

## Sunday Reading

### How We Love Our Neighbors.

Love is the beginning and the substance of the Christian religion. 'There is not much practical Christianity in the man who lives on better terms with angels and seraphs than with his children, servants and neighbors,' said Beecher. 'He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will revolutionize the world,' said Franklin. We are all ready to admit that loving one's neighbor as one's self is a solemn if difficult duty, and as we look over the world today we find a situation that is curiously interesting. Boundary lines are not trenched with roses. The Christian nations are not loving one another with any great surplus of affection. The continent is jealous of Great Britain, and Great Britain mobilizes her fleets to show the continent that she is not afraid. Upon the continent itself the governments, large and small, each have their bitterness toward neighbors, and often it is all that diplomacy can do to smooth the difficulties when some breach of the neutrality is made. Even now in the United States wide and sympathetic as they think they are, the neighborly feeling is not overflowing. Canada has not so much love for them as they wish she had, and Mexico, although more favorable than formerly, does not mention America with that reverence that her importance in the world deserves. Possibly there may be some feeling on the American side of the fence. At any rate these rivalries of nations, whether in Europe or in America, exist, and it is remarkable how quickly they deepen into hatred when circumstances or politicians bring out anything that approaches a quarrel.

There is one thing about Christianity which, while apparently a contradiction of its purpose, is the finest kind of a tribute to its influence. While it has not made men love one another as much as they should, it has unquestionably made them finer men, and the most heroic fighter in the world is the Christian. Not only that, but he is the most magnanimous foe, and if the truth were frankly expressed, we might almost say that he never has complete respect for anybody, whether it be an individual or a nation, until he has tested the matter in a fight.

Before the war with Spain Americans looked upon the Spanish sailors and soldiers as a lot of decadent dildagos who would flee when they heard the sound of an American gun. Incidentally, the Spaniards regarded them as quite a large drove of pigs who would get into a panic when the real business of war began. Of course, that did not count, but the States are not yet over their surprise at the really heroic work of the Spaniards. They have a greater respect for them than they have ever had at any time during this century.

Down in South Africa there was almost a similar experience. The Britons at first thought they had simply to land upon the African shores and let their hands play The Conquering Hero Comes, but it did not take long for apprehension to run through the whole British Empire at the valiant fighting of the Boer soldiers. And as the war has gone on, the respect of each side for the other has increased.

Indeed, Christianity has made duty so much a part of the modern christian soldier that heroism is as plentiful as gunpowder, it is when we get away from these wars and see how they have been caused by politicians and speculators that we fully appreciate the truly brave and valorous conduct of our fighters. Of course, while the war is going on we are all partisans, and even bishops blow bugles. Afterward, we tell the politicians what we think of them as far as the limitations of the language will allow. Sometimes it seems that the reform of the world should begin with the politicians; they have been making mischief from the beginning. Those who condemned the Founder of Christianity were politicians, who would probably have stuffed ballot boxes, bribed voters and bought offices had that been the proper way of doing things in those times.

There is a tradition that Gregory the Great saw in a Roman market some beautiful children for sale, and upon being told that they were English pagans, replied: 'They would not be English, but angels, if they were Christians.' This sounded better in Latin because the first phrase was a very good pun—'Non Angli sed Angeli.' It is evident that Gregory was more of a humorist than a prophet, for while the English have probably done more than any other nation to christianize the world, they are still quite far from angelic perfection. Just now they are conducting

## 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.

a war against one christian nation which is fighting for its home, and in the same continent they are converting with bullets instead of bible an infidel race which would prefer to live its own religion in the Sudan. The war in South Africa is at the bottom a war of hatred between two christian peoples, and it would be easy to argue from such a situation that the Christian religion had signally failed of its purpose, for it seems so entirely against the Gospel of Peace and Good Will, especially on Christmas day, when even the hostilities between the neighbors across the boundary lines, as well as the hostilities at home, should be forgotten.

But even in these conflicts christianity shines out gloriously above the hatreds and designs of men. Real humanity has signalized the war. The wounded are treated with great consideration by both sides; the Red Cross performs its work with the cordial cooperation of the combatants, and there is a prompt abolition of those cruelties which once deepened and disgraced the battle-field. In no respect has christianity shown its wonderful power more vividly than in the improvement it has made in war. While good christians will still fight and thus abuse the religious faith that is within them, the religion itself makes them behave better toward one another. It is not all that we might ask, but it is certainly a great deal.

During this century the Christian nations have done most of the fighting in the world, and the worst of it has been among themselves. Since last Christmas the record, while not so considerable as in other years, has shown that the modern spirit of these Christian nations is really more aggressive than affectionate. America has been fighting the Filipinos, who claim the same religion as themselves. France and Germany have been subduing the benighted heathen in Africa, and probably Italy would be added to the list had her ardour had not been cooled by the drubbing she received in Abyssinia not very long ago. Great Britain, of course, leads the list with two wars, one in the north and one in the south of Africa. In other ways Christian nations have added to their record. Four of the nations have made new boundary lines for China and practically mortgaged that great Empire. The three leading religious nations of the world—United States, Great Britain and Germany—have partitioned Samoa among them. Americans are teaching good lessons to the Cubans and other peoples who are our neighbors, that they may be worthy citizens under the American flag. In Guam, Governor Leary has issued his order compelling the natives to adopt Christian matrimony, and to show property to the extent of twelve hens in order to escape the penalty of the law against crime and vagrancy. And all goes well.

'Christ built no church, wrote no book, left no money, and erected no monuments; yet show me ten square miles in the whole earth without Christianity, where the life of man and the purity of woman are respected, and I will give up Christianity,' wrote Drummond. Could there be a finer test of the religion which now claims more adherents than any faith in the world? Nearly five hundred millions of the people of the earth follow the various dogmas of Christianity. No other creed comes within two hundred millions of the people of it. It dominates the world; it rules nations; it leads civilization. Every hour of the day the sun is shining upon its spires. To doubt it is to be an exile from politics and society; to fight it is to array in opposition all the better forces of humanity. There never was such a demonstration of might in the affairs of the world, and every day it reaches deeper into the life of the people, the conduct of trade, and the government of nations. While the love it teaches has not won a

universal victory, it has softened asperities and assuaged the horrors of war. There is not universal peace at this time, but the world itself is happier than it has been since the century began.

And as Christianity is spread—even by war—it will be found a blessing to the world. Outside of its preeminent moral influence it is the greatest force in politics. By it only is real liberty won. It makes people cleaner and freer; it enables an expression of public opinion, and it leads swiftly and inevitably to representative government. The people and the churches realize the actual daily power of the Christian influence and example. Thus the century is closing upon the best and finest pages of earth's history, and on all of them the bright lines belong to Christianity.

### Her Life for Her Jewels.

In a New York city not very long ago a dwelling-house, occupied by a large family took fire in a sudden and unaccountable way. It was late in the afternoon, and the ladies were upstairs dressing for dinner.

Among them was a beautiful girl who was just making her debut in society. For her the world was made up of parties and dances and dinners. She was in the flush of her first social triumphs, with life and world before her and her fond father and mother had lavished upon her all the luxuries that wealth could buy. Her dresses and jewels were the envy of all her girls friends.

When the fire broke out, the ladies made a dash for the stairs, but these were already in flames, and escape was cut off from below. They ran to the windows, and shrieked for help. The fire-engines were coming, but by the time they reached the house the flames had made frightful headway.

The firemen raised their ladders to the window of the room where the poor women stood. The young lady welcomed the certainty of rescue with lively joy. She was too sure. In the moment while she waited her turn on the ladder she thought of her jewels. Before any one could stop her the rash creature had rushed back into the blazing smoke. 'I shall have time enough,' they heard her say.

Here was the next room, and upon the bureau lay her casket of diamonds. In vain the firemen called, and tried to follow her; the flames drove them back. In a minute more the house was a raging furnace.

The next morning, in the ruins, the firemen discovered an unrecognizable body. But clutched in one charred hand was a small metal box that somehow had escaped destruction. It was the jewel-case for which the girl had thrown away her precious life. The gems were all safe, but their worth could not ransom their owner. It was too late.

How many forget that what is too dearly bought can never be enjoyed! They who sacrifice a vital value for a vanity lose both the treasure and its price. For a life that takes both times and eternity in its compass such waste has a fearful meaning.

### Noise Versus Numbers.

For those who have begun to fear that the critics may destroy the Bible utterly, and who look upon these critics as mighty in numbers, the following story is quoted. The analogy is apparent.

A man with a look of business on his face came to a hotel-keeper, and asked him if he would buy two car-loads of frogs legs. 'Two car-loads?' said the man, in amazement. 'Why, I could not use them in twenty years.' 'Well, will you buy half a car-load?' 'No.' 'Twenty or thirty bushels?' 'No.' 'Two dozen?' 'Yes.'

A few days later the man returned with three pairs of legs.

'Is that all?' asked the landlord. 'Yes;'

## Bakers' Bad Backs.

We little know the toll and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated work-rooms is hard on the system, gives the kidneys more work than they can properly do, throws poison into the system that should be carried off by these delicate filters. Then the back gets bad—

Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the kidneys to cure the back. DOAN'S Kidney Pills cure all kinds of Bad Backs by restoring the kidneys to healthy action.

Mr. Walter Buchanan, who has conducted a bakery in Sarnia, Ont., for the past 15 years, says:

'For a number of years previous to taking Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered a great deal from acute pains across the small of my back, pains in the back of my head, dizziness, weary feeling and general debility. From the first few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills I commenced to improve, and I have continued until I am to-day a well man. I have not got a pain or ache about me. My head is clear; the urinary difficulties all gone; my sleep is refreshing and my health is better now than for years.'

the fact is that I live near a pond, and the frogs made so much noise that I thought there were millions of them. But I dragged the pond with a seine, drained it and raked it, and there were only three frogs in the whole place.'

## All Men Prize Muscle and Strength.

### PAINES' CELERY COMPOUND. Builds up the Weak and Broken-Down.

It Has Special Elements That Purify and Enrich the Blood.

It Quickly Expels Disease Germs From the System.

Heaven's grandest and most glorious creation is the man who is physically perfect—blessed with iron nerves, brawny muscle and fullness of strength.

Hall-sick, weakly and broken down men make their homes unhappy and miserable, and as citizens they are, frankly speaking, of small value.

To be useful to society and our country, and to become fit temples worthy of our great Creator, the weakly, sick and diseased should use every endeavor to acquire health and strength.

Heaven, always kind to those who are willing to help themselves, has given to failing and ailing men Paine's Celery Compound, the greatest and grandest of health-giving medicines.

Millions are now using Paine's Celery Compound, with mighty and happy results. High encomiums and thankful letters come from physicians, lawyers, clergymen, bankers, legislators, business men, mechanics and farmers who have been made well and strong after months and years of sickness.

Try it, ye men who are honestly seeking after health! Disappointed in the past by worthless pills, nervines, saraparillas and concoctions you will have cause to thank Heaven for Paine's Celery Compound. The good results that follow the use of one bottle are wonderful and convincing.

### A Rhinoceros At Large.

A rhinoceros that can dance is not, like a dancing bear, a familiar sight. Naturally such a rhinoceros created a sensation when, while being unloaded from a railroad car at Philadelphia, it escaped into the street.

The beast was sent to the Zoological Garden and arrived in good health and spirits. Twenty employees of the express company stood about to prevent its getting away, but when the animal started they all fled down Seventeenth Street.

The rhinoceros went to Market Street, the men after it, thence to Sixteenth and back to Filbert. In the short journey it passed probably a hundred people, and put them all to flight. An Italian, grinding out a merry tune on his organ, got a shock that he will not soon forget.

The beast has been with a circus and can dance and do a cake walk. At Sixteenth and Filbert Streets it heard the sound of the music, and began to dance.

The Italian did not know what brought the crowd, but he kept on turning the crank until suddenly there was a roar of laughter, and he turned to find the beast standing still, solemnly looking at him. With a terrific yell, he dropped the crank and ran. The animal was caught and put back into the cage with little difficulty.

### English Street Car Rights.

A London magistrate has just made from the bench a statement which, if it is ever duplicated by a competent court in this country, would have interesting consequences. It seems that on one of the urban railways there had been a crowded train. A woman had tried to force her way into a compartment already fully occupied, and her efforts had excited a mild protest from one of the passengers already seated. The protesting remarks were taken amiss by the woman's husband, a fight followed and then an arrest of the pugnacious husband. It is not a matter of any consequence whether he or the other man was at fault for the scrimmage; what is at least interesting is the fact that the magistrate before whom the case came formally announced that nobody has a right to enter a railway carriage which is already full.

Those who take tickets at the starting point, he says, are entitled to seats and tickets taken at intermediate stations are subject to their being room for the holders.

If the company issues tickets in excess of the number of seats provided, the holders may bring an action for damages, wait for the next train or demand the return of their money. Persons in a carriage which is full have a legal as well as a moral right to prevent others from endeavoring to enter it and the sooner the public understands this the better, as no one has a right to inconvenience passengers already in their places.

### A Chamberlain story.

Many good stories with reference to the present colonial secretary's favorite flower have been told. Here is one. Some visitors had passed through Mr. Chamberlain's orchid houses at Highbury one morning when a very valuable plant was discovered broken. Mr. Chamberlain, it is said, almost lost his temper, and declared that sightseers should no longer be welcomed. Then he interrogated the gardener in charge of the houses.

The man appeared confused, but protested that he did not do the damage.

'I was very sorry when I saw it done, sir.'

'You saw it done?' Then, of course the visitors did it?' 'No, sir, the visitors didn't either,' said the man.

'Speak out man!' cried Mr. Chamberlain. 'I am resolved to discover the culprit.'

Then the gardener spoke: 'You did it yourself, please sir, for I saw you. You were walking up an' down an' rehearsing something. I heard Lord Salisbury's name sir, an' Mr. Gladstone's, an' then you struck out with your right arm sudden-like and down went the orchid.'

The colonial secretary smiled, and sightseers were not forbidden the orchid houses.

### Klansmen Across the Border.

Many Americans gladly acknowledge their kinship with the Anglo-Saxons beyond the water, but we must remember that we are still more literally cousins of the great people of the north of us. For a century and a quarter Canadians and Americans have intermarried freely and the border cannot divide ties of blood. Not long ago the dispatches from South Africa announced the death of Lieut Wood of Halifax, the first Canadian to die for the British Empire in the Boer war. It is an interesting comment on our relations with Canada to note that this young lieutenant was the great-great grandson of Zachary Taylor, who was a major in the war of 1812, and fought against the British with all the zeal for fighting that was in him, and that his great-grandfather was Jefferson Davis, who, as a young man, married Taylor's daughter. It is usually represented as a runaway match, but Mr. Davis himself wrote that it was nothing of the sort. In spite of such American antecedents, Lieutenant Wood lived a loyal subject of the queen, and died for Her Majesty's empire.—Youths Companion.

### MISERY IN A HOSPITAL.

Rheumatism Made Life a Burden—South American Rheumatism Cure Lifted It—A Permanent Cure.

The life of John E. Smith, of Amasa Wood Hospital, St. Thomas, was one long round of misery, he was so afflicted with rheumatism. He tried all manner of cures without much benefit. After having taken half a bottle of South American Rheumatism Cure he found great relief, and four bottles cured him permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown.

### They Were Old Friends.

A London friend of mine, says Robert Sabine, of Baltimore, in a recent letter I received from him, sent me an interesting story about the capture of the Dublin Fusiliers by the Boer forces. They were taken, so it seems by John Y. Blake's regiment, which is itself principally composed of Irishmen, and when the final surrender came the two organizations, which had just been pitted against each other in a life and death struggle, fell, so to speak, into each other's arms and were as brothers. In honor of their capture, a ration of whisky was served out to victor and vanquished alike, and when all were supplied the late opponents joined in drinking the health of old Ireland and sang The Wearing of the Green.

CAUTION.—Beware of substitutes for Pain-Killer. There is nothing 'just as good.' Unequalled for cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for all bowel disorders. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

Visitor—So old Si Ripeyears is dead! I thought he'd never die.  
Native—Reckon he wouldn't, nuther, ef he'd stayed here; but he would go to town.  
'Ah! I suppose the change from country life to city life was too much for him?'  
'Yass; I b'lieve the city gas had some-thin' t' dew with it.'

IMMENSE INCREASE in the sale of the D. & L. Menthol Plaster evidences the fact that it is useful for all rheumatic pains lumbago and lame back, pain in the sides, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.