

gestion that he should resign. He asked Angus to declare at once all that was in his mind.

"So the elders considered that the full time had come for their saying something to you, and I was charged by them all to wait upon you in this place, and to say unto you on behalf of the elders of the flock and all the flock which is under your care" (and now it is impossible to imagine the tenderness in his voice, "that we are all thankful unto God that He sent you to be our minister, and that we are all wondering at the treasures of truth and grace which you will be bringing to us every Sabbath, for we are being fed with the finest of the wheat. Oh, yes, it is not the chaff of empty words, but the white bread of God which is given unto the people, and the very children will have their portion, and will be saying pleasant words about the minister as they go along the road.")

Carmichael was as one that had dreamed, for no man had ever spoken of his preaching after this fashion. This strange thing also happened, while a minute before the manhood in him had been abroad, it had now begun to weave and fall, and Angus still continued:

"The elders also will be noticing that your words are heavy laden with the greatness of the truth, and that you are sometimes brought to silence, as it has happened unto God's prophets in the ancient time. We will all be wanting to hear everything that the Lord has given unto you, and to lay it past even unto the smallest grain in our souls; and so if at any time it appears unto you as it some part of the message has not been given, we would count it a great kindness that you should go over the truth again, and if it would be helping you to meditate for a space we would all be glad to sing a psalm. For we have plenty of time and it is good to be in the Kirk of Drumtochty during those days."

Carmichael was learning that hour that kindness takes all the pride ever out of a young man, and turns him into a little child. As he could find no words, and indeed was afraid that he had no voice wherewith to utter them, Angus went on his way without interruption, and came to the end in much peace.

"There is just one other thing that the brethren laid upon me to say, and it was Donald Menzies who would not let me go till I had promised, and you will not be considering it a liberty from the elders. You are never to be troubled in the pulpit, or be thinking about anything but the word of the Lord and the souls of the people, of which you are the shepherd. We will ask you to remember when you stand in your place to speak to us in the name of the Lord, that as the smoke goeth up from the homes of the people in the morning, so will their prayers be ascending for their minister, and as you look down upon us before you begin to speak, may you will say to yourself, next Sabbath, they are all loving me. Oh, yes, and it will be true from the oldest to the youngest, we will all be loving you very much."

Angus Sutherland was like all his kind, a very perfect gentleman, and he left immediately, so gently that Carmichael did not hear his going. When the minister passed through the garden gate half an hour afterwards there was no man to be seen, but the birds on every branch were in full song, and he marked that the hawthorn had begun to bloom. And that is why John Carmichael remained in the ministry of Jesus Christ, the most patient and most mindful of masters.—The British Weekly.

Without temperance there is no health; without virtue, no order; without religion no happiness; and the sum of our being is to live wisely, soberly and righteously. Oh, there are looks and tones that dart An instant sunshine through the heart, As if the soul that minute caught Some treasure it through life had sought.

—Thomas Moore.

ALONG THE SAGUENAY.

The Primitive Peaceful Life of the French Canadian is Attractive to the Tourist From the Crowded Parts.

To say that the inhabitants of Chicoutimi and the Saguenay provinces are do them an injustice. The strife and busy years behind the time would be turmoil of the outer world never penetrate this region; the noise and confusion, the insolent discourtesy so frequently encountered, the nervous, restless, ever-surgant air of the metropolis live not even in the minds of these simple people. The rugged heights that hem them in, the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, the sombre tide of the Saguenay, mark the boundaries of their little world. To them the rest of the Universe is a sealed book, save from the tales handed down from generation to generation of the old home in sunny France, whence came the sturdy pioneers whose descendants now occupy the very land they struggled long and manfully to acquire and who in turn will hand it down to posterity. Unfortunate they may seem at first thought, yet the more one studies their characteristics, the closer he investigates their condition, the greater is the inclination to pity himself. Gentle, quiet, happy to a degree that is infectious, there is an air of contentment everywhere in evidence that is in strange contrast to the strife and discord that prevail in the outer world, the keen competition, the glittering possibilities, the bitter disappointment attendant on failure are all foreign to them, and their cup of joy appears ever ready to bubble over.

Happy people indeed are they, blighted they may be, yet it is with a feeling akin to regret that the stranger within their gates turns his back on the peace and quietude that abound everywhere here, to begin the homeward journey toward the strife, turmoil and selfishness of the outer world. Lucky people they, fortunate is the man who is permitted to spend even a few days amid such mellowing influences.—Len. G. Shaw, in the Detroit Free Press.

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!

Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss!

Such love of the birds, in the solitudes
Where the swift wings glance mid
the tree-tops' toss;

Spaces of silence, swept with song

Which nobody hears but the God above;

Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sustaining themselves in his guarding
love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,

Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor haste nor man intrude,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than the hunter's trail hath gone,
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer
drinks;

And fearless and free comes the gentle
fawn

To look at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Christian Work:—It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us, just one little day. Do today's duty, fight today's temptations and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

Stomach and bowel troubles kill thousands of little ones during the hot weather. Diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera infantum sometimes come without warning and it prompt aid is not at hand the child may be beyond aid in a few hours. If you want to keep your children hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents illness and cures it when it comes unexpectedly. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is absolutely safe. Mrs. W. J. Munroe, Sinalua, Sask., says:—"For more than three years Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine I have given my children, and I think the Tablets invaluable for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

THE SUMMER TABLE.

Most of those who suffer from the hot weather and whose complaints of it are loudest would be somewhat relieved should they alter their diet. Probably there are few of us who do not eat too much animal food at all times and who would not be the better for restricting the quantity of meat consumed in warm weather. The summer table should be abundantly supplied with vegetables and fruits and the lighter cereals, but hot meats, roast and broiled, should be used more sparingly than is our custom. Nothing is more nutritious than a plate of soup, and this in summer should often be composed of milk and vegetables. The several cream soups, of corn, potatoes, tomatoes and the like are not very much trouble to make, and they form the best possible basis for a meal in summer. Salads of every kind are to be recommended. We hear a good deal said against pie as if per se pie were poison, but a good berry pie with light, flakey pastry and plenty of rich juice or an apple pie the day it is made will hurt no one, except a chronic dyspeptic. To minimize labor and to prepare cooling food should be the aim of the housewife in summer.

A hint may not be amiss to those who cannot pass a soda fountain without rushing in for a glass of the cold foaming stuff that looks so tempting. The mixture offered by the druggist is below the freezing point, and taken into the stomach often causes acute indigestion and brings on an attack closely resembling sunstroke. Iced drinks of all kinds should be used with caution and sipped sparingly during a sultry period.

A Japanese water-cooler, which has a glass receptacle for holding water, within an outer lining filled with chopped ice, is a great comfort in the sick room or in the room of any one who longs for a drink of cold water during the night. In the interests of health it is well to drink water freely and often. But ice should be used for cooling purposes around the water and not in it.

Since we cannot all sleep in the open air, let us do the next best thing, and sleep in rooms that are thoroughly ventilated. The antique fiction that night air was pernicious to health is obsolete, except in districts known to be malarious. As a usual thing the more air we have to breathe by day and night the better will be our hold on strong and robust vitality.

As for the children, they should not be burdened with too much or too elaborate clothing at this season. The more simply they are dressed the happier and more comfortable they will be. A daily bath should not be neglected, and if a little one is flushed and warm a sponge bath before bed time will often take the restlessness away and give blissful sleep to the little head.