

Sunday Reading

His "Sweetheart."

By Ernest Gilmore.

"His mother's his sweetheart—the sweetest, the best!"
So say the white roses he brings to my breast;
The roses that bloom when life's summers depart,
But his love is the sweetest rose over my heart!
The love that hath crowned me—
A necklace around me,
That closer to God and to heaven hath bound me!
"His mother's his sweetheart." Through all the sad years
His love is the rainbow that shines through my tears;
My light in God's darkness, when with my dim eyes
I see not the stars in the storm of my skies,
When I bow 'neath the rod
And no rose decks the sod,
His love lights the pathway that leads me to God!
His mother's his sweetheart. Shine bright for his feet,
O lamps on life's highway! and roses, lean sweet
To the lips of my darling! and God grant his sun
And his stars to my dutiful, beautiful one!
For his love it hath crowned me,
A necklace around me,
And closer to God and to heaven hath bound me.

"Why, Don, an old bachelor yet? Why have you not married? Can you not find a sweetheart?"

It was Mrs. Sloan, an old friend of the family, who thus addressed a young man of thirty.

Donald Cameron smiled into his questioner's face. A frail little woman stood near him, her blue eyes raised to his face with an expression of unutterable love.

The young man put one arm around the little woman's waist and drew her close to his broad shoulders.

"I found a sweetheart long ago, Mrs. Sloan," he said in his genial way. "I suppose that is why I have not married."

The visitor understood. She could not speak, however, but stood looking at the living picture with glowing eyes. Her lips quivered, for her heart was deeply touched. She had rarely seen a young man so strong and handsome as Donald Cameron, and his love and protecting care of the frail invalid, his dearly loved mother, was "worth going miles to see," she said to herself.

The Word of Jesus.

The first word of Jesus in the parable of the Centurion's Servant—"I will come and heal him"—may be taken as a token of his readiness to do a good deed. Small minds try to enhance their gifts by requiring to be pressed before they consent; and selfish minds think instructively of reasons for refusing; but the example of our Lord teaches us never to refuse a favor when it is in our power to comply. He was easily touched with any signs of excellence manifested by those who approach him; and in this man these were not difficult to see. He was a man of station, and yet it was for his slave that he asked help. Among the Romans slaves were often grossly abused; but this man felt the instinct of a tender humanity. He was a soldier, and the soldiers trade is apt to harden the heart; but he showed as much concern for his slave as if it had been his own son. No wonder if Jesus said, "I will come and heal him."

The second word of Jesus on this occasion was of a kind very rare in his ministry—"I have not seen so great faith, no, not in Israel." Often had he to complain of little faith, or the absence of faith; but on only one other occasion did he express astonishment at the greatness of faith. This man's faith was great not only because of what he asked—the healing of his servant but on account of his request that Jesus should perform the miracle at a distance. It was partly humility which made him ask this—he was not worthy that Jesus should come under his roof—and partly his heroic conception of what Jesus was able to do. As our Lord taught his disciples the art of soul winning by comparing it with their daily work as fishermen, so this man had been taught by the experience of his daily labor. As he said, he was a man under authority, having soldiers under him, and he said to one, Go, and he went, another, Come, and he came; and to his servant, Do this and he did it; and he attributed to Jesus the same power in the spiritual world as he exercised himself in the material. Military authority is a marvellous thing: an officer acts with the whole force of an empire at his back, and his trained soldier will at the word of command not only shoot down a fellow creature, but even stand up himself to be shot. Apparently the centurion conceived the forces of nature, whether beneficent or the reverse, as spirits which Jesus held

under similar control—all the power of heaven being at his back to compel these forces of good and evil to obey his word. At all events, he believed that Jesus could do what he required, and he expressed his faith in terms that honored the Saviour.

The only other faith at the greatness of which Jesus wondered, was that of the Syrophenician woman, and it is singular to note that both these examples of marvellous faith were found in persons not belonging to the commonwealth of Israel. During his earthly life the sphere of Jesus was restricted to the seed of Abraham; but on a few occasions, like Moses viewing the land from the mountain top, he was vouchsafed glimpses of the success which his cause would achieve among the Gentiles. Such a prospect was both exhilarating and depressing. It rejoiced his heart that many would come, as he said on this occasion, from the east and the west to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom; but it grieved him to the heart to think that, on the contrary, the children of the kingdom would be shut out, and consigned to the place of weeping. Faith is sometimes found where it might be least expected, and there is more faith in the world than we are apt to think; but, on the other hand, faith is often sadly lacking where it might be most confidently expected, and religious profit is often in inverse ratio to privilege. Those who are born within the Church of Christ may, like Christ's fellow countrymen, be called the 'children of the kingdom'; but baptism is no guarantee that we shall ultimately be joint heirs with Jesus.

The centurion was dismissed with the words, "Go thy way; and, as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." If only our faith were simple and strong enough, what might we not become and what might we not do? When we complain of our leanness of soul and ineffectiveness in God's service, what we ought to complain of is rather our unbelief. All progress and attainment in the spiritual world are measured by this standard—"According to your faith."

Concerning a Theory of Life.

In a recently published volume by W. M. Rossetti several fine letters appear from Mr. Ruskin. One of these contains a sentence which deserves the widest publicity in these days when individualism has become so acute as to resemble selfishness. "I have a theory of life," says Mr. Ruskin, "which it seems to me impossible, as a rational being, to be altogether without—namely, that we are sent into the world to be of such use to each other as we can." At this season of the year, when the very busiest get some respite, and when we have brought home to us the thoughts, incidents and ideals of the past, it will be not wholly unprofitable, perhaps, to briefly consider Mr. Ruskin's theory of life. One cannot help thinking that many of the great and puzzling problems which so distress modern humanity would solve themselves, as it were automatically, if only the majority of us realized that we are 'sent into the world to be of such use to each other as we can.' And this theory of life is, as Ruskin says, the only one for a rational being. By selfishness man sinks to the level of the beasts. By helping his fellow men, he comes nearer and nearer to God. The essence of Christianity is love and brotherly sympathy. At no time was it more desirable that we should remember this fact than it is to day. The tendency to regard wholly one's own interests is particularly strong in these closing years of this restless century; especially it is seen to-day in our national life in the clamor that goes up—and simply clamor it is—in some quarters for holding, keeping, absorbing, in short, for expanding: we are not now passing judgment on the Philippine matter; we are simply condemning one phase of the matter. And we may ask ourselves—After all are such views worth while? Do they make the strongest appeals to our better nature? Is the game of life under these rules worth playing?

Here we are, in the midst of demand for expansion and preparation for conflict, precipitated into the midst of a movement having for its object the establishment of a reign of peace. In this discussion soon to be precipitated in the great Belgian Conference, the fearful expense of the present system of mighty armaments will especially be mentioned. But the great argument of all in favor of universal peace is that deep down in the hearts of men there is a craving for brotherhood. Obstructed as it is by many pitiful and selfish motives, the innermost desire of the Christian man is to benefit, and not to injure, his fellow men. It is the duty of all of us, especially at this season of the year, to cultivate this sentiment in our own breasts. For, after all, it is our own moral nature that we have to educate rather than that of others.

Lastly, it is to be noticed that the more a man lives by what Ruskin calls his theory of life, the more he endeavors to be of use to his fellow men, the more virtue, goodness, truth and honesty he is able to discover in the world. Humanity, imperfect at best, has grievous weaknesses; but surely we cannot be wholly wrong in thinking its heart is sound, and that it is ever striving, often blindly, ineffectually but still longingly, toward the divine.

The way of Taking Things.

When a Christian begins to feel morose, to speak harshly, to pick at others, to carp and censure, he is simply a man beside himself—a most suggestive form of expression;—he is a person beside himself: there are two of him, and the one is self-gazing at the other. He has injected himself into what he is looking upon, and it is small cause for wonder if the result does not please him; nor does any one else enjoy the spectacle. He grumbles spitefully; he complains forth his discontent. Let him but realize that all the sad while he is talking to himself, and it is possible that in his pettishness he may tell himself a great deal of truth he does not often hear. It is always well for Christian charity to watch and wait before striking back. Things do not change much, but moods happily do change, and very greatly; and so it not infrequently happens that a man commends in himself what he has sweepingly condemned in others.

After all, we need to realize that the bright and hopeful side of life is the better. A distinguished editor and lecturer whose books are a delight to thousands, remarked in the hearing of the writer the other day, "I always make it a rule to give all doubtful conduct its best interpretation." There is a world of optimistic philosophy in that attitude—nay, it is the Scripture view. A friend does not keep an appointment; you see him doing that which looks like evasion of duty or betrayal of the sacred trust of friendship: bide a wee and see if a little later explanation does not clear up all. It is well for us to bear constantly in mind the fact that our views of life are greatly modified by our way of looking at things. Recall John Ruskin's figure of speech. He says:

"There is hardly a roadside pond or pool that has not as much landscape in it as above it. Nay, the ugly gutter that stagnates over the drain-bars in the heart of the foul city is not altogether bare; down in that, if you will look deep enough, you may see the dark serious blue of far-off sky and the passing of pure clouds. It is at your own will that you see in that despoiled stream either the refuse of the streets or the image of the sky. And so it is with almost all other things that we unkindly despise."

Does the reader seek a moral? It can be found in a couplet:

"This world is not so bad a world as many people make it;
And whether bad and whether good depends on how we take it."

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Speaks From the Past.

In Southern California there is situated one of the most remarkable prehistoric monuments known to archaeologists. From a distance it looks like an immense rock rising from the plains, but upon nearer approach it is seen to be an ancient temple of extraordinary dimensions. The inner court has a level floor two hundred and twenty five feet long and one hundred and

Women Need Not Suffer

From those terrible side aches, back aches, headaches and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery. Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood—the kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor. Here is an instance: Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N.B., says: "The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the loins, together with general weakness and loss of appetite. I gradually became worse, until, hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box from our druggist. I am pleased to testify to their effectiveness in correcting the troubles from which I suffered."



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twenty-five feet wide, and the ceiling is from sixty to one hundred feet high. The building was evidently used by prehistoric man, but for what purpose and how long since no one knows. The walls and portions of the ceiling are beautifully decorated with paintings in colours, red, white and black, many of them supposed to have some symbolic meaning.

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It is a well known fact that all the women who have received health and strength by means of Paine's Celery Compound were induced to use it through the influence and persuasion of other women—sisters, mothers or friends.

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Paine's Celery Compound is at present carrying on this joyous transformation work all over Canada, and women, young and old, of all ranks and conditions, bless the memory of Dr. Phelps who conferred such a blessing on their sex.

Dear women of our country, why continue in misery and suffering when such a friend as Paine's Celery Compound is within such easy reach, and ready to do for you all you so much desire?

Do not be deceived by any of the many

nervine, bitters, sarsaparillas or advertised pills; they cannot bestow that pearl of great price—good health. Paine's Celery Compound has given new health and life to your friends; it will not fail in your particular hour of need. Bear in mind that Paine's Celery Compound makes sick people well.

Contrary to Agreement.

An Irish principal in a recent quarrel that ended in fisticuffs, realizing that he was being badly worsted, vigorously protested to the bystanders against the methods of his adversary.

"Sure, an' wasn't it to be a fair stand-up fight?" he excitedly exclaimed.

"It certainly was," returned an onlooker, who had been a witness of the preliminary arrangements.

"An' how, then," retorted the defeated one, "can he be 'ixpictin' me to stand up and fight 'im fairly if he do be knockin' me down all the time?"

No Chimneys Needed.

To horseless carriages and smokeless powder add chimneys factories as the newest in nomenclature. Heretofore it has been necessary, in order to secure plenty of draught for a furnace, to build an immensely tall shaft. Now it is found that instead of pulling the draught by a chimney you can push it from below with a fan. A plant running three boilers of 260 horsepower successfully tied this experiment with a fan whose wheel had a diameter of 54 inches.

Foreigners in Their own Land.

The various Chinese dialects have developed such peculiarities that they have practically become independent tongues. Thus the average Chinaman from Peking cannot understand his compatriot from

Canton. Although both employ the same idea, each pronounces it in his own way, and he cannot be understood by the other unless he reduces what he desires to say to a written form.

When Leo XIII saw Victoria.

Away back in 1846, when Gioachino Pecci had completed his service as Papal Nuncio at the Belgian Court and was about returning to Rome, Leopold I, father of the present King, gave him an autograph letter to Pope Gregory XVI in which he praised the tact and intelligence of the Nuncio and bespoke for him a speedy nomination to the Cardinalate. The Nuncio, instead of proceeding directly to Rome, determined to gratify an intense desire to see and speak with Queen Victoria. So he hastened to London, secured an audience with Her Majesty, and passed an unusually long time in conversation with her.

This visit to London so delayed him that when he reached Rome he found Pope Gregory so dangerously ill that he could not present King Leopold's letter. Soon afterward the Pope died, and the letter was presented to his successor, Pius IX, who was not over friendly to the Nuncio, and withheld the nomination for seven years. Almost immediately after the election of Gioachino Pecci as Pope, under the title of Leo XIII, he received a letter of congratulation from Queen Victoria, recounting the conversation of thirty-two years before. Since then the Queen and Pope have exchanged friendly autograph letters at the beginning of each year.

Governor Roosevelt's Versatility.

One of the busiest writers of the day is Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, naturalist, story-writer, biographer, historian and political scientist. He has crowded into the fourteen years of his literary life fourteen books. During this period he has been an unsuccessful candidate for New York's mayoralty, a Civil Service Commissioner, President of the New York Police Board, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Colonel of the Rough Riders, and Governor. The marvel is, how he managed to accomplish it all. Naturally, Mr. Roosevelt is a ready and a rapid writer. Most of his early hunting tales were written on his ranch, where the conveniences of a stenographer and typewriter were unknown. There he learned to compose rapidly with the pen. His manuscript is plainly written and singularly free from errors. When Mr. Roosevelt returned East he found this practice of estimable value. He had learned to think before writing, and dictating came naturally to him. During his frequent trips from New York to other cities he often was accompanied by a stenographer, and many a chapter of his biographical works assumed form amid the rumble of the train.

ONE GASP FROM DEATH.

And Yet Not Beyond the Power of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart to Save and Cure You—This Is Not Fiction, But Fact.

The constant terror and distress of those in the thralls of heart disease, only the sufferer can know, and what a boon, so magical a relief and cure as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has corded the patient seemed but a glimpse from the grave, and this wonderful liquid heart specific hastened over the crisis, given relief in 30 minutes, and after taking a bottle or two perfect health has been restored and all the distressing symptoms and all suffering seem but as a dream. It cures hearts weakened by a gripe. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

"Younglove (admonishingly): 'Now that you've opened a bank account you must bear in mind that the cheques must not be signed with any of your pet diminutives. Just settle on one name, and use that and no other.'"

Mrs. Younglove (plaintively): 'All right, dear; I'll sign just 'Maud.'"

Contentment frequently consists of not knowing any better.



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