

## Sunday Reading

### Genuineness of Inspired Books.

The Christian may rest in perfect assurance, and on evidence of the highest and most incontestable character, that the books of the Bible which claim to be the inspired revelation of God to man, are the genuine writings of the men whose names they bear. No ancient writings have one-quarter of the proof which the manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures can claim. The writings, for instance, of Herodotus have been found in less than twenty manuscript copies in various ancient libraries, evidently about eight hundred years old; and yet scholars accept without question their genuineness. But we find no less than six hundred manuscript copies of the Greek New Testament, and more than twice as many of the Hebrew Scriptures—nearly two thousand in all, and these not eight hundred years old. These have not been found in one place, or under circumstances which could render it possible for them to have been designedly copied from each other, but some of them are from the Vatican, some from Alexandria, some from Mount Sinai, some from Syria. Some of these were written in the tenth century, some in the ninth, some as early as the third and fourth, and some of the Hebrew copies are evidently older than the Christian era. All these manuscripts substantially agree, although they have never met before, and it is manifest that they must have been copied from a still more ancient volume. We find also numerous editions of the same old volume in various languages. From Russia comes a Slavonic version, 1000 years old. From Egypt comes a Coptic version 1200 years old. From Ethiopia comes an Ethiopic version 1300 years old. From Persia comes an Armenian version over 1000 years old. From Italy comes the Latin or Vulgate version 1400 years old. From Africa comes the Hexapla of Origen, 1500 years old. From Syria comes the Peshito, or Syriac version 1800 years old. From Rabbinical libraries there came the Targums or Paraphrases of the Bible, still older. From Alexandria comes the old Septuagint or Greek version of the Old Testament, 285 years older than the Christian era. All these manuscripts substantially agree. The first volume contains the same thirty-nine books written by the same twenty-nine authors, whose lives covered a period of 1000 years. The second volume, but, it may be asked, are there any references to these sacred books in the writings of ancient authors? Did the early writers of the Christian age know of their existence? Certainly. In the first century we find Clement and Ignatius; in the second, Justin Martyr and Irenaeus; in the third, Origen, Tertullian and Cyprian; in the fourth, Gregory, Cyril Jerome, Chrysostom and Augustine; in all nearly two hundred different writers whose works are still extant, who not only constantly refer to the Holy Scriptures as we now contain the same twenty-seven books written by the same ten men. The variations between the different copies are so slight as not to effect any essential fact or doctrine. Where in all literature is there a parallel to such a volume? Who can doubt that these ancient writings are what they claim to be, the veritable writings of Moses and David, Isaiah and Ezra, Paul and John, Matthew and Peter?

have them, as known and received in their day, and who quote so fully from these pages that, were every Bible in the world destroyed, it is claimed that the whole Bible could be substantially reproduced from their writings. These men themselves fully believed in the scriptures, and they tell us that they were received in all lands and read in almost every tongue. Not only so, but the very enemies of Christianity who wrote in that age never disputed the genuineness of these writings and the great facts they record, even while they refused to accept the doctrines they contained.

It is easy to see, in the face of these facts, that the statements of these writers must be accepted as credible and authentic, as they would not have been thus received in their own age by the men who had such abundant opportunities of detecting and exposing them, if they were false. Luke and Paul would not have dared to proclaim in Jerusalem, Athens and Rome, in the face of millions, statements of fact that were known to be false, without some one denying or questioning them. Paul tells us that there were 500 witnesses of Christ's resurrection alive when he wrote to the Corinthians, and it is simply incredible that thousands and tens of thousands, living in the very age when these things occurred, and with ample opportunities of verifying them, should not only accept them, but stake their lives, fortunes and eternal des-

tiny upon them, unless they knew them to be true. We may surely believe, therefore, whatever we think of himself or his teachings, that there was such a person as Christ, that he really lived, wrought miracles, uttered the words attributed to him, died, rose from the dead, commissioned his apostles, and ascended to heaven in their sight; that these apostles went forth and preached the Gospel everywhere; that Paul was converted, labored for Christ, planted churches in Europe and Asia, and wrote the immortal letters that bear his name. If God thus confirmed the teaching of his Son and his servants, they must have been truly inspired, and the words be the authoritative revelation of his will.

The Jewish people stand among us today with the rites and ceremonies of three thousand years, a lasting memorial and confirmation of the writing of Moses and the Prophets. For nearly two thousand years Christianity has been the most notable fact of human history. It has subdued the empire of the Caesars and the wild races of Europe. Its walls have been cemented with the blood of one hundred million martyrs. It has elevated woman, created modern civilization, covered the world with asylums for suffering in all its forms, filled the world with Christian literature, and given to the nations that have embraced it to the foremost place of power and influence in the world to day. How shall we explain these facts, or how account for these institutions and influence, on any other ground than that the alleged facts of Christianity are absolutely true?

### EARLY WORK OF D. L. MOODY.

His Heart was in it and he Gave His Best Efforts for Success.

When Christ wanted a band of helpers, he didn't call the theologians of his day, but a tax gatherer, a doctor and a lot of fishermen, and so he wanted, back in 1857 or '58, a man to stir thousands of other men, he found him in a wholesale shoe house in Chicago.

Mr. Moody first tried his hand at bringing in the boys of the street into a North Side Sunday school, but they looked sideways at his ragged crew; so a little later he started a school of his own. Evenings and Sundays he scoured the humble cottages and tenements not far from the river, and his love and persistence gathered hundreds of them in. In those days he knew little of the Bible and not much of the Queen's English, but he was set on telling the story that Jesus Christ had saved him, and that God loved all the people down there in the slums. Love won then, and it always wins.

I can't tell it very well, but along about that time William Reynolds, of Peoria, a rich young pork packer, whose heart God had touched, visited Mr. Moody's mission. He said, 'I found Moody with his arm around a little colored boy, trying to read for him out of the Bible. He turned to me and said, 'Well, Reynolds, you see I am stumbling along, but my heart is in it. I am doing my level best.'

Downright love for boys and girls (so that they knew it) and sanctified common sense was the secret of his power over them. Every now and then, as his school got larger, he would hire a train of cars, and take the children on a grand picnic. He would rough and tumble with the big boys, and they with him. In the whole crowd there was not another such jolly good fellow as the superintendent, whose loving, earnest words had first won them; and when Sunday came they would rather do anything than displease him.

Mr. Moody kept on working, praying, studying the bible and growing, having power with God and men. It was two or three years later that I fell in with him. God had laid his hand on me, and for comfort I went to the Noon Prayer Meeting in the old First Methodist Episcopal Church. Moody talked as if his soul was on fire, and when he prayed the tears rolled down his face. The life of the man influenced me even more than his words, and my heart yearned for that baptism that I saw had fallen on him.

One day I arrived a little ahead of time, and he said, 'Adams, come upstairs with me.' He took me up two or three flights into a little room. We got onto our

knees, and then he poured out his heart for me and for the meeting just to convene. Now I saw why his face shone down at the meeting. He had been talking face to face with God before he got there.

I wonder what would happen if early next Sunday morning all the ministers of Boston or New York should find such a room, and meet God there? That would be worth a thousand years of cudgeling man's brains to bring out God's truth. "Kneedrill" (as the Salvationists put it), that is what is wanted in the study: because if it isn't God talking through your lips, you had better keep them still.

For a few years after this Mr. Moody was largely engaged in evangelistic efforts among the soldiers, and in like work elsewhere. Our Y. M. C. A. fell into the hands of some godly and energetic business men—E. S. Wells, a leading wholesale grocer, and Henry W. Fuller, of the great drug house of Fuller, Finch & Fuller. I had the privilege of serving on the board of Managers during that time, we thought, planned, studied and prayed over the matter of a new building—did everything but act. Mr. Fuller's second year was closing. I said to the Nominating Committee, 'We have been brooding over this building matter long enough. It's all been talk. We want a man of action. Let's nominate Moody for president.' But several members said, 'Moody is too radical; we shall lose our hold on the churches.' Finally it was agreed that the ticket should be turned end foremost, Farwell and Moody. So one of us waited on Mr. Farwell. 'No, gentleman,' he said, 'I will not serve as president. Moody is the man; but I will act as vice-president, and back him heart and soul.'

Election day came, and while we were casting a unanimous ballot for the nominees, Moody was on the war path for a new building. It was Caesar's motto, 'I came! I saw! I conquered!' set to Gospel measure; for before night fell it was settled that there should be a fair and beautiful building for the young men of Chicago.

And again it was great faith, mighty prayer, courage and work that won. There was a man that Mr. Moody greatly wanted as one of a syndicate of givers. He went to his house, stated his errand, and was kindly received. His answer was, 'Yes, my friend, I will put down \$2500.' So he took the subscription paper, and went upstairs to sign it. Down went Moody upon his knees. 'My God, tell him to sign for \$10,000.'

Five minutes later the good man came in. 'Mr. Moody, I have been thinking this matter over, and I believe it is my duty to make it \$10,000 in place of \$2500.'

It didn't take long to telephone to heaven and get the answer back. And this was not all. This generous man gave his heart and time as well as his money, and being a practical builder was of immense service in the work, and his noble deeds stimulated others to like consecration.

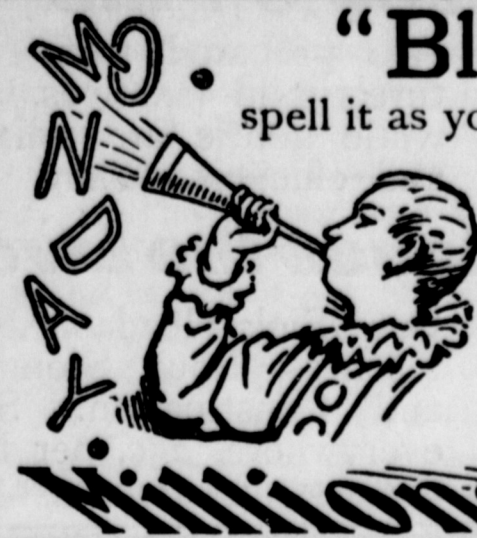
The world is familiar with the later acts of this apostle, so I will not recall them here. His whole life shows, however, that the greatest elements of success are whole heartedness, self-sacrifice, love that never faileth, conquering faith and prayer, common sense, business methods, and above all the baptism of the Holy Ghost.—W. H. Adams in N. Y. Christian Work.

### What Made him Chaplain.

Few men in America are better known than Rev. W. H. Milburn, who was so for many terms the 'blind chaplain' of the national House of Representatives, and is now chaplain of the Senate. The story—vouched for in various biographies—of his election to that honor is entirely to the credit of his fidelity and of the better feelings of the legislators who saw reason to propose his name.

In 1845, when travelling as a circuit preacher, he was sent from St. Louis to Wheeling, Virginia. On the boat were several congressmen, going to Washington, some of whom shocked the young minister by their reckless speech and habits. They 'swore outrageously, drank whiskey to excess, and played cards day and night.'

One of the days of the long river journey



## "Blew Monday"

spell it as you will, that's the soap-users' washday—uses them up completely. Never a "blue Monday" with the right sort of Pearline washing. No rubbing to speak of, no wear, just soaking, boiling, rinsing. Things washed are cleaner and woman who washes is able to enjoy the time saved. 505

Millions of Pearline

was Sunday, and Mr. Milburn was asked to preach. The offending congressmen were present to hear him, and at the close of an appropriate discourse he addressed them directly, and solemnly denounced their actions in the plainest language. He told them he had supposed that the representatives of the nation at its capital were representatives of its character as well as of its intellect, but 'if I am to judge the nation by you,' said he, 'I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card-players and drunkards.'

He told them that as an American citizen he felt disgraced by their example and after charging them with its terrible effect upon the youth of the land, he gave them warning, that unless they repented and turned to righteousness, their own end was certain ruin under the punishment of Almighty God.

If there was any criticism of the young preacher's judgement in thus publicly arraigning distinguished men, everyone of whom was old enough to be his father, they were not the ones to put it into words. What followed was as unexpected as it was admirable.

The same day Mr. Milburn was waited upon in his stateroom by a gentleman who presented a purse—about seventy-five dollars—from the congressmen, in token of their "sense of his courage and faithfulness," and desired to know if he would allow them to present his name at the opening election of chaplain to Congress.

Blind Chaplain Milburn obtained this honorable post through his fearlessness in his sacred profession and his loyalty to truth and duty.

### How Old Art Thou?

This question we should often stop to consider. Many things are suggested as we remember the number of years we have lived. The old man of seventy-five, of sixty, the man of forty-five, the youth of twenty-five, all attest to the travel of days and months and years. Each man's increase of years contributes to what we call history. Departure of opportunities and privileges is also shown.

Time is a broad stream carrying on its bosom these companions of life, these tests of character. As we tell our age, we tell how many we have neglected to our damage or improved to our profit. To ask how old is to ask how much is left to make ready, how much to perish of life's work. The most of life is but little compared with every one's expectations, with the work to be done, with eternity. The most that can be said of this life Jacob said, not only 'few' but 'evil' too. This life is but a great succession of cares, disappointments, vexations and trials. There is no satisfaction in it. Solomon tried it in all its phases, and he wrote, 'All is vanity.'

The life that begins when we have found Christ is the only life that will lead to everlasting joy.

How old are we? Have we begun this new life in Christ Jesus? Time is shortening daily for us. Eternity is at hand. Are we ready?

### Some Plain Questions.

Have you Catarrh? Have you offensive breath? Have you bronchitis? Have you a cough? Have you consumption? Then send for a free sample of Catarrhoxone. What is catarrhoxone? Not a snuff, wash nor ointment, but an odorless gas, which is carried by air directly to the diseased parts. It penetrates wherever air can go, and never fails to cure. We do not ask you to believe this until you have tested it for yourself. Send for a trial bottle gratis to N. C. Polson & Co. Kingston, Ont.

### An Acceptable Clock.

H well-known professor sometimes became so much interested in his lecture, that when the noon bell rang he kept the class five or ten minutes over the hour. Certain restless spirits amongst the students thought they would give him a gentle hint, so they brought an alarm clock, set it to go off precisely at noon, and placed it on the professor's desk when they came in to the next lecture. They knew that he was a little absent minded, and expected he would not notice it. As the noon hour struck, the alarm went off with a crash, and those of the class not in the secret started and took in the joke at once. There was a round of applause. The professor waited until the alarm and the applause were over, and then said: 'Young gentlemen, I thank you for little gift.'

## Spoiled Materials.

A Well Known Druggist Gives His Experience.

A successful and well known Canadian druggist said recently: 'I know from experience what it means to sell dyes that have no standing or established reputation. Over a year ago, I put in a small stock of

Dyes. I have been asked by three or four persons for these dyes which they saw advertised, and I was under the impression the demand would increase. In a year's time I sold probably from twenty to twenty five packets, and had so many complaints from disappointed women who had spoiled good materials and garments with these new dyes that I banished every one of them to my back storehouse, where they now are. I find the Diamond Dyes give perfect satisfaction to all my customers, and will sell no other make while I am in business. What a tale could be told by women about spoiled goods from using cheap and trashy dyes!

This statement from an old established druggist has its notes of warning. His long and extended experience is in favor of the Diamond Dyes. There are too, hundreds of other druggists and dealers and tens of thousands of women who could give clear and convincing testimony that Diamond Dyes are far ahead of all other dyes in purity, strength, fastness of color, brilliancy and beauty.

As long as there are imitation and adulterated dyes sold, it is well that all should insist upon getting "Diamond" when buying dyes for home dyeing. See that the name is on each packet.

Singleton: 'How is your new marriage with that pretty shop girl turning out?' Benedict: 'Oh, we will get on splendidly when once I get her broken of the habit of yelling "Cash!" when she wants me.'

Merchant (to applicant): 'Do you think you know enough to assist me in the office?' Boy: 'Know enough? Why, I left my last place because the boss said I knew more than he did.'

Jeweller: 'I can't comprehend why you wish a silver case on your repeater instead of the fine gold case in which you bought it.'

Customer: 'My dear sir, the baby's cutting his teeth.'

## THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY.

### A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so. On the contrary, my blood became weaker. I daily lost strength and vitality, and my nervous system became so weak that it was a constant source of suffering both day and night. I lost appetite, the sight of food nauseated me, the weak state of my system caused shortness of breath and unnatural action of the heart, such as fluttering and violent palpitation, and my face was like chalk. I was in this condition and constantly getting weaker when I began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I had read the books they distributed and their advertisements in the papers, and thought, 'Well, I have taken so much medicine without benefit it is useless to spend any more money. However, I finally made up my mind. It is a forlorn hope; I can but try. If I am not benefited I will not be hurt. So I bought one box and received great benefit therefrom, so continued their use, and to-day am a well man in consequence; my blood is strong, my face has the ruddy hue of health, my appetite has returned, I sleep well, I have not the slightest indications of nervousness or heart trouble, and from a sick, weak, nervous man Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have transformed me in six weeks to full health and strength.' I am yours very truly, (Signed) WILLIAM WILLARD, Night Clerk Grand Central Hotel, Peterboro.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

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