

Sunday Reading.

The Prairie's Sod Church. A roof of grass, a wall of sod, Rude handiwork of settlers' hands, Pale wildflowers from the low caves nod— Lone temple of the prairie lands.

Reflection. How comes it that you carry in your eyes The look of one who rests in paradise; That in your baby face we can trace The loved reflection of another's face?

A Study of the Parables. "The Glory of Obedience" "A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said: Son go to work today in my vineyard. He answered and said: I will not; but afterward he repented and went. And he came to the second and said likewise; and he answered and said: I go sir; and went not. Whether of them twain did the will of his father?"

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Simple, ancient shepherds, in the peace of Bethlehem hills and the silence of the night time, watching their timid flocks, heard a skyl of angels publishing the policy of a new regime: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men!" But the compound, modern pastors, watched by their predatory pewholders, in the roar of trade and the exhaust of policy, although they hear the heavenly announcement, hear it mixed with the "honk" of migrating self seekers, in business, church and state, so that it sounds like this: "Glory to God, in the average, on earth peace at any price, good will toward anything, according to circumstances!"

But they do. The interjection, one may say, has even improved with age. Since that wonderful night of the nativity, more and more the church has given glory to God, in the advertisement—the lowest thing in any business, though not to be neglected nor despised. She waits for power unflinching, irresistible, only until she adds to her already deathless but diminished fame, that supreme attribute of service, 'the glory of obedience.'

Her present feebleness is but the common and inevitable case of great 'bill' and poor performance. She calls herself the army of the Lord, but goes to bed at reveille and rises at tattoo. She declares war on the liquor traffic, but smokes 'dope' of its preparing, in the twin joints of darkest politics. She has answered her Lord: 'I go, sir, and went not.'

"In the advertisement," I say because any profession however noble, unfulfilled, willfully or negligently, drops to the basis of mere advertisement. "Profession" and "pretense" are synonymous—bar doing. So, the church has come insensibly to be thought a kind of shop, where one gets himself 'grub-staked' for Heaven, all questions of purity and quality being left to the outfitter. Then, later when the traveller finds the equipment poor he says: I have been cheated.

The noblest of professions, medicine, never advertises, never professes, because even when it has exhausted its resources, the outcome hinges on the patent—to say nothing of the fallibility of drugs and skill and judgement, in battling with disease. And when, as sometimes happens, a good physician, weak in his ethics, advertises, he goes straight into quack column, in scientific classification.

The church must cut down in the advertising and concentrate on teaching quality, duty, performance, obedience, glory to God, in the Highest. Abel, Moses, Jesus certify the doctrine; all history, experi-

Colds ON THE Chest

are dangerous; they weaken the constitution, inflame the lungs, and often lead to Pneumonia. Cough syrups are useless. The system must be given strength and force to throw off the disease.

Scott's Emulsion will do this. It strengthens the lungs and builds up the entire system. It conquers the inflammation, cures the cough, and prevents serious trouble.

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

ence, observation give it confirmation. 'No man hath seen God at any time'; but every man knows at all times what is 'the highest' thing he sees. To steer by that is glory, all the way.

The Christian citizen must stand for 'peace on earth' in terms of 'the highest.' Which in the upshot means that he must fight his way inch by inch up to the perfect day. His 'good will' must be the everlasting ill will toward everything that ruins men. Any basis short of that is short of Christ.

Glorify God, in the highest! Glorify 'peace on earth' by refusing it, on ignoble conditions!

Glorify fellowship by offering yourself to society at par. This is the whole program of Christian civilization.

No slavish millinery applied to things comparatively petty has 'glory' in it—such as praying by a time card, reading the bible by pledge, church attendance, church support, 'taking part-aside from singing,' sending verses to the consecration meeting. These, every one good in a measure, and the 'institutional tendency to make the church a place of entertainment—a reading room, a kindergarten, a kitchen, a club, an employment agency, are in the wrong direction and toward the second best, or lower, in personal character, unless the Life which they accompany shows them to be the merest incidents of spiritual health.

I think a church should be a place where a good man, stately, stands up to tell busy men and women and children what God has said to him about current duty, in such a way that no smooth scoundrel can 'enjoy the sermon,' nor any paltry pharisee 'get happy' under it. But nothing could prepare men for such a ministry nor follow as the fruit of such a ministry but 'The Glory of Obedience.'

Meanwhile an extra-church generation rises—recruited in some measure by those who quit her in disgust—that flouts the creed and scorns the message saying, 'I will not' go word in the vineyard, but going 'unchurched,' unpledged, 'unorthodox' about the Father's business. And of these twain it is impossible to doubt which does the will of him that sent us all.

For a dozen years I have not doubted that the church would waken up and keep her word. To that high consummation there is just one route—the way of personal obedience. The Young People's Societies, of which so many of us hoped so much, have proven worthless as the immediate instruments of the highest and most difficult reforms. No perfectly certain cause for this can be assigned. A leadership, careful for everything by prayer and circumspection, with goose-pimples, letting its suspicions be canvassed by the board of trustees, would only make defeat inglorious, not cause it.

Probably it is impossible for any society to take up an unpopular and dangerous reform unless it has been expressly organized for the purpose. It is easy to see the right—and pleasant—but hard to do it. Hence the magniloquent resolutions and contemptible solutions. The grace and strength to do the right that seemed so peremptory and so easy in the convention come to us one by one in loneliness depression, sacrifice, sorrow, immeasurably away from the magnetism, enthusiasm, and shouting of the great assembly.

He "Hadn't Had a Chance."

A few years ago a railway accident happened in the outskirts of a small California village. The only person killed outright was a tramp who was stealing a ride, but a young fireman, who stood heroically at his

post and helped to save the passenger train from destruction, was fatally injured. He was carried to the little inn of the village and two Sisters of Mercy and a physician did their utmost to relieve his sufferings. He begged for a minister, and in a short time, summoned by a swift messenger, a clergyman stood by his bedside. His brother, a brakeman on the same train, and other train hands, were also there, anxious for the faintest sign of hope. 'My dear lad,' said the minister, 'He Who died for us all is your Saviour and mine, now. Do you accept him? Can you trust Him?'

'Yes,' gasped the poor fellow, 'I do believe in Him! But God knows I've worked so hard—sixteen hours every day, and gone to bed so tired—I haven't had a chance to go to church or be a Christian—'

'But, interrupted his brother, sobbing, 'he's been a good boy. He worked night and day to support our crippled sister and mother—and me when I was laid up for a year and couldn't work.'

'Yes, sir, and he took care of me,' declared a big, grimy baggage man, choking so that he could hardly speak, 'when I had the smallpox and nobody else would come nigh—and he almost lost his job!'

'And more'n once,' added a slender-looking youngster, 'he's took my run—after he'd come home tired—when I was too sick to go out. I'd 'a' lost my place but for him.'

'He was the best of us all,' said the conductor, coming in at the moment and giving his cordial word.

The poor fireman smiled upon his friends—a smile of gratitude, mingled with gentle reproach. He had never expected praise. Then his eyes rested pleadingly on the minister.

'Say, mister,' cried his brother, in a tone of anguish, 'God won't keep such a fellow out of heaven, will He?'

The minister could not restrain his tears. He leaned over the suffering youth, and took his hand tenderly.

'The peace of God be on you, my boy,' he said; 'the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ—for you have done His work.'

He could say no more. But there was no need, for the face of the dying lad brightened at the benediction, as if the One his soul groped for had come and looked on him. Then came silence, the silence that owns the presence of death.

After a brief prayer the clergyman turned away. 'It is the final sacrament,' he said, solemnly. 'The religion of Jesus found this toiling soul shut out from its rites of worship. But he lived its deeds, and it could not deny him its last blessing.'

Found.

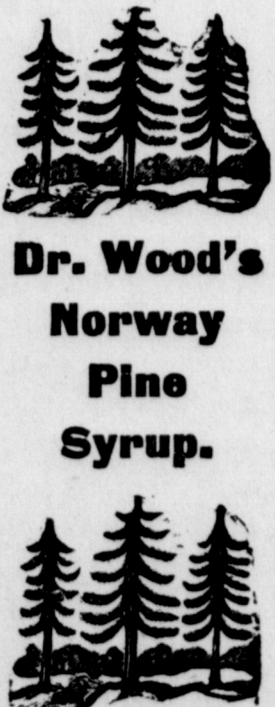
New York City was recently the scene of an incident in which the tragic realities of life were happily transformed in a way as dramatic as pathetic. An aged man, past the allotted years of the psalmist, friendless, helpless and despairing, was rescued from the East River, after an attempt at self destruction. Beyond the fact that he knew his own name, his mind seemed childishly irresponsible.

Touched by his forlorn condition a sympathizing woman interceded for him, and through her pleadings he was removed from the police court to the shelter of an institution established to succour such unfortunates as he.

A few nights later there came to the asylum a stranger whose dress and manner showed wealth and refinement. He said to the superintendent that he had become interested in the old man's story, and that he thought he knew him; he requested permission to see him.

On being brought to him, he gazed upon him with yearning intentness for some time. In saddened disappointment he was about to depart, when pausing, as if struck with

Better stop that cough now with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup than let it run on to end perhaps in Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption. It's a wonderful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds when others fail.



Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Price 25c. & 50c. All dealers.

LAXA-Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 5c. at all druggists.

a sudden thought, he turned to the superintendent, and placing a roll of bills in his hand, requested that the old man be reclothed and shaved, adding that he would call on the following night and satisfy himself more fully.

His request was complied with and he kept the appointment. Again the eager yearning scrutiny, but this time without disappointment.

'Father! Father!' he cried imploringly. 'Do you not know me, your boy Theodore?'

But from the old man's mind all memories of the past had been erased, and he gazed upon the son with eyes from which the glad light of a father's loving recognition was absent.

Deeply moved the stranger explained to the superintendent that his father had been lost to him for twenty-five years; that he thought him dead; but now he had found him, all that a son's love and ample means could do to give comfort and happiness to his declining years would be gladly bestowed. He refused to give his name and with his strong arm guiding and supporting his father's faltering footsteps, they disappeared into the night.

The Blues in Spring.

Despondent, Melancholic and Tired People Are Made Active and Strong by Paine's Celery Compound.

Rundown and Half-dead Men and Women Obtain Health and Strength from the Great Medicine.

The blues, despondency and melancholy make thousands of lives miserable in spring time. Men and women around us complain of tired feelings, nervousness, sleeplessness, stagnant circulation and general rundown condition.

Though not confined to bed, the condition of the thousands of despondent, melancholic, sleepless, nervous and rundown people is sufficiently alarming to demand immediate care and attention. The symptoms and feelings alluded to are the sure forerunners of disease and death.

This particular season should be a time of cleansing, recuperating and strengthening for run down and ailing people. Paine's Celery Compound will quickly banish the blues, despondency and melancholia, and tired feelings will give way to life, buoyancy and full health.

It is suicidal for sickly men and women to mope around in a half-dead condition and shut their eyes to the marvellous blessings that are offered by Paine's Celery Compound. It is the one great medicine in spring time with all classes of our population. Try a bottle and see how rapidly you get rid of every physical burden. Paine's Celery Compound is the kind that "makes sick people well."

Dangers of Newspaper Borrowing.

Here is the latest story of a man who is too stingy to take his home paper: 'A man who was too economical to take his paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbour. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and failing to notice a bare wire fence, ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a \$4 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence, and got into the cornfield, and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four gallon churn into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry, she dropped a \$7 set of false teeth. The baby left alone, crawled through the spilled milk and into the parlor, ruining a brand new \$20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up a eleven setting hens and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.'

A Wonderful Fire Alarm.

A fire alarm recently invented is a combination of the graphophone and telephone. In the use of the talking alarm one of the graphophone machines is placed on each floor of a building and connected with the telephone fire alarm system. For each machine a record is prepared. For instance, the graphophone on the second floor of a building would contain the record, "There is a fire on the second floor" etc. This record is then adjusted so that these words are repeated into the telephone by the expanding of a thermostat whenever a fire occurs. In this way the origin of a fire is located immediately and automatically. The alarm also lights the electric lights in the building, sets a red light blazing in front of the building to guide the fireman, and sounds the alarm

through a giant megaphone—so we are told.

CAPTURING A DESPERADO.

The Coolness of a Western Deputy Sheriff.

Let it be said in the first place that there is nothing of the white feather about 'Tom' McTague. He is cool, he is brave, he is intrepid. Many a daring exploit has he had in which he exhibited the highest qualities of courage. Once—it was back in 1883—'Jim McMasters' [was] sheriff and 'Tom' was undersheriff; there was a gang of horse thieves operating along Flint Creek, in what is now Granite County. They would steal anything from a horse to a telegraph pole. Everybody knew who they were, but was afraid to say a word. Everybody realized if he made a complaint he would be burned out of house and home, his cattle confiscated, all his property either stolen or destroyed, and he and his family left hopelessly ruin.

The leaders of this 'gang of bad men' were 'Mark' Ryan, 'Chris' Gaffney and 'Jerry' Quinlan. 'Tom' McTague got after them. He landed Quinlan all right at New-Chicago. He traced Gaffney and located him and a man named 'Pat' Dooley in a charcoal house at Lion Mountain, in Beaverhead County. 'Tom' left; his horse a mile below and went into the charcoal house all alone.

'I want you, Gaffney,' said McTague. 'I am not Gaffney,' said Gaffney, drawing his gun, 'and you had better get out of here.'

Gaffney had the drop on McTague, and there was no use of parleying.

'Oh, well,' said McTague, 'if you are not Gaffney, I don't want you. I have made a mistake, and beg your pardon. You looked so much like him; you deceived people, and they put me on to you. As a matter of fact, you deceived me myself, for I have seen Gaffney myself once or twice. But come to inspect you, more closely I see well enough that you are not Gaffney, the man I am looking for, and that's all right.'

McTague turned to go. At that moment Gaffney dropped his gun. Quick as a flash McTague, who had his own gun in his outside coat pocket, drew it and had the drop on Gaffney.

'Now,' said McTague, 'no more monkeying, Gaffney, or you are a dead man. You march and do as I tell you.'

McTague compelled both Gaffney and Dooley to march outside the house, threw them a pair of handcuffs with his disengaged hand, and compelled them to put the handcuffs on themselves. Then he marched them down to his conveyance and took them safely to Deer Lodge. Ryan was caught at Glendale.

Unfortunately, however, the people who had suffered from the depredations of the gang were still too terrified to testify against them, and all were acquitted. A year or two later Gaffney was shot dead in a Deer Lodge saloon in a barroom dispute.

A Greater Than He.

It was at a recent review of the G. A. R. that a certain pompous State Senator found himself, on arriving late, on the outskirts of the crowd. Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and some ladies who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly gripman, who was taking a day off, on the shoulder and said in a peremptory tone; "Make way! there!"

"Who are ye pushin'?" was the unexpected response. "Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant statesman. "I'm a representative of the people!"

"G'wan! that ain't nothin," growled the gripman; "we're the bloomin' people themselves."

Lamartine's Wife.

Lamartine's barber, a certain M. Isopy is still alive. He is just ninety-two, and his greatest delight is to talk of his hero. He treasures up a faded daguerreotype of the sentimental politician, who, having been the dominant figure in France, died in obscurity. M. Isopy's shop was the favorite gathering place of the celebrities of '48. It is probable that M. de Lamartine, who used to summon his hairdresser to Macon, employed him as an emissary in those turbulent days. It is pleasing to know from such an authority that Lamartine was the inventor of "genuine bear's grease from Russia," and that this unguent was the cause of the poet's silky locks.

People Lose Faith.

In advertising assertions, because of silly exaggerations. We hope the fault of others will not lead you to doubt our statement that Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is worth the cost of a trial. 25c. all Druggists.

'Did you do a good business on your starring tour?' asked the seedy thespian.

'Um—well, perhaps not so good as the sheriff did,' answered the star thoughtfully.—Chicago Post.