

Sunday Reading

Seek, Knock, Give.

"Seek and you shall find." Seek first.
"Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Knock first.

"Give and it shall be given unto you." Give first.

There is much seeking in this world. All are seeking something; selfish gratification the approbation of friends, costly apparel, fine dwellings, high places, riches, honor, fame, all striving, struggling, reaching out eager hands to have them filled with whatever they most desire.

What does Christ say? "Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven!" With what results? "And all things else shall be added unto you." Then this is all the seeking we need to do. Having found Jesus and through him the Kingdom of Heaven, we have all needful things added. We are not to sit down idly, however, expecting every good thing to fall into our hands with nothing done on our part. Having found the pearl which enriches us through all eternity, we are to follow Jesus, even though he lead us into hard work, and we have little earthly reward.

"The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord."

And it the promised all things else prove to be no more of earthly comfort and ease than our Lord had, can we utter one complaint? May we not rather rejoice to be as our Lord? His time and strength were given to his life work regardless of worldly gain or ambition. He was content to have no place to lay his head, and our wants are innumerable. Let us try to measure the needs of life more by his standard, and count it our highest honor to live simply, so that we may have much time and strength to give to our Father's business.

Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven. We thus begin with the highest good, and all less weighty matters will be arranged for us in the good providence of God, so that if we have the Kingdom we have all things.

Seek as Christ seeks, earnestly.

Some of us expect the door to be always open wide into all kinds of temporal and spiritual blessings, and that all we have to do is to walk in and appropriate to ourselves whatever we please. But here again there is something for us to do before we are permitted to enter; a simple thing, but something. Jesus might have made the way of entrance into the highest good much more difficult for us, but he imposes upon us easy yokes and light burdens, that we in bearing them may show our willingness to obey him, and to follow wherever he may lead us; and so he bids us knock at the door, and gives us the assurance that we shall be admitted through this open door into whatever is highest and best.

And even though it be an ever open door, we are to approach reverently, and not with too great familiarity. Jesus does not enter into our hearts rudely, without bidding; he knocks; and if he hears no welcoming voice, he turns away sadly, grieving at our great loss in not receiving him into our hearts, to come again and again with patience and sweetness, hoping to gain admittance at last.

Who will not do so simple a thing as knock, to be received as His guest, and to dwell in Him forever?

Who will not open the door of his heart to the Crucified One, that he may be to him the Abiding Christ?

If every one would say to him as he says to every one, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," how quickly would peace and good will to men reign on the earth, and the strongholds of Satan become the strongholds of the Lord!

Knock as Christ knocks—persistently.

We are inclined to wait until much is given unto us, before we think of giving. Until so much is given to us that it requires no sacrifice or self-denial, and we do not in the least miss what we give. Jesus understood human nature too well not to see our selfishness and provide a remedy; and so he gave up the apparently unreasonable command to give even before we receive. But he no doubt meant, "Give what you have, and more shall be given unto you."

We are all born with some gifts and graces. We can give smiles, love, patience, forbearance, confidence, a pressure of the hand, a word of cheer, a "come up hither." And none of us are so poor that we cannot give money, even though it be but a few pennies, where money is needed. Whatever we have, however small it may be, we are to give continually, and the more we give the more we shall receive. This is not in agreement with any human calculation, but with the divine arrangement; and we all know by experience how beautiful is this arrangement; for we cannot live

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children are sick children. Their inactivity and sober faces are not in keeping with robust childhood. They lack vitality and resistive power, and are very susceptible to colds and contagious diseases.

Scott's Emulsion brings new life to such children. It enriches the blood; it restores health and activity; it gives vigor and vitality to mind and body.

See and find out all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

wholly to ourselves without exhausting ourselves, and the only way to build ourselves up, is by giving ourselves away.

That which we receive is not always of the same kind as that we give, but often far better. The widow who gave the two mites may not have had her store of mites afterward increased, but how far more precious to her was the approbation of her Lord, and the lasting monument his words built to her memory. Let us not be deceived with the suggestion the evil one is always making to us, that we have nothing to give. Poor and meagre and dwarfed must his life be who cannot in some way make the world better and happier for his having lived in it. Let us give, then, of all we possess, as Christ gives, royally.—[From "Here and There a Leaf"]

Would Become a Slave.

Many men in this country have sacrificed property, happiness, and even life itself in the struggle to make themselves or others freemen; but we know of but one man who, from the highest motives, ever sought to become a slave.

Abraham Bininger, a Swiss boy from Zurich, came with his parents to this country on the same brig that brought John Wesley. The father and mother of the lad died on the voyage and were buried at sea, and he stepped alone from the gangway on to a strange continent, where there was not a single familiar face.

This solitude of his childhood drove him close to the friend in whom religion had early taught him to trust.

The orphaned condition of the gentle boy must have appealed strongly to the sympathy of Mr. Wesley, and it was probably the great preacher himself who took him from the ship to the Methodist orphan school in Georgia, where he was educated.

In his youth Bininger gave proof of singularly devout and tender feeling, and this character was intensified with added years. When he had grown to manhood, he asked to be sent to tell the story of the Cross to the negroes on the island of St. Thomas having heard of their great misery and degradation.

When he arrived at the island, he learned that it was against the law for any person but a slave to preach to the slaves. It was the policy of the planters to keep the blacks in ignorance and superstition.

Shortly after this the governor of St. Thomas received a letter signed Abraham Bininger, in which the writer begged urgently to become a slave for the rest of his life, promising to serve as a slave faithfully provided he could give his leisure time to preaching to his fellow-slaves. The governor sent the letter to the King of Denmark who was so touched by it that he sent an edict empowering Abraham Bininger to tell the story of the Messiah when and where he chose—to black or white, bond or free.

It is an easy, comfortable thing now to profess Christianity. There was a time when it brought persecution and contempt. The Christian then had a reward for his self-sacrifice which we have lost in our easy religious lives. Following the Divine Master in flowery paths is not a final proof of Christian worth. Thomas a Kempis felt this and prayed that he might be counted worthy to suffer something for Him—and sacrifices may be made upon altars as truly as under persecution and in the flames and agonies of the stake.

Pointing a Sermon.

There have been many famous divines by the name of Cartwright, but none of them ever stirred more sinners to repentance than the Rev. Peter Cartwright, who rode the circuit in the Northwest so faithfully for many years. The first time his work took him to Ohio the exhorter held a vast camp-meeting, and preached several times every day.

The effect of his sermons was evident to all, but Cartwright's standard was too

high to be easily satisfied. One afternoon, he fairly outdid himself in eloquence. His subject was the second coming of Christ. He pictured the world, running on in its iniquity till Gabriel should sound his trumpet and time should come to an end. He described the agony of the lost and the joy of the saved. As he spoke, his words grew in intensity and pathos, but just as he reached the climax, the loud blast of a trumpet rent the air.

Then there was a mighty sensation. Many fell upon their knees in terror, and began to repent and pray. Men groaned and women screamed, and the voice of the preacher was drowned in the uproar.

Finally the terror began to subside, and then the preacher beckoned to man high up in the boughs of a tree, who descended with a long tin horn in his hand. The congregation grew quiet, scarcely knowing what to think, but Cartwright, breaking forth in tones of fierce wrath, upbraided them.

"If a man with a tin horn up a tree," he cried in his stentorian voice, "can frighten you half out of your poor senses, how will you like it when Gabriel's trump shall sound the knell of the world, and discover you in your sin?"

The sermon produced a great effect, and when it was over hundreds came forward and publicly renounced their sins.

A SOCIALIST'S "NEW CENTURY."

What the More Radical People Think of the World at This Stage.

'Twas the dawn of the twentieth century. Two thousand years of Christian civilization, ten thousand years of thralldom of persecution and misery. I sat in my cheerless attic in the heart of a great city, the fierce wintry blasts were howling without as if endeavoring to conquer the deafening noises created by the city's teeming, restless throng. My mental vision tried to pierce the gloom; it peered back through the vistas of the centuries; all was confusion, all was strife. There was starvation misery and death in the land. The trees were laden with rich fruits, the ground was teeming with golden corn and vegetables. Of meat and bread there was an abundance. A million granaries were full to overflowing. There were four billion dollars called money in circulation. It was called by the wise and learned men a medium of exchange, the possession of which enabled a human creature to purchase the necessities of life. Nations engaged in mortal combat for its possession, that was called progress. Governments were set up by the people and maintained at an enormous cost. Men were elected by the people to run the government who immediately raised immense armies to howl at and rob those who elected them. By degrees the money (which was the purchasing power) was grabbed up by a few men who lived in luxury, sensuality and crime. In order that he be enabled to live the horny handed sons of toil who produced all the wealth gave it away to some one who permitted him to work.

It never entered into his thinking apparatus to keep it himself, or, if he did think of it occasionally he said to his comrades in chains that thing was impossible. The very thought was repugnant to his generous religious nature, he was in bondage, he endured his misery like a stoic. Patiently he awaited the end of his tether in the comforting thought that he would be amply rewarded in the hereafter. In his youth he was taught that way and when he grew to manhood he was frightened at his shadow. Even in his giant strength he never thought he could burst his chains, he became a prey to superstition and fear, his taskmaster profited by his ignorance and encouraged it. He bribed legislatures for that purpose. The system became universal, it was considered a beautiful

Carpenters' Kidneys.



Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

DOAN'S Kidney Pills now on the first sign of Backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

"I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not stoop without great difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic pain in both temples. Seeing the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone. I feel fresh and vigorous in the morning, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CLARENCE E. SEEDS, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.



"Seven days

of wash-day"—so somebody has called house-cleaning—seven days of rasping hard work. This person didn't know anything about Pearlina.

House-cleaning with Pearlina doesn't mean the usual hard work.

Neither does washday. And what would ordinarily take seven days ought to be done in three.

Try Pearlina and see for yourself the saving in time and work and rubbing.

Millions NOW USE Pearlina

ful one and was called civilization. The capital, the instrument of production was in the hands of a few men. On one side I heard the gay and merry laughter of pampered autocrats revelling in luxury and pleasure rushing madly onward and downward to a doom of insanity. The cries and groans of a wretched rabble attracted my attention. They swarmed through the streets of the great city. They were haggard in appearance, their scanty apparel could not protect their shivering forms from the bitter wintry blast. They asserted that they were hungry. Some prayed aloud and some silently to heaven for assistance. Others cursed and swore at their dilemma. While still others heaped maledictions and vituperative wrath on the authorities whom they elected to office. They cried 'give us work, give us bread. The pampered authorities winked at each other and laughed at the rabble.

A hundred thousand stores were filled with groceries, bread and meat while half that number were overflowing with intoxicating beverages. Five hundred million dollars were lying idle in the vaults of the great city. The noise and tumult became deafening. Some of the now thoughtful said that something was wrong with the machinery of government. To a few it began to dawn that socialism was the remedy but their generous and religious natures forbade them to touch a loaf of bread.

In the height of the tumult and confusion a regiment of soldiers recruited from the ranks of the starving populace and armed with death-dealing weapons appeared on the scene. Some of the unfortunate attributed their wretched condition to the great standing armies of the land and proposed to annihilate them. Others with gaunt and sunken frames raised themselves up and declared they would endure some more misery rather than face a shower of bullets. Others advised the people to vote for socialism; they were called fools and should not be tolerated. A few stones and brick were thrown at the soldiers who charged on the crowd and in the scramble which followed some were trampled upon and crushed to death while others committed suicide by jumping into the river which was close by. They were merry times(?) The people indeed were truly generous, they could not be persuaded to own a dollar. They were very law abiding simple folk. The educated gentry were in the minority but they held the reins of government. Their gold and silver tongued lars and political writers flooded the land with trashy literature. They charmed the gullible and easily led with flowery but meaningless language. The working classes found themselves in the same condition that they were three thousand years ago. They are rushing madly to and fro not knowing where. They are in a state of stupor. They are ignorant, superstitious and in chains. The twentieth century is dawning on the horizon. Are we at the zenith of our civilization?

SIX WEEKS IN PAIN DUNGEON.

A Confirmed Invalid From Acute Rheumatism—South American Rheumatic Cure Gave Him His Liberty.

Geo. England, of Chatham, N. B., is a carpenter and ship-builder by trade. Through exposure to all kinds of weather he contracted a most acute form of rheumatism. His joints swelled and stiffened, and he was laid up in his bed for six weeks. After doctors had failed to relieve him he tried South American Rheumatic Cure, and to use his own words: "In 24 hours after I had commenced taking the remedy the pain all left me, the swelling subsided and to-day I am a cured man." Sold by E. C. Brown.

The London Boy Messenger.

A few months ago The Youth's Companion told the story of a messenger boy in London who showed so much intelligence and alertness in the errands given to him to do in that city that he was chosen to carry a message from England to the United States, and to bring back the answer.

The lad—he was only thirteen years old—won the respect and esteem of every one whom he met on his long, rapid journey, and crowds of American messenger boys surrounded him in every city through which he passed, interested in the trust placed in him, and in the notoriety it gave him. They were puzzled by the simplicity

of the boy; by his courtesy, even by the clean, soldierly little figure in its trim uniform. That a messenger boy should be sharp of wit and quick of foot, they knew; but perhaps it had not occurred to them that he should be neat in dress, sincere in speech, and as gentle in manner as any officer in the country's service.

When Jagers returned to London, he received an ovation which would have turned the heads of most boys. The Queen herself, who is quick to recognize merit in all her subjects, in a poor little messenger lad as in a victorious general, sent for him and praised him.

"I just tried to do my best," he said, perplexed by the applause given him. "It has pleased my mother very much."

In at least one American city which he visited, the messenger boys have formed a league for self-improvement. They purpose to keep their faces and hands clean, and their clothes neat; to be quick, truthful and courteous. A picture of Jagers in his uniform hangs in their room.

The lad who, to "please his mother," tried to be alert and polite while running errands in London, little guessed how far the little candle which he lighted would shed its beams.

LEFT HIM TO DIE.

Bright's Disease Pronounced Past Hope by Physicians—South American Kidney Cure is the Life Saver.

A traveller for a well known western manufacturing firm was so hale and hearty that the possibility of his contracting kidney trouble was farthest from his mind, but through constant exposure Bright's Disease, that most insidious of ailments laid hold on him. He doctored for months—physicians gave him but a short time to live. A friend who had derived great benefit from South American Kidney Cure recommended it to him. When he had taken seven bottles all signs of the disease had left him, and today he is as well as ever. Sold by E. C. Brown.

A Claimed Distinction.

The Portland (Me.) Advertiser says: "We do not claim to be the biggest printers and publishers in the world, but we do claim to have the biggest 'devil' in this country in our office. He is Robert Blanchard, of Hinsdale, N. H., and when he is in good trim weighs 406 pounds, but he is a little thin this summer, and now weighs 362 pounds. He is only nineteen years old and holds the medal for champion heavy-weight bicyclist, having gained considerable notoriety in this line."

NATURE'S DIMPLES

Disappear, and Beauty Fades Under the Shadow of Tormenting Skin Troubles, But Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a Quick and Safe Healer.

The unceasing torment of an itching skin, which is the natural consequence and outcome of such skin diseases as tetter, salt rheum, ring worm, eczema, ulcers, blotches and other skin eruptions is allayed in an instant with one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and in a very few days the most stubborn cases give way to its magic healing power and leave the skin whole, perfect, clear and as soft as a baby's. It will cure piles in from three to five nights.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at the cheapest made. 20 cents for forty doses. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Made Him Mad.

A suburban resident of Delaware county is as mad as a March hare, and a signboard did it all. He was driving home one dark night last week, and when the way seemed so long he became uncertain whether or not he was on the right road. He stopped his team at a cross road, clambered out of the wagon, crawled up on a fence and struck a match to read the signboard which he could dimly see outlined. At the peril of his neck he deciphered the sign by the glare of the brimstone, and nearly toppled off the fence when he saw these words: "When in doubt go to Smith's for cod liver oil."

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.

Family History—Little Willie—Say, pa, did you ever have another wife beside ma? Pa—No, Willie. But why do you ask? Little Willie—The family record in the Bible says you married Anno Domini 1874.

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.