

Sunday

Reading.

Marjorie's Lesson.

Marjorie Dunbar was sitting in the station waiting for the train. She had been to a great missionary rally in the city, and as she sat there thinking over what she had heard, she felt herself growing dissatisfied and discontented every minute. Her own life seemed unspeakably useless and trivial compared with those of the missionaries who had spoken that afternoon.

"Oh, if mamma would only consent to my consecrating my life to Christ like that!" sighed. "I should only be too happy to go. She says they need me at home; but what does my life amount to there? Just exactly nothing worth while. It seems hard to have to fritter it away so when I long to do faithful service. If we lived in the city it would be different. I could find plenty of church and charitable work to do; but in Dudley, there is just—nothing."

The train came in just then, and Marjorie hurried out to be sure to get a good seat, pushing by a wan weary-faced little woman who carried a baby and had two little children with her. Another young lady who was coming from the street started evidently with the idea of catching up with Marjorie, but paused for an instant as she passed the overburdened woman.

"Are you taking the N. & E. train?" she asked, pleasantly. "Just let me help you."

When they reached the car they found all the seats on the shady side but one taken, and after having seated her new friends there, the girl passed on to where Marjorie was sitting.

"Why, Alice?" that young lady exclaimed, when she saw who it was. "How nice! Have you been to the rally? Wasn't it grand and inspiring? Only it seems harder than ever to go back to our petty, humdrum lives, don't you think so?"

"Why, no," answered Alice. "I do not feel so. I should love to go and tell the heathen of Jesus and His love, and yet, Marjorie, isn't it just as beautiful to tell those about us here? It seems a wonderful thing to me to be alive anywhere if only we are trying to serve Christ to the best of our ability. I'd like, of course, to be trusted with great things, but still I'm thankful for the privilege of serving in the humblest. Do you see that poor old lady opposite? She can't fix that shade, and she looks melted. I heard her say that she had a hard headache. Would you mind if I changed seats with her? It will be cooler for her here."

"Suit yourself," answered Marjorie, turning to the window with an expression of disgust on her face.

"Alice actually hasn't an idea beyond making people comfortable in ways like this," she said to herself. "She is perfectly contented apparently to spend her whole time and strength in this way. I am thankful that I care for higher things. There! She has got those children with her. I hope she is satisfied. I really don't believe the meeting this afternoon made any impression on her at all."

"Do you know the young lady who changed seats with me?" asked Marjorie's companion.

Marjorie turned round rather coolly. "Certainly. We live near each other," she replied.

"She's a lovely girl," continued the lady, earnestly. "I wish that more of us were like the Master. I've been watching her, and old as I am, she has taught me a lesson. The Lord bless her dear heart! And he will."

Marjorie listened in an astonished, puzzled way. She had always felt inclined to rather look down upon Alice. In her estimation she was contenting herself with living on a lower plane than she ought. Had she made a mistake? No, it could not be. This was only a plain sort of a person, who could not appreciate high ideals. But, do her best, she could not help feeling confused and troubled. She wondered vaguely if any one ever spoke of her in the way this lady had just spoken of Alice.

Some one in the seat back of her got off and Roy Adams took the vacant place. Roy was Dudley's special pride, a very gifted young fellow. "The world will hear from him if he lives," everybody said. "And what a power for good he would be if only his talents were consecrated to Christ!" sighed his pastor and Christian friends.

Suddenly Roy leaned over and touched Marjorie on the shoulder.

"Isn't that little scene across the way characteristic of Alice?" he said, half laughingly, and yet with an undertone of earnestness. "Do you know I look upon her as one of the very best evidences of Christianity I know of. If ever I am converted it will be largely to her influence."

If all professed Christians were as loyal and true as she is, the millennium would dawn in no time."

And this from Roy Adams, the most brilliant young man of Marjorie's acquaintance, traveled and highly educated. She must respect his opinion.

"It seems to be a beautiful thing to be alive anywhere if only we are trying to serve Christ to the best of our ability," Alice's words came back to her.

"I don't know," she thought, sorrowfully, as she walked home in the gathering dusk; "perhaps I have thought too much about the heathen, and have neglected to do the 'next thing.' I haven't been faithful in that which is least surely, and how could I have expected that I should be in a larger sphere? But Alice has taught me a lesson; and oh, I am thankful that God has shown me my mistake! If He will help me, I will do better in the future."—*Zion's Herald.*

TALMAGE TALKS ABOUT HIS TRIP.

Just Returned From a Long Journey in Europe.

The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, editor of The Christian Herald, arrived in New York, Wednesday on the Oceanic, after six months of constant travel in Europe.

When seen at his hotel by our special correspondent in New York, Dr. Talmage was asked if Europeans evince unusual interest in the present contest between Bryan and McKinley.

"In England, yes," replied the doctor, "and Brits will be more than ever interested, now that their own fierce political campaign is over. The contrast between a campaign here, and a campaign in England, is the contrast between order and chaos, between good nature and surliness. The contest just finished between the candidates for seats in parliament, was a most wildly exciting event. The best men in England were engaged in it. But at nearly all the public meetings the candidates, no matter which side they represented, were hooted and jeered at, and in some cases driven from the platform. The attack on Roosevelt in Colorado, was a mere detail compared to the venomous words that were flung at the speakers, and the disorder and violent breaking up of meetings, in England. Men like Lord George Hamilton were called liars and cowards in open meeting, and were forcibly prevented from finishing their speeches. The night I left Liverpool for Ireland, eight political meetings were reported, at not one of which could the speakers get the ears of their howling, scoffing audiences. Every speaker that night was compelled to be content with delivering his speech simply to the newspaper press. Now in America, each party gives the speakers of the opposing party, a chance. If an American voter does not like the opposition platform he stays quietly away from the meetings, and hence the orderly, good natured audiences common to our political gatherings.

"As for the feeling in Ireland, I found that the people are more content there than they have been for many years. The Queen's visit accomplished a wondrous amount of good. There will be no open disaffection among the Irish for a long time to come, at least not on the old political grounds.

"During my journey I found a complete refutation of the saying that Shakespeare puts into Antony's mouth: 'The evil that men do lives after them, but the good is oft interred with their bones.' I will simply give you two illustrations of the facts that it is of the good that men do lives after them. In Swansea, in Wales, I preached the 111th anniversary sermon in the Countess of Huntingdon's Church. The countess established this church in 1789, and died two years later. But still this church, and many others that she founded, selling her jewels in some instances to provide the necessary funds, are doing a grand and noble work, reaching out to the masses and calling thousands into the Great Fold. Again, I preached in John Wesley's church in London. Wesley himself lay in his grave just beside the church walls. His grandson played the organ. This church is the mother of the Wesleyan churches in England, and is the greatest religious power in England next to the established church. These churches are all doing a great service to humanity, and a most potential influence in Christ's cause—showing that the good that John Wesley did is not interred with his bones, but lives after him.

"That line of Shakespeare's is pessimistic. Now pessimism doesn't pay. The pessimist is himself most likely to decay young, to die early. The man who is always decrying things, pulling things down, asserting that the world is going to the dogs, is usual himself the first to fall. He pulls things down upon his own head, and perishes amid his own pessimism. The man who thinks pure thoughts, lives a

good life, acts as his conscience and not as his pocket dictates, lives the healthiest life and lives the longest."

"Were you not entertained in several countries by royalty?" the Doctor was asked.

"Yes," he replied. "But I prefer not to talk on that topic. My meeting with some of the rulers of this world was in every way delightful, but I was received as a private individual."

When asked his plans for the immediate future, Dr. Talmage said: "My whole time will be given to my editorial work in connection with The Christian Herald, although on Sunday I shall fill pulpits engagements in Washington, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, Canada and the South.

Above all, the emotion that dominates my heart is one of Thanksgiving that I am home again. Every man who lives under the American flag ought to go on his knees every morning, and thank God that his home is here and that he lives under a republic rather than a monarchical form of government."

Dr. Talmage returned to his home in Washington, Thursday night.

GILSON WILLETS.

Going to Church in Finland.

Going to church in Finland is a social affair, for the church boat is an institution there, and is a conveyance wherein in some cases as many as a hundred persons can be rowed to the church at once.

Some twenty or thirty take the oars together, and it is considered proper for everyone to serve his turn at them, since the church is very often far from the parishioners' houses. When the boat has a long distance to go it is no unusual thing for it to start on Saturday night, the time at which the Sabbath is supposed to begin.

Then one may see the peasants going down to the waterside in the evening, that they may be ready at the time appointed. They carry their little bundles of best clothes, for this is the great event of the week, and every one must be suitably dressed.

When they are seated and the rowers begin to ply their oars, the sound of music rises upon the air. There is no occasion upon which a number of Finns are gathered together that does not call for song.

Mrs. Tweedie, in 'Through Finland in Carts,' remarks upon the general air of friendliness among these travellers. Arrived at the church they put up for the night at the homesteads round about,—for the church is distant even from a village,—or if the weather is balmy, they lie down beneath the stars and take their rest.

When morning comes, the women don their black frocks and black and white head scarfs, take from their pockets their bibles, neatly folded up in white handkerchiefs, and generally prepare themselves for that event.

The service lasts some hours, and when it is ended the women turn up their skirts or more often take them off, make up the little bundles again, and the church boat starts for home.

The boat is of course only necessary in summer. In winter the route is much shortened by a passage over the universal ice and snow, which makes it possible to sledge on land and sea alike.

A Thrilling Conversation.

It was 9 o'clock last Wednesday night when the venerable pastor was about to dismiss the several hundred who had braved the rain, the mud and melting ice to attend the mid week prayer-meeting of old Centenary. The usual invitation was given: "If any one wishes the prayers of the church or to apply for membership, by letter or on profession, let them now come forward while we stand and sing." A tastefully dressed, modest, earnest looking lady walked quietly forward and knelt at a chair. Several prayers were offered in her behalf. The pastor dismissed the audience, but at least one hundred were so intensely interested in the penitent, whose partially suppressed sobs and groans indicated a depth of conviction and earnestness so extraordinary, that they had no inclination to leave. Possibly there were 120 of one accord and one desire of one faith, and all evidently feeling that they were nigh unto a sudden rejoicing in the presence of the angels.

The scene, or picture, is doubtless indelibly impressed on the memories of many who witnessed it. It was nigh unto ten o'clock. The president of a great metropolitan bank, an extensive manufacturer, and the president of a wholesale dry goods company, were all on their knees around the penitent. All, with tears in their eyes and voices, had offered prayers, childlike in tenderness and faith. Two ladies from humbler spheres in life, poor in gold, but rich in faith, powerful in prayer and living very near to the Lord, were also kneeling near to the penitent, who was a stranger to all. The young man leading

the music, raised a Presbyterian, and somewhat dazed by such an environment, was at a loss to select hymns exactly suited to the occasion. After many of the modern hymns there was a sudden silence, which was broken by some one starting without book or organ accompaniment,—

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!"

The entire audience chimed in with a soft, sweet unity in time and tone and heart. When we reached the third stanza,—

"Thine done; the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine."

the penitent, still on her knees, threw up her hands, and with a face as radiant as if an electric search-light had been turned on from the throne of God, began to shout in such a way as to overwhelm herself with astonishment. The face of Dr. Matthews was as radiant as a full moon, and the audience was instantly on foot praising the Lord.

Such a sight was worth more than all the books ever written on the evidences of Christianity. And yet our Heavenly Father does not always see fit to thus suddenly reveal His face and love to a penitent child. To this lady it was as instantaneous as the electric flash on the brow of the storm king. When the writer was pardoned the light came as the dawning of the morning. We never did know exactly when the darkness began to recede or when the light began its approach, but we soon discovered that we had passed from darkness into light, that the sun was up and the daylight everywhere. We shall never cease to love and praise Him for lifting the veil from a smiling face in any way, either instantaneously or gradually. In one way or the other it is the privilege of every penitent and pardoned child to know his sins forgiven.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

KICKING AGAINST RULES.

While He Was Doing so His Life Was Saved by One of Them.

One of the duties of conductors and guards on the Northwestern suburban lines is to stick their heads into the cars as the trains reach the Chicago station, and shout:

"Wells street depot. Do not forget your umbrellas."

Sometimes they say "umbrellas and bracelets," but never substitute "don't" for "do not." The rule seems to be strict on that point.

Yesterday morning when it was raining hard and the passengers were all soaked more or less, one of the conductor's assistants entered a car on a train from Winnetka as it was nearing the Chicago station and called out:

"Wells street. Do not forget your parcels and umbrellas."

"Well," replied a tall thin man who had evidently tramped through a mile or two of mud, "why don't you tell us not to forget our legs? It isn't very likely that any body would forget an umbrella this morning. Some people seem to take it for granted," he went on, addressing the passengers sitting near him, "that the world is populated by nobody but fools. Now, what excuse would any man have to offer for leaving his umbrella behind on a morning like this? And even if he did so, I guess he'd come back for it pretty soon after he stepped outside. But that's the trouble where people get to depending on set rules and shaping their daily conduct in accordance with them. They soon forget how to use any judgment; they get out of the knack of letting their actions be governed by circumstances. Wherever you lay down strict rules for people they soon get to be mere automata."

The train had stopped and the passengers began crowding toward the platform. The man who was opposed to rules and regulations had almost reached the street when a young woman touched him on the arm and said:

"Excuse me; is this yours? I was sitting behind you and saw it in the seat after you had gone out."

She held a small package toward him and he grabbed it as if it had been a life preserver and he a drowning man in mid-ocean.

"Great heavens! yes!" he answered. "I forgot that. There's a set of spoons in this that my wife wants me to have marked with her initials, and a piece of silk I must match today or there'll be trouble when I get home. You've saved my life."

"I make it a rule to do such things whenever I can," the lady said as she hurried on.

A Slight Drawback.

First telepathist—"Every science has its weak points."

Second telepathist—"What is the matter with ours."

First telepathist—"Well, last summer I went away off in the woods to enjoy a quiet and undisturbed rest and I hadn't

been there two days when I received a telepathic message from the president of the society wanting to know if I could let him have fifty dollars when I came back

Should see the Other Fellow.

"This," said the drug clerk, "is a most wonderful renewer. 'It is our own preparation."

"Well, give me a bottle," said the bald-headed man. "But, say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself?"

"I can't use it. You see, I'm the 'Before Using' clerk. The 'After Using' clerk is out at lunch is at lunch. You should see him."

Statistics Show.

That more people die of consumption than from any other cause. Slight colds are the true seeds of consumption. Beware of the slightest cough. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam stands without a peer. 25c. all Druggists.

A Princely Reward.

"Boy," said the wealthy man, beaming with gratitude, "you have done me a great service, and I am going to reward you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped the small boy.

"Here in this small case," continued the millionaire, "is the first dollar I ever made. You may look at it. And here is a recent copy of 'The Claptrap Magazine,' which contains my article telling how I made it. Read it, and may heaven bless you."

A Lesson In Love.

"He asked me if I didn't want a lesson in love, and I said 'yes.'"

Penelope—"And den what did he do?"

Angeline—"Why, den, he borrowed five cents of me to go around de corner and buy me some peanuts, and I haint seen him since!"

SUCCESS FOR SIXTY YEARS.

This is the record of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. A sure cure for diarrhoea, dysentery and all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

One for China.

"China is backward in everything," said the newspaper boarder.

"That may be," said the tea clerk, "but John Chinaman had been wearing a shirt waist long before any other man thought of such a thing."

Teacher—How many pounds in a ton of coal?

Ann Thracite (whose father sells coal)—It depends on the weight of the driver.

Folly's demand,
You cannot stay it;
When she comes to collect,
You've got to pay it.

What You Pay
For Medicine

Is no Test of its Curative Value—

Prescriptions vs. Dr. Chase's
Kidney-Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are just as much a doctor's prescription as any formula your family physician can give you. The difference is that Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills were perfected after the formula had proven itself of inestimable value in scores of hundreds of cases.

Dr. Chase won almost as much popularity from his ability to cure kidney disease, liver complaint and backache, with this formula, as he did from the publication of his great recipe book.

The idea of one treatment reaching the kidneys and liver at the same time was original with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in curing the most complicated ailments of the filtering organs, and every form of backache.

Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlan, Beauharnois, Que., states: "I was troubled with Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia for 20 years and have been so bad that I could not sleep at nights on account of pains in the back, but would walk the floor all night and suffered terrible agony."

"I tried all sorts of medicines but got no relief until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They made a new man of me, and the old troubles seemed to be driven out of my system."

Mr. John White, 72 First Avenue, Ottawa, writes: "I used Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills for deranged liver and pains in the back, with excellent results."

"My wife used them for stomach trouble and pains about the heart, and is entirely cured. They are invaluable as a family medicine."

Scores of hundreds of families would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills in the house. They are purely vegetable in composition and remarkably prompt and effective in action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Company, Toronto.