

Sunday Reading

"Desperately Wicked."
 "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." We talk much about "victory over self." Is self, then, sin? Ah, me! there lurks not greater foe without Than dwells within.
 We gird us for life's conflict and go forth Seeking our foe; Nor dream that he has met and vanquished us Long, long ago.
 But we are proud—so slow to learn the truth The Master taught: That deadliest enemy to self than self; Mortal hate not.
 Life's issues, or of good or evil trend, Lie all within; He who would lift up holy hands, must guard His heart from sin.
 O, thou Eternal One! Whose searching eye Sees everywhere— Burdened with conscious guilt, to thee we come In mute despair.
 Cover our mortal weakness with thy strength To rid of every evil tendency The heart's stronghold.
 Thus, with life's fountain-head made clean, and pure, Life shall be pure; Nor can deceit or wickedness ion vex Heart so secure.

Success, the Way There.

Some writer, I do not know his name, described the way to success in the following words, and I know of no better way to define it. "It is the old route of labor along which are many landmarks and many wrecks. It is lesson after lesson with the scholar, blow after blow with the laborer, crop after crop with the farmer, picture after picture with the painter, step after step and mile after mile with the traveler, that secures what all desire—success. Alexander desired his preceptor to prepare for him some easier and shorter way to learn geometry; but he was told that he must be content to travel the same road as others."

Here are some of the opinions of prominent men in regard to success:

The Duke of Wellington said that the secret of success lay in "doing one's duty in the station of life to which it pleased God to call you."

Chapin made this remark, "Half the failures in life arose from the pulling in one's horse as he is leaping."

Everett said, "The world estimates men by their success in life, and, by general consent, success is evidence of superiority." Beecher's opinion was, "There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honorable purpose. It dignifies your nature and insures your success."

The Rothschilds attributed their success to these rules: "Be an off-hand man; make a bargain at once. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or plan. Be cautious and bold."

Nicholas Longworth said, "I have always had these two things before me, 'Do what you undertake thoroughly. Be faithful in all accepted trusts.'"

It was A. T. Stewart's opinion, "No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application."

When Amos Lawrence was asked for advice, he said, "Young man base all your actions upon a principal of right, preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost."

"Take care of the cents, the dollars will take care of themselves," was Stephen Girard's maxim.

When Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon began his work, the outlook was discouraging. He was neglected by the masses for whom his soul longed. He was determined to be heard. He said, "You shall hear me! If you will not hear me in a black coat, I will make you hear me in a red one."

"Here stand I," Luther said, "and if all the tiles in Worms were devils, I could do no otherwise."

Admiral Farragut told this story of himself: "My father went down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin boy. I was ten years old. I had some qualities which I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink a good glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, 'David what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to follow the sea,' I said. 'Follow the sea! father repeated. 'Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.' 'No,' I replied, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do.' 'No, David, he said 'no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you are ever to become a man.' My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the re-

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buke and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble.' And as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour. Shortly after I became a Christian. That act settled my destiny for time and eternity."

"See That Thou Say Nothing to Any Man."

This was to be no common test of Christ's marvelous power; yet here was no ostentatious display. There was no call to those near at hand to pause and witness a new exhibition of his greatness. To the unclean spirit that cried out, 'I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God,' he said, 'Hold thy peace.' He cast out many devils, but he suffered them not to speak.

The glory of the deeds by which those in the pangs of "divers diseases" were brought back in a moment to fullness of vigorous life, spread all too fast. He was not moved by the spreading fame, but he was moved with compassion. When the kneeling suppliant at his feet said, "Lord, thou canst it thou wilt," his answer was the simple, sweet consent of pity and love. "I will," he said; "be thou clean." And the sacred story reads that as quick as Christ had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed and the sufferer was cleansed.

No ceremony, no exhortation, no rebuke, no pompous display, no conspicuous authority; but "I will"—two little words of comfort and of promise, and, "Be thou clean"—three little words of quiet, strong command. Yet "as soon as he had spoken"—so the sacred story reads—immediately the order was obeyed.

And while he spoke, he drew near. The object at his feet was loathsome beyond words. From this writhing, quivering mass of corruption even common health and purity could only shrink and flee. Yet Christ himself drew near. With every fiber of his sensitive soul and body responsive as it was to each throbbing of human pain, yet without letting the leper wait one moment in suspense, he stretched forth his hand. Coarser natures could but draw back in disgust. The pitying Christ drew near. He gave the swift assuring word. He stretched forth his hand, and, more than that, he touched him.

What that touch meant to Christ we dare not hope to know. It must have been a mighty transmission of vitality, a marvelous expenditure of the highest, subtlest forces. We know he had infinite and divine power, unending and sure sources of strength. Yet who shall say that he knew no conscious weariness and exhaustion because of the "virtue" that had gone out of him? We cannot believe he was spared human loathing and bodily recoil, yet what a marvel of tenderness and pity must have been that dominated shrinking and quieted disgust.

Of the cost to him of the constant exercise of his power to heal we have only such hints as are given by his frequent flight into the wilderness or to some mountain apart—by the midnight hours in solitary places, when through the silence and the shadows he, even as we are forced to do, crept close to the heart of God.

We are apt to think too little of what the deeds of mercy meant to him. We know enough to feel that they were a part of that great, constant outpouring of his soul that made him "a man of sorrows"; a part of his daily dying that others might have life. And what marvelous life it is that he gives—that loathsome leper knew. Whatever his healing meant to Christ, to the leper it meant strength, and vigor, and power, and hope and love, and home. It meant the clear eye, the uplifted head, the pure brow, the clean hands the bounding step.

It meant such joy as made him in the

first flush of his transport unable to control himself. He was grateful, as we often are, but not grateful enough to make him obedient. Christ says to us, sometimes, 'See that thou say nothing.' He has his own reason, and yet we talk. Or he says to us as he said to Mary, 'Go and tell'—and we are silent. The test of gratitude that he seems to require from souls to which he has drawn near, is obedience. Too many times we are ready to feel grateful, but not ready to obey. The effect of disobedience in this case was that Jesus 'could no more openly enter the city.' He was forced to stay without in desert places, and those had to seek the desert who 'came to him from every quarter.'

Strange as it may sound, we believe there are still many times when God wants his children to keep still. Even his gracious dealings with our own souls may be talked about till mischief results. The Christ had said, "See that thou say nothing to any man," yet the leper went out "and began to publish it much. He 'blazed abroad' the very matter concerning which Jesus had said, "Be still."

We have all known instances when the Christ has been driven out from the heart of good work being done in his name, because his own followers "blazed abroad" and published much. It is quite possible still to drive him away—to send him into the desert and force people to go there to find him, when he would gladly have stayed in our midst if we had been careful to obey.

It is sadly true that we can create conditions that hinder and hamper and obstruct his work. Or we can help by keeping ourselves and our experiences and our healings in their proper place, and making him and him alone prominent and conspicuous before the world.

But you ask, "How do it, if we fail to talk of his wonder! I work?" Talk, but talk when he commands, when and where he directs. Whatever [the experience is, don't "publish it much" till you have permission. Don't "blaze it abroad" till you are sure that the light of the blaze will make his figure stand out clear instead of throwing light upon your own. No doubt the healed leper was an object of much more attention than if he had obeyed and gone about his duties, performing each in loving, grateful faithfulness. He was told to show himself to the priest. He should have waited God's time to show himself to the world.

Too much talk is often, even in our day, the language of an evil spirit within us. Evil spirits knew him, but he said to them, "Hold thy peace." Would we, too, have the evil cast out? Let us learn to be still, and give him a chance to do his work in his own marvelous way.

"My Home Shall be my Club House."

This was the language of a travelling man, acting as agent for a firm. He was still a young man and unmarried. He had been visiting one of his former friends, who was married, and lived in a pleasant home. Almost the first words the latter spoke as his visitor seated himself in the parlor was; 'I want you to go over with me and see our nice new club rooms.'

'But I did not come to see them,' was the reply. 'I came to see you and your family.'

'That you can do anyhow,' was the response, 'so please get ready and we will go over and spend the evening there with a nice lot of friends.'

Further protest seemed ungracious, so the visitor yielded. Hour after hour passed by, and it was midnight before the visitor could induce his host, who was beginning to feel the effects of a night's drinking and revelry, to accompany him to his home.

In the morning, the host, who evidently

felt that nothing had transpired at the club rooms that could be objected to, asked his friend, 'Well, what is your opinion of our club room accommodations?'

'The rooms are very nicely furnished,' was the rather evasive reply.

'But what I want to know is, how did you enjoy yourself in them?'

As further evasion was useless, the guest said: 'You are asking me a plain question and I will answer it frankly. I am a single man and expect soon to get married. If I continue to prosper, I intend to settle down in a comfortable home and spend my evenings with my wife and my children. As for your club rooms, if I wanted to neglect my family and my business and perhaps go to ruin, I think I could soon bring about that result by spending my evenings in your club rooms; and I am more resolved that ever that when I am once married my home shall be my club house.'

These are in substance the facts and the language as given by a man who had every opportunity of seeing the snares and pitfalls connected with club life. One of the great dangers that threaten to rob the home life of its pillars is the club room; and the age at which to warn against its pernicious effects is that of boyhood. They are many dangers threatening home life and sentiment and feeling; but the greatest of these is the club room craze.

A BLACKSMITH AGAIN

Writes from Prince Edward Island that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a Boon to Mankind.

Untold Agonies For Nine Years—A Parallel Case to Mr. Connick's—Dodd's Kidney Pills Brought His Suffering to a Close.

AUBURN, P. E. I., Nov. 20.—A parallel case to that of Mr. M. B. Connick, of Middleton, this province, is that of Mr. P. J. McAntee, of Auburn, Queen's county, Mr. Connick it will be remembered, was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and suffered Bright's Disease, which had always been considered incurable in this province. While Mr. McAntee's case was not the same form of kidney disease, it entailed the most intense suffering, and had not Dodd's Kidney Pills been used, would no doubt have ended his life. Mr. McAntee was afflicted with weak back, which is kidney disease's most common form. Weak back means weak, unhealthy kidneys, and it neglected other form of kidney disease develops. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a wonderful reputation for curing backache throughout the Maritime Provinces; and Mr. McAntee's letter is only one of ten thousand such that could be written by those cured of this troublesome and painful complaint by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was attacked," says Mr. McAntee, "with weakness in my back, which rendered me unfit to attend to my work. Doctors' medicine and numerous advertised remedies were applied, but the best relief I ever got was only temporary until I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, of which I have used three boxes, with the result that my trouble has entirely disappeared, and I can work all day as hard as I like and never feel the least symptom of my old trouble."

THE NUTMEG ALARMPHONE.

How the Judge Sized Up an Ingenious Young Inventor.

He seemed like an ingenious young man," observed Judge Crabtree thoughtfully. "Almost too ingenious, I'm afraid. Though he said he was from Connecticut, and that, of course, will account for a great deal."

"How much did he borrow from you?" asked Major Dodge in a sympathetic tone. "He may have been ingenious, but it doesn't follow that he borrowed anything," returned the Judge with considerable severity. "Some of my own ancestors were from the Nutmeg State. I shouldn't have listened to him but he said he was a nephew of my old schoolmate, Tom Dwyer. I can't think that he would have deceived me on that point. He was going to tell me about Tom, but he was so busy talking about his invention that he forgot it. Says it's not only going to make him rich, but cause him to rank as a public benefactor as well."

"You know how we city dwellers live in an atmosphere of alarm bells and gongs. Well, my young friend has noticed that people are becoming hardened to them—sort of immune, you know, so that they don't make any impression on them. He got some valuable statistics from carefully observing a neighbor, a prominent citizen and an old resident in Bridgeport. Three years ago the old gentleman would jump eleven feet at the sound of a near-by fire-engine gong, nine feet for an electric car the same distance for an ambulance, and fourteen feet and six inches followed by a run of two blocks for a bicycle. My interesting young friend kept up a close observation of him and at the end of a year was surprised to find that his jumps had decreased on an average of three feet. At the end of the next year they had fallen off another yard and some inches. Last summer, at the close of the fiscal year, I believe he said the old gentleman had got down so that he scarcely paid any attention

to an ambulance, automobile or fire engine and only made a quick step for a trolley car and a languid hop for a bicycle.

"About this time, fortunately for the cause of inventive progress, the nephew of my old schoolmate went out to Chicago to visit friends. Noticing that he was a studious chap, fond of art and literature, they took him down to the stockyards and showed him through the pork packing works. He saw it all—from A to Z—from the live swine to the tin pail of lard. His friends pointed out particularly how nothing was wasted—everything, even to the crooked tail of the porker, being utilized in some way. They didn't fail to work in the well known little local joke at this point. 'Nothing is lost,' they remarked impressively, 'except the squeal.' 'Humph,' returned my ingenious young Connecticut friend, 'such wastefulness is criminal. I am going to save that.'

"The able young man immediately set to work. His idea, as you may guess, was to capture and condense the squeal, and use it in place of gongs on moving vehicles to warn a gong hardened generation. With an improved and modified phonograph he succeeded in carrying out his project. Armed with a cylinder containing the condensed squeal of six Berkshire swine he hurried back to Bridgeport. Here he induced the trolley company to let him place his apparatus on a car. He then waited about till the old gentleman before mentioned happened on the track as this car came along. The motorman touched a spring with his foot and let out about five hundred volts of squeal. To the intense delight of the nephew of my former schoolmate, the old gentleman cleared a park fence and went tearing off across the landscape. My young friend saw that his invention was a success and that his fortune was made."

"How much stock did you subscribe for?" broke in the Major.

"Nothing was said about that," returned the Judge. "He happened to be a little short, and I let him have \$1.40 to get back to Bridgeport. I'd have thought perhaps he was exaggerating if he hadn't been the nephew of my old friend, Tom Dwyer. I told him to send down an alarmphone. Knew you'd want one on your bicycle."

Completely Gone.

A rather good story of the past Lenten season is going the rounds. A well known clergyman, presiding over a large congregation has among his parishioners a lady who recently inherited from a cousin a large fortune.

This wealth came, singularly enough, most unexpectedly to her. She did not know that the deceased cousin was rich and, more than that, that he was aware of her existence. For several years this lady had done much excellent work among the poor, and often she would say to the clergyman, with her eyes beaming with the pleasure the thought gave her—

"Oh, doctor, if I were only rich, what pleasure it would give me to go among the poor and aid them!"

Well, wealth came to the lady, but the lady did not come to the clergyman. Indeed he seldom heard of her. So, thinking the Lenten season a particularly timely one, he made a visit.

She appeared shy and reserved. Finally he stated the object of his call, reminding her how wealth had come as she had desired, and the golden opportunity was still hers to command. Imagine his surprise when she burst into tears and exclaimed—

"That is all true, doctor; the money has come, but it breaks my heart to admit that the beautiful desire to help the poor has gone, completely gone!"

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The Light Puzzled Him.

An old farmer who had been to London was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel he stayed at.

"Everything was perfect," said he, with the exception of one thing—they kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to."

"Well," said one of them, "why didn't you blow it out?"

"Blow it out," said the farmer; "how could I? The blessed thing was inside a bottle!"

"SOONER DIE THAN SUFFER."

Is the Pain-Racked Rheumatic Wall-South American Rheumatic Cure. It cures the Swollen Stiff Joints—Gives New Life—New Hope—Cures Permanently.

J. H. Garrett, of Liverpool, N. S., "I was a great sufferer for years from acute rheumatism. Was unable to walk or put my feet under me. I tried everything recommended, and was treated by best physicians, but relief was in vain. I was recommended to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I procured a bottle; when half of it was taken I had great relief. A few bottles cured me. I claim today it is the only remedy that will cure rheumatism." Sold by E. C. Brown.

Fighting the Fires.



Hard life the plucky firemen lead; out in all sorts of weather, losing sleep, catching cold and straining their backs.

Hard to have strong, well kidneys under such conditions. That's why firemen, policemen and others, who are exposed to the weather, are so often troubled with Weak, Lame Backs and with Urinary Troubles.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are helping hundreds of such to health. Mr. John Robinson, chief of the fire department, Dresden, Ont., says:

"Prior to taking these pills I had kidney trouble which caused severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I had a tired feeling and never seemed to be able to get rested. However, I commenced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes am completely cured. I have now no backache or urinary trouble, and the tired feeling is completely gone. In fact, I am well and strong."