

Sunday

Reading.

Christ on the Heart's Throne.
REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

Two rival kings cannot reign together in the same palace. Self and the Saviour cannot control the same heart. The essence of regeneration is a change of heart-rulers; no one is a genuine Christian until stubborn, sinful self has yielded, and opened the door to Jesus, and seated him on the throne. If this process could be performed once for all, then a Christian life would be a simple and easy matter; but self is cunning and persistent in stealing back again—often in subtle guise and under smooth pretexts. So the door must be guarded continually. Keep thy heart's throne with all diligence; no man can serve two masters.

At certain rocky cliffs on the oceanside curious mollusks may be seen sticking closely to the rocks. Each mollusk clings so tenaciously that the dash of the waves cannot tear it away. The secret of its hold is that the mollusk is empty; if it were filled either with flesh or air, it would be swept off immediately. This illustrates the spiritual condition of every sincere, conscientious Christian who has been emptied of self, and clings to the Rock of Ages by the law of adhesion. If that Christian allows pride or self-conceit to steal in, or if he begins to gorge himself with the sins of the flesh, he will soon yield to the waves of temptation and be swept away. Just as long as he is weak in himself, he may become immovable through Christ Jesus dwelling in him. "When I am weak, then am I strong," said the great apostle; that is, when Paul got emptied of self Jesus flowed in and endowed him with power unto all long-suffering and joyfulness.

That is the conflict with us ministers every Sabbath: Shall self or our Saviour get in to that pulpit? Shall the sermon be for our glory or His? Spurgeon tell us what a blessing to him in his youth was that text "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not," and there are plenty of us who have had that text used as God's rod to wrap us hard. All our best Sabbaths have been when Christ was in the pulpit, and self down under the affairs.

This is the battle which our people have to fight every day in the week—the endless conflict between self in some form and the claims of Jesus to the hearts throne. In the simplest things this rivalry comes up. When the bell for prayer meeting rings, self has its ready excuse of fatigue, or bad weather or other attractions elsewhere; and unless these imps of self indulgence are silenced, and Christ's voice is heard in the conscience, that church member's seat is vacant, and his heart is the worse for it. What is true of his devotional duties is equally true as to his duty of contributing to the Lord's treasury. Self mutters the stereotyped pleas—"The times are hard," and "I can't afford it," and "There is no end to these calls of charity." No; there will never be an end to such calls as long as human misery and suffering and ignorance remain. The real trouble is that selfishness has got hold of the purse strings and the servant of Christ is trying to rob his Master. If Jesus has the heart's throne, He will hold the purse also; and giving will be a solid satisfaction even if it costs the surrender of many creature comforts. In great things and in small things a Christian's crowns are made out of crosses borne for Jesus' sake.

The world has been witnessing lately a magnificent object lesson in the career of Gladstone. The genius, the eloquence, the scholarship, the executive ability of that wonderful man, owed their moral splendor entirely to the fact that Jesus Christ was enthroned in his capacious soul. The early hour of every day saw him at his devotions, and through every hour afterwards the first questions with him were—Is this measure right? How can I best serve the cause of humanity? What would my Master have me to do? Through all his long and illustrious career Gladstone marched by the "air line." The great Christian poet Wordsworth, might have had the great Christian statesman of Hawarden as his ideal when he wrote his description of the "Character of the Happy Warrior." Especially does Gladstone answer to the portraiture in the closing lines of that majestic poem:—

"Tis finally the Man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won;
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause;
This is the happy Warrior: this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

Transforming Power.

The test of the truth of Christ's religion is personal experience. Men who have

never sought knowledge of Jesus by the way of faith may truthfully declare themselves agnostics. But they are such from deliberate choice, and their non-faith is met by the personal experience of millions who have realized in their lives that Jesus is the Christ. Here, for instance, is a man whose whole life has been transformed. It was not his own will that gave him power to master the evil appetites and the low passions which for a time dominated him. Of himself, as he well knows, he could have done nothing. But the spirit came, and behold, all things were new. We may see such trophies of grace on every hand, if we will but open our eyes and look for them, men and women who were brutish in their ways, bound in chains to debasing sin, the willing slaves of the devil, who suddenly shook off debasing habits and desires and companionships, and have since walked erect among their fellows, the Lord's freed-men. Such amazing changes cannot be accounted for on material grounds. They present psychological facts worthy of the attention of the philosopher, but, more than this, they furnish a conclusive proof and illustration of the transforming power of the Gospel. St. Paul's words written to the church of Corinth, and recalling the contrast between the former estate of its members and their then present happy lot, is true of many in our own time: "And such were some of you—but ye are washed."—Central Christian Advocate.

Who Will Pay?

A young Russian, the son of a very wealthy father was a reckless spendthrift. By the time he reached his majority he had 'run through' a sum of money equal to a comfortable fortune. His father, believing his surroundings to be the cause of his dissipation, purchased him a commission in the army, and sent him away from his old associates.

But habit proved stronger than duty, and after a fast career of a few months, the young officer found himself in serious trouble. The laws of Russia are very rigid regarding the payment of debts, and he was owing more money than he could raise. Failure to pay would mean arrest and imprisonment. The next day a large gambling debt—one of the kind mis-called 'debts of honor'—must be met, or he would fall into lasting disgrace.

That night he sat alone in his room in the barracks. For the first time he slowly reviewed his wild career, and a great disgust took possession of him. He picked up a sheet of paper and began to count up the last list of his debts. When he had put the last one down, he was staggered at the cost of his prodigal conduct.

He knew that he could expect no more help from his father. His heart sank with shame, and he broke down and wept bitterly. Blinded by his misery, he wrote under the long column, 'Who will pay?' Then, exhausted with suffering, he laid his head upon the table and fell asleep.

That night the emperor, well disguised, was making one of his many rounds among his soldiers. He saw the midnight light burning, against the regulation, and softly opened the door. Seeing the paper, he took it up and scanned its contents. He had not been ignorant of the officer's habits, or of the financial embarrassments they must cause him. But he also noted the signs of tearful repentance, and pitied the sinner's youth. He took the pen and wrote underneath the agonizing question, 'Nicholas.'

In the morning the officer awoke, and to his amazement saw the signature. What did it mean? How came the emperor's handwriting there? In a few hours an orderly brought the young man a purse of gold. The debts were paid, and the man was saved for honor and usefulness.

'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' In the hour of true repentance it is the grace of Heaven even more than the forgiveness of his fellow men that enables a transgressor to begin his reformation. The signet of his Father reinstates the prodigal son.

Strength in Weakness.

In a home for incurables in Cleveland died Kate Powers. The papers of that city and of the village where she had formerly lived gave considerable space to an account of her life. These accounts were supplemented by many personal testimonies on the part of those whose lives had been brightened and helped by her example. The case is the more remarkable because Katie Powers was herself so helpless.

Katie had been a bright, happy girl. One who had not known her before her misfortune did not obtain from her old friends any definite impression of her earlier years beyond this simple statement that hers was a sunny, happy life.

In the dawn of young womanhood came the loss of bodily power, a loss which was the occasion of her subsequent strength of character. Inflammatory rheumatism left her unable to walk, and she lay for months a helpless sufferer. "But think," said she,

how much I have left!"

Then the arms stiffened, and the fingers drew up like claws, and the jaw grew rigid till it would have been impossible for her to eat but that her front teeth were extracted to permit the introduction of food. Her vision failed, too, and only a little sight remained in one eye.

Then for years she lay huddled up in a wheeled chair, a helpless, suffering woman. She could see a little; she could move her arms a little, and that was all. Even this slight power, diminished, and only by great care was it made to last until she died.

So she lay and painted sunny bits of watercolor. There was in them no suggestion of the suffering, shut in life; no reflection of pain; no reminder of the stiff, painful muscles that held the brush. They were all sunshine and hope.

Somehow people did not pity her. They would have done so, but she seemed not to need pity; so they simply loved her. Her deformities never made her repulsive—her life was so beautiful. Her sweet spirit shone through the features disfigured by pain. She not only bore her own burdens, but became a burden bearer for others. "Whenever I feel blue," said a neighbor, "I go in and see Katie; she always cheers me up." No one ever spoke of cheering Katie; she was always cheering others.

So for a dozen years lived this shut in, suffering Christian woman, and every year her life broadened and sweetened. "It makes you believe in God," said one. "No life ever seemed to me so truly Christian," said another.

When at length she passed away, hundreds remembered her little gratitude, and the little water-colors in many homes now remind those who knew her of the Christian sweetness and unselfishness of a life made strong in weakness.

A Boer Library.

A trooper of the Dublin Hunt contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry, who was taken prisoner with many others at Lindley, writes a letter from Nooitgedacht, which was recently published in a Dublin newspaper. He writes:—"Well, here I am in a beautiful barbed wire 'cage' with some 1,500 other unfortunates. Our clothing is picturesque in the extreme. A man with a seat in his pants is as rare as a Jubilee six-pence, and when met with is treated with the greatest deference. Our house is a little sty about two feet high, made of mud and roofed with a ragged blanket. Literature has its votaries. There is a fine circulating library, consisting of two copies of the Half-Penny Comic, a year old; three pages from an equally antiquated number of Sketch, and three pamphlets about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, partly printed in English and partly in Dutch. The fact that these well-thumbed pamphlets bear the appearance of having been read and re-read, makes me think Brother Boer knows a good thing when he sees it, and there are a lot of us who would feel all the better if we had some of the pills instead of the pill literature. However, we keep the 'library' in circulation, and like Mark Tapley, endeavor to take as much enjoyment out of the situation as we can."

Sweet Fish.

Among the queer experiences of fishermen the following should have a place:

A man was fishing for perch in one of lakes of Maine. He stood near the dam, and was fishing below. He noticed an old barrel lying on its side in several feet of water.

On examination he found that it was an old molasses barrel, lying so that he could see the bung hole.

Out of curiosity he dropped his hook through the hole. Immediately there was a great commotion inside the barrel, and the fisherman knew he had caught something. He was so sure of this that he walked half a mile to get a saw, and then sawed a piece out of the top of the barrel, and drew forth a three pound trout.

The fish must have gone into the barrel when small, and lived there ever since.

What a Hiccough Did.

In Japan hiccoughing and noisy eructation are regarded as signs of good manners; but at the Austrian court, where a rigorous etiquette rules, such physical exhibitions are shocking. That great ruler, the Empress Maria Theresa, once at a high function hiccoughed loudly. A young nobleman, quick-witted and intensely loyal, made the occasion a stepping-stone. An "Ex Attache" tells the story in the New York Tribune.

Perceiving that her majesty showed signs of embarrassment,—for even empresses are human,—a young Austrian nobleman stepped forward, and with a most clever assumption of intense mortification and humility, craved her majesty's pardon for his gross breach of manners.

The empress received his apology not only graciously, but gratefully, and from that time the young man's fortune was



"Appetite"

comes with eating." And the hankering for Pearline comes from trying it. If you're sceptical about Pearline's washing, try it on coarse clothes, etc., first—things that you can't hurt much, and see how it saves work. Having seen Pearline's superior work you'll be ready to use it for fine, delicate, cobwebby things. 551

made, and before the empress died he had been promoted not only to the rank of count, but also to that of prince, besides being generously endowed by his imperial benefactress with means to support his titles.

It is related in Austria—although I cannot vouch for the fact that a Hungarian baron, having noticed the tokens of imperial good-will that followed this ready piece of loyalty on the part of the handsome young Austrian, determined to emulate it on the first opportunity that presented itself.

Accordingly, the next time that her majesty happened to hiccough, he quickly rose, and addressing the astonished courtiers, loudly exclaimed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the hiccough that the empress just hiccoughed was hiccoughed by me!"

The story adds that he was incontinently thrown out of the imperial presence and banished from court.

The DIAMOND DYES

Produce All The New Shades.

A Rich and Marvellous Variety of Fashionable Colors for Autumn and Winter Wear.

The great majority of wise and prudent women collect and examine their old dresses, skirts, capes, jackets, shawls, husband's and children's suits this month with the view of having them cleaned and dyed so as to fit them for autumn and winter wear.

The Diamond Dyes (prepared specially for home use) have a wealth of variety, beauty and brilliancy possessed by no other make of dyes. They produce all the new and fashionable colors for autumn and winter wear—colors that will not fade in the strongest sunlight. Every packet of Diamond Dyes is warranted, and will give perfect results when simple directions are followed. There are imitations; avoid them if you delight in good colors and value the safety of your materials. The use of poor dyes means ruin of goods and loss of money.

A Hen's Hearing.

The Rural New Yorker says that hens have a wonderfully keen ear, and gives this story in proof of it:

At a certain town in Indiana, dining-cars are run on to a side track and swept out. The hens ranging in the vicinity gather around these cars for their dinner with clock-like regularity.

These Wabash hens, so acute is their sense of hearing, can distinguish the whistles of the dining-car trains from those of the local passenger and freight-trains, or even from that of a locomotive running wild, and they sit placidly on their nests or scratch gravel in a nonchalant way upon the approach of all locomotives save those pulling the dining-cars.

And this is not all. These hens can distinguish the whistles of the locomotives on the dining-car trains at almost incredible distances; so that if one of these trains is late twenty minutes, for instance, intending passengers do not look at the black-board bulletin, but merely note the distance of the hens picking their way toward the crossing.

It is asserted, moreover, that neighbors of a mathematical turn of mind have an easy system of setting their clocks and watches to railroad time by the movements of these sharp hearing hens.

The Hurry Scurry Race.

In the vicinity of Montreal no regatta programme is complete without a hurry-scurry race. Of course, writes a contributor to Association Men, such races are not omitted from our Y. M. C. A. camp sports.

Each canoe is anchored from twenty-five to fifty feet away from the starting-place. At the crack of the pistol contestants dive into the water and swim to their canoes, get in, cast loose, and paddle for dear life for the turning buoy, one hundred yards away.

In the midst of their struggle the pistol barks. Every man throws his paddle overboard and follows suit himself, then returns to his canoe and continues paddling until the next shot, when the same per-

formance is repeated. The first man home is the winner.

The novice swamps his craft on the first attempt, but the expert will often finish the race with but two or three gallons of water in his canoe.

The event is made much more difficult by compelling the men at the second shot to upset their canoes and right them again. A Montrealer has succeeded in doing this in three and three-fourths seconds, turning his canoe completely over and shipping only a few quarts of water in doing it.

Another feature is to swamp the canoe filling it to the gunwale and then emptying it. This has been done in less than one minute. These latter tricks, however, are not often tried in this race, as they make it too difficult.

Wrung From the Soil.

Even when there is an undercurrent of reality the stream of Irish humor flows smoothly.

A man walking along a country road, says Michael Macdonagh in the Nineteenth Century, met a peasant driving a wretched looking donkey, with a load of turf that seemed to tax the strength of the unfortunate animal to its utmost.

"Why," said the man, "you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals for loading the ass so heavily as that!"

"Begorra, sir," said the peasant, who was on his way to the market town to sell the turf, begorra, if I didn't do that I'd be took up for cruelty to a wife and six children!"

Cultivated Roosters.

The village of Brackel in Belgium enjoys the fame of having originated one of the most celebrated races of domestic fowls. The Belgians do not hesitate to assert that the Brackel hens are unequalled for the excellence and number of their eggs, while the roosters have developed, thanks to generations of cultivation and the influence of "crowing tournaments," a power and rhythm of voice equally unrivaled. The breeders have a theory that the musical contests in which the Brackel roosters are trained serve to develop the peculiar qualities of the race. However this may be, it is certain that cultivation has differentiated these fowls from all other.

The Gloomy View.

To the confirmed pessimist there is no good or pleasure in life that has not its corresponding evil or unhappiness.

"Your house looks much better since you had it painted," remarked a cheerful citizen, stopping on his way down-town to speak to a neighbor.

The neighbor was standing in front of his premises, looking with lowering brow at the newly painted front of his mansion.

"Yes," he replied, gloomily. "It looks some better, but we have to wash the windows twice as often as we did before, to dress up to it."

Adams' Botanic Balsam.

is compounded of the best concentrated extracts of barks, roots and gums in the world. It is a safe and reliable medicine, pleasant to the taste, and cures coughs, colds, asthma and croup. You can find it at all drug stores. 25c. all Druggists.

Seasonable.

The sage has had his say against marrying in haste; here is the same thought with a prettier coloring:

A solemn and awe-inspiring bishop was examining a class of girls, and asked:

"What is the best preparation for the sacrament of matrimony?"

"A little courtin, me lord!" was the unexpected reply of one of the number, whose nationality may be guessed.

DON'T BECOME AN OBJECT

Of Aversion and Pity. Cure Your Catarrh, Purify Your Breath and Stop the Offensive Discharge.

Rev. Dr. Bochrer, of Buffalo, says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application." 50 cents.