

A PLEA FOR ISRAEL.

Scattered by God's avenging hand,
Afflicted and forlorn,
Sad Wanderers from their pleasant
land
Do Judah's children mourn;
And e'en in Christian countries, few
Breathe thoughts of pity towards
the Jew.

Yet listen, Gentiles, do you love
The Bible's precious page?
Then let your hearts with kindness
move
To Israel's heritage.
Who traced those lines of love for
you?
Each sacred writer was a Jew.

And then, as years and ages passed,
And nations rose and fell,
Tho' clouds and darkness oft were
cast
O'er captive Israel,
The oracles of God for you
Were kept in safety by the Jew.

And when the great Redeemer came
For guilty man to bleed,
He did not take an angel's name:
No—born of Abraham's seed—
Jesus, who gave His life for you,—
The God Incarnate—was a Jew.

And tho' His own received Him not,
And turned in pride away,
Whence is the Gentiles' happier lot?
Are you more just than they?
No! God in pity turned to you—
Have you no pity for the Jew?

Go, then, and bend your knee to pray
For Israel's ancient race:
Ask the dear Saviour every day
To call them by His grace:
Go—for a debt of love is due
From Christian Gentiles to the Jew.

The boy's eyes flashed as he re-
sumed his story.

"Why, 'twas this way. When Mr. Dexter began to investigate, more than a dozen scholars declared that the frog jumped out of my coat pocket. They were boys and girls whose word was good. It didn't do a mite of good for me to declare that I did not know a thing about it, not at all, for Dan got up and said that I took a frog away from him before school that looked just like that one. That settled it, and to-morrow my punishment will be measured out, according to the amount of injury to Miss Hallowell's nerves.

"Then," more slowly, "after school Simmons began to jeer and hoot at me, and I told him just what I thought of him. He flew at me, and I had—really had"—deprecatingly—"to defend myself. I fancy that he is satisfied that I can, for the last I saw of him he was sitting in a mud-puddle, spitting out the sand that he scooped up when he fell," chuckled Harry.

Mr. Graham's moustache twitched in a queer way, but he only said:

"It would be a good idea to call at Miss Hallowell's home presently, apologize for the fright you unintentionally caused, and explain matters as you have to me. If your record before this has been clean, I do not think they will deal very hardly with you."

"I'll pay him back for it, though," muttered Harry, wrathfully. An angry light glittered in his eyes, and he clenched his brown fists. "If he thinks he can walk over me in this way, he'll find out his mistake very soon, for I'll be even with him before long."

"Softly, my boy!" cautioned the minister. "Take time to think. What do you propose to do for the sake of revenge?"

"Oh, I'll plan some way before morning," Harry said.

"Are you going to emulate him, and play a low trick on him to make it 'even'?" queried his father. "Because by so doing, you will have to lower yourself to the level of his standard of conduct. Just hand me that old leather-bound book on my table, and read what it says just there."

Inflammation of the Kidneys.

AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE ARE PRACTICALLY ONE, AND TO THESE ARE RELATED DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Dr. Bright discovered that the symptoms of Bright's disease were caused by inflammation of the kidneys. Thus it derives its name. As to the relationship of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the above disease, the testimonials of thousands bear evidence.

Dating back to 1867, when Dr. Chase's practice spread to Canada, we have letters from persons who used the kidney-liver pill successfully. Mr. G. W. Parish, of Sturgeon Bay, Ont., writes that he went to the doctor at that time for this medicine, which cured him completely.

Notwithstanding the remarkable cures of this dreadful disease, people still work on, complaining of terrible pains in the small of the back, exclaiming they feel "all in," being overcome with feelings of weariness and despondency. These true signs of diseased kidneys and the power of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills make known your duty.

Perhaps you haven't these particular symptoms, but have the ones which are most noticeable in the urine. Upon them the physician relies for a positive opinion. If the urine is of a deep colour, has a strong odor and deposits a heavy sediment upon standing, then consider your case carefully. They are infallible signs, but not of an incurable disease; thanks to Dr. Chase.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cured Mr. S. E. Phelps, Bolton Centre, Que.; they can cure you. He says: "My kidneys and back were so bad I was unable to work or sleep. My urine had sediment like brick dust. I was compelled to get up four or five times during the night. I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised and concluded to give them a trial. One box has effected a complete cure. I can now saw wood or do any kind of work. My kidneys do not bother me. I can now enjoy a good sleep, and consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a great boon. I was a great sufferer with kidney disease for 18 years."

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto, Ont. Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.



Harry read aloud: "Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wound green, which otherwise would heal and do well." Humph, according Simmons did to me."

"And that would be too hard, eh, Harry?" asked Mr. Graham.

"The fellows will think I'm a 'softy' if I pass it over," was the dubious answer. "But I'll try it, and see how Bacon's ideas work applied to grammar-school rows."

"A dignified silence may frighten and puzzle him more than any other thing," commented the minister.

"And the memory of that mouthful of dirt, too," laughed Harry.

"There's a better book and a better rule for such cases. Can't you 'heap coals of fire on his head'?" came a gentle suggestion as Harry was leaving the room.

Harry shook his head, doubtfully.

"Most too rough on a fellow, that would be." Then, hesitating as he caught the wistful look in his father's face, "Besides, there's nothing of the kind to do unless—unless I get him the place on our ball team that he wants so bad. But we want only decent fellows on it."

"Perhaps that would make him over into one," his father said.

The next noon Harry reported: "I told Dan last night I'd fix it all right about the ball team. Never said a word about the frog; but when I got to school, he'd told Dexter about it. Your were right after all, Father."—Zion's Herald.

AT HOME IN A CHALET.

When Dorothy left America to live with her parents in Switzerland, she believed that the new home was to be among tremendous mountains covered with snow and ice.

To be sure the Alpine chain fills nearly every part of it, yet there are many wonderful valleys where there are little farms and pretty houses full of peace and sunshine; where the golden meadows are strewn with red poppies, and in the springtime the apple trees are white with blossoms and the air is perfumed by the scent of roses. There are almost as many of these beautiful valleys as there are mountains, and they are dotted with chalets, which the homes of the peasants are called. They are altogether different looking from the country houses in America. They have very large roofs that extend over the sides like portico coverings, and so are

very carefully protected from the rain and snow. In places, where they are close up to the mountain side, many of the roofs are held down by big rocks, or logs, so they will not be easily carried away by avalanches.

When Dorothy arrived in Switzerland she was very much interested in these little Swiss houses because they were just like the toy one that had a music-box in it on the mantelpiece in her own American home. Somehow or other she had always thought of it only as a toy, and not as the model of a real building where people lived. She had also seen on boxes of chocolate bright coloured pictures of Swiss boys and girls in picturesque costumes, and spotted cows with very large bells on their necks; so, when she first gazed upon a little Swiss boy with a red feather in his cap, leading a procession of cows whose horns were garlanded with ribbons and gentian, it seemed perfectly familiar to her, although she was quite surprised to see them moving around like real things in a picture show.

The house that Dorothy went to live in was a very beautiful chalet in the midst of a lovely garden, and everything she saw around her, as she looked down from the window which opened on a spacious gallery, was green and bright as in the summer time. But when she raised her eyes and looked a little further off she beheld a great eminence that seemed to extend into the heavens, covered with a mantle of snow glistening in a gold and pink light, reflected by the morning sun. What she gazed upon was one of the marvellous visions of the world—the majestic Jungfrau, perhaps the most beautiful mountain in Europe. It ever afterward reminded Dorothy of a queen in an ermine robe, accompanied by her attendants, the "Monich," and the "Eiger," one on either side, and it was not very long before this remarkable panorama became as familiar to Dorothy as the street she used to look upon in America.—February St. Nicholas.

It is well that God answers our needs rather than our wishes, else many of us would escape the hardships which have most to do with strengthening and beautifying our characters.

I believe that love reigns, and that love will prevail. I believe that He says to me every morning, "Begin again thy journey and thy life; thy sins, which are many, are not only forgiven thee, but they shall be made, by the wisdom of God, the basis on which He will build blessings."—Thos. Erskine.