# NEED ALL ROUND DUTY

TO BUILD UP PERFECTLY ROUND. ED CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

### KEEP ONE'S OWN VINEYARD

Must Not Be Neglected and Permitted to Fall Into Decay While Doing the Duty Required by Obligations to Others-What Is Required of a Man Described by the Preacher In a Practical Sermon.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Can-ada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Diver, To-ronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 16.-This timely sermon, appropriate to the season of the ingathering of fruits, brings to us a breath of the vineyards. The Mext is Canticles i., 6, "But mine own vineyard have I not kept."

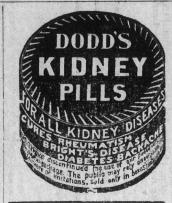
Yes, I have seen a neglected vineyard. No man can fully understand what my text means unless he has roamed through one and has seen the rabbits scurry through the weeds two feet high and has lifted up the long unpruned vines heavy laden with undeveloped grapes in meture, through developed grapes, immature through lack of care, and has seen how the suckers have shot out from under the crowns as vipers sapping away the strength of the vines, and yet, as a rule, bearing no fruit. Yes, I have theen through such a vineyard. I have wandered through one, accompanied by an old vine grower. I have seen him pathetically lift up vine after vine, as a physician might look at the gangrened limb of a little child, which decomposition has been caused by the lack of care, and has seen how grened limb of a little child, which de-composition has been caused by the malpractice of an ignorant doctor, and I have heard him say: "Shame! Shame! If it a perfect shame to let this vine-yard go to waste. Why, even after this sineglect, there are at least sixty pounds of good grapes upon that one vine alone. Shame, shame, to destroy such a vineyard as this growing upon such wich soil!" Perhaps you would like to know how

we came to see this fine vineyard going to waste. I had turned my steps homeward. My summer vacation in southern California was about ended. The duttes of a busy pastorate were calling one back to the city. With a compansion, I was taking a short cut through one of the very rarely traveled can-yons, when suddenly, as night overtook us, we came upon a deserted farm, or ranch. It was in one of the garden spots of the world. For nearly twenty years its owner had lived there, battling against consumption. A few months before we arrived the end had come, and his pain-racked body was placed in the dust from whence it came. For some years before he died all his energies were evidently exhausted in a physical struggle for mere existence. There were the broad fields stretching away, practically uncultivated. There were the beautiful trees near to his tranch home just as nature had grown them. There were the deserted rooms of his dwalling with overfiche. onem. There were the deserted rooms of his dwelling, with one of the walls fallen in upon his empty bed. The books and weekly periodicals were still lying around. There were even some of his canceled cheques lying upon the fact. There was a farm, or ranch of the contract of the contrac fisor. There was a farm or ranch, of 500 acres, 300 of which were tillable, with their orchards and fields and vine-yards, but with no hand to care for them. The doves, the qualls, the rabbits the hear them. The doves, the qualis, the rap-bits, the bees, were everywhere holding high carnival. As we lay for a few mights under those trees we could hear the wildcat's snarling calls and the fex's barks and the coyote's yells as they were starting out to hunt their prey. It was a beautiful, but a sad, sad, sad place. For this place, like prey. It was a beautiful, but a sad, sad, sad place. For this place, like Witcor Hugo's Notre Dame, had a spirit. We could see moving everywhere the frail, sick form of the late owner, who, on account of his physical alments, had been compelled to neglect that the same much have been some excuse.

There might have been some excuse for the sick man who owned this neglected vineyard of which I have spoken to have neglected his vineyard, but there is no excuse for us to neglect our spiritual vineyards, as the author of Canticles declares the church of God has been doing. Now, as we all, each fall, delight to eat the case we all, each fall, delight to eat the wich, susclous grapes which are placed sipon our dising room tables I thought this morning I would draw my sermonic illustrations from the vineyard fandastries of the world. My comparison will not be found in the grape-wines which some of us relies in our country homes, where we build a little starter in our back yards and there allow a few vines to grow ever it, under which we flee to escape the insertance of the midnoen sun. But I will draw my illustrations from the great grape industries of Maly or Spain or southern California, as well as that of the Holy Land, where grape as that of the Holy Land, where grape

stretch themselves over hundreds and sometimes thousands upon thousands of acres, as the cornfields spread themselves over the prairies of Kansas or the wheatfields grow in the Dakotas.

The words which introduce my text are: "My mother's children are angry with me. They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." That is the word picture of a son who has been left the executor of his father's estate. The last sickness has come. The funeral is over. The will has been read. The will goes something thuswise: "This is my last will and testament. If I should be called suddenly away, I leave all my vineyards to my children, share and share alike. But that these properties may be made to pay their maximums, I leave my oldest son as the executor I leave my oldest son as the executor of the whole estate. He is to prune the vineyards and cultivate them and market the fruit and divide the proceeds with the other children, until they become of age and can care for their own." The eldest son is constituted by the constitution of their own." The eldest son is conscientious. He takes care of the vine-grards of his brothers and sisters, culti-wating and pruning them, and brings them to a high state of development. Each of the vineyards goes out of his hands as one brother or sister after another comes of age. The eldest son



wineyard has fallen into ruin. The writer is describing the folly of a one-sided policy, the neglect of one duty to perform another; as the teacher, so attentive to the progress of his own pupils that he neglects his own development and falls behind his time or the prespect intent on the well-

dians under the old Spanish regime."
"But what if a man neglects his vineyard or waters it too much?" "If a
man tries to force a vine's grapes and
does not allow it to sink its roots deep
enough into the seil, that vineyard
will die. In other words, if a man
cares for his vineyards aright they
have practically no age limit. With
my eyes I have seen luscious grapes
growing on vines over ninety years
old." This was the testimony of the
grape grower. Did not your Christian,
godly parents care for their gospel
vineyards aright? Did they not let the
roots sink deep enough into the ground
to bury their fibers in the rich soil
which lies deep under the Calvary
cross?

When the springtime comes, the rich, green, tender shoots begin to grow, upon which the rabbits love to feast. To prevent this injury, the wise owner of the vineyards builds his wire fences clear around the vineyard to keep the four-legged pests out. When the army worms marshal their hosts by the worms marsal their nosts by the thousands and the millions and the billions and move forward to annihilate those vineyards, the owners of the vineyards dig their deep, wide trenches about their precious fruits so that these worm destroyers cannot get in, as the cavalier of mediaeval times had his moats filled with water about his walled castle to keep the enemies out. With the rich grapes come, the vineyard owner has his armed men, as sentinels, continually moving in and out among the vines to drive away the quali that would eat up the young grapes. Thus did your Christian father and mother continually build their spiritual wire

# Free to You, My Sister

Free to You and Every Sister Woman Suffering from Woman's Ailments



I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's aliments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor.

fences and dig their ditches and fight away the little foxes of evil and the quall of temptations which would come to destroy their spiritual vineyards. Did they not daily lift between themselves and the world the precious promises of God? Aye, they literally soaked their lives in the commandments of God, so that they could not be tempted by any temptations greater than they could

Do not tell me that when your Christian father died he left you no inh ance. You say, "When he died farm went to my elder brother." farm went to my elder brother." But your father's greatest asset was not in his farm. You say, "He had a little money—a few thousand dollars—but he left all that to my mother and invalid sister." But you father's estate had more than money. You inherited his spiritual vineyard. You have inherited his example of a Christian life well lived. You have inherited the example of the joy and peace which come to a noble Christian man who, in every word he speaks and in every deed he word he speaks and in every deed he does, speaks and lives for God. Am I wrong in declaring that the vineyards which have come to you are inherited vineyards? Your inherited spiritual vineyards are as old as the prayers your father made on the day he first knelt at the communion of the Lerd's own development and falls behind his time, or the preacher, intent on the welfare of his flock, while his own sons, who had the first claim on him, are neglected and go to ruin.

"How long do the grapevines live?" I asked an old grape grower. "Do they have a comparatively short life, like that of the peach tree, which, as a horse, dies from old age anywhere between fifteen and twenty years? Do they live on and on, as the walnut tree, bearing even after it has reached the century mark?" "Well," answered this vineyard grower, "that depends. If a vineyard is taken care of the vines seem to have no age limit. There are in southern California grape bearing vines which were planted by the Indians under the old Spanish regime."

"But what if a man neglects his vineyard or waters it too much?" "It a wineyard in the day he dedicated you to God when you left the day he made on the day he dedicated at the church altars. They are as old as the prayers he made on the day he dedicated you to God when you left the day he made on the day he dedicated you to God when you left the day he made on the day he dedicated you to God when you were born: I give you to God when you were born: I give you to God when you were born: I give you to God when you were born: I give you to God when you were born: I give you to God when you were born: I give you to God ove he he day he dadicated the church altars. You have inherited those vineyards di rectly from your father's and mother's Christian lives and consecrated home. You cannot if you would, and you would not if you could get away from this vital, spiritual, life-giving doc trine.

alone. We also inherit a vast acreage of rich, uncultivated soil, upon which we should plant new vineyards and enlarge our grape producing regions. In other words, no child has a right to be content with the work which his forefathers accomplished. Each new forefathers accomplished. Each new generation has greater opportunities for doing good than had the generations which preceded it. Therefore, it is your duty and mine to be continually going ahead and doing larger and grander and nobler work than did our fathers and mothers. We should profit by their mistakes as well as successes. by their mistakes as well as successes. To speak figuratively, by standing upon their broad shoulders we should lift our heads higher than they did. There-fore we should have a larger horizon for our gospel vision.

It is of infinite importance not to neglect the old gospel vines which have been carefully cultivated by our Chris-tian ancestors. But is that any reason to neglect new fields of gospel labor? John Knox led his gospel mission to the court of Mary, Queen of Scots, and he did a great and good work, but that other mighty Scotchman, Alexander Duff, was not content with serving his own country, but proceeded to offihis own country, but proceeded to contivate new gospel vineyards and went as a foreign missionary to India. The Bedford allegorist, John Bunyan, was wilking to languish in jail because they would not let him preach as a nonconformist minister, but that other great nonconformist English preacher, William Booth, resolves to break away from his Methodist brethren in order to lead the Salvation Army in its gospel mission among the slums and to the outcasts of the world. Abraham Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation for the American slave. Booker T. Washington resolves to take the outcasts of the world. Abraham Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation for the American slave. Booker T. Washington resolves to take another step forward and kad his negro compatriots into the higher realms of domestic purity and mechanical and agricultural usefulness and Christian citizenship. Our Christian mothers believed as Paul commanded the ancient disciples in his Corinthian epistle, "Let your women keep silence in church, for it is not permitted unto them to speak," but their daughters will not be debarred from service, so they find work for a Frances E. Willard and a Frances Time was to sainted mother's than ever before, and he said: "But, papa, you are old enough. Why do you not join the church and pray as Harry's father prays?" Then he said to you: "Papa, do you suppose when I get to be a great big man like you are I won't want to go to church any more than you do? Then will I want to leave Sunday school and stay home from church every Sunday morning and read the newspapers as you do and let mamma go to church alone?" Was it the child alone pleading with you for Christ. Was it your sainted mother? Tell me, man, are you going to let daughters will not be debarred from service, so they find work for a Frances E. Willard and a Frances Havergal and a Susan B. Anthony and a Maud Booth and for thousands upon thousands of noble women and young girls, who are pleading for Christ in our midnight prayer meetings, and who are working in our rescue missions, and who are the leaders of our social settlements, our Christian Endeavor societies and our Epworth Leagues. Oh, my dear friends, our Christian fathers and mothers did a mighty work for Christ in the times in which they lived. But what greater gospel work are you doing? What further mission-

sider. I want to tell you how to cure your selves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cassor understand woman's sufferies and mothered did a mighty when we women knew from experience we know better than any doctor. I know than help the how the women knew from experience we know better than any doctor. I know than help how treatment is a safe and sure cure for Lescorrhose or Whitshe Bleedarges, Ukeration. Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profess, Seastly or Paintel Perioda, Uterino of Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, beet and beweith, besting down feedings and head of the safe and sure of the safe and sure of the safe and sure of the safe and surely. I want to send you a complete ten days to see part of the safe and surely. Remember that it will cost you can cure yourself at home, easily, quick an only her safe and surely. Remember that it will cost you can be surely to the treatment, for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by the production of the safe and surely. Remember that it will cost your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by the production of the safe and surely. When he have been too indifferent and lary the safe and surely. When he have been too indifferent and lary the safe and surely with a present of the safe and surely with any safe and planted only here and there a stray when he have any safe and planted only here and there a stray when he have been too indifferent and lary to should which to continue, it will not your safe and planted only here and there a stray which and it was a strain to think for the safe and surely with any safe and planted only here and there a stray which and the safe and surely with any safe and planted only here and there a stray which and the safe and surely will be to compare the safe and surely will be to compare the safe and surel Is not this fact true in your life? You

# No Gas or Dust Can Escape from this Furnace

THE CHATHAM DAIL PLANET

There is only one way to build a gas-tight and airtight furnace.

We have patented this way of fusing the joints. The "Hecla" is the only furnace built this way.

Remember the old time log cabin? That's the old principle on which most furnaces are built. Parts are put together as tight as possible, and the cracks and uneven places filled up with cement.

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know your little boy wants to bec a Christian. His very face shows that a Christian. His very face shows that he has your godly mother's consecrated blood in his veins. You see her looks there more every day. About three weeks ago he came home from Sunday school and told you about his lessons. If I remember right, it was about the parable of the householder who had rich grape producing soil. He planted a vineyard therein and let it out to the husbandmen. Then he went off into a far country. But when the time of grapes had come these husbandmen stole the vineyard from its owner and killed his messengers who came to

killed his messengers who came to collect the rent. Then at last they

collect the rent. Then at last they killed his only begotten Son, who was Jesus Christ.

You will recollect how sweetly the boy told you the story. Then with his deep blue eyes he looked up into your face as he said, "Papa, will you tet me join the church and give my heart to Jesus?" What did you tell him? You quickly answered: "Charley, you are not old enough. Wait a few years and then you can." Then he looked up at you again. This time his face looked more to you like your face looked more to you like your sainted mother's than ever before, and

# DISTRICT

McKAY'S CORNERS.

Mrs. McRitchie spent Thursday in

Miss Rose Morrison, of Chatham, 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

spent the week with Mrs. McRatchie.

A. 1. McCall & Co. Mrs. Wm. Stenton, of Port Lamb-

dence re-painted, which adds me to its appearance.

Mr. Irwin, of Mt. Pleasant, Mich.,
visited in the district the past week.

The oil excitement has apparently passed away.

Keep the little ones healthy and happy. Their tender, sensitive bodies requires gentle, healing remeboday, 10th, after spending a week of Toronto and Peterboro.

happy. Their tender, sensitive bodies requires gentle, healing remebodies. Hollister's Rocky Mountain. Tea will keep them strong and well.

NORTH ORFORD.

for a few days.

Mrs. D. A. Hutchison, of the Maple City, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. J. Galbraith.

Mrs. L. A. Galbraith and son Don are visiting at Mr. and Mrs. James Brydeon, Swansea, for a few days.

Mrs. R. B. Stenton, who is seriously ill, is recovering.

Mrs. Afbert McRatchie and daughter Freda, visited with friends here the past week.

Dr. McRatchie is having his resi-

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may be either hereditary or contracted. The former causes sceners, the matic sains, scrotla, etc. The latter begins with a small emption, followed by sores in the mouth and throat, which have the appearance of white patches, spots or sores on the body. face or scalp, falling hair said eyebnows, and later on the scenerous growths, decayed bones and fieth.

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