known. Very few people can obtain the daily pineapple but everyone can get Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets which are mainly composed of this precious fruit juice. They are eaten as candy are as harmless as ripe fruit, and always gives satisfaction. They cure all digestive troubles. Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Up to the Mushroom's Mouth.

One of the stories of the late Victor Cherbuliez, the French-Swiss man of letters, illustrates finely the true spirit of the publisher. Buloz, the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, once had at his country house in Savoy a numerous company of literary people, one of whom was Cherbuliez. Cherbuliez contributed regularly, every other year, a novel to the columns of the Revue, and a story of his was at that time running in the periodical.

The guests had been out for a walk, and had amused themselves with gathering mushrooms, which were cooked for dinner. As the company were sitting down, it occurred to one of the party that undoubtedly

edly some of the people who had taken part in gathering the mushrooms knew nothing about them, and that there might be poisonous fungi in the collection.

The reflection so affected the company that all the people present, with the exception of Cherbuliez, declined to partake of the dish. He alone attacked it, with gusto.

There upon Buloz showed sudden and intense alarm.

'Cherbuliez! Cherbuliez! What are you about?' he exclaimed. 'Remember that you haven't finished your story in the Revue!'

Greatly to his relief, the mushrooms turned out to be innocuous, and the story was finished.

'MY FRIENDS DESPAIRED.'

La Grippe and Nervous Prostration Had Brought Captain Copp Near to Death—South American Nervine was the Life Saver.

'I was ailing for nearly four years with nervous prostration. I tried many remedies and was treated by physicians without any permanent benefit. A year ago I took la grippe, which greatly aggravated my trouble. My friends despaired of my recovery. I was induced to try South American Nervine, and was rejoiced to get almost instant relief. I have used four bottles and feel myself completely cured. I believe it's the best remedy known for the nerves and blood.' Wm. M. Coop, Newcastle, N. B. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Doubtful.

'That there is the grave of my grandfather,' said the old man, waving his cane. 'Isaac or Algernon Latimore—'

'It says "Isaac" on the tombstone, the small boy interrupted. 'Which was his name, Isaac or Algernon? And why didn't he have one name?'

'It ain't which was his name, but which was he, for whether he was Isaac or Algernon is a doubtful question which can't be settled. He is labelled Isaac there, because, when he died, the relatives all agreed that it was scandalous to have the question of who he was kept on after his death, so they agreed to take a vote as to who he was and abide by it; and at the funeral ten voted he was Algernon and thirty-two voted Isaac; so Isaac is the name on the stone.'

'But I have allers thought that the vote was influenced by the fact that the folks, bein' good orthodox people, felt it was more Christianlike to put a good Bible name on the stone than a high-falutin', worldly name like Algernon.'

TORONTO TESTIMONY.

Catarrah's Victim for Years—An Unsolicited Story of a Wonderful Cure by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

'I am so well pleased with Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and the good results derived from it that I hardly know how to express myself. For years I have been troubled with Catarrh in the head and throat. I tried different remedies, but found no relief until I began to use Dr. Agnew's. Words cannot express my gratitude for the good it has done me. I highly recommend it.' Mrs. M. Greenwood, 204 Adelaide street West, Toronto. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Filipino Swimmers.

The courage shown by the Filipinos in battle with American as well as Spanish troops long ago proved their natural bravery. An intelligent native observer, Ramon Reyes Lala, who has received a careful education both in Europe and America, writes thus concerning the daring of his countrymen in time of peace:

The natives are all excellent swimmers and are absolutely fearless in the water. I have seen groups of boys diving thirty or forty feet for pennies dropped into the sea by foreign naval officers. Many swim miles with the greatest ease, and it is no uncommon sight to see groups of naked men plunging with drawn daggers among a shoal of sharks, with whom they fight with a fierceness that always results in victory.

Real Greatness.

An exchange gives this story of a pompous member of Parliament who attended an agricultural show in Dublin. He arrived late, and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd.

Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal-porter on the shoulder and pre-emptorily demanded, 'Make way there.'

'Garn, who are ye pushin'?' was the unexpected response.

'Do you know who I am, sir?' cried the indignant M. P. 'I am a representative of the people.'

'Yah,' growled the porter, as he stood unmoved, 'but we're the bloomin' people ourselves.'

DECEIVED TO DEATH.

Insidious to the Last Degree—Kidney Troubles Stealthily Works Havoc—South American Kidney Cure a Potent Healer.

This caption could be truthfully written on many a burial certificate, and in numbers that would appall. Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel and stone in the bladder, inflammation of the bladder, dropsy. Any or all may be induced by causes least suspected, perhaps the least thought of, and yet most dangerous is the back ache symptom. Don't dally with kidney pains. South American Kidney Cure is a quick reliever, and a powerful healer.—Cleanses and cures. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Youthful Recklessness.



The natural exuberance of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on the kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Urinary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

A young life has been sacrificed. Any help for it? Yes!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong.

Mrs. G. Grisman, 505 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says: 'My daughter, now 13 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has always been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for the great benefit they have conferred upon her.'