

Sunday Reading

Homely Heroes.
How have our hearts been thrilled and moved
By stories of heroic deeds
Wrought by our boys who bravely proved
Themselves efficient in our needs.
At this bright splendor of the few
Must not lead us to underrate
The merit humbler workers due,
For homely service no less great.

The engineer whose care and skill
Guides safely thousands on their way,
The motorman, who, firm of will,
Safe guides his car by night and day;
The tireless, loving mother, who
Trains up her children for the right;
The faithful teacher, ever true,
Who toils in hope to scatter light.

The patient nurse, whose softened tread
Scarce wakes the echoes where they fall;
The gallant fireman, whom no dread
Of toil or danger can appall.
These patient, conscientious ones,
Who tread the common walks of life,
Are no less heroes than the sons
Of blood-red war and battle strife.

They are true heroes who thus drown
Self in self-sacrifice and love,
Who reach not up, but stoop low down
That they may life the world above;
Who in life's daily battles show
The splendid courage that endures
In patient hope, because they know
That God in triumph full ensues.

THE MINISTRY IN SECRET.

The ministry in secret is too often unknown openly. Its results are seen. The song of the secret place is heard in the life. But the breathings of the secret hour, too secret and too sacred, therefore, for public view, seldom get without.

A book is in my keeping—unprinted and unpublished—the closest life of a minister of the Word, and I am let within its covers and allowed to bring forth some of the soul's fellowship with God.

It would be beyond reason to go into its history, and out of reason to dip deeply into the hidden life. Two entries, separated by months, are given. Comment is unnecessary, and if it were not, it would be distasteful to him whose hour in the secret place we are to know somewhat.

The first is a letter—a simple child's letter written for God's own eyes, and written to God. Like a child at Christmas time who drops a letter from the Gift Bringer, written in faith and in childish love, this seems to be sent to God.

'Dear and Blessed God: I write thee this for thine own blessed eyes to see. I am weary in body and mind, so weary! and it may be in spirit too. That, God, forbid. Be pleased to take glorious advantage of this. I will not ask thee to make me strong for so old thou hast perfected thine own strength in my suffering weakness. I am glad to be so weak that I have no strength so that thou mayest be all in all in me, perfected strength. Thus I look to thee, and write thee, my ever precious Lord, this note. I am so dependent, so dependent on thee! I am nothing: I have nothing. I am just a poor worthless kind of a worthless fellow who hath so often grieved thee. My God, there never was such helplessness as mine; and thou never didst help such an unworthy sinner. I am the very costliest of thy possessions, the weakest, poorest of thy saints, upon whom thou hast expended countless mercies and boundless grace. But I love thee; and loving thee I beseech thee, not because I love thee—alas, what is my love but sin! I love thee and beseech thee for thy glory and honor; triumph in me and over me; be God, be Master, be Lord. I want thee to be in me all, thou wiltest, and now, by grace, I will that thou art God over and in me forever.

'I love thee; thou art ever so precious to me; I think I would die for thee, though I dare not boast lest before nightfall I deny thee with cursing. But I do love thee and thou art mine all and in all. O my God, how is it that thou dost love me, and ere I knew thee and when I hated thee didst love me as thou dost now?

'Graciously fill me, for I lie empty at at thy feet. Oh, the grace! My God, thou art infinite in thy mercy and grace. Oh, the love! Shine, my God, that the world may see thy beauty. How glad am I to be weary, weak and helpless. Truly thou hast destroyed my strength that thou mayest perfect thy strength in me.

'Ever and truly, humbly and most unworthy, a sinner, a servant, a child of mine.'

The following is a later entry, in which his soul pays a 'visit' to God, and they talk.

'Suffering, and God's mercy floods me. Oh, the oceans of grace, the boundless oceans of mercy! How goodness flows like the steady flow of the river into the great ocean—my heart as the ocean into which such grace and love have emptied all the time! With all the pouring my soul seems as a thirsty land that drinks and drinks the floods. How it overflows, and what I cannot drink in mercy God lets

stand upon it that it may in time run through as floods over the lowlands.

'My gracious God, none of thy blessings are little; they are all great, rich, gracious. But were there a very, very small one among them all, I would be exceedingly less than that, and not worthy of it. O grace! O grace!

'But what else couldst thou do? Thy heart overflows, and the needy, unworthy soul is filled with bounty. It is thy nature to bless. Thou dost stand so like love waiting to be gracious. O God, who art thou, that such love comes to such as me? I know somewhat who I am—a sinner saved by grace, a child of grace picked up out of the slough of sin, a monstrous piece of unworthiness. But that thou shouldst come! come thyself, and wade out unto the depths where I was by nature, into the mire and grimy filth of sinful depravity, made deeper and filthier by practice,—and to come to me! O love! O love!

'And lo! when thou didst come wading out to me thou didst sink down unto the very bottom to hold me up—aye, to give me a foothold that I might touch the Father through the arm of the Spirit! O God, that is wonderful! O Christ, that makes me cry, 'Who art thou?' I know thee—have seen the shadow of thyself; somewhat like Moses I see thy hind parts as thou dost pass by. In mercy thy hand covers me, too for I could not bear thy face. Yes, I know thee; thou didst open my mind to thee, and wast revealed. And yet thy love, thy grace, thy patient forbearance, thy long-suffering kindness and mercy, thy tenderness with me, they make me cry out, 'Who art thou, Lord? Do I love thee?' How can I call mine love? Known to thee is the heart, and thou knowest I love thee. Call mine by the same name as thine; mine so pure, so weak, so sinful? But I love thee, God; I do love thee, and I love thee far more for what thou art than for what thou dost do for me. I love thee. I love thee for thyself, my dear God, and not for thy gifts. My heart, long since won, is now obtained—it is thine.'

There are blessings in abundance to be had from the Almighty hand, but we cannot expect to get them before the fit time comes for the reception of them. God knows what is best for us. He intends that the life of each one of his children should be filled with good deeds and noble accomplishments; that it should be a period of blessedness, to merge into a still more blessed eternity. Trust Him, and you will be happy here and hereafter.

The Vision of the Prophet.

The vision which Isaiah saw when he was called to be a prophet of the Lord was intended to confirm his faith, that he might himself be abundantly satisfied of the truth of those things which should afterwards be made known to him. Thus God appeared at first as a God of Glory to Abraham and to Moses. Ezekiel's prophecies and St. John's begin with visions of the divine glory. Those who would teach others the knowledge of God should be acquainted with him themselves. The vision we have here is dated, so that there may be nothing indefinite about it. It was in the year that King Uzziah died, who had reigned prosperously and long above fifty years. Israel's king dies, but Israel's God still lives, and shall live forevermore. The mortality of great and good men should lead us to look up with an eye of faith to him who is King eternal, immortal, the Kings of Kings, whose throne endureth forever.

Christ's Throne and Glory.

In this apocalyptic picture we see the Lord, he who is called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, sitting upon his throne; and that throne high and lifted up, not only above other thrones as it tran-

Hard-working Farmers.



Long hours of hard, never-ending work makes kidney trouble a common complaint on the farm. Painful, weak or lame backs and urinary disorders are too frequent.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

help a farmer to work and keep his health—take the ache and pain out of his back and give him strength and vigor.

Mr. Isaiah Willmot, a retired farmer living at 138 Elizabeth St., Barrie, Ont., said:

'I have been a sufferer with kidney trouble and pain in the small of my back, and in both sides. I also had a great deal of neuralgia pain in my temples, and was subject to dizzy spells. I felt tired and worn out most of the time. Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no pain either in my back or sides. They have removed the neuralgia pain from my head, also the tired feeling. I feel at least ten years younger and can only say that Doan's Kidney Pills are the most remarkable kidney cure, and in addition are the best tonic I ever took.'

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

cends them, but over other thrones as it rules and commands them. Isaiah saw not Jehovah, the essence of God—no man has seen that or can see it—but his dominion; he saw the Lord Jesus Christ. As John explains it, he saw Christ's glory and spoke of him—an incontestable proof of the divinity of our Lord—he who, when after his resurrection he sat down at the right hand of God, did but sit down where he was before. And what the prophet saw is here revealed to us that we, too, through the exercise of faith may also, as in a glass, behold the glory of the Lord.

The Tramp's Sermon.

A tramp asked for a free drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage, one of the young men present exclaimed: 'Stop, make us a speech. It is a poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue.' The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure. Gentlemen,' he said, 'I look to-night at you any myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and, Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it own in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. And all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.' The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging door pushed open, and shut again, and when a little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.

The Attendants on the Throne.

Above the throne, as it were hovering above it, the seraphim stood—the burning ones or brilliant ones. Special notice is taken of their wings, and of no other part of their appearance, because of the use they made of them. They had each of them six wings, not stretched upward, as those whom Ezekiel saw, but four were made use of for covering; with the two upper wings next the head they covered their faces, and with the two lower wings they covered their feet or lower parts. In we see their great humility and reverence in their attendance upon God, as though ashamed to show their faces before One so holy that even his angels are chargeable with folly. With what godly fear, then, should we approach his presence! Two of the wings were for flight, and when on God's errands they fly most swiftly—more swiftly than if they flew on the wings of the wind. With what cheerfulness and expedition, then, should we do the work of the Lord! Do angels come upon the wing from heaven to earth to minister to our good, and shall not we soar upon the wing from earth to heaven to share with them in their glory?

The Cry of the Seraphim.

Listen to the song of praise which the angels sing to the honor of him who sits on the throne. With what fervency and unanimity they cried aloud! Praising God always was, and will be to eternity, the work of heaven and the constant employment of the blessed spirits above. How important, then, that we learn the songs of Zion here below! The Church above and the Church below are one. Both strike the same note of praise, and there is no difference in the object of their praise or in the manner of its rendition. Holy, holy, holy, the seraphim cried, and this revelation of God's holiness brought out sharply in contrast Isaiah's true character. In the light of this revelation of God's holiness, Isaiah saw his own uncleanness and shortcoming, and was constrained to cry out, 'Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips.' When the sinner comes to see himself in the light of God's character, he no longer boasts himself. He sees himself to be only vile. The vision of God's holiness humbles him in the dust. Then he realizes the infinite

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preciousness through whom alone he can dare hope for the saving grace of God.

Feared For Her MS.

George Eliot was conspicuous as a person who was kindly and sympathetic in a high degree. She was ever ready to be amused and interested in all that concerned her friends. She was also gitted with a keen sense of humor, and sometimes made her friends laugh heartily, as well as laughed with them.

She was solicitous about her manuscripts and was afraid she would lose them. Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, had occasion to send her the manuscript of 'Daniel Deronda.' She would not have it entrusted to the post and Mr. Blackwood said he would send it by his footman the next day.

'Oh, don't!' the author s.d. 'He might stop at a public-house and forget it!'

Mr. Blackwood explained that this footman was a perfectly sober man of high character, and went on to praise the man's virtues; but this did not reassure her at all.

'If he is the sort of chivalrous Bayard that you describe,' she said, 'he is just the kind that would stop and help at a fire!'

This was a contingency that Mr. Blackwood could not bring to consider. He promised faithfully that some member of his family should bring the manuscript, and next day, in fact, Mrs Blackwood herself drove over with it.

Golf.

Golf has been played in strange places, for according to Mr. Philpotts, the pastime which has during the last few years increased in popularity all over the British Empire has been introduced at sea and played in the bay of Biscay on board a mail steamer. Instead of a ball, a round disc or quest of wood about four and half inches in diameter is employed; and a fairly heavy walking-stick with a flat head takes the place of a club. The game proved so successful that it seems probable that there will be few liners without arrangements for golf.

Golf has at least on one occasion been played on skates, for in 1895 two players at a club in a south-western suburb of London, having arranged for a match, found on their arrival at the links that they were covered with ice, the snow having half melted and ten frozen again. This, however, did not deter them from proceeding, as with undaunted enthusiasm they donned their skates, and, having thawed out the holes, they went on with their game.

Ladies on both sides of the Atlantic have become such supporters of the game that an international golf contest between British and American lady players is being arranged.

Now the 'Office Girl!'

'There you have what I suppose will be called another 'sign of the times' observed an advertisement agent the other day, pointing his finger at a certain place in a column of printed matter:

Office girl wanted. Bright, smart and honest. Age about 16.

The D & A "CREST" CORSET
is Unbreakable

D & A "CREST" CORSETS

Stand every strain. Always comfortable and absolutely unbreakable, every active woman needs one. Unrivaled for golfers and bicyclists. Cost only 25c. more than regular D & A styles, and made in all sizes.

Ask to see them. (a)

'Yes, girls are taking the place of boys in that department now. I know employers who have made the experiment, and declare it to be a great success. The office girl is usually more respectful, neater, quicker at learning, and generally handier to have about the place than the office lad. A little shy at first, they tell me, but that very soon wears off under a kind employer.'

How Old People May Be Healthy and Happy.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND
Will Surely Banish Their Ailments and Troubles.

It Preserves Health and Prolongs Life.

The most successful and popular physicians of our times are those who can banish the ailments and diseases of men and women in old age.

Three-fourths of all the aches and pains that make old age miserable arise from retarded circulation. The slow blood is choked with accumulations of waste matters that produce rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago. Sluggish circulation speedily produces digestive disturbance and unlooked for complications arise that in the majority of cases prove fatal to the old people.

Paine's Celery Compound is a precious boon to those advanced in years. Soon after its use is commenced there is noticed an increase in the blood supply, which is pure, ruddy and active in its coursing through the body. The brain becomes clear, digestion is easy and natural, the heart does its work with regularity, nerve force is acquired and flesh is built up.

If old people desire health and strength to meet the enervating and trying weather of midsummer, they should build up at once by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Mr. John Holdsworth, Claremont Street, Toronto, says:

'I was taken sick last summer, and was in bed for five weeks or more, and my physician was attending me all the time. My case was pronounced to be weakness of the heart and old age, for I am now seventy-eight years old. I kept getting worse until my recovery was considered hopeless. One of my relatives recommended me to use Paine's Celery Compound, which I did with good results. After the first dose I felt relieved, and after a few days I was able to leave my bed and walk around. I used four bottles, and found your medicine to be a most excellent remedy, as I am now quite well. I hope other sufferers will receive as much benefit as I received.'

Half-Dead.

A childlike faith in the arithmetic con founders all the logic of the schools. This was the experience of a Pittsburg life insurance agent who, says the News, wrote a policy on the life of a Chinaman—the first ever written for a man of that race in Pittsburg.

How the insurance man did it, he alone knows. The China had no very clear idea. He only understood that if he paid the premiums promptly, he would be entitled to five thousand dollars some time. He began bothering the agent for the money after a couple of weeks had passed, and the agent tried to explain to him that he would have to die before any one could get it. Then the Chinaman fell down a cellarway on Grant Street and was badly hurt. His friends tried to attend to him without calling in a doctor. When they did call in one, two days later, the doctor was angry.

'Why didn't you call me sooner?' he asked. 'This man is half-dead now.'

Next day the injured man's brother was at the insurance office with a claim for twenty-five hundred dollars.

'You're not entitled to anything on this,' said the insurance man, 'until the man is dead.'

'Doctor say him half-dead,' answered the brother. 'Why he no get half?'