

Sunday Reading.

Our Father.

Think what a Father is thine!
He maketh His sun to shine,
And fields that were barren are golden,
The mountains in radiance beholden
Are lifting their heads toward heaven
In praise for the light that is given.
He giveth the plenteous rain,
In blessing it falls on the plain,
And Nature is glad for its flowing
Since things, that were weary of grow-
ing,
Are speaking their thanks through
bright eyes
Uplifted to him, and his skies.
Oh child, whom He loves, believe!
Open thy heart to receive;
Be not afraid of to-morrow,
It is laden with gladness, not sorrow.
Be sure He will answer thy prayer,
And carry thy burden of care.
His is the rain and the sun,
His will through His love shall be
done,
The world of thy life in His keeping,
Is fitter for song than for weeping.
Do not be sad, or repine,
Think what a Father is thine.

Meeting People Half-way.

A company of summer campers sat together under the trees one Sunday as the sun was setting, and sang songs and hymns. Under the influence of the quiet woods and the gathering twilight some thoughtful words were spoken, revealing inner experiences and aspirations. Then one young woman, who was a stranger to most of the company, said she had resolved to live for Christ, and that she took that occasion to avow her purpose for the first time.

A gentleman present sought the young woman after the meeting dispersed and advised her to tell her decision to the pastor of the church she attended, on her return home, and to enter into fellowship with the church. To his surprise she flatly refused. She told him that she knew hardly anyone in the church, that she was a working girl whom the people would not welcome into their society, that they were cold and indifferent, and that the pastor had never shown any interest in her. The gentleman wrote a note to the pastor, mentioning the incident and commending the girl to his attention, and the matter passed from his mind.

Several months later the young woman called at his office. She told him she had a Sunday school class of young ladies, all of whom wanted to be Christians, and that as he had helped her at a critical time she had ventured to ask his counsel how to guide those in her charge. She was animated and earnest, and her eyes kindled as she spoke of her interest in others, in marked contrast to the reserve and indifference she had shown in that first interview. "Why," said he, "you told me the people in the church looked down on you because you were a working girl, and that you could not feel at home with them."

"O," she replied, "that was because I didn't know them. When I came back home last summer I found some of the people welcomed me. I went into the Christian Endeavour Society, and now I'm an officer in it. When I came to get acquainted with the people I found them delightful. I can't tell you how kind they are to me, nor how I enjoy working with them for the church. All my Sunday school class love me, and they will all come into the church, I am sure. I want to show them how to work for Christ, and I want to do more for Him myself."

The lonely, disheartened, suspicious girl of the summer had become in the winter a winsome, loving, and generous servant of others, feeling herself rich in associations and friendships which she had formerly regarded as either beyond her reach or as worthless. Not long afterward her friend heard that she was soon to have a home of her own.

All this wealth of character, affection, and service existed potentially in all the parties concerned on the Sunday evening when the company of campers sang and talked together in the woods. It

only needed that they should meet one another half-way with mutual trust and interest to discover what enriched one lonely life and the church and community and created a Christian home.

Thank-Offerings.

The old Hebrews, in their reverent worship of Jehovah, who brought them out of Egypt, brought their thank-offerings to lay upon his altar.

We are often captives in some Egypt of physical pain that holds us in sore bondage, or in some temporal anxiety that holds us in durance, and if we pray and trust and wait, our Lord brings us out. With a sense of exultation we realize that we are free. After long infirmity the bonds are loosed and we walk among men again doing our work, taking a hand in what is going on, feeling ourselves no longer on the retired list, but in the very midst of the old energies. We are out of Egypt. Perhaps that Egypt was the hardest form of trial, a tense and hidden and wearing suspense on account of some dear child or kinsman who was wandering from the right path. In every town, in every street, in every congregation, there are men and women who conceal bitter and wasting anxiety because of a son or a daughter who is, like the prodigal, astray in a far country. One day the mists part, the shadow lifts, the child comes home. Christ's redeeming grace finds and saves the one who was lost. No more Egypt-gloom for the parent to tarry in now, but the sweet, full radiance of Paradise restored.

Whatever the bounty has been in our case, shall we not signalize our gratitude by a thank-offering?

I heard the other day of a woman who had dreaded for some weeks the ordeal of a hospital operation. It was to be critical, and would be costly. She had the money for it in the house. But one day the doctors came and made an examination, and, to her unspeakable relief, told her that nature had spared her the knife. She was getting well without surgery. There would be no need of what she had feared.

In her transport of grateful joy, she remembered another woman who was suffering and longing to be cured, but who had no time to stop her work, and no money to pay the doctors. She said, "My thank-offering shall go to her. I will give her what I supposed I must spend on myself, and her need shall be my opportunity to testify my thankfulness to God."

The Bible that was Buried.

There lived in the city of St. Louis, a Scotch family, in which there was a dear old grandmother who loved her Bible, and read and studied it daily. She used it so thoroughly and constantly that its leaves became worn and tattered, and in some places the words upon the pages were hardly legible.

It came to pass that this family moved away from St. Louis to a neighboring city. Not desiring to carry anything that could be disposed of, they discarded all articles of furniture and their things which were not of immediate use.

The old grandmother looked at her Bible; it was so large, worn out, and for all practical purposes, as far as she could see, altogether useless. One would naturally suppose that the mere associations would have bound it to her so strongly that she would have taken it at any cost or inconvenience; but, when you are told that she had the old Scotch views that when a thing was useless it should be laid aside, and, moreover, that she wore out a Bible every two or three years, it is not to be wondered at that she was willing to leave it behind as she moved away.

They were burning a lot of rubbish, and she went to get her old book; but, approaching the fire, she clasped it in her arms, and turning away, said, "Never, never can I burn God's word."

"What are you going to do with it, grandmother?" asked one of the household.

"I shall take it into the garden and bury it as I would the precious body of

AS EASY AS A B C

Have you ever noticed that some people when they try to explain something they do not understand use very big words? Sir William Ball, one of the greatest living astronomers, can explain even that difficult branch of science in simple words and phrases. In the same way, people who know how they lost their health and regained it can tell us all about it in words "as easy as A B C."

Take the case of Mr. George Morris, 18 Cathedral Street, Montreal, who, on June 28th, 1909, wrote us saying:—"I would like to join with others who have benefited from the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup by thanking you for the benefit I received from it while suffering from indigestion. I have always been strong and robust; in fact, being a shipper, I was obliged to be able to lift heavy weights. Well, five years ago, I first fell ill. I felt weakness, lack of energy, and lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I suffered such violent pains across my chest and back that I dreaded food and often went hungry. I had bad headaches, and with the least exertion I felt dizzy and the blood rushed to my head."

"This, with foul breath, coated tongue and constant nausea, made me begin to lose hope of ever being well again. But

a friend told me of Mother Seigel's Syrup and I tried it. One week's treatment brought great relief, and when I had used the Syrup one month I was completely cured."

There is no reason to doubt that what Mother Seigel's Syrup did for Mr. Morris it will do for you. It cured him and it will cure you.

Taken daily after meals, it will cleanse and invigorate your system, restore tone and vitality to your stomach and liver, and make you look well, feel well and be well.

Madame Jules Gagnon, of 80 Richardson Street, St. Roch, City of Quebec, testified on July 8th, 1909, that she suffered from dyspepsia for about fourteen years, and during that period endeavored to find a cure for the various sufferings which accompany this malady. The usual heavy feeling and pains after eating had a strong hold on her, and headache, sleeplessness and constipation were among the numerous afflictions with which she was subject to. On account of the long period of her suffering she lost in weight, and her case became nearly chronic. Pains in the back, palpitation of the heart, wind in the stomach and bowels, as well as a sensation of dizziness would frequently attack her, and it often seemed as if she would vomit after meals.

Numerous medicines were tried to overcome the difficulty, and we are informed that Mother Seigel's Pills have given such relief she has no doubt of receiving a permanent cure shortly, and she is very thankful for the benefit that she has received thus far.

INDIGESTION

MEANS—

TORTURING PAIN.
CHRONIC WEARINESS.

WRETCHED DAYS.
WAKEFUL NIGHTS.

It means being "done up," "played out," "bowled over," "good for nothing," all the day and every day. It means starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved brain; in short, it means ruined health and a broken-down system unless you root it out without delay.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard remedy for indigestion in sixteen countries. Its unrivalled reputation is backed by nearly forty years' unbroken success in curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the stomach, liver and bowels. Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the extracts of certain roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels, and has no equal as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy. This is the testimony of tens of thousands of persons whom it has cured after all other medicines had miserably failed. Here is a case in point:—"Five years ago I began to feel out of sorts; felt weakness and lack of energy I had never felt before. I lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I always had pains in my back and chest. I had headaches, giddiness, unpleasant breath and coated tongue. I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and in one month was completely cured."—George Morris, 18, Cathedral Street, Montreal. 28.6.09.

GIVES

STRENGTH
TO THE
WEAK.

ENERGY
TO THE
LANGUID.

COMFORT
TO THE
DYSPEPTIC.

GOOD DIGESTION TO ALL

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