

Sunday Reading.

A Study of the Parables.

"The bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."

If you love and are beloved; if you have health and work that fits you; if you rule your own spirit and have influence with others; if you feel that you know God and have a clear vision of how he would that men should do to you; if your ideals are of the highest and your scheme of progress drawn to the scale of immortality; if you live in a house not made with hands where the eternal Father comes to sup with you; if you count all things but loss that you may know him and the power of resurrection and the fellowship of suffering; your citizenship is in heaven. Come down and give life unto the world! And men and women too ignorant to frame definitions or too full of care to utter their own minds, will feed upon your broken body and shed blood with joy and thanks, and in their hearts acknowledge you to be the 'bread of God.'

This is the downward or citizenship side of the topic. Upward, of course, you will have meat to eat that others know not of, and you will ever hunger. Your appetite will be turned outward and its pangs will tell the lack of others, not your own. Your thirst will importune for other lips that crack with fever, and famished little ones crying in the night for a cup of cold water, and to do your father's wish will be a royal banquet spread forever in the palace of opportunity.

This is high teaching. No low soul can take it in. Get up into the mountain top by every noble art at your command. Delight yourself in high communion with the mighty spirits of all time. Drink your soul full of transfiguration splendors where the heavens open. But build no tabernacle there. Go down where the great, blind, deaf, dumb world writhes in the long epilepsy of ignorance, carnality, drunkenness, poverty, and by your voice and vote and open hand give life.

It is so very little life that one can give? Yes, so it is, but human little are the star-dust and fire-mist of which God's spirit moulds new systems in the social universe.

Bread or poison: life or death. There is no other choice, for one who knows the secret of the mountain top. He must go down and give. To voice a lie or a half-truth—which is two lies; to vote a wrong; to give a serpent; is treason to heaven, and murder to the world.

Being Happy in Old Age.

If we are nearing the winter of life we need not anticipate a season of bleakness, of chill desolation. The outside world may indeed be less attractive, but we must hug the closer the joys of the fireside.

If our looking glasses tell us unpalatable truths we may always see ourselves at our best in the mirrors of loving and friendly eyes. Let us at least study how to keep our hearts warm, to preserve as much sunshine as we may, and often count up what treasures we have garnered during the days of privilege. The warmth in our own hearts will depend upon our power to warm those of others.

A little social life is good for one. As time goes on, and the old friends have gone to their promotion, it is well to keep up one's interest in the world of to-day by cultivating friendly relations with those about us.

Do not fancy that you are no longer capable of contributing to the pleasure of your little world. Encourage your love of approbation. It has a legitimate form of egotism—the wish to be pleasing. Put forth whatever magnetism you have and cultivate any little gift of wit or liveliness you may possess.

A remembrance of our own youthful mistakes and follies will lead us to judge those of others with sympathy and indulgence, and the recognition that we have reached the time of life when gentle dignity and cheerful serenity are more becoming than sparkling vivacity or any affectations will save us from being ridiculous.

Never does a woman of advanced years forfeit the respect and honor that are her due as when aping juvenility or when coveting the prerogatives of youth.

Let us try to be as little dependent as possible. Almost every one is busy or thinks he is, and an unreasonable demand upon time or attention is usually resented.

People are selfish, but if we are more intent on giving than on getting pleasure we shall not mind it so much, and we shall be the gainers in the end. It is hard to be

ANEMIA

is thin blood. It causes pale faces, white lips, weak nerves and lack of vitality. Ablood-enriching, fat producing food-medicine is needed.

Scott's Emulsion goes to the root of the trouble, strengthens and enriches the blood, and builds up the entire system.

For Anemic girls, thin boys, and enfeebled mothers, it is the Standard remedy.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

self-effacing, but it leads to "that loftiest peak—humility."

Let us not talk of our ailments except to our nearest and dearest friends (and then rarely) and to the family physician. Such troubles annoy those whom they do not sadden.

All the world loves a generous person. It is not the material result of the generosity, but the kindly spirit that prompts it which attracts and endears. It is not necessary to have much in order to be generous—but the disposition to share liberally what one has. Even at the cost of a little self-sacrifice the reward is always worth the price paid. There are things of which we may all be more generous. The comfort of sympathy, the stimulus of praise and encouragement are often more welcome, more appreciated than that which mere money can buy.

There are old ladies whose presence in the home is like a benediction. Do such women attract you? Then be such a one and read your success in the eyes that brighten at your approach.

A fruitful source of unhappiness is worry. A little child, with his undefiled fear of the dark, is not more unreasonable than a child of God afraid of the future. Do not forebode evil, but try to forestall it, and leave the rest to God, to whom your happiness is dear.

Take a little recreation when opportunity offers. Every one needs it now and then, old and young—and you know that you are not an open rose garden to which we shall some time find the path, but all along life's way we may gather blossoms of happiness from the hedgerows as we pass until we come to the dark bend in the road, which really leads to the perfect happiness that we have been dreaming of hungering and starving for here.

Of all the gifts in God's treasury, the best is His call to the soul to leave the sorrow, sin and suffering, saying 'Come up higher.'

Do you fear it? A great physician once told me that he had never seen a person die who was unwilling to go.

Dying grace will be given just when it is needed. We shall only walk with One who has promised never to forsake us, through the valley of—death? No, only the 'shadow' of it.

'And they feared as they entered into the cloud,' but the disciples found within the cloud their Master transfigured, their Lord in His divinity welcoming them.—Ladies Home Journal.

Refreshments Suitable for Church Socials.

For a church social, which usually a supper where the main object is to make as much money as possible at a small expense, yet at the same time satisfy the appetites of the masculine guests, dishes out of the ordinary should be chosen. Cheap chicken croquettes, not so good as real chicken croquettes but quite acceptable, may be made from chopped chicken mixed with well-mashed potato. If served with cream sauce and peas they make a good appearance and cost but little. Deviled ribs of beef are good and economical, and are greatly liked, as a rule, by men. Brown oatmeal bread is acceptable and may be made the day before. Such salads as celery, plain potato and mixed vegetables are in order, as are desserts made from chopped fruits, as raisins, dates and figs held together with gelatine and served with a soft custard.

Good coffee is most desirable. To make it, purchase and keep for the purpose a good sized wash-boiler. Have half a dozen cheese-cloth bags the size and shape of a small salt sack which will hold about a quart. Have the coffee ground rather fine. Put eight ounces into each bag and tie. This is the correct allowance for a gallon of water. Put water, cold, into the boiler; drop in the proper number of bags of coffee; cover the boiler and bring to boiling point. Remove the bags at the

end of five minutes and the coffee will be ready to serve. You will not need to use egg or any material for clearing if you have tied the bags carefully. Keep the coffee hot, but do not allow it to boil. Hot milk added to the cream in each cup improves the flavor of all coffee.

Both Just and Generous.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, in his 'Life of George Muller,' of Bristol, England, mentions a notable example of fine conscience and plenary consecration.

A woman whose appearance indicated frail health and stunted means brought the philanthropist the sum of one hundred pounds as her contribution to the support Ashley Down Orphanages. Inquiry brought out the fact that her average income was three shillings and sixpence a week, earned by daily labor. By her grandmother's will, however, money held in trust during her father's life had been portioned to his children, and her share was five hundred pounds.

The father had died a drunkard and bankrupt, and her brothers and sisters had settled with his creditors at the rate of five shillings to the pound. None of them professed to be governed by religious principles. This woman did. They gave out of their legacies, fifty pounds apiece to their widowed mother. She gave a hundred. They congratulated themselves that their father's debts were legally paid. Their Christian sister felt the normal obligation, and privately sent to each creditor the full amount of his claim.

Then, out of what was left of her modest windfall, she devoted one hundred pounds to the charity that above all others appealed to her sympathy and her faith.

Long and searching conversation with the woman convinced Mr. Muller that her gift had been carefully considered, and that her motive was simply loyalty to her Lord and Master.

'You are sure that you have measured your duty and counted the cost, and know that you are doing this for him?'

'For him,' she said. 'And it is so little! He loved me to the last drop of his blood!'

Emulation of this humble benefactor's spirit would make a less donation great, and many a larger one more worthy.

Menus Appropriate for Church Suppers.

For a church sociable any one of the following menus will answer:

Chicken Croquettes, Cream Peas	
Celery Salad	
Brown and White Bread, Butter	
Coffee	
Stuffed Baked Apples	Sauce
Gingerbread.	

A German Tea.	
Hot Frankfurters	Potato Salad
Rye Bread	Coffee
Preserved Fruit	
Coffee	
Coffee Cake or Cinnamon Bun.	

A Cold Collation.	
Beef a la Mode	Tongue
Potato Salad with Tomato Jelly	
Brown and White Bread, Butter,	
Coffee	
Lemon Jelly	Steamed Figs
Whipped Cream	
Angel's Food.	

NEARING HIS END

Was Mr. James Fraser, of Pictou, in Spite of all Medicines.

Until he Began to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—Then Kidney Disease Vanished—New Life Was Given Him—Read His Story.

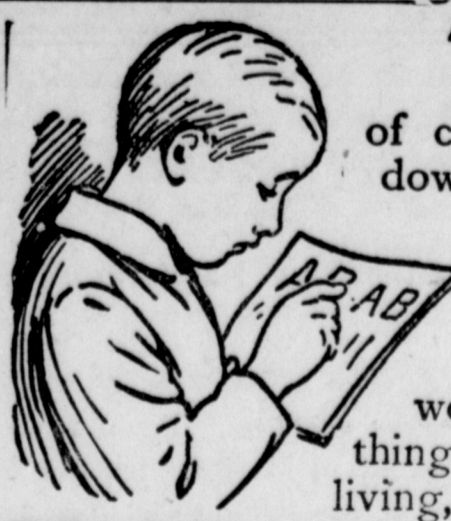
PICTOU, N. S., April 9.—A well-known philanthropist, reading last week of the remarkable cure of Mr. James Fraser of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills, called on that gentleman to ascertain whether or not the report was correct.

'Yes,' said Mr. Fraser to him, 'Dodd's Kidney Pills put me on my feet from a bed of agony, gave me strength, health, and vigor. Though I am sixty-five, I feel better and stronger than I have felt for twenty years past. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it all. I tried a score of remedies before I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They did me no good. When I began to use Dodd's, I was taking no other medicine, nor have I taken any other since.'

'You really have an honest faith in Dodd's Kidney Pills, then?'

'I have indeed. I am proud to testify as a man, as an honest man, to the wonderful power of that remedy.'

'I was a very sick man. Every remedy I had tried had failed to help me. My limbs and body were bloodless, and almost lifeless. The end of my life seemed very near. I pass clots of blood regularly. But no sooner had I begun to use Dodd's Kidney Pills than I could feel the blood running through my system, new life and strength growing. The terrible palpitation of the heart stopped, the blood-clots ceased coming, and I knew I was being cured. I could talk for a year, and not say enough for Dodd's Kidney Pills.'



The "A, B, Ab,"

of cleanliness:—Use Pearlina, upstairs, downstairs, inside, outside, everywhere. Cleanliness with Pearlina is easier than with soap. Then, if a woman uses Pearlina, isn't everything likely to be kept cleaner? "Hard work" is the reason for leaving many things dirty. Pearlina leads to better living, comfort, health, economy.

Willson's Pearlina

JEWISH RABBI SPEAKS OF CHRIST.

Rabbi Gotthell of New York Says He Was the Type of His Day.

It would be impossible at this day to give any description of the man Jesus of Nazareth. The pictures of Jesus extant are examples of sentimentalism. They are purely ideal.

It is probable, however, that he was of the type of the Jew of that day. He was probably robust, his occupation being that of a carpenter. The fashion of the period was to wear beards; therefore, he probably wore a beard. He was a Jew, remember, and must have born the character of his race and his time. There were, of course, blond Jews in his day, as in this. Perhaps he might have been a blond, but probably not, as the dark type predominated; at least the chances were against it.

To my mind, the portrait of Jesus in that great painting 'Christ Before Pilate,' by Munkacsy, best portrays the Jesus of that day, and yet it does not wholly satisfy me. The pale, blond, agonized Jesus of the current portraits is wholly sentimental and fanciful.

Let me appeal to your intelligence! When Jesus was on earth the art of portraiture was not. Let us suppose that portraiture had never been developed. Suppose that one hundred years or five hundred or a thousand years from now a reporter should come to a man and say 'Tell me what is your idea of the personal appearance of Abraham Lincoln?' The country for centuries had carried Lincoln through history, story and song, and even worship, in its heart. No one for centuries had seen Lincoln. He was a glorious myth, so far as his personality was concerned.

The man to whom the reporter addressed his questions would perhaps describe Lincoln as a most God-like and glorious person, with a beautiful and beatific face, a figure moulded in stupendous and sublime lines, clothed in graceful and flowing robes a creature half God and half man. And yet we who have seen him know that he was tall and gaunt and not at all beautiful physically. Therefore I say that eighteen hundred years or more after his death it is impossible for any man to portray the physical form of Jesus of Nazareth. It is a purely idealistic feat, depending on the emotions and imagination of him who attempts it.

It is not at all likely that Jesus of Nazareth bore any facial resemblance to the Jew of today. The ancient Jew and the modern Jew did not resemble each other very closely in expression. Of course there is still the aquiline nose, the dark full eye and the Oriental type of countenance, but the Jew of today carries the racial expressions stamped there by centuries of oppression, and this Jesus of Nazareth and the Jew of his day did not have.

THE CURE THAT FAILED.

The Remedy That "Mother Used to Make" was Ineffective.

'This late spring cold of mine,' said the commuter to his wife the other morning, 'is going to hang on long enough, I'm afraid, to run in the early summer cold class.'

His wife, when he had finished, said:— 'I will go right down and make you some flaxseed tea; that is my mother's infallible remedy, and I am sure it will cure your cold in a night.'

'Then go right down and make it instantly. I have such a cold that I can't talk distinctly. Today I had to use an interpreter at the telephone; and if I am no better by to-morrow I am afraid that I shall have to resort to the deaf and dumb method of communication to sell goods. So the sooner you have that flaxseed tea the better. Why, do you know that this cold has such a grip on me that corned beef and turkey taste alike, while 'Trovatore' on the hand organ sounds so like 'The Wearing of the Green' that I can't tell them apart; and it has such an effect on my vision that I cannot tell one friend from another.'

The commuter's wife then realized that he had a most severe cold. So she lost no time in descending to the dining room and in preparing the flaxseed tea in the chafing dish. 'Drink it as hot and as fast as you can,' she said, as she handed him a large glassful of her mother's infallible decoction.

He began drinking it in sips, because it was almost at the boiling point.

'How does it taste?' she asked.

'It tastes like nothing and like everything,' he replied. 'It might be claret punch; it might be chicken consommé, or it might be champagne. I think I will try to imagine that it is champagne and give myself a good treat for once. Here's to your dear mother!'

So he took as long a pull at it as he could, and then another, and another, until the glass was empty. 'It isn't like champagne,' he said a moment or two after the decoction had reached the spot, 'but if it will cure the cold so that my talk won't be full of typographical errors to-morrow I will call it square.'

On the following morning he coughed harder than ever in the dining room.

'Dash your dear mother and her recipe!'

'What do you say?' she asked in alarm.

'I don't know what I said, my cold is so bad that my power to think is lost like my sense of taste, so, as I just remarked, I don't know what I am saying now, for all words are alike. Take my words down and read them to me after I get well. Am I promising you a hat or are we going to Saratoga to buy birds which, what the—'

Here he sneezed several times.

Then he saw the package of flaxseed on the sideboard, at least he saw what was left of it, and when he saw it his power to differentiate words and handle them immediately returned.

After he had poured forth several red-hot volleys, he said with great vigor and vim:—

'It's no wonder that tea didn't cure my cold!'

'Why? Was all she could ask.

'Why? Because you made it of bird seed, that's why!'

THE POPULAR BOOK.

Hundreds of Thousands Now in Canadian Homes.

Mat and Rug making in the home is attracting the attention of ladies all over the Dominion.

The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes are now prepared to meet the popular demand for novel and pretty designs in Mats and Rugs, and have prepared an illustrated booklet showing in colors the styles they have for sale. Full information is given in this book. Sent free to any address by Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

His Dual Position.

Simkins—Hello, old man! I haven't seen you since you were married. Are you still floor walker for Ribbon & Co.?

Timkins—Yes; and I also have a similar position with another firm.

Simkins—Why, how is that?

Timkins—Well, you see, since the baby came I walk the floor each night at home.—Chicago News.

Did They Mean It.

Ida—That was a queer toast those doctors got off.

May—What was it, dear?

Ida—Here's health all around.—Chicago News.

Love Makes

The world go round, but a bad cough/or cold knocks all the sentiment out of a person. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam will cure the cold, stop the cough, and restore the sentiment. 25c. all Druggists.

Meeks—Doctor, my wife has the lock-jaw.

Doctor—That's bad. I'll hurry around to your house at once, and see what I can do to relieve her.

Meeks—Oh! there's no hurry about it. Drop in the latter part of next week, if you ain't too busy.

'Flavilla Flippis is the most remarkable girl I know.'

In what special respect? 'Why, there isn't a milliner in the world who can make her spend one cent more on a hat than she started out to spend.'

'Well, the Boers are in a tight place,' said the Observant Boarder.

'That comes from frequenting laagers so much, I suppose,' added the Cross-Eyed Boarder.