

Why? Why leave for the evening shadows
The duties of early day?
Why grudge until bleak December
The kindness we owe in May?
This time for the bud and blossom
When skies are serene and blue;
Who soweth in chilly antumn
Beaps harvest of bitted rus.

Thy frown or thy harsh unkindness, As bitter as draught of gall, May sting thee as ecourge of nettles Ere lowers night's sable pall; Bewarze lest thy tardy kisses Fall madly on lips of clay, Or heart thou this morn couldst co

fort Be pulseless ere close of day.

Be kind while Life's morn still lingers;
Thy love and thy helpfel hands
Shall be as the founts of water
To wander o'er desert sands;
A word from the heart, in kindness,
May pierce the gray mists of pain,
And erch o'er the hills eternal The rainbow of hope again.

—Mary E. Killing

Prayer.

Prayer.

Our God and Father, we come to Thee as those whom sin has smillien and who have been made sick and blind by its dendly stroke. Unless Thou shalt heal and save us, O God, we must die. We thank Thee that Thou hast provided a remedy. We bless Thee for Jesus Christ Thy Son, whose suffering brings us health, and by whose death we live. Help us to lift our eyes to Him, exalted once upon the cress and now upon the throne, but evertwore a Prince and Saviour, who gives repeniance to His people and the remission of their sins. Belleving in Him, may we find fergiveness and deliverance. May our lives be made pure and strong and fit for the service of our Heavenly King. May there begin within us, even now, that life eternal which springs from the knowledge and love of God. Amen.

Wear Your Troubles Inside.

Many a man gets into the habit of carrying his troubles in his face. The eyes tell it, the droop of the lip speaks it, and bowed head reveaks it, and the footfall is full of it. He has run up the flag at half-mast, and he carries it everywhere, so that his whole little world is compelled to know his sorrow. Is this natural? Possibly. Is it wise? Probably not Is it fair? Surely not, Is it a sign of weakness? Undoubtedly it is. Is there a better way? Surely there is. First, a man must make up his mind to expect his share of trouble, and perhaps a little more. Then he should make up his mind to bear his trouble manfully, i. e., with patience, with courage, and with hope. The world has enough trouble of its own; let us not add to its burden! It should be the aim of every, Caristian man and worsen to become Wear Your Troubles Inside. Christian man and women to become strong, and when strength is won to use that strength in bearing the burdens of others. Trery sorrow mastered, every burden is no inside instead of outside, makes us stronger, and leaves the world brighter. Learn to smile, get the habit of 8: bearn to sing, make it also a habit; and you will be surprised how much brighter it makes the world, not only to others, but to yourself! The smile and the song lessen the burden and light up the way.—Christian Guardian. Christian man and women to become

The Paths of Death. The Paths of Death.

There are two folds upon the hill,
And one is lone and very still
Only the rustle of a leaf
Gives happy sound of life and stir,
And warbles bubbling bright and brief
Where the bird skims with fearless whirr,
Or a bee rifling on his way
The hones from a wild-ruse stray.

Or a bee rifling on his way.
The honey from a wild-rose spray.
Sometimes a soft and summer shower
Drops gentle music hour by hour,
Or a long breath of wandwring air
Makes melancholy murmur there,
And all is cakin and full of peace
There where the dead have sweet sur

There where the dead have sweet surcease.
Within that other place of graves
The wild rains fall, the wild wind raves
In every dusky alley met
Sad ghosts, who beat an aching breast
With anguished longing and regret,
Remember that they once were blest.
The heart gone out of them, the soul
Fled outward to some unkniwn goal.
For them no glad and further year,
Ashos the rose, and beauty sere,
Without a wish except to fill
Their eyes with dust—the dead who still
With ruined hope and joyless mirth
Go to and fro upon the carch!
—Harrie: Prescott Spofford, in Scribner's.

It has been well said that there is no part of the Bible in which the great at-tributes of God—His omniscience, His

It has been well said that there is no part of the Bible in which the great attributes of God—His omniscience, His omnispresence and a devont and reverent and noble soul, awed and humbled by the thought of One whose knowledge entoursess the whole details, and before whose all seeing eye the secret things of life are maked and open. His mind is overwhelmed at the thought of the divine omnipresence, so that His presences and powers are felt in the utterness reaches of infinite space as well as near at hand. It is no local or tribul desity that rises before the mind of the Rodinkt, but One who is all knowing everywhere present, and all powerful, the great First Came, the enception of God that we find in this pealm. God is imminest in the universe, but He also transcessed it. The personality of God as distinct from all erested things and adminent from all thuman personalities is cleanly stated.

To us eniddres of an hour, living our little round and with our narrowed range of risions, this connesption of the divine orniprosence is one at ones to save and incipire. The thought that God is everywhere, and that acting can separate us from His to the one who has learned to know Him in Jesus Christ as a presicus thought to the one who has learned to know Him in Jesus Christ as the Father of infinite and unchanging love. By see or by land, in sunskine of the divine orniprosence is one at ones to awe and stong. Distance from those and frismed our hearth see mande find and brave and strong Distance from home and frismed our bearing and contract see mande find and brave and stong Distance from the case and frismed or processed from the first processes of the contract we and not any particular to the contract of the divine compresses in the search processes in the provide the processes of the contract of the divine ornitors. The s

But there is another side of the shield. The truth that is full of comfort to the one who is seeking to bring his will into harmony with the divine will; is full of terror to the one whose life is in antagonism to the great law of righteousness, and in whose deepest heart there is the sense of guilt and unforgiven sin. It is a commonplace and yet an important thought that a man, go where he will, can never get away from himself or from God. The guilty man flees from the presence of his fellows and seeks to bury himself out of the sight of yil who know him, but many a man has realized in his own bitter experience the truth of the Faalmist's words: "It I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the durkness hidsch not bron Thee: but the right shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both aske to Thee."—M. McGregore.

Thee. "—M. McGregor.

The Power of Christ.

The Power of Christ.

There is an invisible source of energy of which everyons may awa?! himself; but this energy is available only for good, never for exil. It is more than a match for all the exil Perces which combine to inra us away from the right way. It is abundantly sufficient to support us in all the adversities of this world. It is fully adequate to any burdens of daily which may be hid upon unders of daily which may be hid upon ut has a some exceedingly sharp pain. He prayed three times for its removal, and this is the answer he received, "My grace is safficient for thee." The grace of Christ is an inward energy which He bestows on all those who follow Him and trust in Him. Paul feth himself is stronger with his affliction than without it, because of the support of this grace. Therefore he says, "I will glory in my infirmity." He had other things in which he might glory. He had a wonderful vision. He was caught up into the third heaven, where he saw and heard things which it was not lawful to tell. But he would not glory in this vision. He rather glories in his affliction, because this furnishes a splendid opportunity for the grace of God to manifest itself through him. No matter what comes so it be a channel for the grace of God to flow into the soul. "I will glory in my infirmity that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Let no one flee from his affliction. Let him not fear tribulation. Terrible as it may seem, grace is more than a match for it. The power of Christ shall rest upon us.

The Gospel of the Out-of-Doors. The Power of Christ.

rest upon us.

The Gospel of the Out-of-Doors. meant for it, and he cannot be separated for it without suffering loss. The truth of this the wearied nerves, the weakened muscles, the lowered vitality of the city of welcors abundantly attest. It is hard to live the artificial life without paying the loss of the truth of the string of the city of the ci God's great, bright, free, living, cut-of A Tornado of Stars.

door world.

A Tornado of Stars.

Scattered throughout the unfathomable realms of infinite space, some travelling in a defined orbit round the sun, some apparently aimless wanderers of the acther, some weighing many tons, some not more than an ounce or two, some not more than an ounce or two, are countless myriads of bodies, mostly metallic, ever careering through the void at a velocity computed at about twenty to thirty miles every sec and of time, (the speed of the swiftest projectile fired from a modern cannon is considerably less than three housand feet—about half a mile—in a second). And ever onwards and onwards through the wilderness of the illimitable these errant wandevers pursue their lightning career; until, coming within the attractive power of some sun or planet, they plunge headlong into its midst; in the former case in a moment transmuted into incandescent gas and adding to its fucl; in the latterit small, burnt un hy into incandescent gas and adding to its fuel; in the latter, if small, burnt up by fuel; in the latter, it small, burst up by friction with the atmosphere and change ed into meteoric dust; if large, probably exploding by the sudden and intense heat caused by that friction, or with a roar as of thunder hence the name thunderbolt—burying itself deep in the



Our Scotch Corner

A HOGMANAY PARTY AT LAUCHIE'S.

(By Sandy McGlashan.)

"Sandy," says Kirtsy to me twa three nichts sin, "Mrs. Robison wis roond—this efternune."

That's wan o' Kirtsy's stock sayin's.
Lauchie's guidwife looks in aboot three times a week, sythur for the name. a' things a dagout lee," says M'Phail. An' Miss Johnson, lukin' awfut pleased at themes a week, sythur for the name. a' the men quarrelin' ower her, says the mlaisterer, or to see if Kirtsy kens

the auspeeshus nicht, Kirsty an' me, in oor Sunday claes, stood ootside Lauchie's door, an' hauf a meenit efter ringin' the bell we were inside, shakin' hauns a'

seeks." cries oot, interested like, "Hiv be gotten 'er, Davieson." Never heed, 'Man, sich a crood in a two-room-an' kitchen hoose ye never saw. Forbye Lauchie an' the wife, an' their laddie an' lassie, there wis seeven weemin an' aicht men, an' the lauchin' an' roarin' wis like bedlam.

Just afore aicht o'clock Lauchie an' the wife cam' intae the kitchen frac ben the hoose (we were a' in the kitchen at the hoose (we were a' in the kitchen at the wife cam' intae the kitchen at the bit o'p paper the names o' the deeferent pertners fur the tea table. He wis kin' o' ecksited, an' cried them oot as fast as he could, an', of corace, there bid it be as mix up. Wullie M'Nab an' a chap ca'd M'Phail (a mate, or something o' the Man, Bille, Lauchie's as cunnin' as a whispered t' Sandy Bannatin that "it

"Wheesh-sh-sh!"

"Here, Lauchie," says Wullie, "see's a luk at that programme o' yours."

"Oh! you sailors, you sailors," says Miss Johnson, "you're awfu' men."

Jiai at that Lauchie's laddie begood the playin's on a melodeon—the idea bein' Mrs. Robinson's, who said she kent that "at a big lungshims there bid t' maesiek whan the petity's assemblin' in the annecks fur denner, an' the time the denner's gaun on."

necks für denner, an'the time the denner's gaun on."

Weel, when the mnesick sterted, Davieson (you wee, short sighted buddy wi'the lang nose) unnerstood is wis fur a dans, so, he whupit his erm roon his pertner', waist an' begood a Seotch shotteesh, an' afore ye could wink twathree ither kupples followed—in an apairtment, mind ye, jist twat by nine, an' mineteen folk in't.

Under the head "Advertising Foolosaphy," Robert C. Brown contributes

Under the head "Advertising roolos-aphy," Robert C. Brown contributes some exceeding scintillant and snappy lines to Profitable Advertising. A few of his latest ones follow: Keep up advertising and advertising

Noo, t' ma nolidge, Davieson kens as muckle aboot cuttin' up a turkey as oor Kirsty unmerstauns the parteeshionin' o' Bangawl. (I dinna ken that at the time, Bangawi, (I dinna ken that at the time, Bilie, bit I got the nolidge that nicht.) Hooever, t' gi'e 'im his dew, Davieson only gaped twa-three times, an' then says, "O' richt, Mrs. Robison, I'll dae my best. Wha's fur turkey."

Mrs. Lohonr says, "Jist a sma' piece," an' Davieson, after a short struggle, got up, cast his koat' an' turned up his sleeves.

The turkey had only got about eich The turkey had only got rebot eichteen inches aff, the place an cowpit a basket o' shortbreid when Davieson got the left leg aff it. He dragged it aff, an' brocht awa' wi') t aboot a' pun' o' the breist an' the rits o' ane o' the wings. "Stick in," says Davieson t' Mrs. Lohoar, clappin' it on t' her plate. "Ony mair for turkey?"
I wush he had seen Mrs. Robison's face. "Lauchie," says she, in an awfu' Knuld kin' o' vice, "maybe if ye'll len' Knuld kin' o' vice, "maybe if ye'll len' Mrs. Lohoar yer big knife an' fork she'll help some o' the leddies t' turkey aff the hauf that Mister Daviesan hes g'en her."

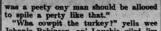
her."
The quateness wis deefenin', but Divie

Toon Cooncillor aboot the en' o' October. He had forenenst himsel' a plate o' coo's tung, a' cut up into bits an' reddy for servin' oot, an' the big turkey lyin' on its back in a plate afore wee Davieson.

"Mr. Davieson," says Lauchie's gudewife, "maybe you'll be sae kind as t'

The quateness wis deefenin', but Divieson wis doon on the flure efter the rest o' the turkey, so widna hear't. He reexpeart sweetin' like a powny, an' M'Phail, who wis sittin' hauf-wey into the "annecks," cries oot, interested like, "Hiv ye gotten 'er, Davieson?" "Naw," says Davieson, "Never heed, tho'; I'm fur tung onyway."

An he got it tae, Bille, frae Mrs. Robinson the same nicht—bit that's anither story (as Lord Rosebery said whan Hauldin' cam' awa' wi' a new ane aboot the Sootch Greys).



was a peety ony man should be allooed to spile a perty like that."

"Who cowpit the turkey?" yells we Johnnie Robinson, an' Lanchie gie'd 'im a whustle on the lug. M'Phail's observashun an' Johnnie's grief wis ower muckle fur Wullie. He jigged up the sang, an' wis fur gaun hame, bit Lauchie asked him t' gang ben t' room, t' see a new canary he had gotten. They cam' back in five meenits, bit I noticed Lauchie gaun oot twa-three times wi' the men o' the times he gi'ed me a luk an' a backward toss o' the heid. So I gaed oot, an' felt the better o' the kanary. As fur Davieson an' M'Phail, they were in an' oot as if they had been at a kirk bizawr.

Man, it wis a breezy feenish up. At hauf-past twal' we a' sang "Aul' Lang Syne"—at least, them that wis able sang. Lauchie, Davieson, an' M'Phail did their best, an' shook haund wi' and anither every half meenit.

"Sphlendid nichtah ever shpent," says MrPhail. "Itsch fine bird, Lauchie, yer kanarysh."

Lauchie sat doon on the flure, an' Jamie Lohoar opened the door fur the bass wi' a jerk that brocht oot some weekday senfyments. "Winter'll be here—hic—afore we ken whaur we are."
I reminded him it wis the winter time an' Lauchie whuppit oot his watch. "Thatsh so, Sandy," says he; "ye're—hic—afore we ken whaur we are."
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I reminded him it wis the winter time an' Lauchie whuppit oot his watch. "Thatsh so, Sandy," says he; gaun doon heid first three at a time, an' birlin' like a motor kaur t' the fit. "Itsh richt."

"Is he here?"

"Ay; he's wi' his mither. He's the encedication had been pronounced I hurried back had proved too much for the poor mother for a time do be the him his handsome son company round the kitchen fire. It went in to bid her 'Good-bye,' accompanied by her newly found son, Go-match

enuf."

Jist then a clock ootside chappit ane.
"Naething—hie—like gettin' t' bedsh
early," says Davieson, "t' keep rosesh
on yer cheeksh. Noo fur the stepsh,"
he proceedid, liftin' ae fit as if he thocht
he wis gaun up them, an' haudin' on t'
the door in astonishment whan he faud
he hadna touched ane. "Gosh! thatsh

he hadna touched ane. "Gosh' thatsh funny," says he. "Ye're no' comin' in," says Wullie M'-Nab; "ye're gaun oot."
"Oh! I shee," says Davieson, swingin' roon the post an' facin' the door, as if he aye gaed backwards insteid o' furrit. "Thatsh better," he says, as he walkit int the hoose again an' sat doon aside Lauchie.

Man, we had an awfu' job wi' him, an' whan we got him doon to the street we fand M'Phail wi' his arms roon' the waist o' a lamp post, sleepin'. We waukened 'im up.

and a Fhail w' his arms roon' the waist o' a lamp post, sleepin'. We waukened 'im up.

"I'm ash drysh haddick," says-he, staundin' on the pavement as if wonderin' whit had brocht him there.

"Sho'm I," says Davieson, linkin' his erm in M'Phail's an' movin' aff in a windin' direckshun. "Goo nictsh."

Kirsty wis terrible angry, Bilie. "Black burnin' shame," says she. "It's the last perty I'll gang t' wi' men folks—a wheen drucken sumphs."

"There, there, Kirsty," says I, as I lockit the door, "don't be ower hard on us at this time o' the year. I'm shair Lauchie an' the wife did their best, an' altho' we didna get the turkey's merridge bane, we'll gang awa' t' oor bed hopin' that them an' theirs, an' a'body else in Glesca'll hae a Guid New Year."

—The Bailie.

"THE PRODIGAL" (By Catherine King.)

It was a bitter cold night when I landed at T—, that lovely little fishing village on the west coast of Scotiand. It was there an old nurse of mine lived, and I had promised to spend a day or two in the place under her hospitable roof. Her husband was a fisherman. They had evidently no family, and yet—I seemed to remember hearing my mother talk of "Janet's son." I had never seen Janet since she got married, and ther talk of "Janet's son." I had never seem Janet since she got married, and was quite a stranger in these parts. The night of my arrival being Saturday, Dan was at home. "The Village Belle" lay out in the bay at rest till Monday's sunrise, when she would again set sail. Janet had a grand "country tea" ready for me, which I'm sure I did justice to. About nine o'clock' I heard that good soul come creaking up the stairs to her own room. "Are you all right, Master Jim?" she called in to me.

"Are you all right, Master Jim?" she called in to me.
"Come in, Janet, and see how cosy I am," I replied, rising to open the door as-I spoke.
"If you're feeling a bit lonely, sir, and dinna mind the kitchen, Dan'll be glad o' a chat."

"Thanks, Janet, I will go down. Good-night." 'Good-nicht, Master."

I put out my lamp and went down-stairs in search of Dan. I found he was very willing to chat. We lit our pipes, and soon were talking like old friends. I gathered from his conversation that from his conversation that had not played me false I gathered fro I gathered from his conversation that my memory had not played me false about Janet's son. 'Is your boy at home, Dan?" I ven-tured, fearing there was some grave sor-row, in the old man's heart regarding his

daghter, brother or sister, if elligible, but tured, fearing there was some grave sorrow, in the old man's heart regarding his son.

"No, no, sir. It's mony a lang day syne we'ye seen 'im. He's been gone these five years, but his mother's heart's that sair we never mention him."

I saw that Dan was worked up, and when he asked if I'd like to hear the story, hastly replied:

"Yes, if the tellin' won't trouble you."

"It's a guid thing to open yin's heart's whiles, sir," he said, then went on. "He was the han'somest lad in the country, aye wild and into every mischief. He was the han'somest lad in the country, aye wild and into every mischief. He was the thinks he was journey to the fishin'. That didna suit him. He left the smach at Greystones. Efter that he tried his haun at joinering in Dundee. Mon, that was a bad day for him. Puir laddie! He got in w'! bad companions, ran into debt, an', of coorse, went frae bad to worse, till yea day him an's some o' his freen's were paid off—disgraced. It was then he cam' hame. My! but he was ape patient wi' him, and never complained. She slaved and toiled for that boy till I got wild wi' her. He had been at hame close on four weeks; there was never a nicht but he was brought hame drunk. The parson up-bye," with a backward nod, "was a young man then, and a finer character niver was—he's that by till I got wild wi' her. He had been at hame close on four weeks; there was never a nicht but he was brought hame drunk. The parson up-bye," with a backward nod, "was a young man then, and a finer character niver was—he's that between the country had a finer character niver was—he's that between the country had any the was a young man then, and siner character niver was—he's that between the country had a finer character niver was—he's that between the country had a surface the proposed that the country of the land the surface and the country of the land the surface and the country of the land the was brought hame the had to be the country of the land the was brought have been constan

I said.

"Ay, sir; ye're jist richt. It's a great day. P're just been thinkin' what's the guid o' us puir things worryin' aboot oor troubles and trials. We micht ken that, as Erchie said last nicht. 'God is love,' and He's sure tae mak' things richt at last for us a'."—Saint Andrew. MUSCLES FULL OF PAIN.

You were overheated, cooled too quick-ly and caught cold. Cure comes quickly by rubbing on Polson's Nerviline. This penetrating liniment never fails. Large bottle for 25 cents. The Killers.

It happened that once a man ran past Socrates armed with an axe. He was in pursuit of another who was running from him at full speed, "Stop him! stop him!" the pursuer

"What!" cried the man with the axe; couldst thou not have barred his way?

He is an assassin!"
"An assassin? What meanest thou?"
"Play not the idiot! An asassin is a
man who kille!" man who kills!" "A butcher, then?"
"Old fool! A man who kills another

man!"
"To be sure!" A soldier."
"Dolt! A man who kills another man
in times of peace."
"I see— the executioner."
"Thou ass! A man who kills another
in his hone."

"Exactly—a physician."
Upon which the man with the axe fled—and is running still—Le Terre.

Men are wondrous beings until they are called upon to endure pain or heal a sartorial breach, whereupon they are poor creatures.



YNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

MOYESTEAD REGULATIONS.
ANY even numbered section of Dominion A. Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or mais over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more on less.

Application for homestead entry must be made in person by the accelerate the design of the conditions of the father, inother, son, daughter, brother, or sister of an intending homesteader.

An application for entry or inspection made

conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister of an intending homesteader.

An application for entry or inspection made probability at any Sub-agent's office may be applicable to the local Agent by the Sub-agent, at the expense of the applicant, and if the land apolled for is vacant or receipt of the telegram such application is to have priority and the land will be held until the necessary papers to complete the transaction are received by mail.

In case of "personation" the entry will be sumparily cancelled and the applicant will.

An application for inspection must be made in person. The applicant must be eligible for homestead entry, and only one application for inspection will be received from an individual until that application has been dipposed of.

A homesteader whose entry is in good standing and not liable to concellation, any, subject to favor of father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister, if eligible, but to no one else, on filing declaration of abandonment.

on one energy of thing decaration of samuelod, or voluntarily abandoned, subsequent to institution of cancellation proceedings, the applicant for inspection will be entitled to prior

