

## Sunday Reading

### The Noblest Grace

'Tis something, when the day draws to its close,  
To say: "Tho' I have borne a burdened mind,  
Have tasted neither pleasure nor repose,  
Yet this remains—to all men, friends or foes,  
I have been kind."

'Tis something when I hear Death's awful tread  
Upon the stair, that his swift eye shall find  
Upon my heart old wounds that often bled  
For others, but no heart I injured—  
I have been kind.

Praise will not comfort me when I am dead;  
Yet should one come, by tenderness inclined,  
My heart would know if he stooped o'er my bed  
And kissed my lips for memory, and said,  
"This man was kind."

O Lord, when from Thy throne Thou judgest me,  
Remember, tho' I was perverse and blind,  
My heart went out to men in misery,  
I gave what little store I had to Thee,  
My life was kind.

—W. J. Dawson.

### Concrete Praying

Dr. Torrey related the following touching story:

"In my first pastorate there was a mother who had for a son, I think, the most incorrigible little boy I ever knew in my life. This mother in despair came to me one day and said:

"Mr. Torrey, you know Lailey?"  
"Yes, I know Lailey; everybody in town does."

"You know Lailey isn't a very good boy?"  
"That was a euphemistic way of putting it, and I admitted that I knew Lailey was not a very good boy. Everybody in town knew that. She continued:  
"I am at my wit's end. What shall I do?"

"Did you ever try prayer?" I said.  
"Why, of course I've prayed."

"That is not what I meant. Did you ever ask God definitely to regenerate your boy, expecting Him to do it?"

"Oh, I don't believe I have ever been as definite as that."

"Then," said I, "you go right home and be as definite as that."

"She did so. I think it was from that very week a change came into that boy's life, and he grew up into active Christian manhood."

### Something Practical

"William," said Aunt Ann to her husband, after the tea had been cleared away, "let's go to the missionary meeting to-night." Uncle had forgotten that there was a meeting, and when he was reminded that a returned missionary was going to tell all about India at the church, he did not seem over-enthusiastic.

"I oughtn't to go anywhere to-night!" grumbled Uncle. "I ought to be doctoring my sick horse."

"Well, you're not doing it, and you're not likely to do it. Get ready and go."

Uncle William meekly obeyed. He sat patiently through the meeting, which was both interesting and profitable. At the close of his discourse the returned missionary said:

"I will wait a few minutes now for the purpose of answering any question that interested persons in the audience may wish to ask."

For half a minute nobody spoke. Then, to the horror of Aunt Ann and the astonishment of the congregation, Uncle leaned forward and asked:

"What do they use in India to cure horses that have got the heaves?"

### The Walk of Faith

By Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler

The whole walk of faith through life is the simple but sublime reliance upon an Almighty arm that is never seen, but always felt. This accounts for the fact that the word "trust" is the key word of Old Testament theology, and the word "believe" is the key word in the New Testament. They both mean substantially the same thing. And when our Heavenly Father saith, "Cast thy burden

upon Me," and our loving Redeemer saith, "Cast the load of thy sins upon Me," they expect us to take them at their word.

### Running Down The Church

The easiest way to get a reputation as a thinker—among the thoughtless—is to run down the church.

Talk about its exclusiveness, its pride, its bigotry, its stagnation, its stinginess, its stupidity.

Go for it. Hit it hard. Slap it on one cheek and bid it turn the other. Step on its toes. Pull its nose. Slash its clothes. And then, when you want money for

your outside-the-church-circle reform, turn to church members to finance it. When you want voters for your People's Party, address the prayer meetings. When you want more beds for the hospital, and a new park for the slums, go to the followers of Jesus Christ.

For without the church of our blessed Redeemer there is not one forward step of modern civilization that would be taken, not one increase of justice for labour that would be obtained, not one degree that would be marked toward noon on the sundial of the ages.

Yes, kick the church, and satirise it, and make a mock of it, for it is demonstrably full of faults.

But it is the best this old world has.



# TIRED NERVES

What is so thoroughly exhausting as a day's shopping! And what of the girls behind the counter? Standing for long hours day after day, with nerves continually at high tension, waiting on impatient men and exacting women—what could be more wearing on the delicate, nervous system?

Is it to be wondered at that overstrained nerves give out, that there are many headaches, much sleeplessness, and tired, draggy feelings in the mornings. "Only tired," you may say, and yet this pretty nearly sums up the symptoms of an exhausted nervous system. This is the warning that vitality is waning, and that you must get the process of restoration established. Rest and recreation may not be within your reach, but Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is, and it will do wonders in helping you back to new health and vigor. People everywhere are finding this out. In home and office, store and factory this great Food Cure is being tested out, and proving over and over again its efficacy as a means of restoring and reconstructing the wasted and depleted nerve cells. Ask your friends about it. Better still, put it to the test in your own case, and you will then understand why so many people are talking about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

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