

Sunday Reading

Reason and Faith.

Every youthful scholar has learned more or less of the science of logic, that science which 'does not pretend to tell us how to think,' but does tell us how we think when we think correctly. Induction and deduction, and the lesser divisions of the science, have engaged his attention in the class-room, and, rightly enough, he has come to look upon the reason as a very important faculty.

Reason is sometimes spoken of as that faculty which differentiates us from the dumb animals (though this is only a half truth). "God like reason," it has been called.

Who is not filled with admiration at that striking incident in the life of Alexander Hamilton, when, at the age of seventeen, he earned the title of "Vindicator of the Congress" by his masterly reply to the argument of the president of King's College in favor of the crown? Hamilton said this about himself: "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pre-occupied with it. Then the effort that I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; it is the fruit of labor and thought." How candid and modest this profession from him who was known as "The Moses of Colonial Finance"! It was chiefly Hamilton's ability to reason closely and well that made him useful to his countrymen and brought him enduring fame.

In his "Architects of Fate," Mr. O. S. Marden gives this anecdote: Abraham Lincoln was once asked how he acquired his wonderful logical powers. He replied: "It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me. When I was a young man I went into an office to study law. I saw that a lawyer's business was largely to prove things. I said to myself, 'Lincoln, when is a thing proved?' That was a poser. What constitutes proof? Not evidence; that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof? You remember the old story of the German who was tried for some crime, and they brought half a dozen respectable men who swore they saw the prisoner commit the deed. 'Vell,' he replied, 'vat of dat? Six men schwaars dat dey saw me do it. I bring, more nor two dozen goot men who schwaars dey did not see me do it.' So, wherein is the proof? I groaned over the question, and finally said to myself, 'Ah, Lincoln, you can't tell!' Then I thought, 'What use is it for me to be in a law office if I can't tell when a thing is proved? So I gave it up and went back home, over in Kentucky. Soon afterward I returned to the old log cabin I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I found out; but it was no easy job. I looked into the book, and found it was all about lines, angles, surfaces and solids; but I could not understand it all. I therefore began at the beginning, and before spring I had gone through that old Euclid's geometry, and could demonstrate every proposition like a book. Then in the spring, when I had got through with it, I said to myself one day, 'Ah, do you know now when a thing is proved?' And I answered, 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'Then you may go back to the law shop?' And I went. Here, again, we see what an indispensable factor in the making of a great man was his mastery of logic.

Reason, logical inference, governs every step in the progress of science, so that the conclusions of science are so many triumphs of Reason—triumphs of her conquest this God-given faculty.

But, let us never forget that there is something higher, infinitely more precious, than reason, and that this, also, is one of God's good gifts to man. This infinitely precious thing is faith. Faith is something that the unlearned can have in as much fullness as the educated. It has been called a life; and it is worthy of the name, it is so full and satisfying. Life is more than logic. 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed,' is the commendation that awaits them that have faith. Sir Philip Sidney spoke wisely when he said, 'Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.' Reason is only our intellectual eye, and like the eye, to see, it needs light—to see clearly and far, it needs the light of heaven. Now, there are some who pretend to believe, and try to have others believe, that nothing should be accepted by us that cannot be scientifically or logically demonstrated as fact. Such persons pride themselves on their scientific

Some cough mixtures smother the cough. But the next breeze fans it into life again.

Better put the cough out. That is, better go deeper and smother the fires of inflammation. Troches cannot do this. Neither can plain cod-liver oil.

But Scott's Emulsion can. The glycerine soothes and makes comfortable; the hypophosphites give power and stability to the nerves; and the oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

turn of mind. Now, every educated person will readily admit that we owe to the scientific method our deepest gratitude for its splendid contribution to the world's progress; we ought to prize it according to its great value—but we ought not to make a fetish of it. Science is not perfect; she is constantly finding that some of her conclusions have been erroneous, and, to her credit be it said, she is prompt to acknowledge her shortcomings. We are never certain how many of her conclusions may be merely provisional. We have the complaint to make against logic and science that they fail to satisfy our longings for truth and comfort.

Faith in the invisible, therefore, is necessary to our welfare and happiness. The vision of faith is worth more than all the pleasures of the intellect. Now, faith is a very different thing from reason. Entire-faithfulness is indispensable to faith. What we believe we must believe wholly and without reserve; hence the only perfect and satisfying object of faith is God. A faith that sets bounds to itself, that will believe so much and no more, that will trust thus far and no farther, is no faith at all. We must 'trust in the Lord' with all our hearts, and 'lean not unto our own understanding.' This it is to have faith.

Abraham Lincoln early in life had severe mental contests regarding the genuineness of the revealed Word. A few months before he died the President asked a friend, Mr. Speed, to spend a night with him at the Soldiers' Home. The guest arrived just after sunset, and, as was his wont, ran up to the President's rooms. As he came near he was surprised to see his friend reading the Bible. With the freedom which only a long intimacy could give, Mr. Speed said: 'I am glad to see you so profitably engaged.' 'Yes,' answered Lincoln, looking up seriously, 'I am profitably engaged.' 'Well,' said Speed, sadly, 'if you have recovered from your skepticism, I am sorry to say I have not.' The President for a moment looked him earnestly in the face, then placing his hand on the doubter's shoulder, said with unusual solemnity: 'You are wrong, Speed; take all of this Book upon reason that you can, and the rest upon faith, and you will, I am sure, live and die a happier and a better man.'

Max Muller, the famous scholar, who has long been considered a skeptic, has been made to apprehend the truth by the close study of the New Testament. 'If this religion is not divine,' he says, 'I understand nothing at all.'

The Bible and the Book of Nature, alike speak to us of the existence and goodness of God. To the believing heart

"Every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every breath the radiant summer brings,
Is a word of God."

—Wm. M. Crane.

Cry From Darkest London.

Some years ago, it will be remembered, a little pamphlet with the title, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," set a feeling of horror rolling over the world, and resulted in various efforts being made by the authorities, the churches and the philanthropic societies of England to heal the hideous sores thus revealed. Somewhat later General Booth's "Darkest London" opened the windows still wider upon the awful vice and immorality of the English metropolis, accompanying the revelations with numerous practical schemes and suggestions for the betterment of existing conditions. But it would appear from a statement recently sent out by the clergy of South London that, after all these appeals and the work which has followed them, a state of affairs exists in the English capital which may well appal the hearts of the charitable and the philanthropic. The present number of the South London population is about 2,000,000, and these belong mostly to the working classes and are mostly desperately poor. Speaking of this district, Sir Walter Besant wrote not long ago: "South Lon-

don now contains a population of nearly 2,000,000. It is therefore one of the great cities of the world. It stands upon an area twelve miles long and five or six broad. It is a city without a municipality, without a center, without a civic history. It has no university. It has no college apart from medicine. Its residents have no local patriotism or enthusiasm. It has no club. It has no public buildings. It has no West End." The newly issued appeal says that the overcrowding of the families, in one or two rooms, is monstrous in its proportions and incalculably cruel in its results of disease and deaths, while the terrible havoc wrought by drink, in which the victims of existing conditions seek some alleviation of their miseries, is inexpressibly awful, and a disgrace to both Church and State. So great is the bulk of distress that it seems almost hopeless for individual effort to make any attempt to cope with it. The population of one single parish is often from 15,000 to 30,000, and the clergy are overwhelmed. Whole armies of district visitors, teachers and helpers are needed to make any impression upon the ignorance, the vice and the heathenism which seem to be more prevalent there than in central Africa.

Opposition to the Work.

God's temple cannot be built without Satan raging against and opposing it. So, too, the Gospel kingdom was set up with much struggle and contention. But the second temple was built notwithstanding all opposition, in the removing and conquering of which, and the bringing of the work to perfection at last, the wisdom, power and goodness to God were glorified, and all engaged therein led the more implicitly to trust in him. The opposers of the undertaking are here said to be 'the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin,' not the Chaldeans or Persians, they made no disturbance, but the relics of the ten tribes and the foreigners who had joined themselves to them, and patched up the mongrel religion.

The opposition that arose had in it much of the subtlety of the old serpent. When they heard that the temple was in course of building, they saw at once that it would be a fatal blow to their superstition, and they set themselves to oppose it. They had not power to do it forcibly, but they tried all the ways they could do it effectually. They offered their services to co-operate with them, but only that they might seize the opportunity to retard the work while pretending to further it. Their offer was plausible enough, and looked very kind on the face of it. 'We will build with you,' we will help you in planning and contributing, 'for we seek your God as you do.' Now this was false, for sought the same God, they did not seek him only, nor seek him in the way he appointed, and therefore did not seek him as they did.

HE SAVED THE BABY.

The Cool Way in Which the Old Dog Did a Brave Deed.

An old resident of a Nova Scotia town is the proud owner of a Newfoundland dog for which he has been offered large sums. The dog's intelligence has always been rated high, but two years ago he added to his reputation by an act which seemed to indicate a power of rapid reasoning equal to that possessed by many human beings.

His master lives on the side of a hill, the street sloping rather abruptly down to the water's edge. One day a little girl, left in charge of her baby sister sleeping in its small carriage, turned away to talk with a schoolmate, and forgot the baby for a moment.

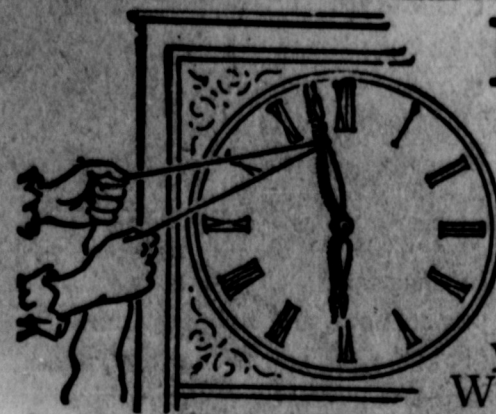
In that moment a sudden gust of wind took the little carriage, and bore it rapidly along down the hill toward the water.

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 pain 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 morning, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CLARENCE E. SEEDS, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.



Procrastination.

Steals time, and everything that time ought to be good for.

Possibly it keeps you from using Pearline. You know from others of its ease and economy—but you're "putting it off."

Why not begin the use of Pearline with the very first thing to be washed or cleaned—your face and hands, say. Pearline hurts nothing; cleans everything.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

The two children ran shrieking after it, but the wind was too fleet for them.

The big Newfoundland, lying at the foot of his master's walk, as usual, raised his head when he heard the cries, and saw the carriage skimming by him. Unlike the children, he made no attempt to overtake it by a direct chase, but dashing across three or four lawns, he came out at a curve of the road ahead of the little vehicle, and planting himself firmly in its track stopped it and held it safely until some of the neighbors, who had been roused by the cries, hurried to the spot.

Then he walked up the hill again, apparently unmoved by the praise and petting which was surely his due, and resumed his nap with the air of a dog that had done his duty as best he knew how and was content.

A Dreaded Disease In November.

THOUSANDS ARE SUFFERING.

Paine's Celery Compound.

Gives Prompt Relief and Cures Permanently.

Thousands of people die in November of rheumatism. In the vast majority of cases carelessness, ignorance and a lack of medical skill send the sufferers to the grave.

It can be honestly and fearfully asserted that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred Paine's Celery Compound would have banished the disease and saved life.

The original cause of rheumatism, as of so many other diseases, is a lack of nerve force. With this weakness of the nervous system there is a derangement of the digestive organs, the food stays too long in the stomach, it turns sour, and the resulting acid enters the blood. The victim then takes colds, and the acid cannot be expelled from the system by ordinary means. Soon the joints swell, and then there is inflammation and great suffering.

Paine's Celery Compound used promptly and regularly quickly expels all the deadly acid from the body; the pains are banished, muscles and joints have become contracted and stiffened soon become limber and regain their power, and the patient walks with comfort and ease.

No other medicine can do such marvelous work for those afflicted with rheumatism and sciatica. Paine's Celery Compound is truly your friend and life renewer; it is the medicine recommended by the ablest physicians for the banishment and cure of a disease that has such fatal results in the variable autumn months.

Persuading the Big Boy.

Seldom in any age have small boys been fully persuaded of the beauties of 'moral suasion,' and it is natural that visitors to the New York headquarters of 'Our Animal Protective League' should follow the majority. We quote the Times:

"What should I do," asked one small boy, 'If I should see a boy who was beating a dog?'

"Couldn't you persuade him not to?" he was asked.

"I might if he was my size," he answered, 'but what should I do if he was bigger than I am?'

SIMPLY WONDERFUL.

Are the Results of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets in all Disorders of the Stomach.

No one need now endure the tortures of indigestion and dyspepsia. Within reach of all is an untailing remedy which enables a person to get the full benefit of the food eaten. The pineapple liberally yields a component known as vegetable pepsin, a product second only to the human digestive secretions in its power of digesting food. Introduced into the human system it is simply incomparable as a natural aid to the digestive apparatus. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are mainly composed of this grand fruit juice. They cure indigestion and dyspepsia positively. They are eaten as candy and give instant relief. Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

A Modern School.

Specialization in education would seem to have been pushed near its limit in

Philadelphia, where a 'select' private school has been opened for parrots. The schoolhouse, a modest building of two stories, was a grocery store before it was dedicated to the advancement of learning.

The lower floor is filled with cages, and in every cage are at least two parrots. There are birds of all colors, sizes and species, but their education, although differing in matters of detail, is conducted on the same general principle. Each bird is taught to speak with distinctness and finish some of those set phrases which every accomplished parrot knows, and as most of the birds are boarding pupils they are taught particular sentences which their masters and mistresses desire to have them familiar with.

One of the finish parrots 'in school' is the property of a girl named Nellie, and every sentence the bird learns ends with her name. It is 'Good morning, Nellie,' or 'Good night, Nellie,' or 'Try to be a good girl, Nellie.' We hope that Nellie's education is progressing as rapidly as her bird's.

New Words for Old Things.

The young woman whose vocabulary is mostly adverbs and adjectives—we have all met her, or her sister—was with an excursion party on the Potomac River. The Washington Post treasures a fragment of her conversation:

"This is Alexandria we're coming to now," said Margaret. "You must go over there before you go away."

"What is there to see?" asked the young man.

"Oh," said Margaret, "there's an old graveyard there—the funniest old place you ever saw, with just a lot of the cutest old gravestones in it. It's just perfectly grand!"

HEART STAGGERS.

Here's Confession of Intense Heart Suffering and Weakness That Made Life One Long Dreadful Nightmare—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was the Saving Agent.

Mr. Thomas Cooke, 260 Johnston St., Kingston, writes this of himself and how Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart helped him: "I have used in all six bottles of this great heart remedy and it has completely cured me of heart weakness, from which I suffered severely for years. Prior to using it the slightest exertion or excitement would produce severe palpitation and nervous depression. To-day I am as strong as ever, and without one symptom of heart disease." Sold by E. C. Brown.

"No!" declared Mr. Wimping. "I shall not pay \$3 for the privilege of taking you to a theatre, I don't say that I can't afford it, but I claim that no ordinary play is worth \$1.50 a seat." "But, John," his wife replied, "you used to take me so often! You didn't seem to think 150 a seat was too much then." "Alicia, don't talk nonsense. We can sit just as near together at home now as it is possible to do in the most cramped theatre in town."

PHILPOTT'S RELEASE.

Sciatic Rheumatism a Trouble Compound in the Realm of Pain Torture by South American Rheumatic Cure Drives it out and Nerve Misses.

A few weeks ago while on a business trip to North Bay I was seized with a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism. Hearing of the wonderful cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure I procured a bottle, and inside of three days all the pain had left me, and when I had taken one bottle I was completely cured. I think it the greatest of remedies, and shall be pleased to communicate with any person wishing more particulars of my case." —EDW. PHILPOTT, Cannington, Ont. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Little Clarence (with rising inflection)—Pa?

Mr. Clippers—Uh?

Little Clarence—Pa, if a man 50 years old married a girl 17, and his son, aged 25, marries the girl's mother, don't that make the old man the son-in-law of his own son, and the father-in-law of himself; and—and, pa, can I go fishin' all this afternoon with Johnny Jumpup if I won't ask you any more questions?

Mr. Clippers (hastily)—Great guns! Yes!

CHILDREN WILL GO SLEIGHING. They return covered with snow. Half a teaspoon of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent ill effects. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

"Oh, Henry, don't cut your pie with a knife."

"Eliza, you ought to be thankful I don't call for a can opener."

THERE IS NO UNCERTAINTY about Pliny-Pectoral. It cures your cough quickly. All bronchial affections give way to it. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietor of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.