

## Sunday Reading

### A Study of the Parables.

"Two men went up into the temple to pray..... The pharisee stood and prayed.....with himself, God I thank thee that I am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast.....I give tithes.....The publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying God be merciful to me, a sinner..... This man went down to his house justified rather than the other, for everyone that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

This passage ought to be called the parable of the standards. Jesus never published a finer condensation of his philosophy is set forth in this doctrine of justification by humility.

"The strength of humility" is in its telescopic uplook. From the bottom of a well the stars are visible all day long, while to those who work in the sun there are no stars except at night; and even then the high thoughts of their signaling are all but lost amid the colored lanterns of insistent superficial traffic of the earth.

Men are to each other as their standards. The pharisee ranged low. His base line was the prevalent vices. He looked at extortion and was encouraged, from below. He aspired to be better than an adulterer. He could not aspire. The publican ranged high. He took his observations from righteousness. He dared compare himself to God. The pharisee studied the times. The publican considered the Eternal. The pharisee was 'broad-gauge' but low. The publican was narrow but high. The pharisee gloried in his successes. The publican grieved over his birthright. The pharisee was self-centered; his spiritual attitude was 'me.' The pharisee bragged to God: I am better than my neighbors. I am 'a good man in a bad party.' I am 'the least of two evils.' I am a 'half loaf.' I pay taxes I produce revenue. I pay 10 per cent. I am a 'wisely and well-regulated effort.' I am 'the best that can be done now.' I am just as good as I can be and keep my influence. I am as right as I can be and hold my own in this country. If I were better I should only 'waste my influence and throw my strength away.'

The weakness of this is not in the facts. It is more than likely he was something superior to the extortioner; honest in trade, chaste in morals, the best possible product, perhaps, of such a 'plant.' But the plant was set for cheap quality and temporary business. There would be in it no suggestion of immortality, for to be the best man in a bad neighborhood is purely a time proposition. God has not provided any useless opportunities, and a man who can fulfil the end of his career here would have no use for a hereafter. The best argument that I know of in support of a future life is that we are taught by the Creator to try for perfection, which even the most earnest are unable to achieve in this life. If, doing my best toward a perfected character, I tumble into a grave, there has to be a resurrection.

The pharisee gets under way quickly and easily because his gear is low. But he makes no muscle. He gets fat. He does not make red corpuscles. His arteries carry serum and his veins bring it back to the lungs unchanged. His inspirations are slow and shallow. He lives in his bronchi. There is little to purify. These serum good men run awhile but cannot grow in grace or in the knowledge of the Highest, and when the evil days come—such as a difficult election—they go out, blue-lipped and blue-fingered, like candles in carbonic acid gas.

The publican was poor and despised and unsuccessful, but he was set to a high gear. He realized the ethical demands of his relationship, and he challenged the Eternal by his hunger and his need. I have sinned, he said. How about the neighbors? I have sinned. Good enough for a Roman citizens, are you not? I have sinned. What would it amount to if you were perfect in the present state of public sentiment?

I have sinned. God be merciful to me! In such a life doubt has no leverage. To such a cry God has no choice but to attend. And this man went home 'justified by faith,' assured and inspired by the witness within him that he had been heard and answered, while his irreproachable vis-a-vis went down, the same dead level, self-made, self-inspired, self-finished world.

## Losing Flesh

indicates insufficient nourishment. It leads to nervousness, sleeplessness, general debility, and predisposes to Consumption and other prevailing diseases. To guard against these take

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ling, sure of nothing but himself and others lower down.

If any one reads this who has been smiting a secret heartache over remembered blunders and dumbly crying out for respite from the ghosts of hateful hours past and gone, abashed in presence of his own high thoughts, pecked at by daws of ancient indiscretions, done and imagined, let him know, on the authority of Jesus, that these miseries are but the creak of the new spars in the trade winds of immortality and the cure of them is more sail. Have it out with God! and from some midnight 'twister' on the lonesome ocean come forth 'justified'—adjusted to the eternal power and filled with peace that passes understanding. I preach no 'doxy' to you, but I say what I know—that a sense of God is to be had for grieving and praying and obeying; a sense that so fits a man into a kingdom that he gets the poise and quiet of the everlasting, even in his humblest occupations. The scholar with the God consciousness does not remember truth; he is truth, up to his limit. He does not struggle to be brave; he knows no fear. He does not strive nor cry, neither is his voice heard in the streets. He engages society like a gracious but unassuming pinion, true to his neighbor but never untrue to himself. He cuts no new notches in himself to fit a place. God centered, God plumed, God fitted he rattles no anti-devil junk heap. He works the works of him that made the machine.

For illustration of the topic in terms of statesmanship, compare the first Republican President and the last. Read one of the speeches of William McKinley, 'swinging round the circle,' about 'prosperity' and 'benevolent assimilation' and 'national glory' and 'the blessings of God,' while the army rots with beer, and the island natives think Christ and Gambinus are one and the same, and the young and the poor die like flies at the hands of the saloon, and the fouled handed, foul-hearted politicians deny the people's right to make a law, and then read one of Abraham Lincoln's, in which you can fairly see his gaunt arms beating his breasts, his great, sad eyes down looking, while he cries: 'God help me save my country from this sin!'

Which of them, think you, will go down into history justified? I am not maligning the President. He is all he claims to be, or his friends claim he is. He does 'attend church regularly.' He does 'sing the hymns with great feeling.' But he is running by the pharisee chart, and while he may take every prize in sight on the dead level, there are no heights or statesmanship for such as he.

If ever a man sinned against light and power, he has. If ever a man broke faith with the church and forfeited her confidence, he has done so. But I believe that even now, if instead of his unctuous, electioneering platitudes and his obsequious self-satisfaction in the vilest fellowship with Greenhut, Busch and their kind, he would drop his wary eyes to the ground and turn his anxious ear away from it, and smite his breast in agony before God, crying for mercy on his bloody and mercenary administration, he might not mend the times, but he could point the gaze of seventy million people to the eternally righteous thing in any government—a care for its own moral character.

### How He Won Them.

Bishop Whipple says that when he went into the West to preach, he was exceedingly anxious to reach artisans and railway operatives, of whom there were hundreds in Chicago. He called upon William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena railway, and asked his advice as to the

best way of approaching the employees of the road.

'How much do you know about a steam-engine?' said McAlpine.

'Nothing.'

'Then,' said McAlpine, 'read 'Lardner's Railway Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool.'

The clergyman had the practical sense to see the justice of that advice. So he 'read up,' and in due season went to the roundhouse of the Galena railway where he found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. He saw that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, and asked at a venture:

'Which do you like best, inside or outside connections?'

This brought out information about steamboilers and variable exhausts, and in half an hour he had learned more than his book had ever taught him. When he said good-by he added:

'Boys where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be glad to see you and if at any time you need me, I shall be glad to go to you.'

The following Sunday every man was in church.

### God's Messengers.

Bob Dennett had been shut up in the house for a week, with the old doctor in attendance. All the village knew that this was the third mysterious illness which had sent young Dennett home from college within the last two years. The doctor never talked of his patients or of their ailments.

Bob's mother, a pale little woman, who had spent her health and strength in earning money to help the boy through college said only that his life was in danger, when questioned, and turning her back on the curious neighbors, hurried back to his bedside. Strange, brutish cries and groans were heard from the windows of the sick-room for a few days. Then they ceased, and a report spread abroad that Dennett was recovering from an attack of delirium tremens, and the neighbors, with a kindly impulse, asked no more questions of his mother.

Bob was a delicate, nervous lad, weak rather than wicked. He had fallen into the hands of some dissipated men at college, who were poisoning his body and soul as a passing amusement. It was a joke, they thought, to see the womanish boy intoxicated.

He cried out bitterly to the doctor soon after he came to his senses, for he was sincerely ashamed and penitent. 'I've nobody to help me!' he moaned. They talk of God. I've never seen Him. Why doesn't He send messengers, as He did in Bible days? The angels walked on the earth then, it says. Where is God now? Where are they? I am beset by this craving for drink. Why can't He send a messenger to me, if I'm worth saving?'

'You are not worth saving,' said the doctor, quietly, 'unless you try to save yourself. As for God's angels, the world is full of them. Every honest man and good woman is His messenger. Your own mother was sent as straight from Him to you as any archangel who ever brought a message to the world.'

Bob's face paled. A new light came into it. 'You are right. I always took her as a matter of course, but I see now! She is His messenger. There have been others too, who have tried to save my soul.'

'And others who have to lose it,' said the old man. 'You must choose which you will hear.'

Dennett did choose. He left college to avoid his old associates, and began life again in another place; and after a hard

## MR. J. D. ROBINSON,

DUNDAS, ONT.,

Gives His Honest Opinion of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. J. D. Robinson, a resident of Dundas, Ont., has found these pills to do all that is claimed for them and made the following statement of his case:

'Some time ago I obtained a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can now without hesitation say that they have been beneficial in relieving me of an obstinate and long standing complaint affecting my heart and nerves.'

'I was troubled with sleeplessness, dizziness, palpitation and neuralgia for such a long time that I had really given up hope of a cure. Now, that others may learn of the virtues of this remedy, I give my unsolicited testimony.'

'My honest opinion is that there is no cure so good for heart and nerve troubles as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.'

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

and trying struggle, he conquered his weakness. He often said to his companions, with a smile which they did not understand, 'Don't despise common, daily life. Therein some of us 'have entertained angels unawares.'

## How It Excels.

**PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND** Has Virtues That Meet the Most Obstinate Cases.

Its Virtues and Powers Act Directly on the Nerves and Blood.

**The Great Spring Medicine for Every Home.**

Paine's Celery Compound excels all other combinations and preparations as a spring medicine because it works directly on the shattered and unstrung nerves and impure and poisoned blood, from which so many diseases have their origin.

Paine's Celery Compound must not be confounded with deceptive, worthless and short-lived remedies such as sarsaparillas, nervines, tonics and pills that have little or no power over disease.

Paine's Celery Compound has virtues and strengthening powers that quickly brace the nerves, cleanse the blood and restore perfect circulation and digestive vigor. The special mission of Paine's Celery Compound is to accomplish what thousands of doctors fail in—the banishment of old and obstinate disorders from the system, such as kidney and liver troubles, neuralgia, rheumatism and Dyspepsia. All these serious afflictions rapidly disappear under the cleansing and regulating action of Paine's Celery Compound.

If you desire renewed health and true life in the early spring season take Paine's Celery Compound. Firmly and decidedly refuse the SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD that may be offered you by some dealers. Paine's Celery Compound 'makes sick people well.'

### A British Army Idol.

General Hector Macdonald, who has been mentioned as the probable successor of Lord Methuen in South Africa, is one of the few eminent soldiers of the British army who have risen from the ranks. His face is that of the typical Highlander, with high cheek-bones, a hard set chin, and straight fearless eyes. From the day that he walked into Glasgow barefooted and killed until the battle of Majuba, when he was taken prisoner, his record was one straight series of successes won by personal bravery and indomitable pluck.

The disaster of Majuba left a lasting impression of him. Bennet Burleigh holds that Lord Kitchener's achievements in the Soudan were only made possible by the grand work accomplished by Macdonald 'making riflemen from mud.'

In spite of the warm liking he inspires in those above and under him, some of his dusky Soudanese once mutinied against him. His regiment had to make long forced marches under the fierce desert sun, and the conditions were so hard that the men became mutinous. One day Macdonald overheard two or three of the native soldiers saying, 'Wait till the next fight, and I will take care that this slave-driver of a colonel does not come out alive. I myself will shoot him.' Macdonald at once called a halt and sternly ordered the culprits to step out from the ranks. Facing them he cried, 'Now, you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do now? Here I am, shoot me—if you dare!'

The rebels grounded their arms in sullen silence.

'Why don't you shoot?' asked their colonel.

'Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not,' and that reluctant answer explained the secret of Macdonald's power over half-savage soldiers. There was no more grumbling, and the same men, and others like them, followed him devotedly through the battles of Gamaizah, Toski, Alafu, Ferkeh, Abbara, and Omdurman.

The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are 'all run down.' Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

### Chauncey Depew's Station.

Here is a story on Senator Depew told by his anecdotal alter ego, Joseph H. Choate. At a recent diplomatic dinner in London Mr. Choate sat next to a distinguished English nobleman, who, during the course of conversation, had occasion to inquire: 'And to what station in your country, Mr. Choate, does your Mr. Chauncey M. Depew belong?'

'To the Grand Central Station, my

lord,' readily replied, the diplomat, without a quiver.

The Englishman's face clouded for a moment with uncertainty.

'I'm afraid you don't know what I mean,' added Mr. Choate, about to go to his rescue. But his neighbor quickly smiled a glad smile of intelligence.

'Ah! I see, I see, Mr. Choate,' he exclaimed. 'Mr. Depew belongs to your grand, great middle class.'

### A Curious Custom.

In the Moray Firth village of Burghead a most remarkable, and surely unique, ceremony is carried out every New Year's Eve. This is known as the 'Burning of the Clavie.' The Clavie is a tar barrel, specially made for the purpose, and the mode for the right is as follows: A man is first chosen to be the Clavie-bearer then the barrel is lighted, set on a pole, and carried round the town by the bearer. The blazing tar beacon is followed by a mob of people, young and old, who are its close attendants, until it burns itself out, when the staves are eagerly snatched up by the more superstitious, as a piece of the Clavie is preserved in the house throughout the year is supposed to bring good luck.

### Macaulay the Wit.

During the time when Lord Disraeli was startling sober Englishmen by his eccentricities of dress, Lord Macaulay, that was to be, was electrifying his dull witted constituents by his witty sallies and repartee. Having been defeated in 1847, he ran again for Parliament in 1852. For a change he was a popular candidate. One day while standing on the hustings, side by side with his opponent, he was violently struck by a dead cat. The man who threw it immediately apologized, saying he had meant the cat for his opponent. 'Indeed?' said Macaulay. 'Then, I wish you had meant it for me and struck him.'

### We all Think so.

A Philadelphia exchange gives the following opinion of a small girl. The words express what many older people must have felt.

In the waiting room of a large railroad station sat a grave and dignified little girl of perhaps five years. Presently a man in railway uniform came in and bawled out a long list of perfectly unintelligible names. The little girl looked at him disapprovingly. Then she looked at her uncle and said:

'Isn't that an awful silly way for a great big man to talk?'

### He Understood the Business.

First Beggar: 'Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.'

Second Beggar: 'I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses.'

## They Dye for the World.

**DIAMOND DYES** Are Imitated But Never Equalled:

For over a quarter of a century Diamond Dyes have stood the severest tests in millions of homes, and have won a fame and popularity that has made them the world's standard home dyes.

Speculators, for the sake of large profits, have endeavored to imitate the Diamond Dyes, but their productions have always proved miserable failures and deceptions. There is as much difference between the genuine Diamond Dyes and the imitations as there is between a genuine bank note and a counterfeit.

If you wish to dye successfully, profitably and well, avoid all imitation package dyes. Ask for the 'Diamond' and see that you get them.

### From the Seat of War.

'Kentucky seems to be in a pretty lively state just now,' remarked the constant reader to his literary friend.

'It is,' answered the war correspondent just returned from the front at Frankfort. 'When I was there every man I met was either running for office or for his life.'

### The Emphatic Statement.

that The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism is based upon facts. The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

### Good Advice.

Patient: 'Doctor, I am troubled with rheumatic pains, caused, I believe, by the dampness of my new house. What would you advise me to do?'

Doctor (laconically): 'Move.'