

Sunday Reading

God's Care for All.
 If thou canst still the raging sea,
 Canst stay the tempest by a word,
 Canst make the powers of nature be
 All subject to thy mandate, Lord;
 If thou the mighty earth can shake,
 And sway the nations with a word,
 Canst mountains from their places take,
 And down the wicked with a flood;
 If thou canst make the ether blue,
 Where rides the son in kingly might,
 The moon in misty garments, too,
 And glittering stars, they praise they write—
 If thou rulest mightily,
 Why should I ever be afraid
 To trust thy power to succor me
 In my distress, to bring me aid?
 If thou dost watch the sparrow's fall,
 If thou dost hear the raven's cry:
 If all the insects, great and small,
 Are noticed by thy kindly eye:
 If thou canst make the lily fair,
 Exquisite handiwork that shows,
 If thou canst deck with beauty rare
 The flower that in the desert grows;
 If thou dost watch them tenderly,
 This precious lesson I am taught,
 That thou hast greater love for me.
 There's not too great for thy control,
 And naught too small for thy concern,
 And I have peace within my soul,
 As I this wondrous lesson learn.

Nice to Have Around

Among the summer visitors that thronged Primrose farm, none were so popular as a maiden of fourteen.
 "It is strange what makes everybody like May Stultz so; I am just as good as she is," said Jennie Dine enviously.
 There was a smile in the eyes of the farmer's wife as she replied, "May is such a nice little body to have around."
 "And why ain't I, too?" inquired Jennie, in an injured tone.
 "Why, you are, certainly," smiled the farmer's wife; "but then May is extra nice. I am always sorry to see her go home. I miss her for months."
 "She has such helpful little ways," spoke up grandma.
 "And don't I help, too?" asked Jennie.
 "Why, yes, you are good too," said grandma; "but there is a difference. Watch May, and see how it is."
 So Jennie determined to study May, and when she awoke the next morning and saw her friend standing before the glass putting the finishing touches to a bit of lace about her throat, it was the first thing she thought of.
 "What are you doing up so early?" she asked. "Isn't breakfast an hour later on Sunday morning?"
 "Yes, I know it is, but I don't like to be in a hurry on God's day. Now I shall have time to bring in a few flowers for the table, and some peppermint all wet with dew for poor Mrs. Mervil who has the dyspepsia so, and not keep anybody waiting, either," and she glided out of the room.
 Two hours later, a half dozen guests or more were flitting about the cool airy bedrooms, getting ready for church.
 There was quite a flutter for brushes, combs, shoe hooks and glove buttoners.
 One young lady said her back hair looked like a fright; another was in such a hurry that two or three buttons broke from her shoes and went rolling off to one corner, and another was doing her best to draw on a pair of kid gloves.
 May Stultz was ready and waiting, but as one after another made some complaint, she went about in a quiet way, helping all she could.
 With another hairpin or two she gave entirely another look to Stella Wharton's back hair; she hunted up the lost buttons and brought out some patient fasteners for them; she arranged a lady's veil; she fastened up a skirt that was too long; she buttoned grandma's glove and then left a kiss on the withered cheek, while a girl of twenty cried:
 "It is too bad to make such a lady's maid of May."
 "Oh, I like it!" smiled May. "It is such a comfort to see everybody contented."
 "We couldn't any of us get along without you," said the farmer's wife, with a meaning smile over to Jennie.
 Jennie blushed, for she now understood what made May so popular. No wonder everybody liked to have her around!
His Authority as a Teacher.
 The words of a good man carry authority with them. For goodness gives clearness of mental and moral vision; and the most important things which we need to know, are the things which have to do with character and life. Good men are our best teachers, because the pure in heart see God. If a good man is also a great man, the greatness adds much to his authority. In such a case he becomes an oracle upon the matters of which he speaks. Great men, who are not good, are not safe leaders. They may be very dangerous

Doctors now agree that consumption is curable. Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.
 The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites.
 To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

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

guides. But goodness prevents a great man from misleading, or deceiving those who come to him for instruction. More over, when a man is both great and good, he will not assume an authority to which he is not entitled. Greatness makes a good man unassuming and modest. He will not pretend to know, when he is ignorant. He will not demand a confidence to which he knows that he is not entitled. He will not claim an obedience to which he has no right. Great men, when they are good, are careful not to exceed the limits of their just authority; and that makes their authority respected.

Jesus Christ was a good man. No one denies that. Jesus Christ was a great man. No one denies that. Jesus Christ was the best man that ever lived. He has won the love of millions, and the grateful admiration of the world. Everybody admits that, unbelievers as well as believers. Jesus Christ embodies goodness and greatness in their highest form. And, therefore, we cannot suppose that he claimed any authority—a hundredfold more intensity and more comprehensiveness. He broke the path for them all, and they have succeeded in proportion as they have followed in his steps. Thus Jesus was at once the most radical and the most conservative of teachers. His teaching was new to his time, but it was from everlasting. And that gave it omnipotent power.

A third impressive feature in the teaching of Jesus, giving to it peculiar authority, is the habitual tone of profound personal conviction. There was a ring in his speech which men missed in their most learned and eloquent teachers. They could not keep their eyes away from him. They hung upon his lips. Nor did he confuse them by the ornaments of diction, or the intricacy of his logic. The common people heard him gladly. His illustrations were the simplest, drawn from the fields, and the market, and the ordinary occupations of men. He did not speculate. He indulged in no fancies. He had something to say and he said it. He did not say it all, but he said what was needful. There was ever in him a reserve of utterance which told upon what he did say. And what he did say he said with a burning earnestness, with flashing eye often, and outstretched hand, an earnestness which was spontaneous and which cannot be simulated. We know when a man means what he says, when he speaks with the authority of profound personal conviction.

True Faith and Honest Doubt.
 Of the declaration of modern poets none is perhaps oftener met with than Tennyson's familiar couplet—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Belle ve me, than in half the creeds.

Now, it is true, that much that passes as faith is only blind credulity which takes up with the bare letter of a single proof text which is considered decisive, and from which there is no appeal. It is also true that much of the prevailing skepticism has laziness for its father and cowardice for its mother: it is unwilling to follow the example of the Berean Christians and search to see whether these things be true. It substitutes a dull acquiescence in the teachings of certain secularists; it endeavors to rationalize all spiritual teaching, forgetting or ignoring the fact that the logical and the rational cannot dominate the spiritual. "The wind bloweth where it listeth: thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." And what should we think of a God into whose will we could enter, whose processes we could understand, whose purposes discover, whose power even in the inferior domain of the physical we should question? What kind of a God would he be whose mind was comprehensible by our own, and whose limitations should be as conspicuous—supposing him to be circumscribed by them—as our own shortcomings? At the last we shall find rest in the fact that the only belief that

is worth anything, the only faith that can endure in a world of sane and thinking men and women, is the faith that examines, that questions, and through that process, often, perhaps, both painful and puzzling, comes at last to make itself a vital factor in the daily life. It is given to such inquiring souls only to have doubts that have a value, whether they yield more faith than halt the creeds or not.

God's Mercies.

I once asked a party of boys to tell me some of the qualities of rain. One of them shouted, 'Lots of it.' The watering pot is soon emptied and perhaps the cistern, and the hand gets weary. Earthly comforts are limited. There may be food without appetite, abundance without health, money without love. Increase may promote discontent, the strong box may be broken into, and riches 'take to themselves wings and fly away.' How precious the sympathy of others! If you are ill there are many callers for a few weeks, but if you are so inconsiderate as to continue ill for a few months some may deem you preposterous to expect continued inquiries with so many other demands on their time.

But God's mercies are a fountain that flows without pause. He 'delighteth in mercy.' If so in relation to the necessities of the body, how much more in relation to the wants of the soul. Christ was the 'image of the invisible God.' 'His mercy endureth forever.' He died for the world. No one can ever seek salvation from him in vain. You might as easily dry the ocean up by filling a jug from it to pour on the dry ground, as empty the inexhaustible reservoir of God's love and Christ's redeeming grace.—Newman Hall, D. D.

His Love is Boundless.

As the Father loves the Son, in the same manner Jesus loves his people. He loved him without beginning, and thus Jesus loves us. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." You can trace the beginning of human affection; you can easily find the beginning of your love to Christ, but his love us is a stream whose source is hidden in eternity. God the Father loves Jesus without any change. Christian take this for your comfort, that there is no change in Jesus Christ's love to those who rest in him. Yesterday you were on the mount and you said, "He loves me;" today you are in the valley of humiliation, but he loves you still the same.—Spurgeon.

Beside each bitter Marsh pool there grows a tree, which, when cast into the waters, makes them palatable and sweet. It is ever so. Poison and antidote, infection and cure, pain and medicine, are always close together. The word which saves is nigh even in the mouth and in the heart. We do not always see the 'sufficient grace;' but it is there. Too occupied with our disappointment, we have no heart to seek it; but when we cry, it is shown to our weary, longing eyes.—[Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Half feeling our own weakness,
 We place our hands in Thine;
 Knowing but half our darkness,
 We ask for light divine.

"Wanted a Part in Cash."

The development of the Missouri "zinc fields" brought out almost as many curious and amusing incidents as follow the discovery of a new gold region. The Joplin index tells one—it has a pathetic side—a family of ten children, orphans, whose estate consisted of a quarter section of rich zinc land. The syndicate that was developing the region wanted the property. The guardian of the children was a shoemaker in Joplin. He had been a friend of their father, and was working hard to keep the estate intact until they should grow up, and to educate them meantime. After he

ERYSIPELAS.

This dangerous Blood Disease always cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Most people are aware how serious a disease Erysipelas is. Can't rout it out of the system with ordinary remedies.

Like other dangerous blood diseases, though, B.B.B. can cure it every time.

Read what Rachel Patton, Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont., says:

"I wish to state that I used Burdock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in my face and general run down state of my health. I tried many remedies but all failed to cure. I then tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly cured me and four bottles completely cured me."



Hard facts

for women who wash. No work you do is so unhealthful as your work over a washtub. This hard, perspiring work in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam will make trouble for you. The less of it you do, the better. Wash with Pearline, and there's little or none of it. Nothing but rinsing the clothes, after soaking and boiling them. Consider your health.



had refused offers that increased ten thousand dollars at a leap, day after day, he became tired, and set a price of two hundred thousand dollars, so that the syndicate would cease bothering him. It happened, however, that particular property was a necessity for them, and they would have given twice as much. So they took him up in a twinkling. The court approved the sale, and the amount was handed over in the form of certified checks. The shoemaker looked at the papers, found out from the banker that they were "good," and then said to the agent of the syndicate, "Could you, give me part cash?" "Why, my man, you have it all in cash." "Yes, but I want some of it in—in—" "Currency?" "Yes. I guess that's it." "Well, how much do you want?" "I want about fifty cents. I have been promising them children they should have an ice-cream soda as soon as I could afford it, and I know they have been expecting it long enough." And the syndicate bought the soda.

HAMILTON, ONT.

Sends Word Regarding Dodd's Kidney Pills in Western Ontario.

Cures by no Means Confined to Maritime Provinces—Harry Bowden, of Hamilton, had Lumbago and Diabetes—Five boxes Cured Him.

HAMILTON, Oct. 30.—It should not be supposed that cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Woman's Weakness, Backache, Blood Disorders, etc., are confined to the Maritime Provinces. Dodd's Kidney Pills are used with invariable success for these diseases throughout the length and breadth of Canada. Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills are reported in almost every paper printed in the United States. The English newspapers are not a whit behind in publishing cures made in England, while in far Australia and New Zealand, Dodd's Kidney Pills bear precisely the same reputation and perform as many wonderful cures as they do in Canada. So much for the confidence in a Canadian remedy displayed by the world at large.
 Mr. Harry Bowden, of Hamilton, Ont., suffered with Lumbago and Kidney Disease for six years. At the end of that time he resolved to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. He had been wiser had he taken them at the beginning. This is what he says:—
 "For six years I suffered with Lumbago and Kidney Disease. I tried everything under the sun, but absolutely nothing I ever took gave me the slightest relief. A friend advised me about one year ago to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I finally decided to do so. Purchased one box and found relief. I used in all five boxes, and am completely cured."

A Diplomatic Drummer.

Assistant-Secretary of State Thomas W. Cridler in the discharge of his diplomatic duties has crossed the ocean probably more times than any other official in that branch of the National government. On one voyage he made the acquaintance of a traveling salesman whose companionship was marred by curiosity.

"Traveling on business like myself, I suppose?"
 "Yes."
 "What line of goods?"
 "Papers."
 "Wall, writing or printing?"
 "Papers for cabinets."
 "Humph, I thought cabinet-makers used only wood, steel and brass!"
 "Most of them do," and the diplomat began to speak of other things.

ON A FRIEND'S RECOMMENDATION.

Mrs. Gampton Uses Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and Receives Instant Lasting Relief—Immediate Relief is What the Sufferer Wants—and Gets When Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is Used.
 "I was for a long time a great sufferer from heart trouble. I had palpitation and smothering accompanied by great weakness and painful spasms. I got very little relief from remedies, and doctors failed to give me real benefit. A friend of mine had used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I procured a bottle and it has proved a great blessing to me. I think it a great heart cure and heartily recommend it to all like sufferers. Mrs. Gampton, 46 Bishop Street, Toronto." Sold by E. C. Brown.

Honoring Her Son.

Perhaps the first person to believe in the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was his mother. She was devotedly attached to him throughout his life, and realized his

value to the world long before the world gave him a bearing. It was her lot to mourn his death, but she was comforted in her trouble by the sympathy of two nations. Some time after his death a great memorial meeting was held in Edinburgh. For his mother, says the author of 'Stevenson's Edinburgh Days,' it was a gala day. She started for Music Hall not too early, feeling sure of a seat with a 'reserved ticket' in her hand. She had declined to sit on the platform, and preferred to be a simple unit in the audience. The crowd was beyond expectations. Mrs. Stevenson arrived to find every passage blocked, and a surging mass at the main entrance clamoring for admittance. She feared that she with them, would be turned away; but as a forlorn hope she appealed to a policeman.

"It's nae use, it's fu'," he said; "reserve seats were ta'en an hour ago by folks that had nae tickets, and they would na gang out."

"I must get in!" cried Mrs. Stevenson, roused out of her usual calm. "I've a right to get in. I am Robert Louis Stevenson's mother."

"Aye, you've the best right," the policeman replied, and turning to the crowd he cried:

"Mak' way, there. She maun get in. She's Robert Loui's mither."

People who had thought themselves packed too tightly to move, somehow packed closer and let Mrs. Stevenson squeeze past.
 Breathless, hustled, and for once with her mantle and bonnet a little awry, much against her will the crowd pushed her to the platform. There she hastened to take a back seat, and a few minutes later she heard the orator of the day, Lord Rosebery, say with an emphasis which the audience understood well, "His mother is here."

Mixed Relations.

The intimate relation between the many and divers races in this country has its humorous as well as its tragic side. Colonel Franchere of Louisiana tells the following true story as an illustration of the mingling of the races:

Mrs. Blank, returning to Natchez after some years' absence, was welcomed by one of her old slaves.

"Well, Cynthia," she said, "what are you doing now? You look well and happy."

"Laws, Miss Lizzy, I'se peart!" Cynthia responded, dropping courtesies with broad smiles widening her round black face, "I done got married, Miss Lizzy."

"Again?"
 "Oh, dis time it's for keeps! I got married onto a Chinaman."

"You married a Chinaman! How could you fall in love with him?"

"Laws sakes, Miss Lizzy, 'twan't no love affair, 'Twas business. You know I'm a good washer. None betteh in dis town. Ah Yan he's a good ironer, so we goes into a laundry. Veay comfohtable got two chillun."

"But how about your religion?"
 "Well, I m a good stirrin' Methodiss, and goes to meetin', and Ah Yan's got his joss behind de kitchen doh, and stays at home. So it suits so well it seems kind ob' providential."

"Oh, I see. But the children?"
 "De chillun? We fixed dat. We compromised on dem," said Cynthia, triumphantly. "We's goin' to make dem Jews!"

A pleasanter illustration of this mixture of races occurred later in another Southern town. A stranger was thrown from a trolley car and fatally injured. A Jew held his head in his arms, a heathen Chinaman put water to his lips, a poor negro chafed his hands, while an old man also a stranger, kneeled beside him and spoke cheering words to him as he lay dying.

"I don't know," the negro said afterwards, "if dat old man was Baptist or 'Piscopalian or some other kind. He just told him of God—God. I reckon dat covered it all."

KIDNEYS CLOGGED.

Many Victims of Bright's Disease—Diabetes, Dropsy and Distressing Urinary Troubles Have Been Saved by the Timely Use of South American Kidney Cure.

The kidney are nature's filters in expelling from the body all impurities. If the kidneys are out of sorts the whole system becomes impaired and disease follows as sure as fate. Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy and distressing urinary troubles infest four fifths of the race. It need not be so, for South American Kidney Cure is a power in dispelling all tendency to the seating of disease. It has cured cases that have been long and stubborn and that have baffled medical skill.—Sold by E. C. Brown.