

Sunday Reading

"INASMUCH."

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me."

The speaker paused for his listeners to grasp the idea that he had presented in the unusual form of the text.

He was a man with a plain face, but in his gray eyes shone his soul, and behind his words was his life, which means everything.

In one of the finest pews sat a woman dressed in velvet and wrapped about in costly furs. Her bonnet was a model of artistic skill and on either side perched the corpse of what had once been a joyous, innocent song bird. She was a professing Christian and prominent church member. Her name always stood first on the subscription list of any popular charity, and she had quite immortalized herself by her gift to a certain well known institution of learning for the furtherance of 'scientific research,' which meant, in a word, the better equipment of a laboratory for the torture of living creatures.

In vain had she been petitioned to make a proviso in her gift; this she flatly refused. She could not be 'bothered' with such trifles; she gave her money and there her responsibility ended. Others must bear the blame if it were unwisely or unrighteously expended. She never looked upon, listened to or read of anything that made her uncomfortable. She was 'too sensitive.'

'I believe,' began the man of God, 'in an active Christianity, not in a dead or even passive religion. We are apt to think if we look after the sins of commission it is no difference about those of omission; indeed, we give them little or no thought.'

'Now, if I interpret the teaching of our Lord aright, He pronounces a penalty as surely on the passive as on the active transgression, and I am moved this morning—this anniversary of one of the humblest births on earth and yet the anniversary of the King of kings—to speak to you in simple language of some of the common transgressions of which we are all more or less guilty, believing that there is no more fitting time to examine ourselves as to our stewardship than on this day.'

'We all have an influence and that influence is either on the side of right or wrong; we are making the world either better or worse. Now the question I would bring home to my own heart, the one I would send home to yours, is, 'Am I not as responsible for what I do not do as for what I do?' . . . Christ said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not.' The minister of the Gospel who simply keeps still on some subject that he ought to put himself on record concerning is as great a transgressor as he who violates one of the ten commandments.'

'This ought ye to have done and not left the other undone.'

'The woman who protests not by example and precept against the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes is as much a transgressor as the man whose business it is to lie in wait for the mother bird as she wings her way homeward, with the bit of supper in her bill, and brings her down just outside the nest, strips her of her beautiful plumage and leaves her there to die by inches in sight and sound of her starving nestlings.'

'O, the tragedies of the forest! Who is to blame? 'Inasmuch as ye did it not.' The man who says it is none of his business if another over-loads, over-check, and under-feeds his horse, becomes a party to the sin, inasmuch as he failed to interfere; he did it not.'

'The citizen who knows of vice and corruption in his political party and utters no protest, may claim to have clean hands; may claim he does nothing wrong; but is he not a silent partner? Is not his sin of omission? 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to Me.' O, how some of us would like to entertain the Christ as a Christmas guest! We would throw open the best chamber, bring out the best table-service, provide the choicest viands; oh, but we would entertain right royally! and yet He is willing, anxious to be a guest with every one of us to-day. 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me, and inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these ye did it not to Me.'

'I tell you, brothers and sisters, we are responsible creatures—responsible for every word we say, every act we do, every hour of our time, every cent of our money, the influence we exert, and more than all, perhaps, the influence we do not exert.'

There was more in the same vein, and then Mrs. B.—she of the costly apparel and gaudy bonnet-trimming—gathered her furs about her and swept out of the

ARE THE

children growing nicely? Stronger each month? A trifle heavier? Or is one of them growing the other way? Growing weaker, growing thinner, growing paler? If so, you should try

Scott's Emulsion. It's both food and medicine. It corrects disease. It makes delicate children grow in the right way—taller, stronger, heavier, healthier.

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church.

She had never felt more uncomfortable and disgusted in her life before; yes, even downright angry, for it was plain that he meant to be personal.

How dare he, and she the most influential member in his church!

Did not she pay more toward his salary than any other member? Did she not give to all the charities of the church? Had she not an almost national reputation for her generous bequest to the college?

And yet—how odious the man was! She went home and took off her bonnet. There were those birds!

'A tragedy of the forest!' Had it cost pain and suffering to secure these ornaments? She felt very angry but could not keep her mind off the picture of a nest full of starving birdlings; she could almost hear their piteous cries growing fainter and fainter. Suddenly she began to wish she had never had them put there; it was really barbarous taste anyway. To think was to do with Mrs. B. Instantly she took her shears—Sabbath though it was—and ripped off those 'dead creatures,' as she now mentally termed them; to-morrow she would have something substituted—something less gruesome.'

Surely she has done her duty now; no sin of omission could be laid at her door. In proportion as she felt justified, her spirit rose. Mrs. B. liked to be comfortable, of all things.

After a sumptuous Christmas dinner, eaten alone, save for the presence of the housekeeper, she retired to her library to read and meditate, but somehow the simple sermon of the morning filled her thoughts more than aught else. Perhaps it was not a bad discourse after all, coming from an honest man, and every one believed in 'the plain preacher,' as some had dubbed him. Had he kept still on the subjects mentioned he would have fallen under his own condemnation; it would have been keeping a cowardly silence. And then she fell to musing over his words concerning our being responsible for time and money. She thought of her lavish gifts to the already richly endowed college, and of the letters of protest she had received. For the most part she had put them by without reading; now she brought them out and looked them over.

Burning words filled page after page, picturing the horrors of a scientific laboratory conducted as was the one to which she had given her money. There were leaflets with cuts showing the tables and blocks on which living creatures are strapped. Here was a dog bound fast, here a lovely mother spaniel lying on a table; a horse tied and a dozen students standing about to take a hand at the experiments.

Underneath was a quotation from the lips of the instructor, in reply to a visitor's query as to how long they experimented on one animal.

A beautiful kitten—mice put in jars and the air excluded—and then Mrs. B. began to read what vivisections, according to their own published testimony, do.

With a stifled scream Mrs. B. flung the leaflet from her and dropped on her knees. With her face buried in the cushion she wept.

This allusion to the love of a dumb mother for her offspring was too much. If there was anything that could break Mrs. B., up it was a reminder of one great sorrow of her life. She buried Mr. B. philosophically and decorously; one by one her other friends had died, until only herself and a far distant sister remained; but none of these things had come near breaking her heart. It was only when her baby died that she went down in an abandon of grief; only then that she suffered.

Something of this old feeling had come back when the pastor talked about the birds; and now this—in years Mrs. B. had not felt so badly.

'Inasmuch' Then there was the other dreadful

thing. She remembered that when she made her college gift she had said to herself: 'I can do it as well as not; it is not half what Glenn's education would probably have cost; it will be a sort of monument to him; and now it was being used to torture dumb creatures.'

What would Glenn have thought to have had anyone torture the white kitten he loved so well?

It was too horrible! And then she went to her desk and wrote with an inspiration she had never felt before, to the president of the college, forbidding, begging, entreating and demanding an immediate promise that it should be as she willed.

After this she felt more calm, and sat down again to think.

In due time there came a reply; not from the president of the college, but from an assistant of some sort, saying that their rules were unalterable, and one of them was not to dictate to the professors in the various departments; that they considered it best to lay no restraints; to serve the ends of science was their aim, let it cost what it might.

And this was all; oh, why had she not been warned of this terrible evil in time!

What could she do?

'Inasmuch as ye did it not' sounded in her ear. She realized that it was not enough to try to make amends for what she had done; she would be held accountable for what she did not do.

The next day she called on the 'plain preacher,' and there ensued a long and serious talk, which resulted in much fruit.

She did all she could in the way of reparation; she wrote; she talked; she prayed; she gave of her money to humane effort; but never could she forget that her money was making the daily torture of God's dumb and helpless creatures possible. The conversion of Mrs. B. was complete, and this is but one of the many avenues through which good ran like a stream from that one simple sermon.

O, the possibilities of one pulpit message when it comes from the heart of a sincere servant!

At the Eleventh Hour.

I was on my knees praying about it. I told the Lord I could die if it was His will, but wouldn't He please spare my innocent children? These words were uttered at a 'district meeting' in England, says the British Messenger, and were part of a poor woman's testimony to a recent godsend.

Two earnest men, belonging to a benevolent church, were visiting and distributing alms among the destitute one winter night, and at a late hour had nearly finished their round, when they learned that the widow for whom they intended their last donation had changed her residence. No one could tell them where she had gone. Finally one of the two men suggested the name of another woman as a person likely to need the modest sum still in their hands. She lived somewhat out of their way, but she was poor and the mother of a large family of young children. The men decided to carry her the money.

It was after ten o'clock when they found their way to the tenement house, and climbed three flights of dark stairs. A knock brought the woman to the door, and having made sure that she was the right person, they left the money in her hand. Surprised and thankful, she asked them from whom the gift came.

'From the Lord,' they said, and immediately went away.

It was two weeks afterward that the poor mother told the story containing the pathetic passage which begins this article. She and her children had for some time failed to find work, she said, and were entirely without fuel and food. That night the hungry children had gone supperless to bed, and had cried themselves to sleep.

She was alone, wrestling with her sorrow, when the knock of the messengers called her from her knees.

King David when he was an old man, declared that he had 'never seen the righteous forsaken.' Men may challenge the 'prayer test,' and the theory of special providences may be doubted; but none will deny the personal advantage of a prayerful habit, and the reverent character that generally goes with it. We may go farther, and believe that such characters are among the divine forces that move the world.

A Royal Prayer Meeting.

It speaks well for the religious life of a country when its rulers not only show formal respect for religious observances, but take a devout personal interest in the work of the church.

The Lutheran missionaries who met in council at Stockholm recently, could not help feeling encouraged by the deep concern for their work manifested by the members of the royal family. Not only did they attend all the public services, but they invited some of the more noted missionaries to the palace, that their public narration might be supplemented by private conference.

It was this deep interest that led to the holding of a royal prayer meeting. It took place in the apartments of Prince Bernadotte and the princes, his wife. They invited the missionaries to dine with them, and after they had questioned them about their work, an informal prayer meeting was held, in which the prince bore an active part.

It will be remembered that it was Prince Bernadotte, who, believing that there is a higher happiness than that which can be drawn from being the ruler of a country, gave up his rights of succession to the throne that he might marry the maiden of his choice. That was twelve years ago. He and his wife are today deeply interested in social and religious matters, and do much to encourage the better life of the people.

LEPROSY IN AMERICA.

A National Home for Lepers Suggested by Father Mulhane.

Father L. W. Mulhane, who has done so much for the lepers in the United States, is now visiting New Orleans to inspect the condition of the lepers in Louisiana. He comes here from Cuba, where he also investigated the leper problem, and he may go to Hawaii and the Philippines to study the condition of the lepers in Orient. While in Cuba he visited the hospital of San Lazaro where the lepers are confined, and consulted with Governor General Wood as to the proper course to be pursued in regard to them. While here he has visited the Louisiana Leper Home at Indian Camp, and had several conferences with the board recently appointed by Gov. Foster to select a new location for the leper home.

Father Mulhane found that leprosy is increasing in Cuba and in the United States, and he thinks that it is likely to become more formidable in the United States by introduction from our new colonial possessions unless the Government takes steps to establish a home where the lepers can be kept isolated from the rest of the community.

He found Gen. Wood in Cuba fully awake to the importance of the leper problem. The leper hospital at Havana is an excellent one in many respects, he says, with an abundance of room for the inmates; but there are a number of improvements that can be made by Gen. Wood, and will be made by him. His idea is to make the home so comfortable that lepers will be glad to seek its seclusion. During the revolution, when the Spaniards had as much as they could attend to with their military hospitals, the leper hospital was neglected. It had very few inmates, while the lepers ran at large. Gen. Wood has ordered that the laws in regard to the confinement of the lepers in the hospital shall be rigidly enforced. A large number of these unfortunate people have voluntarily surrendered themselves, recognizing that they will be well treated, and a leper is as rare in Havana today as in an American city.

Father Mulhane thinks that the number of lepers in Cuba has been underestimated, because of the unwillingness of the people to confess to the disease in its first stages. He is also of the opinion that, for the same reason, there is more of it in the United States than is popularly supposed, and he roughly estimates the number of lepers in the United States at 5,000, not including Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii or the Philippines. Father Mulhane is in favor of the establishment of a national leper home or hospital, and believes that the best site for it would be in Arizona, or some of the high and dry sections around the Rocky Mountains, where the isolation would be perfect, and where the

climate would be admirably suited in all ways for the patients. The national hospital would be independent of any State hospital that might be needed in a locality where through neglect or any other cause leprosy had made any headway, or in the case of the Gulf marshes in Louisiana. Father Mulhane attributes the disease in Louisiana to the Chinese fishing stations on the Gulf coast, which are seldom visited by whites, from which leprosy has branched out to some of the neighboring districts. There might be, he thought, 100 lepers in Louisiana, of whom only a small proportion were confined in the home at Indian Camp.

Banish all Sad Thoughts.

Despondency and Melancholia Result from Kidney and Liver Troubles.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND Is the Unfailing Conqueror of all Physical Misery and Suffering.

Prompt Relief and Speedy Cure Guaranteed.

Dr. Phelps's Marvellous Prescription Makes the Old and Young Healthy and Happy.

The Great Home Medicine of the Civilized World.

When the great nerve centres are restored to perfect action by Paine's Celery Compound, then, and only then, can the liver and kidneys become healthy and perform their several functions with ease and regularity.

Your sad thoughts, depression of spirits, melancholia and hours of darkness proceed directly from a diseased condition of your liver and kidneys.

The best physicians in the world have openly indorsed Paine's Celery Compound as the safest and surest remedy for your troubles. Thousands in the past have found solid health and happiness from the use of the great medicine.

Do not accept any substitute for the great life giver. Insist upon having "Paine's" the kind that cures.

An Interchange of Courtesies.

The expense of the modern limited express train is so heavy that railroads commonly find it necessary to charge something above the regular fare for the privilege of riding on them. A few years ago, when the 'flyers' were introduced on the Lake Shore Road, the president of the company gave orders that passes and half-rate tickets should not be honored on the new trains. It was not intended, of course that the complimentary tickets issued to high officials of connecting roads should be void on the fast trains, but through an oversight a yearly pass was sent to the president of the Nickel Plate line which bore on its face the words:

'Not good on Lake Shore limited trains.'

A few days after this pass had been issued, the president of the Lake Shore received an annual pass on the Nickel Plate, with the following endorsement:

'Not good on passenger trains.'

A GREAT BUILDER.—The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

Mrs. Buggins—Has your new girl broken many of your things?

Mrs. Muggins—She's broken about everything I have. I never saw such a destructive creature. Even when she sings she cracks her voice.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, caused by a persistent rasping cough. Pny-Pectoral cures the most severe coughs. It soothes, heals, never fails to cure. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

He (a diffident young tailor)—I'm sure, Miss De Courcy, I would be only too glad to press my suit, if—

She—Please don't talk shop, Mr. Snip-pington.

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A Well Known Lady of Thornhill, Man.,

Got Almost Instant Relief From Heart Trouble by the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It is simply wonderful the number of western women who are coming forward to tell of the curative powers of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

This time it is Mrs. Geo. Traill, a highly respected lady of Thornhill, Man., who gives in the following words the history of her case:

"I obtained from Mr. J. A. Hobbs, druggist of Morden, Man., a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as I was very bad with heart trouble at the time.

"I used the one box and got almost instant relief. I then bought another box, but only had to use a few of the pills, as I have never been troubled with palpitation since using them.

"I am very thankful that I got the pills, and if this will be of any use to others suffering as I did you may publish it in the papers."