

Sunday Reading

ENLARGING THE SOUL.

Strong and deep in the human soul is the desire for grand and elevating thought. This longing indicates a true want; for it is thus that the soul is enlarged, and enlargement, next to salvation, is the supreme need.

We are born that we may grow. This is true of the spirit as well as of the body. The soul becomes great by the contemplation of the great. Let thought be engaged on little things, and its growth is stunted. The larger its conceptions, the grander is the stature of the true man, the immortal spirit within.

Christianity meets this as it does every spiritual need. One of its excellencies is that it brings before the believer the sublimest thoughts that ever entered the human mind. It reveals Christ the Lord. No other theme presents such an enlarging subject for contemplation.

Conceptions of the vast in Nature are elevating. We have stood by the Alpine range of the Swiss Oberland, and looked at the mighty, snow-stoled mountains as their vastness grew in the mind. Or, on the deck of a vessel have sought that the incessant wave march of the unathomable sea might broaden and deepen our intellect. Or, at night, have listened to the voiceless music of the stars, bringing ideas larger than our words could shape. And in each such exercise have felt a growth in soul stature.

If meditation on creation is so good, much more ennobling is a thought of the Creator! There we see infinity in all directions—in time and space, in power and wisdom. No thought of him can be adequate, but none, however imperfect, can pass through the human mind without leaving a benediction behind it.

It is in Christ, by whom all things were made, that we see God. Apart from him there may be some philosophic conception of a first great cause, but how far true, or even satisfactory, no mortal knoweth. But in our Lord we have God as he wishes us to think of himself. He is the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of his person.

Character is greater than being. No elevating influence has more power than that of intercourse with a great and good man. We are wiser for listening to his words, and better for touching the hem of his garment. Men have lived, men are living now, of such moral force that an hour's converse sometimes gives a new color to the whole future of him who has had the boon. There is a flawless perfection in the moral character of Christ which to meditate upon is an inspiration. No registered resolution, no energetic, self-denying action, has such a power to remold character and strengthen holiness as a calm contemplation of the moral excellence of the Savior of mankind.

The resources for meditation found in Christ are boundless, and each is enlarging. The highest beauty is his, for moral beauty is higher than material; it is the highest of all. And in this sense he is the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely.

It is a secret of human happiness to allow our imaginations to be filled with the thought of happy things, happy beings, happy scenes. Jesus Christ is the happiest of all beings. His joy is infinite and eternal. 'If ye loved me,' he once said, 'ye would rejoice because I said, I go to my Father.' That is to say, the glorified joy of our Lord is, when contemplated by the believer, a perennial rejoicing that can transcend the greater grief.

Inconceivably great are the stores of blessing provided by his grace. We think of the innumerable company of souls whom he has rescued; of his eternal and immutable choice, of the suffering to which he stooped for their salvation, and of the everlasting glory he is preparing for them. And as we meditate thus on the breadth, the length, the depth and the height, we find that in every way it transcends our intellectual powers; it passes knowledge. But, as the apostle suggests, in seeking to comprehend these things we are filled with the fullness of God; not only are our vessels full to the brim, but they grow in capacity. Dazzled with the splendor of divine love we may be, but thus our sight is purged; we mount as eagles gazing on the sun, and rise higher, attracted by the glory.

Nobler than power, or character, or beauty is love. Indeed, it is the summing up of these, the ripe fruit of which all other excellence is but the bud. An old Hebrew poet called love 'Deity incandescent,' or, as Coverdale translates it, 'O very flame of the Lord.'

It is through Christ that this glow and brightness of God is manifested to us. The

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are.

He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

Then see that this is the one you obtain. It contains the purest cod-liver oil, free from unpleasant odor and taste. You also get the hypophosphites and glycerine. All three are blended into one grand healing and nourishing remedy.

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

love of Christ, then, is the loftiest theme that can occupy any mind, and the most ennobling.

"Many Mansions."

No declaration of the Master is more familiar to Christian hearts than his statement that in his Father house are many mansions, and that he has gone to prepare a place for his beloved ones. If an earthly parent should tell one of his children that he was about building a new house for him in which he might set up a home of his own, with the wife and mother and child, how would he rejoice at it and think about it and the news joys that should come to him! But here is Jesus, with his promise of a new and more glorious mansion for his chosen; yet how many of them really read to doubt if not seriously to question! Or if it be not so, why should so little thought be given to it—why should expectation fail to find a voice, and why should we look forward not only without hungry longing and exultant anticipation, but with absolute reluctance and serious misgiving and dread over the prospect of exchanging time for immortality, earth for heaven? Is there not something that is distressing and well nigh disheartening in the cold, skeptical spirit in which so many await the final sum-mer? And how is it that so many of our poets, our great poets, our Christians poets, from whom we expect better things, fail us at this crucial point? Even Tennyson does not satisfy us as we should expect a poet of the Christian faith would. He does indeed tell us in a single line.

'I shall know him when we meet';

but in general his faith is a "faint trust," a 'hope,'—not the firm, undoubted assurance which shall spring from an appropriation of the Master's promise; not such a certainty as the aged Paul, prisoner in Rome, when he might well be dismayed, gave expression to—not even the glad expectancy made certain which Browning has so strenuously asserted. 'She is not dead but sleepeth,' said Jesus in the beautiful old story. 'She is not dead but waketh,' rather, is Browning's prophetic cry, with his

'Strive and thrive . . . there as here,'

as against Tennyson's stretching of 'lame hands of faith' and his 'faintly touching the larger hope.' After all, the soul needs to rest on the simple declaration of the Master—to take him at his simple word. And for all they say, the schemes of the theologians, the propositions locked up in creeds and articles might have been buried a thousand years: what they have to tell us, what they teach us to regard as the alpha and omega, the base and summit of all faith, is but the modern rendering of the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, with his blessed assurance, 'In my Father's house are many mansions . . . if it were not so I would have told you.'

At Evening Time Light.

How long? she said. "How much time have I?"

He was a wise doctor. He looked at her a moment, and decided it would be best to tell her the unwelcome truth.

'You may linger a week, Mary; but the end may come any minute.'

The pale face of the sick girl grew slightly paler, but she made no reply. Her eyes were looking far away. She heard the doctor walk softly down the steps, as if for the last time. It was good to be alone. She was in her chair on the porch of the little cottage. The broad ocean lay before her. Some children were digging holes in the sand on the beach. It was but a few weeks surely, since she was a child playing there. She was but sixteen now.

'A week? Or now in a minute? And—after?'

She shut her eyes, trying to think it out. She was a member of the church; she had been confirmed last spring.

But what did she know about that other place? She tried to remember, but her

head ached. This was so real—the sea, and her mother with the baby yonder, and the smell of supper inside. Some day they would all be at supper, gathered around the cheerful home table under the lighted lamps—all but her. And where would she be?

Where? Just then a bird that had built its nest in the eaves hopped out and began to chirp. Her nestlings thrust out their bare heads to watch her. They had such a comfortable nest dear little things! Mary's mother came up the beach. She was singing softly to the baby who was asleep on her breast. Little black Ben was stretched out in the sun, whistling. Ben had a good comfortable time, too. He was always happy.

The low sunset light struck across the sea, and the fish leaped up into the light and sank down to their homes. Above the water were myriads of bright-winged flies, darting and humming out of pure joy that they were alive.

Suddenly, as to Luther, when in a despondent hour he heard the singing of a bird, the truth beamed into the sick girl's soul that the Maker of the world—the Author of all this life—never ceased to care for His own. For every rational and irrational creature He has planned a something and a somewhere in loving kindness.

Then the words of the Son of God came her: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." And in that she rested—like the babe asleep in the arms of its mother. It did not matter now when she went away. On the divine bosom she could lay her aching head and wait.

Salute in King's Houses.

If we had been looking through the world in ancient days to find men of faith and prayer, we should never have dreamed of finding any such in the luxurious palace of the Pharaoh of Memphis. Yet, Joseph was there, praying and working for his God, surrounded by the pride of life, but untouched by it. So, too, one would have passed by the court of Babylon as the last place where true piety could be nurtured, and yet there were men in high station. The monarchs they served worshiped idols. The people knew nothing better. There was feasting and revelry, and sights from which the angels turned away. So, perhaps, today we may be saying that it is quite in vain to look in the homes of the millionaires of our land, or among those who stand high in the social and political world, for true piety and a pure life. But let us be taught a wiser judgment. Man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart. He has his hidden ones, and often they are hidden in the blaze of the world's prosperity.

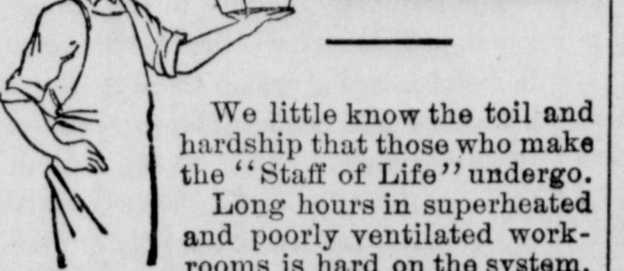
God's Favor to Daniel.

Daniel continued in influence and authority, though not always alike in reputation, to the first year of Cyrus. He lived and prophesied after the first year of Cyrus, but that point is mentioned to designate that he lived to see the deliverance of his people out of their captivity and their return to their own land. It is commonly believed that when the captives returned he remained in Chaldea, probably detained by his employment in the Persian Empire, and that he died in the third year of Cyrus reign. Not infrequently God favors his servants who mourn with Zion in her sorrows, to let them live to see better times with the Church than they saw in the beginning of their days, and to share with her in her joys.

Godliness is Profitable for all Things.

It carries power with it which nothing else can give. Men instinctively reverence the self-denying spirit which the young

Bakers' Bad Backs.



We little know the toil and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated work-rooms is hard on the system, gives the kidneys more work than they can properly do, throws poison into the system that should be carried off by these delicate filters. Then the back gets bad—

Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the Kidneys to cure the back. DOAN'S Kidney Pills cure all kinds of Bad Backs by restoring the Kidneys to healthy action.

Mr. Walter Buchanan, who has conducted a bakery in Sarnia, Ont., for the past 15 years, says:

"For a number of years previous to taking Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered a great deal from acute pains across the small of my back, pains in the back of my head, dizziness, weary feeling and general debility. From the first few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills I commenced to improve, and I have continued until I am today a well man. I have not got a pain or ache about me. My head is clear; the urinary difficulties all gone; my sleep is refreshing and my health is better now than for years."

Soap-sprung Pearline. Came from soap—an improvement upon it; a sort of higher development of soap, just as man is said to have been developed from the monkey. Every virtue that good soap has you'll find in Pearline. All the soap is in it that's necessary. Pearline isn't meant to be used with soap, but to take the place of it. Everything that soap does, Pearline does, and does it better.

Daniel and his companions showed at court. When a boy can gratify all his appetites, and indulge his whims, and grow up in egotism and selfishness, and instead of doing so, enters upon a course of rigid temperance and obedience to God's law, he commands the respect of the world. Employers who put themselves on no such severe course secretly admire it in others, and choose such servants. They feel they can trust them. Those who live altogether under the powers of the world to come.

Suggestive Points.

- 1. Those who serve God, God will exalt. 2. When the heart loves right principles, we will always find ways to carry them out. 3. All Christians will be temperate. 4. One's good purposes are often sustained by creditable associations. 5. We may be useful though we are surrounded by the ungodly.

Beware of False and Deceptive Promises Made by Manufacturers of Inferior and Imitation Dyes.

Beware of dyes prepared for home use that promise to wash and dye goods at one operation. The soap in such dyes may do a trifle of cleansing, but the coloring work will be a flat and decided failure.

Beware of dyes that claim to dye all wool and cotton goods with contents of one package. This is a chemical impossibility. The operator will of course get a color—something muddy, clouded and streaked that will arouse indignation and anger because of disappointment and loss of materials.

Diamond Dyes give fast, brilliant and perfect colors, but they do not promise to cleanse or wash soiled garments or materials. A washing machine may do good washing, but it cannot pretend to do the ironing as well.

Diamond Dyes prepare special dyes for all wool goods, and for cotton and union goods, and guarantee perfect work when directions are observed. If you desire to color all wool goods, ask for Diamond Dyes for wool; if you have cotton or mixed goods to dye, ask for Diamond Dyes for Cotton and Mixed Goods.

Crude imitation dyes and soap grease mixtures can never cope with those great chemical triumphs—Diamond Dyes.

A Report on the Philippines.

The Philippine Commission, November 2nd, submitted to the President a preliminary report upon affairs in the Philippines. The report states that Aguinaldo wanted to attack the American troops when they landed at Paranaque in the summer of 1898, but was deterred by the lack of arms. The present war, deplorable as it is could not have been avoided by the United States as the American forces were attacked, and there was no alternative except ignominious retreat. There has been no time since the destruction of the Spanish squadron, the commission declares, when the United States could have withdrawn from the islands with honor to itself or safety to the inhabitants. A memorandum made by Admiral Dewey states that no alliance was ever made with Aguinaldo, and that no promise of independence was ever made to him.

LIFE'S SPRING IS POISONED.

If the Kidneys do not Carry Off its Blood Impurities—South American Kidney Cure Keeps These Organs Healthy—Prevents Diabetes—Bright's Disease and Bladder Difficulties.

Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys for the removal of its impurities—every three minutes—night and day—while life lasts. The kidneys are the filter—and its stands to reason that if the filter is out of order the impure matter in the blood goes to every part of the body at every heart beat. When the first indications of kidney disorder present themselves, resort at once to South American Kidney Cure—the tried, tested and proved specific for Bright's disease, diabetes and bladder complications. It never fails. Sold by E. C. Brown.

South of the Orange River.

Besides operating against Kimberley and other points on the railway which skirts their western frontier, and operating on the east with the Transvaal forces in Natal, the Free State Boers, early in November, crossed the Orange River, which forms their southern boundary. They raided Norval's Point station, just south of the river, captured Colesberg, a few miles southwest, and destroyed the

bridge at Rotha's Drift, 18 miles west of Norval's Point. Working eastward, they are reported to have either destroyed or to have taken possession of every bridge crossing the Orange River, with the apparent purpose of embarrassing the approach of a British army from the south.

WAR TERRORS.

Fate Into Insignificance to the Man who is Tormented With Piles—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Will Cure Them.

Of all flesh ailments the most distressing is piles, blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerating—and the remedy that will give the quickest relief and the surest cure is Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It holds a phenomenal record as a certain pile cure, and the words "relieved like magic," have been heralded round the globe, and are but the voices of the nations telling of its curative powers. It cures all skin diseases, eczema, salt rheum, scald head, etc. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Fooled Them.

A new variety of the "every-day philosopher" is pictured by the Chicago News in the person of a man who, it says, came racing down the iron steps which led to the train shed at the Northwestern depot, just as the train was pulling out.

He was stout and perspiring, and his arms were filled with bundles. Everybody got out of his way as he chased the rear car down the long platform, some shouting advice and pleasant comment after him.

Some sportively inclined people offered bets in a loud voice on his chances of catching the train, and others laughed at his grim determination. But he caught it and was hoisted up on the platform by a trainman without the loss of a bundle. He shook his fist at the cheering crowd behind him, and went inside the car with the blessed sense of having won.

It was only when the conductor came around for his ticket that he learned he was on the Milwaukee division train, bound for Evanston without a stop, when he should have been moving toward Park Ridge, which lies in a different direction.

Most men would have said something ugly. This man only smiled.

"There's one comfort about it," said he. "Those idiots in the depot will never know how I fooled them. They think I caught the right train."

Catarth of Long Standing Relieved in a Few Hours.

It is not alone the people of our own country, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe, M. P., of Joliette, Que., and other members of Parliament, who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarth Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known, but people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine. C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had catarth for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarth Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. I would not be without it." It relieves in ten minutes. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Products of the Sudan.

There is already talk in England of developing the natural resources of the Sudan through scientific exploitation. Immense forests line the banks of Blue Nile along the upper reaches, extending to the Abyssinian frontier. The ebony tree is met with along that river and also near the Sobat. On the White Nile the Indian rubber creeper, a valuable source abounds. There are large forests in the Blair-el-Ghazil province. Gold was once mined in some of the mountains of the Sudan. Search will be made for coal.

A GREAT BUILDER.—The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives good weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence Co., makers.

Running Costly Guns.

One great disadvantage of smokeless gunpowder, tending to offset its many advantages, is its corroding action on the interior of a gun. Professor Roberts-Anstyn recently made a report on the subject, showing that fine weapons are liable thus to be quickly ruined.

THE D. L. MENTHOL PLASTER is the most largely sold in Canada. For backache and all muscular pains there's nothing equal to it. Each plaster in an air-tight tin, 25c. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.