

**Sunday Reading.**

**Guard Your Thoughts.**

What thinkest thou, Simon?—*Mathew, xvii., 28.*  
 It thoughts are forces, then we must select them with great care.  
 Our thoughts are to our lives about what steam is to the engine. If the steam is under intelligent control the hum of the manufactory will be like agreeable music and the machinery will accomplish a definite and desirable purpose. On the contrary if the steam is not properly harnessed there is sure to be disaster sooner or later.  
 The way a man thinks decides the way he lives. It is as impossible for pure thoughts to produce an impure life as for vinegar to resemble honey to the taste. A thief can't enjoy religion any more than an honest man can enjoy burglary.  
 In the long run a man lives as he thinks. Give me the thoughts which you cherish most kindly, and it is like giving me the minor and major premises of a proposition—the conclusion is logically inevitable. Those thoughts are as certain to make or unmake you before your sun goes down as an effect is certain to follow a cause.  
 Give me the power to sow what thoughts I please in your mind, and you put into my hands your destiny here and hereafter. Examine yourself critically and you will discover that your moral altitude exactly accords with the kind of thoughts you entertain. This is an appalling fact of psychological science, and the action of the law is as inexorable as the law of gravitation. No man can think high and live low, or think low and live high.  
 A strong emotion—sudden fear, for example—will send the blood through the body like the water in a mill race. It controls the body as perfectly as a giant handles a child. Even the physical features take on a new expression, and the fact of inward terror is made visible in the face. The body is a mere puppet which the inner man governs at will, and it is more obedient than a slave.  
 If a man cherishes the vice of avarice, or dissipation, or unhealthy stimulus, or selfishness, to such extent that the habit becomes chronic, a chemical change takes place in his molecules, and the expression of his countenance advertises what is going on within. In the galleries of Florence are two busts of Nero. The first is of a sweet child, and the face is beautiful. It bears the stamp of innocence. It is a pleasure to look at it. The second is that of a youth who has abandoned himself to his passions, and the lines which indicate it are as plain to the observer as the furrows in a ploughed field. The face is repulsive, and you turn from it with something like disgust.  
 Health and happiness are founded on wholesome thoughts. The mind is master, not the body. Think toward God and you become godlike; think evil and every pore is a wide open door through which disease may enter. If the world were really christian we should be strong, hale and hearty, and our very bodies would become ideal. Nothing can save us but Christ. He holds the one secret of the universe. He must have been physically perfect, because he was perfect spiritually. The laws of nature were on His side because He was on their side. You can never be your best self, therefore, until you put your thoughts on the altar and consecrate them to the service of God and man.  
 This rule applies also to our environment. You can be happy and useful under any circumstances if you fill them with heavenly purposes. Greed, and envy, and selfishness are the bane of our human life. We long for what we have not, and are thus unfitted to do the best with what we have. We live in a dream of what we hope to acquire, and are always restless, uncomfortable and discontented. If we could persuade ourselves that we can be happy with what surrounds us, that our mission is to get as much out of life as is possible instead of worrying because others have more than we, and so finding fault with Providence and our ill luck and reaping the misery which such thoughts always bring, we should change the color of our environment and the quality of our character. You may be pretty sure that if you cannot be happy where you are you cannot be happy anywhere. Neither wealth nor fame can give you what you want, for you must find it in your soul or not find it at all.  
 This is Christianity rightly understood—to do all you can in whatever position you occupy and to make your little life great with great thoughts. God is the guest of poverty as well as wealth, and poverty with God is better than wealth without Him. The spirit of Christ is the spirit of love and contentment, and though you have hard-

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ships and bereavements they melt away in the presence of the Divine Lord. You bear them with patience, and patience is another word for strength. Perfect peace will come at last to him who endures, and peace unlocks the doors of heaven.  
 GEORGE H. HEFORTH.

**Affection in The Family.**

Slipshod family government and allowing children to tyrannize over one another are responsible for the absence of affection in families. Usually the older members of a family enforce unreasonable demands on the younger ones of the household. Or sometimes it is a tyranny of weakness—the younger members holding the whole family at bay.  
 One day the writer was making a call where the only children, two little girls, were sitting on the floor busy with their dolls. All at once the younger one broke out in a perfectly tearless, artificial wail. The mother turned and said sternly to the elder, 'What's the matter with Katie?' The child stammered in affright, 'She—she's cryin' 'cau—' cause I won't make her one like this,' holding up a newly finished doll-garment. 'Then give her that!' said the mother promptly. The child hesitated and the younger one redoubled her wails. 'Do you hear me?' said the mother stamping her foot. 'Give it to her this instant!' The child reluctantly obeyed, and the mother turned and calmly resumed the conversation.  
 I continued to observe the two children, and saw the older girl scowling with malignant hatred while the younger one, with triumphant, taunting looks, adorned her doll with the ruffled garment.  
 Many times afterward I heard this mother lamenting that her children 'quarreled constantly, acting as if they fairly hated each other,' I was too polite—or two cowardly—to say, 'It is your own fault; your injustice to them is destroying their natural affection for each other.'

But the tyranny of weakness is the exception rather the rule. It is the tyranny of superior age and strength that is to be found in most families.  
 A mother well known to me decided every quarrel between her children according to the age of the disputants. The younger child was always forced to give up to the older. These children, a large family, showed a positive hatred for one another, and always chose to play with the children of other families rather than among themselves. A feud culminated between the two oldest boys. They finally refused to speak to each other or to remain at home together. They continued to time their brief visits home as to avoid meeting, until the death of the elder one ended the quarrel. The younger children scattered as fast as they became old enough to leave home, and the mother now most sorrowfully declares her children's lack of affection for their home and for one another to be the greatest grief of her life, and sadly broods over it as a mysterious punishment to her from Heaven, while her children take the consequences of her mismanagement, hating and avoiding one another to the end of life.

A family of little children was left to the care of an older sister, who took the ground that they had no rights that she was bound to respect. The boys were kept busy with her errands and caprices, while the girls were forced to become her waiting-maids—to lace or button her shoes to stand beside her, holding each garment and handing it to her while she dressed. The least awkwardness or hesitation was rewarded by a ringing box of the ear. She never thought it necessary to say 'please' or 'will you?' It was always 'do this!' or 'do that!' frequently adding 'and don't be all day about it.' No matter what the children were doing, if she wanted anything done everything had to give way to

her whims. She was the oldest; they were only the children; they had no rights.  
 When the children grew up this older sister all at once made a discovery. She found that while not one of them had either respect or love for her, regarding her as a selfish tyrant, they had a strong affection for one another. She was of too overbearing a nature, and too long had had things her own way with them, to endure this, so she set herself to work to create quarrels between them. Facts were distorted, and ingenious stories invented to wound their tenderest feelings. As fast as one misunderstanding was made right she set her wits to work and hatched another. The father of this motherless family wonders to this day what is the matter with his children that they cannot get along peacefully together.  
 No. There will not be family affection unless all matters in the family are decided on their merits, without reference to age or strength.

**The Doctor's Advice.**

Several years ago a physician started a young woman's Bibleclass in a milltown in Maine. It was not a town noted for its piety, and the mill operatives were thought to be so depraved that by tacit consent the clergymen and the church people let them alone.  
 As invariably happens in such cases, the heaven worked up, and without realizing it, the people of the churches became laxer and more skeptical. These conditions appeared plainly enough in the doctor's Bibleclass, the discussions being more intellectual than spiritual. One day a bright young married woman, who had been a silent member of the class, came to the doctor's office, and said:  
 'Doctor, somehow I don't think the Christian religion was made for me. I don't understand its doctrines, and I can't fathom what a change of heart means. If I ought to be different, I want to be. What shall I do about it?'  
 The young lady was fond of society, fond of pleasure, but she had a strong, womanly nature that had never found its outlet. This the doctor perceived.  
 'Mrs. —,' he answered, 'don't think about doctrines, but do this, and report the results to the class. Give one hour a day to the poorest and most neglected person in the town. Go to the mill section. Go from door to door, and search for the woman or child or family that needs you. Don't be abashed by filth, or daunted by impertinence. Be a savior to somebody. Don't overdo. Give what you can in time and nerve and practical help, but don't give more. In this way you will keep up your interest.'  
 The visitor went out very thoughtfully. She had always considered Christianity as an abstruse philosophy, not a practical energy. She promised to do her best, but shook her head.  
 The next week the young woman who had sat an indifferent or puzzled listener in the class appeared transformed into an eager philanthropist. She told her story in a simple but thrilling way. In one of the tenement houses she had found a family that was starving. To them she appeared an angel of light. They had no friends, no food and no fuel. The head of the family had been arrested for drunkenness, and they were expecting at any moment to be evicted for non-payment of rent. The wife and six little children saw nothing but starvation and misery before them.  
 'Just think of it, girls,' the woman said, with moistened eyes 'a mother and six children dying for want of food at our very doors! And she told me that she knew of others in the same condition. What are our Christian church about? What are we here for?'  
 Flesh and blood could not resist the appeal. The whole Bible-class immediately resolved itself into a committee of relief. In three months the churches were aroused as they had never been before, and there swept over the members a revival of good works, such as the town had never heard of.  
 Drunkards were put on probation and taken care of; whole families were given employment, illicit grog-shops were stamped out, and among the mill operatives the improvement in morals and social habits bore testimony to the Christian fidelity of their better class of friends.  
 The text of this story-sermon—and of all practical religion—is the key-note of the second chapter of James: 'Faith without works is dead.'

**An Earthquake.**

Yokohama and the neighboring Tokyo are said to have about fifty earthquake shocks a year. Most of them are insignificant, but now and then comes one of a different sort. In 1891 the Japan Mail described the experience of a man who had witnessed the terrible earthquake at Gifu.  
 He had just finished dressing when the

first shock came. He crawled and dragged himself out of the house, for to walk was all but impossible. The next moment so highly strung were his nerves, he burst into laughter at seeing the remarkable way in which a girl was moving down the garden path, stepping high in the air, as it seemed.  
 Then looking over his shoulder, he saw a great and ancient temple, which he had been admiring the previous day, leap into the air and fall in dreadful ruin.  
 Looking again to his front he saw the whole town in an instant swept away before his eyes, and out of the great cloud of dust came a screaming, gesticulating, wildly frantic crowd of men, women and children, rushing hither and thither, they knew not where, for refuge from the great destruction which had come upon them.

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**Two Funerals.**

'Is the Rev. Mr. Brown at home?' asked a stranger, confronted by a smiling Irish maid at the parsonage door.  
 'No, sorr, he is attending a widdin', answered the maid.  
 'Can you tell me when I shall be likely to find P?' asked the caller.  
 'Well, sorr,' was the smiling reply, 'I don't know just whin he'll be back, for he has another funeral to attend atther, and the both will delay him some time, sorr!'

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**Unreason.**

She seemed inclined to doubt the intensity of his love.  
 'But I fairly burn!' he protested.  
 'How may I convince you that I burn?'  
 'Quit smoking!' said the beautiful wretch with cold intonation.  
 All this painfully reminds us yet again of how very unreasonable a woman can be.—*Detroit Journal.*

**Mind Cure.**

The mother—Oh, Amy, you have fallen in the mud and ruined your little cloak! What will I ever do with it?  
 'The Five-Year-Old (surveying the ruin)—Forget it!—*Chicago Journal.*

'Are you the manager of this store, sir?'  
 'I am one of the managers. Is there anything I can—'  
 'I want to know, if you teach your clerks to insult customers?'  
 'Has one of our clerks been insulting you?'  
 'Yes, sir. When I asked this young woman to show me some ear muffs she said she hadn't any that were large enough for me.'  
 'Miss Billhorn, did you tell him that?'  
 'Yes, sir. And it's true. We haven't any half big enough.'

'Young woman; I have told you always to tell the truth about the goods you sell, but I have never instructed you to tell any unpleasant truths about your customers.'  
 He had just finished dressing when the

**FLASHES OF FUN.**

A woman may have a will of her own.  
 But, be she daughter or mother,  
 She never objects if her name appears  
 In the last will of another.

Spring sunshine is delightful, but it has a way, I'm told, of making furniture look like worn and winter clothes look old.

Mistress—Mary, didn't I see you talking to the policeman this morning?  
 Mary—No'm; it was him talking to me.

'Your wife has a very sensitive, clinging disposition hasn't she?'  
 'Clinging? Well, it's rather more like what you might call grasping.'

'He sat on my joke.'  
 'That was safe.'  
 'Safe?'  
 'Yes. There wasn't any point to it.'

Bobby—Say, Ma, I lost several pounds at school today.  
 Mother—wha-at!  
 Bobby—Yes. The teacher was goin' t' lick me, but I sneaked out.

Tourist in Chicago—What's all that crowd looking at?  
 Policeman—There's a bit o' sunshine comin' down into the road, and dey's bettin' how long it'll last.

There is bustle in the barnyard,  
 And between the various broods  
 There is lively competition  
 In preparing Easter goods.

Snarley—Henpeck, poor old Henpeck! You—What's the matter?  
 Snarley—Never anything came his way. He died last week, and I hear that his wife has just now lost the power of speech.

'A man can't be too careful whom he snubs.'  
 'What do you mean?'  
 'Why, every once in a while I've snubbed some plain people who afterward came into a lot of money.'

Miss Gabby—I think Cholly Softleigh is just horrid.  
 Miss Pertt—What has he done?  
 Miss Gabby—He asked me to marry him, and when I said 'Yes,' he grinned and cried: 'April Fool!'

'Auntie thought it was dreadful because I went to the dentist on Sunday.'  
 'But she let you go?'  
 'Oh, yes, when I told her I thought it would be worse to stay home and let my toothache dance all day.'

'Stimson is a mean man.'  
 'Why so?'  
 'He's got a way of keeping his wife from going through his pockets for loose change.'  
 'How's that?'  
 'He spends it all before he gets home.'

The silly season now is here;  
 The pussy willows we may stroke;  
 The daffy dandelils appear,  
 The crocus now begins to croak.

Mrs. Hanskeep—Er—Bridget—I don't suppose you would—er—object to my getting an alarm clock?  
 Bridget—No, indeed, ma'am. Them t'ings niver disturbs me at all, but, av coorse, it may be all right for ye, ma'am.

Father—Theet young man who is calling on Edith is absolutely worthless.  
 Mother—Ah, well, she loves him, and I suppose what can't be healed must be endured.

Father—Hub! What can't be heeled can be toed, and I think that's what will happen to him if he calls tonight!

'How she hates me,' sighed the little woman, referring to a neighbor.  
 'Hates you!' exclaimed her husband.  
 'Have you ever heard of her saying an unkind thing about you?'  
 'Oh, no. It's worse than that. She calls our little Willie into her house every chance she gets and gives him things.'

'What does she give him?'  
 'Dyspepsia, principally.'

The crocus now begins to croak  
 Upon the verdant lot,  
 And man, ere long, will follow suit  
 Because it is so hot.

'Julia, dear,' said young Mr. Gilley, timidly, to his charmer, 'do you think that a married couple could live on a salary of \$750 a year?'  
 'Oh, Dick,' replied Julia, earnestly, 'I saw in the Ladies' and Gents' Home Journal on account of how a man supported himself, his wife and two children on \$350 a year. I'll run and get the paper.'

Invitations were issued the following week.

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Johnson—Jackson, how would you get into society?  
 Jackson—Oh, if I felt like it, and had the clothes, and was invited, I'd go.