

Sunday

Reading

A Story of the Parables.

Topic for January 14: "In the far country."
 "A certain man had two sons and the younger of them said: 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country."

It is characteristic of undeveloped moral character that it fixes its imagination upon people, things and countries that are far away, and the prodigal son has his exact counterpart in the prodigal church and the prodigal state.

When a young man begins to rebel at the restraints of a good home he is getting ready in his mind, to go abroad. The restlessness, if he would only consider it is really a warning to his better part to honor his father and mother and stay at home. Coming disgrace casts its shadows before. The familiar places seem cramped and commonplace. The near friends irk and irritate. He resents the affectionate anxieties of those who love him. He feels himself misunderstood and reasons by his own peculiar logic that he would be better off with strangers who would neither understand nor care for him. He longs to hear the last of cleanliness, culture, conscience, character; calls counsel "scraping," admonition "nagging," and wants to be off—as if one did not owe it to himself—known or strange—to be a gentleman. What he needs, he thinks, is liberty—the kind that swine have, to go unwatched and unkempt, to root where they will, eat what they will, lie where they will, rise when they will, being asked no questions for conscience sake. Happy for him then if he has a wise father, or at any rate a poor one! For if then he should come into 'liberty' and money it would be "not many days after" before he gathered all together and took his journey into a far country.

The travelling world is in general a straggling procession of parvenues, bound nowhere but away from home, wasting their substance—soul, body and spirit—in uncontrolled and undirected living. And the things that ails nearly every one of them is that he has gotten away from the indispensable chastening of home and friends before he had a conscious moral character, and so, having no spiritual business, no spiritual capital to manage, he makes no investments, but simply squanders, until he becomes a discontented swine-herd of his own fleshly lusts, or, at the worst, a hog set up vertical.

Here are some of Jesus' wonderful condensations of language; the younger son gathered "all" together. As who should say: "There is nothing small about me! 'All' is none too much for me to blow in for an inclination. An old man, or a weak man, or a mean man might hold back something, but here everything goes! And it is just as well, I reckon—this allness of the prodigal, for he runs into 'a mighty famine' sooner that way, and he is not apt to start back home until he has 'spent all'."

Took 'his' journey! There is a lot of keen, sad humor there. We all do it. Eve bore her ill-matched sons in severity, and murder came of it. But since her time the Cain has been born in the same baby with the Abel, and if it is not watched right well, runs away with it, alive, 'into a far country'."

Not all leave home. Not all can. Some stay and set up 'a far country' right there—the 'riotous living,' the 'famine,' the 'swine,' and never get back to their father's house, though living and dying in it.

More have, by good luck or good management, but a brief spell of the distemper, the milder and less stubborn symptoms, beginning with the selfishness which says without words, 'Give me the portion of goods which belongeth to ME.' The extravagance that disregards the labor, care and sacrifice of parents, the animalism that turns duty and judgment out of doors and lives for what it 'likes,' and so forth, until by some rude shock, or aid of friends, or solitary thinking or suffering or enjoying, they come to themselves and start home.

The prodigal church is not so easily described, but differs little. Having a job lot of principles settled by a dogma only partly understood and not realized at all, it holds the batch, like a bulldog, and fights them separately, until it gets honey combed with doubts and loses religious

EXPERIENCE

has taught us how to make the best Emulsion in the world; Experience has proved that this Emulsion is worthy of entire confidence. There are many imitations of

Scott's Emulsion and all kinds of substitutes for it; but none equal it. If your doctor recommends you to take Cod-Liver Oil, or you know yourself that you need it, get SCOTT'S EMULSION; it is the best Cod-Liver Oil in the best form.

If we had your address we would send you a sample and a pamphlet telling more about it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, all druggists, Toronto.

manner, together with social and competitive, and at length has the impudence to say to society, 'Give me the portion of goods that falleth to ME,' and holds itself a thing apart, too good for the crowd. And having gotten a division, gathers all together and goes 'into a far country.'

This accounts for the ease with which one can interest Christian people in 'foreign missions' who cannot be touched with any feeling of near-by infirmities. There are a hundred men ready to spend and be spent against Confucianism in China to one that can be gotten even to consider license Republicanism at home.

This accounts, too, for the profound convictions many have about the Sultan, the Czar, Oom Paul and Joseph Chamberlain, who are convictionless devotees of saloon-made chief magistrates in their own land.

Only recently the whole nation was fairly typhoid with tenderness for Dreyfus and his family. When the same nation was selling pillage rights to the saloons to loot and rifle homes as innocent, beneath our very eyes.

Last August it was reported that some whaling ships were liable to be caught in the ice of Bering sea, and with all haste the government sent relief, and while the rescue ship was on the way the saloon caught a hundred thousand homes, and no policeman took one quicker step, no governor made a protest, and the Christian President puffed his 'perfectos,' signed the act of Congress that gave Alaska over to the tender mercies of the liquor traffic, and said to the anxious bishops, 'Pray for ME.'

So it is that a great denomination can be rent in twain by some small heresy about something in Deuteronomy, unknownable then or now, while the minder of the saloon lives and thrives unchecked wherever 'Old Glory' waves. I mean no possible disparagement of 'foreign missions.' I only point out the blame and the pity of it, that the church that holds such high conduct in foreign parts should hire out to traitors, thieves and office brokers here. These are hard words, but not careless. For I hold in all thoughtfulness that the man who falsifies the returns of an election is a traitor, and that the man who deceives a voter is a thief, and that the man who seeks office by connivance at his country's open enemies is himself an enemy. And of such is the kingdom of the old party politics that now enervates the voting church.

This great country was well-born, a Samuel in expressed political ideals, but has turned out an Ichabod in 'practical politics.' It was founded by the fathers 'for the glory of God,' and today it speaks not to him except to say, 'Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' There is but one God in politics—'Prosperity,' and money in his prophet. In the increasing power of self-seeking and the unclean the younger nation has gathered all together, bade adieu to the old ideals, and in practice become alien to herself in birth and in plighted word. Vainglorious in a hotch-potch 'liberty,' which we have not thought it necessary to work out line by line, action by action, trade by trade, caucus by caucus, election by election, to realization in common honesty; we feed swine in the capitals and would fain fill our bellies with the hucks they eat, slaves to the vilest patronage.

But the old landmarks are not removed, the old ideals rot of forsworn. When they have suffered enough the people will be true. There is a mighty famine in this land. We have spent all. There is a lower degradation possible to Christian voters. The spirit of the people, starving and beggared as it is, sick of waste and lust and dishonor, is coming to itself and

saying, softly as yet, but penitently and fervently, 'I will arise and go unto my father.'

shall He?

An old man sat on his veranda one autumn evening, with the son of a former schoolmate. The visitor was a flippant young fellow, and talked much of his doubts about religion. The old man did not argue with him.

'It isn't worth while, Robert,' he said. 'You are only repeating what other men have suggested to you. You have not begun to think and feel for yourself.'

Robert was insistent, and finally asserted that the doctrine of a future life was all a dream. 'Death is death,' he said. 'When the breath goes out of the body the soul comes to an end.'

His aged host led him into his library, and showed him a portrait on the wall—a noble, saintly face.

'Do you see her?' he said. 'Can you guess what she has from her face—how high her intellect, how tender her nature, how near to God? I was her only son. She was and as I have never married, she always will be, the only woman in the world to me.'

'Well, she is dead. And you say there is nothing of her left in the world—nothing? Why, look here, Bob. A common weed, with coarse leaves and colorless flowers of no special use or beauty. But that weed grows in every country. It grew centuries ago; it grew before the flood. It is the same now as it was then. It has come down through countless ages, seed after seed, the same growth, the same flower, the same thorns, unaltered.'

'And if God,' he said, rising in his earnestness, 'if God has kept that little weed unaltered since the beginning of time, shall He extinguish the soul of my mother—the souls of all mothers—full of His truth and love, made in His likeness, who have done His work in the world? Shall the poor matter, in its meanest types, last, and the soul, which represents His intelligence and His spirit, come to an end?'

A still, small voice.

Conscience, in its healthy state, is the most restless part of the human make-up. Like the true prince in the story, it cannot sleep if the slightest pressure weighs upon it.

Eighteen years ago a woman boarded a train on the Wisconsin Central Railroad. She was going to a neighboring town, and carried in her pocket a mileage book with which to pay her fare.

For some reason the conductor was hurried, and as he went through the car, the newcomer escaped his glance. Involuntarily, a temptation came to her. She sat still and said nothing. At the next station she got off the train, owing the railroad company sixteen cents.

At first she laughed over the matter, but as time went on, it began to look more serious. She was fundamentally a good woman. The community respected and liked her. Her life was blameless and she was charitable to the unfortunate; but the trivial secret debt remained upon her mind.

Last summer she determined to be what every one supposed her to be, perfectly honest. She wrote a letter to the Wisconsin Central Railroad Company and told the whole story. She enclosed sixteen two-cent stamps, which paid her debt and the interest upon it for eighteen years, and more than all, she was brave and true enough to sign her name to the letter.

The company recognized her courage, and a few days later she received from them a note expressing their high appreciation of it.

Origin of Originality.

The reason there is so little originality in the world is that ninety-nine per cent

SMOTHERING SENSATION.

A Kingston Lady's Experience with Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in Relieving this Distressing Condition.

"I have suffered for some years with a smothering sensation caused by heart disease. The severity of the pains in my heart caused me much suffering. I was also very nervous and my whole system was run down and debilitated."

"Hearing that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills were a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and got a box at McLeod's Drug Store. They afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart trouble."

(Signed) MRS. A. W. IRISH, Kingston, Ont.

LAXA LIVER PILLS cure Bilelessness, Constipation and Sick Headache.



Healthy, Happy Girls.

Healthy, happy girls often become languid and despondent, from no apparent cause in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with palpitating hearts after slight exercise, so that to merely walk upstairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short dry cough leads to the fear that they are going into consumption. Doctors tell them they are anæmic—which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that?

More pale and anæmic people have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than any other medicine.

Mrs. M. N. Jones, Berthier, Que., writes:—"My daughter, aged fifteen has been restored to good health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She was very feeble, her blood was poor and watery, and she was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness, and always felt tired. After using four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is enjoying as good health as any girl of her age, and we are glad to give the credit to your medicine. Mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their young daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Do not take anything that does not bear the full name of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

of the people see things as they have been led to see them. The hundredth man is a stronger character, or has stronger mental vision, and so sees those things for himself and from his own view point. The ad writer can be as original as the poet or painter if he will give his originality a chance. If he will use his own eyes for seeing the goods he is going to advertise and the forget that anybody else ever wrote an add about such goods the probability is that he will say something that never was said before. We don't say this is the surest way to make a business bringing ad: it is merely to make an 'original' one—Bains.

NERVE PARALYZED.

Nervous Prostration so Severe, Lost Power of Hands, Side and Limbs, but South American Nerveine Rest of Disease and Saved her.

Minnie Stevens, daughter of T. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., of London, was stricken down with a very severe attack of nervous prostration, which resulted in her losing the power of her limbs. She could not lift or hold anything in her hands, and other complications showed themselves. Her parents had lost hope of her recovery. She began taking South American Nerveine, and after taking twelve bottles she was perfectly restored, and enjoys good health to day. Sold by E. C. Brown.

PREVENTION OF EPILEPSY.

How to Treat and Prevent Attacks of the Dread Disease.

Physicians are coming more and more to regard epilepsy as in general a symptom of disease or injury of the nervous system, rather than as a disease in itself. This is a distinct gain for the subjects of this condition, for instead of drugging them in every case with nauseous remedies, physicians now search for the cause of the trouble and endeavor to remove it.

In some cases the fits are due to pressure on the brain, and resort has sometimes been had to the operation of trephining the skull to relieve this pressure. It is only in rare cases, however, that a surgical operation offers any hope of relief, but the attacks may often be diminished in number or prevented by less drastic measures.

Whatever the cause, the convulsions in epilepsy are almost always made more frequent by excessive fatigue, either of mind or body—especially of mind. An epileptic should avoid severe mental labor. While in school his tasks should be light. He should never be allowed to emulate the other boys in his class, but should take two years at least to learn what is usually embraced in a one year's course.

He must be protected from anything which might excite violent emotions, either of joy or sorrow, and his playmates should never be permitted to tease him or arouse his anger.

In the choice of a vocation let none be selected which will demand hard study or concentrated and long-continued thought.

The life of an epileptic ought to be absolutely regular. His food should be nourishing but simple, an excess of meat being strictly avoided, and no highly seasoned or spicy food should be allowed. Strong tea and coffee and alcoholic liquors even wine and beer, if taken at all, must be in very small quantity. Overeating is also to be avoided, several light meals a day being preferable to one or two hearty

ones. Constipation must never be allowed to go untreated.

The hours of sleep should be long, and the bedroom window should always be partly open in order to secure pure air, even in midwinter.

This is the way in which we ought all to live, but to the healthy an occasional exception is allowable—hard study, fatiguing exercise, a little too much to eat at Thanksgiving dinner, and the like,—while to the sufferer from epilepsy every deviation from the straight and narrow road of hygiene is fraught with peril.

125 MEN ENTRENCHED.

From the Inroads of Dreaded Catarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Did for Mr. LeBlanc He Proves Will Do For Others.

Alfred LeBlanc of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder rescued him when everything else had failed. To-day when he goes to his lumber camp with his 125 men this great remedy is considered as much a necessity to comfortable camp life as anything else. It relieves cold in the head in ten minutes; prevents the growing of catarrh germs, and when they are sown, it cures them. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Unpleasant Bedfellows.

The adventures of naturalists in odd corners of the globe rival the experiences of explorers in variety and interest. Dr. Maximilian Schumann, a Belgian naturalist, journeyed through Mexico, not many years ago, and here is one of the reminiscences which he brought back with him:

I had gone a day's journey on horseback from the city of Zacatecas toward the southeast to examine some ancient Toltec ruins. I arrived at my destination late at night and lighted a fire within the ruins to make my supper. After eating I spread my blanket and lay down. When I awoke in the morning, my first impulse was to stretch out my hand. I threw it out from under the blanket, and as I did so it almost touched a big, poisonous rattlesnake, quietly coiled by my side. I escaped by the merest chance. Looking toward my feet, what was my astonishment to see six other rattlesnakes coiled at intervals over my body. The reptiles did not belong to the variety commonly known in California, but were of a peculiarly poisonous species found in hot regions. When I lighted my fire in the evening, it was too dark to see the snakes, which, I presume, had crept along the walls. The altitude of the ruins is nearly eight thousand feet, and so the nights are cold. My fire had attracted the reptiles. When they approached it they found my bed, and discerning the warm blankets, crawled up on them and went to sleep. I extricated myself from the blanket with infinite care. Once on my feet I was no longer afraid of the reptiles, but as I already had specimens of them in my collection, I killed them all and nailed them to the adobe wall with my card on each.

WHEN HEART FAILS.

Life's Charm Vanishes—No Case of Heart Disease Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Will Not Relieve in 30 Minutes, and Permanently Cure.

Thos. Petry, of Aylmer, Que., says that for about five years he was a constant sufferer from acute heart derangement—endured untold pain, was unable to attend to his daily work, any exertion caused great fatigue. He was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One bottle did him great benefit; four bottles drove every symptom of the trouble away from him.—Sold by E. C. Brown.

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