

Sunday

Reading.

A Study of the Parables.

'Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's.'

One of the symptoms of immortality is our unearthly genius for asking questions. 'What is God's due?' What do I owe him? I owe him precisely what a pine tree owes to the mountain whose flesh and blood it is. It owes one pine tree, and to that water that holds in solution the mineral end, and to put it back into the circulation of a higher world, and, day by day, lifting itself up from the earth in storm and shine so as to utter the mountain's heart in language of a new life, and higher.

But if there be no room nor aliment in the rocks to grow a fine tree! What then? The tree does not owe it to be fine, but Pine. There is no lack of room on any mountain where a seed can catch and spring. There are no 'stunted' pines. Beautiful the great trees are that tower evergreen and fruitful by the meeting of the streams, but they are only good for lumber, 'clear' 'common' and culls, worth so much 'a hundred' or fruit, worth so much a bushel or a pound. If you want a special, individual, piece of hard, high stuff, unquotable in a price list, indescribable, in terms of 'trade,' for a knee or a hub or a panel, you have to go up to the snow line where life, suckled on hardships and massaged by storms, grows small, compact scarce, precious, emphatic, unique.

Tree or man, it makes no difference. The question is not, What owe I? but, What am I? I owe God a man, tall, fine, fruitful, beautiful, or short, gnarled, fruitless, refractory, but in the latter case re-deemed and compensated in my barrenness, by durability and grain and tensile strength, and beauty under the tool of a great artist—man, woman or crisis.

God's due from me is truth to myself, to be spiritually supreme in my environment, to hold 'dominion over all the beasts of' appetite and passion and all the fowls of imagination, idleness and lust; to have life more and more abundantly until I get to be All Man.

What does my son owe me? Truth, truth, truth! There can be no debit and credit account between him and me. He is my own flesh and blood. He lives under my roof. He eats my bread. He spends my money. He bears my name. What is my due? Truth's due. He owes Truth to Truth. That covers all.

Until he understands this, he is nought but a papoose. Swathe him to a piece of bark. Set him in the sun. When the shadow comes, move him, keep the flies off of him, feed him, wash him, lay him down, take him up.

But he is full grown and does not understand! Well, God pity us—him and me! Perhaps he is a moral idiot.

In that case he owes nothing to anything. Swathe him, feed him, bathe him, chirrup to him, keep him in the sun, poor dead-alive fungus!

If he sees Truth and drops his eyes, he is a cur—six feet high and beautiful as an angel maybe, but a cur, and dangerous. Keep him 'on the chain' as long as you can. Warn others of him. Cover your head with ashes and pray, pray, pray.

A Man of God.

When Dwight L. Moody died it was said, not without meaning, that 'the richest man in the world' had passed away. He was the richest in love, in faith, in devotion, and in loyal followers. Since Abraham Lincoln no man has been more beloved in this country, and since Spurgeon, none in England. It is estimated that the great evangelist was in touch with one hundred millions of people; that he had personally been the means of leading over a hundred thousand souls into the light of a regenerate life. Every one of the vast multitude with whom he came in contact called him 'friend.'

Mr. Moody's astonishing activity set in motion an evangelical work that became world wide. He was, perhaps, the greatest one man power in existence, and the secret of his almost super-human force was his intimacy with his divine Master, his hold on the strength of God.

He was preeminently a praying man. He cared more to know the Heavenly Will than to know his own. He once said, 'It God should write, 'D L. Moody, have your own way, I'd take God's way every time, for it's a better way than mine.' So

SCROFULA

is indicated by little kernels in the neck. Sometimes they swell, become painful, soften, and end in a scar. Watch carefully, and just as soon as the kernels appear give

Scott's Emulsion

The swellings will grow less and less until they disappear entirely. Continue the Emulsion until the child has good solid flesh and a healthy color.

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

he always prayed for God's way to come to pass, and when he once felt sure that what he desired was acceptable to God, he prayed for it with all his might, and got it.

Mr. Moody's reverence for the Scriptures was extreme. With all his vivacity and piquancy of speech he never, in public or private, made a pun or jest on a Bible phrase; and he would allow none to be made in his presence. Often on the platform he has held up his worn copy of the Holy Book, and exclaimed, 'My faith is bolted to God's Word!'

Higher or lower criticism, attacks on, or apologies for, the revelation in Old and New Testaments, made no impression upon his stalwart spirit. He knew God's Word was true, and that undivided faith made him the fearless and irresistible apostle of Christ.

On his death-bed he told his children that he had been 'an ambitious man.' But it was not to make money. It was, he said, 'to find work to do for God and to leave work for you to do. The twenty-six buildings of his Northfield school, and the memories of his gospel work that live and sing throughout Christendom, testify how far that grand ambition was gratified.

Mr. Moody was as gentle and sympathetic of heart as he was austere in conscience. Toward misery and suffering he was tender as a woman. The real man of God is always a man of the people.

One night, after he had conducted a most exhausting service in Boston, he left Berkeley Temple at about eleven o'clock. He was flanked by two or three eminent divines, his helpers. They were standing on the corner, chatting, when Mr. Moody spied a dark figure on the other side of the street.

'There is some one who needs me,' he said as he hurried over.

'Are you a stranger?' he asked.

'Yes, I am from Vermont.'

'Are you waiting for any one?'

'I am waiting for a friend.'

'Then,' said Moody, 'you are waiting for me. I will be your friend.'

That Christlike love of humanity was one of the traits that made his influence supreme.

The Living Water.

While trying to civilize and Christianize the savages of Aniwa, one of the small islands of Polynesia, Mr. John G. Paton dug a well. Of all the providences which have been of service to missionaries, and have promoted their usefulness, few could be apter or more significant than this simple incident. The natives needed nothing in domestic life more than they needed fresh water; for Aniwa had no streams or springs, and during the dry season, when the 'rain god' gave them no favors, they drank the milk of the coco-nut—as long as it lasted.

With much prayerful thought, and many misgivings lest the water, if he found any, should prove to be salt, Mr. Paton chose a spot, and began to dig.

He had few friends and fewer converts, and these, instead of helping his work, stimulated their heathen neighbors to oppose it.

The savages supposed he was crazy. His unheard of way of searching for water aroused their superstitious fears. All he could persuade or hire hands to do was to pull a windlass rope and draw up the loosened earth as he sank the well deeper and deeper. He dug the earth with his own hands.

After going down thirty feet he struck a spring. Hesitatingly he tasted it. It was pure, fresh water. The effect was magical. The man who had been disbelieved and jeered at was now a 'prophet.' He had said he would go down into the ground to 'find rain,' and now the people believed that all he told them about Jehovah and Jesus Christ was true.

We need not tell the sequel—the story of the destruction of idols, the building of

a church, the establishment of schools, the framing of a code of enlightened laws, the transformation of a tribe of cannibals into a well ordered community.

The work of Christian missionaries is often depreciated—sometimes maligned. Yet no one can question the value of the principles of right conduct that they teach, nor the elevating results that should legitimately follow. If good results are hindered by adverse conditions, the conditions are at fault—not the religious principles taught. Moral progress, like the processes of nature, is often hardly apparent in one generation.

Church and Liquor Traffic in England.

The following extract is from an able editorial in a well known religious journal of London, and calls attention to a relation between the church and the liquor traffic in Great Britain which is paralleled by a similar attitude and condition in America. In part the article is as follows:

'Take again the drink traffic—a vast organization with infinite resources behind it, which threatens to throttle the very life of the nation. We never heard a wise man of any political party who did not confess that vast reforms in the drink traffic has to be made if Great Britain was to hold her own, and that in some fashion or other the power of trade had to be overthrown. Yet how do things stand? Practically nothing has been done for many years in the way of legislation. The consumption of drink seems steadily to increase; the wreckage, the misery, and the despair which come from the present traffic go on unchecked. Some people say temperance is increasing, but it is hard to believe this when we look at the fact that total abstainers are very numerous, and that notwithstanding, the rise in the proportion of drink consumed by the individual is almost without break. Is there nothing to be done? The drink trade is protected by almost impregnable defenses. It is provisioned for hundreds of years. It rests under the friendly shadow of a great church. It is even defended by wretched perversions of the words of the Son of God. Let no one fancy that the trade is of a mind to compromise. It will listen to proposals for compromise, but it has made up its mind on one thing, which is, that in no case shall the consumption of drink be diminished. Until such diminution takes place nothing at all has been done. Royal commissioners get friendly advances from brewers, but whenever it comes to practical measures there are lions in the path. It is the nature of such lions not to show themselves till the huntsmen come close to their dens. Nevertheless, though the monsters take a lifetime to conquer, they will be overcome at last. We need not despair—even in hours apparently the darkest. It will be with the drink traffic as at present conducted, one day as it was with slavery in the United States. The vice-president of the Confederacy said, 'The foundation of our government rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. This our new government, is the first in the history of the world based on this great physical and moral truth.'

George Augustus Sala, at that time a powerful journalist, said to the Northerners in America: 'You have the fanatics, the visionaries, and the doctrinaires of Great Britain on your side.' When he used these words, American slavery was within a year or so of her irrevocable fall.

We say, in the same manner, that forces are even now in reserve that will carry the day against our present system of dealing with the drink traffic. Good men cannot satisfy their consciences forever by passing resolutions. The Christian voters in every constituency, if united, can fight the drink trade, and in such a fight their numbers will be largely reinforced. What we want is that conviction which gives the power to convince, and so to conquer. In spite of all appearances that conviction, we are persuaded is rising. Mr. T. W. Russell did a very manly thing when he told the Church of England that if that church wished to reform the drink traffic it had the strength to do it.'

Prompt Payment.

A capital story is told of an old Methodist minister who believed in improving every opportunity to 'sow the good seed.'

Travelling along a country road one day, his horse lost a shoe, and the minister stopped at the next blacksmith's shop to have the damage repaired. Several loafers were about the shop. The minister told them who he was, inquired their names and occupations, and had a cheery talk with them.

When the horse was shod, he asked what was to pay, and the blacksmith said carelessly, 'Oh, nothing; just remember me in your prayers.'

'Very well,' said the minister, prompt-



A temper-wrecker

—wash-day with soap. Standing on feet, hard work in the midst of soiled clothes and fetid steam, aching back, wear and tear to things washed—enough to make any one grumpy. Fine occupation for a civilized woman!

A temper-soother—wash-day with Pearline—wash-day with the unpleasant features left out. Easier, quicker, better, healthier. No woman can find fault with it. Soaking, boiling, rinsing, instead of rubbing on a washboard.

Millions use Pearline

FLASHES OF FUN.

Mistress—Mary, didn't I see you talking to the policeman this morning?

Mary—No'm; it was him talking to me.

Dorothy—Pa, I do wish we were rich.

Dorothy's Pa—How rich would you like to be?

Dorothy—Oh, awfully rich; rich enough to snub people and still be called agreeable!

'Do you believe in teaching the languages in the schools?' asked Mr. Clingstone of Miss Gildersleeve.

'Yes, indeed,' replied the young lady. 'Every one should be able to speak English and golf.'

She—Did you get a good look at the bride? What is she like?

He—Fine eyes, good complexion, lovely hair—

'And teeth?'

'Like a newborn babe's.'

They sat alone—he toed the mat—

'Oh, George,' she said, 'why don't you speak? Why don't you talk? Why don't you speak?'

Instead of sitting mum and meek? He choked a yawn: 'What will suit you? But I suppose all topics new?'

She shook her head: 'George no sirree! The old, old story will do for me.'

Braylot was just complaining to me that he finds it almost impossible to get any subscriptions to that hospital he's interested in.

'I'm not surprised. The chump announced publicly that the list would not be published.'

'Can't you set a date for the payment of this little bill?' asked the collector.

'I could if it weren't for one thing,' answered the debtor.

'What is that?'

'I want to sustain my reputation for truth and veracity.'

'When John was younger he always grumbled when I asked him to dig up the garden.'

'Well?'

'Now he has rheumatism. I simply can't keep him from getting out and digging it up before he ought to.'

'Pa, ain't you a director of th' school board?'

'Yes, I am. What of it?'

'Well, teacher called me down today, and she was just awfully impolite about it.'

'Were you on the schoolhouse premises when she called you down?'

'Yes; I was on th' roof.'

'You say she is good looking, but I don't know whether you are a judge or not. And you know in frequently happens that the girl who is thought to be beautiful by one man doesn't impress others at all.'

'Yes. I know all about that; but I've never seen this girl stand up in the car.'

'Say, when can you take me around?'

'Do you mean to say that the horse ran away with you?' said Mr. Meekton, aghast.

'Yes,' answered his wife.

'And wouldn't stop when you told him to?'

'Of course he wouldn't.'

'Well, Henrietta, I don't know what to say, except that the horse wasn't acquainted with you, or else he wouldn't have dared to act in that manner.'

Parson (after the services)—I'm glad to know that you've determined to lead a different life, Bill, and that you have put your guns in the contribution box as evidence of the fact—What! you don't want them back?

Bronco Bill—Jest fer ter-night, parson; jest fer ter-night. Y'r see, Pizen Pete's got wind of the matter, an' he's layin' fer me round the corner.

His book had been published and had made a great sensation.

Now, they said, 'you will be enabled to rest.'

Alas, no! he replied. 'I find that the public demands minute information as to my habits and mode of life, and it therefore becomes necessary for me to develop some peculiarities and eccentricities and practice them astiduously in order that I may prove a disappointment.'

Everyone

Should remember that by the loss of health enjoyment and happiness also are lost forever. Check the slightest cough or cold by using Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam according to directions printed upon the label of the bottle. 25c. all druggists.

'What did you get for that old horse of yours?'

Fitzy. At least that's what the man said I should get out of him.'

'Not fifty dollars, really?'

'I guess that's what he meant. He said fifty 'bones.'

ly. 'As my motto is, 'Pay as you go,' I'll just settle the bill now!'

Down on his knees he went, and the loafers and the blacksmith followed his example, willingly or reluctantly. The fervent Methodist prayer was both comprehensive and practical, and at its close the minister mounted his horse and rode off, carrying with him the hearty good will of his congregation.

Had a Hard Time Making her Believe.

'Is this all you've got, Madame?' asked the conductor on a North Side car as he scrutinized the coin in the semi-darkness of the tunnel.

'What's the matter with it?' she asked, in such frigid tones that the conductor looked confused.

'Nothing, but—'

'Then, if there is nothing the matter with it, why do you want me to give you another nickel?'

'Nothing but that—' he ventured again.

'Well, then, somebody else must have given it to you. I didn't have a penny in my purse.'

'Yes, but you did give it to me, Madame, and it's all right, but—'

She had got red in the face. The other passengers were watching the outcome, and one youth, who was standing, craned his neck and got a good look at the coin. He grinned. She saw him grin. That broke what remained of her dignified and chilling patience. She testily snatched the coin from the bewildered conductor. As she was tossing it into her open purse she, too, got a look at the coin. The car was coming out of the tunnel, and it was lighter so that she could make out the coin.

'Why, that is a—' but she was too much confused to finish the sentence.

'Yes, it is a \$5 gold piece, Madame. You gave it to me.'

'You might have said so,' she murmured meekly, as she fished out a real nickel.

'Well, you see I ain't much of an orator, Madame,' he said, and resumed his march down the aisle, reaching for nickels.

Nature has Provided

A remedy for every ache and pain, and science through ceaseless activity and experiment is constantly wresting the secrets of her domain. A new and wonderful discovery has recently been made by means of which tens of thousands will be freed from pain. Nerviline, or nerve pain cure represents, in very consecrated the most potent pain relieving substitutes known to medical science, and strange to say, it is composed of substances solely vegetable in origin. Polson's Nerviline is the most prompt, certain, and pleasant pain remedy in the world. Sold in 10 and 25 cent bottles by all dealer in medicines.

Points and Moot-Points.

Work and poverty would not be found together if idleness and wealth were forced apart by law.

Profit is lacking where competition is base and not noble.

Let others do the sulking, the whining, the down bearing. You do the smiling, the cheering and uplifting.

The faculty of making ourselves disagreeable is not far from insanity.

There is no certain love in smiles, always excepting a mother's.

There is no color line in well organized worlds, but there is a line of unamiability we shall do well not to cross.

A CERTAIN METHOD for curing cramp, diarrhea and dysentery is by using Pain Killer. This medicine has sustained the highest reputation for over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

'Was your son cared for by a trained nurse?'

'Trained in a matrimonial bureau. I guess. Anyway, she married him.'

'You have a heart of ice!' he bitterly exclaimed.

The Boston maid waxed haughty. Really, sir,' she said, 'one would think from your remark that you took my thorax for a refrigerator.'

Tommy—Pop, do ministers belong to labor unions?

Tommy's Pop—Certainly not.

Tommy—Well, when they marry people don't they charge union rates?