

In Quiet Mood

The Lord's Prayer.

[The following beautiful composition was found in Charleston, South Carolina, during the war. It is printed on very heavy satin, and is quite a literary curiosity.]

Thou who mercifully seat our souls dost
To our duty unto Thee
Our Father

To whom all praise, all honor should be
For Thou art the great God, who art
Who art in Heaven.

Thou, by Thy wisdom, rulest the world's
whole frame
Forever, therefore
hallowed be Thy name:

Let nevermore delay divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let
Thy kingdom come.

Let Thy commands opposed be by none,
But Thy good pleasure and
Thy will be done.

And let our promptness to obey, be even
as very same
in Heaven.

Then for our souls, O Lord, we must pray,
Thou wouldst be pleased to
Give us this day.

The food of life wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment, and
Our daily bread.

With every needful thing do thou relieve us,
And Thy mercy, pity,
Add forgive us.

All our misdeeds, for Him whom thou didst
please
To make an offering, for
Our responses.

And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe,
Thou wilt pardon us
As we forgive
Our brethren.

Let that love teach, wherewith thou dost
account us
To pardon all
Those who trespass against us.

And though sometimes, thou find us have
been
Thou wilt lead us
To the light, and
Lead us not,
Into temptation.

Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us
Into temptation.

Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial,
But
Us from evil.

Thou pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from
whom
This may be had
For thine is the kingdom.

This world is of thy work, thy wondrous
power,
Te the belong
The power and glory

And all thy wondrous works have ended
in
But will remain, forever, and
Forever.

And thus would we confess again,
Thine
The Home and the School.

Prayer.

Thou infinite and eternal Spirit, who,
in the beginning didst move upon the
formless earth and bring to it light and
order, we pray that Thou wouldst come
to our dark world and broad upon it,
fill sin and strife are done away and
peace and goodness flourish, have
mercy upon those who know not God,
whose eyes are blind to the divine glory,
whose hearts are hardened against the
divine love. Waken these dead souls to
life, convict them of their guilt, lead
them to the Saviour in penitence and
faith. And grant that all for whom
Christ died, may experience more and
more the power of His constraining love,
may yield themselves as willing instru-
ments to His service, and may grow contin-
ually in that knowledge of God and
of His Son which is life eternal. Amen.

Some Notes.

Central Presbyterian.—The worth and dignity of life consist in being new creatures in Christ Jesus. The simple trust that unites us to Him brings to us all the buoyancy of life, makes all things possible to us. The consciousness that He has a plan for us—that He will work out the plan and give the strength to carry it out, takes all the insipidity out of life; gives to it all satisfaction and dignity.

Presbyterian Witness.—Let us do our little share to bring our Master more fully into the world. Our suspicion is, if they have not yet heard Him. Personally and privately, if you will have the best results, begin by offering your personal service in some way that stands open to you. He has need of faithful witnesses in every age and every clime. He needs in every age and every clime, a quiet man who He delights in, the genuine loyalty of every heart, old and young.

United Presbyterian.—We wrong ourselves when we imagine that the world is against us. Our suspicion is, if our worst enemy when we think that society has formed a confederacy to put us down. The world has done enough to us, we are scarcely sufficient importance in it to justify another. Keep sweet and the world will respect you. The power of engendering joy and glittering dreams, the frenzy of murder which seizes Jasper at ever-shortening intervals. In sharp contrast with this inner man is his outwardly respectable and sleek of the long, dark hair of the artist and musician, strong and broad of frame; the man is almost palsied at times by the fury of his love and hate; while the shaking of his hands and the nervous start of his head shows the ravages of the drug to which he is a slave.

Lutheran.—It is true that men are pardoned on the ground of the atonement and righteousness of Christ. But, then, as pardoned, the design of salvation by grace is to bring them into the righteousness and excellence of character which their new and gracious relation demands. As the morality of the Bible, its demands for character and life, are marked by a correctness, a completeness, an elevation which the best thought of man has not otherwise compassed. In such passages as the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans we have a portraiture of the ethical life to which we are called in the gospel. In the sinless Christ Himself we have an image of the righteousness of character into which Christianity is to bring sinful man.

This or That.

Herald and Presbyterian.—Most highly should the Church regard her own colleges, most jealously should she guard their interests and most zealously provide for their welfare. In them are bound up very largely the life of the nation, the moral and the material, the matter of the supply of ministers for our churches.

It cannot be both, our poor minds can take in only one great conception at a time. It must rest there, mayhap, for character and nobility in history, Paul would have us to be without carefulness, weep as though one wept not, rejoice as though we rejoiced not, buy as though we bought not. He enjoined us to disentangle ourselves from the elements about to perish. Disregard the perils, forget the trials, rise above the anxieties, live in obedience to the largest thoughts and steer for the coast which touches the infinite.

"Paul actually looked around him, with the perspicacity that the stable products of history by which he was environed, the gigantic institutions, the proud traditions, the accumulated, the disciplined force, the heartless slavery, that lay within the grasp of the Roman Empire, existed by a feeble tenure in the sickliest infant's life; he looked to see them all and the mighty art that held them, crumble into sand before his eyes." A strange and wondrous expectation. "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. Is it this or that? The world that is now, or that which is to come. The one inflates our pride and feels our selfishness, the other appears to our humility and presides at the birth of our Christian dignity. Our lot is greater than ourselves, our lineage and our destiny are divine, for we are sons of God and joint heirs with Christ, if the drift of our life is towards the unseen.

May I call upon the unbored past this one voice for a moment (the greatest voice that ever vibrated, save and except the Master's), may I ask Paul the secret of his power? How he bore the infinite burden of duty, how, with unspeaking, imploring homage he buried his great soul in sorrow and servitude, and grasped with peace and power



VICTIMS AND SURVIVORS OF THE BOYERTOWN THEATRE DISASTER.

Mrs. Krause, the two sisters, Miss Edna Moyer and Miss Florence Moyer; Miss Laura Rhoades and Mrs. Thompson, all lost their lives in the fire-trap. Mrs. Krause was a resident of Philadelphia, and was visiting in Boyertown. Mrs. Wein, who escaped with one daughter, lost her two other girls in the theatre.

Explains Why Doctors Fail To Cure Many Sick Women.

Disease in the kidneys is one of the last ailments for which a doctor looks when treating women. This is a great mistake.

Women are very prone to kidney trouble, and in fact many physicians attribute a woman's languor and ill health to a derangement of the genital organs, when it is simply plain kidney disease, and nothing else.

Many so supposed female complaints are either kidney or bladder diseases.

Sick kidneys of course make associate organs sick also.

The result is back pains, bearing down sensations, utter weariness and headache.

But Dr. Hamilton's Pills go right to the spot.

They put life into the kidney that makes a worn out woman feel like new.

Indirectly the blood and nervous centres are assisted by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and the result is a proper performance

of the function and a painless fulfillment of nature's command.

Thus it is that a woman can gain much happiness and abundant good health by the regular use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

From her home near Portland, Ont., Mrs. A. B. Colburn writes:

"For two years past I have been sickly and weak. My color was dull and sallow, and I felt exhausted and weary, as if all my strength were being eaten up with some hidden trouble. I heard of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and decided to use them. The change in a few days was surprising. They regulated my kidneys and bowels and cured all my suffering; to-day I am perfectly well."

You can rely on Dr. Hamilton's Pills with implicit confidence; their effect is wonderful. Sold by all dealers. Price 25c per box, five boxes for \$1.00, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

Dying Words of Great Physicians.

Nothnagel, who died alone in his room, noted his own symptoms to the last. A letter to his assistant, says the British Medical Journal, is said to have ended as follows: "Written late on the evening of July 6, just after experiencing these severe attacks . . . died of calcification of the arteries." Traube also made observations on himself to the very end. Locock expressed a wish to be present at the post-mortem examination on himself, and among Cuvier's last recorded words is a remark, as his fingers twitched involuntarily, "Charles Bell is right; 'Ce sont les nerfs de la volonté qui sont malades.'" Dye Davidson, professor at Aberdeen, died immediately after saying to his class, speaking of the next meeting, which was never to take place, "Four o'clock on Monday, gentlemen; 4 o'clock."

Several doctors have taken their leave with a blessing to those around them. Astley Cooper's last recorded words are: "God bless you and good-bye to you all." He had previously said to his physicians, Bright and Chambers, "God will be done; God bless you both," adding, "You must excuse me, but I shall take no more medicine." Benjamin Brodie was heard to mutter, "After all, God is very good." The saddest of all recorded last words are probably those of Oliver Goldsmith, who, when asked by his physicians if his mind was as usual, said: "No, it is not." On the other hand, William Hunter's mind seems to have been full of bright thoughts at the moment of his death, for he said: "If I could hold a pen, what a book I could write."

Pasteur and Darwin, though not belonging to the medical profession, are venerated by us as teachers. Darwin's last words were: "I am not the least afraid to die." Pasteur was offered a cup of milk, and being made to swallow it, murmured: "I can not." He passed away with one hand in his wife's, the other grasping a crucifix. Lastly are mentioned the last words of Mirabeau, which are said to have been addressed to a doctor. He wrote on a slip of paper, which he gave to the physician, the philosopher Calaneo, the single word "Bismarck." Another account, which may be an expanded version of this, is that, after begging for an anodyne, he said reproachfully to the doctor: "Were you not my physician and my friend? Did you not promise to spare me the suffering of such a death? Must I go away carrying with me the regret of having confided in you?" This is rather a long and rhetorical speech for a dying man.

It is given to few men of any profession to accumulate such large fortunes as the late Lord Brampton and Mr. Murphy, K. C. left behind them—fortunes amounting to £141,000 and £234,000, respectively; but to say, as stated by a contemporary, that such an achievement is only possible in the law is scarcely in accordance with the facts.

Three medical men, at least, have left estates still larger than the greater of these. Thirty years ago Dr. Blundell died worth more than a third of a million pounds—more exactly, £560,000; during his fifty-three years of strenuous professional life Sir William Jenner accumulated the enormous fortune of £375,000, though it is doubtful if he ever made more than £120,000 in any year, and Sir William Gull left personally valued at £240,000. Dr. T. R. Arncliffe

EDWIN DROOD.

A Somewhat Unpleasant Stage Presentation of Dickens' Story.

(London Standard.)

Mr. Tree gave us one of his really great "character studies" on Saturday night, when he returned to His Majesty's Theatre after his wanderings through the provinces. Mr. Conyns Carr, who has adapted Dickens' unfinished romance, "Edwin Drood," to the stage, has provided the actor with fine opportunities for the display of his art and the projection of his personality, and the opportunities were seized with avidity. From the first entrance of John Jasper, the lay preacher of Cloisterham Cathedral, sleek and unctuous, a vivid contrast to the weird and gruesome opium den, torn with the passion for Rosa Bud, racked between his affection for Edwin Drood and obsessed by the thought that he must murder him to win the woman he covets, until the last moment of Jasper's death in the prison infirmary—the picture of the morphia maniac is impressive, varied, powerful and repulsively attractive. Mr. Tree is able to make the audience feel the terror he inspires in the girlish bosom of Rosa Bud, who falls to ward off, by the glances of his eyes, and understands, though he has not put it into words, the ghoulish passion with which she inspires him. There is something horribly fascinating in the presentation of the character, clean-shaven, loose-lipped, pallid, with the long, dark hair of the artist and musician, strong and broad of frame; the man is almost palsied at times by the fury of his love and hate; while the shaking of his hands and the nervous start of his head shows the ravages of the drug to which he is a slave.

Mr. Tree's play is a masterpiece of dramatic art, and the actor's performance is a masterpiece of dramatic art. The play is a masterpiece of dramatic art, and the actor's performance is a masterpiece of dramatic art.

Explains Why Doctors Fail To Cure Many Sick Women.

of the innocence of the other man suspected of the crime, are robbed of their effect in such cases; there is no tension and but little excitement. So much has been written lately of Dickens' story, of his probable intention in regard to its mystery, and of the novelty of Mr. Carr's elucidation of it that it is not necessary now to do more than allude to the play, as it stands. It begins with Jasper's visit to the east end opium den, where we find him, under the influence of the drug, dwelling upon the murder that is in his mind. He is not to be taken warning and reluctant Rosa Bud. Later, we see him at Cloisterham, and the dramatist continues to amplify and embroider this motive, neglecting to give us action, variety or incident. We find Neville Landless, hot-headed and passionate, in love with Rosa and quarrelling with Drood; and later, we see Jasper at the supper in his rooms, feeding the flame of jealousy and anger, forging the wine of the young man, bringing them to a quarrel, and sending them out together to walk by the steep and slippery banks of the river. But Drood returns safe and sound, still fortified with the drugged wine, and goes to bed. Jasper, his plan having failed, knows that to-night he must murder his nephew. He gets the scarf which has always been associated in his mind with the dead, creeps into Drood's room, and removes the watch and chain from the clothes in which he is sleeping. Then comes the opportunity for morphia, which he seizes gladly, for, once again, it means the postponement of the crime. Under its influence he believes himself to be committing it, and we see him strangling an imaginary body and throwing it into the empty grave in the crypt of the cathedral, to be consumed by quicklime. Then he falls senseless to the floor. Awakened in the morning, he thinks that his dream has been real, and verification comes from the jewelry he finds in his desk and the empty bed of Drood, who, awakened by the shouts of his uncle, returned from his room the previous night, and overheard Jasper's

Symptoms of Kidney Disease

Clotdy or milky urine.
Frequent desire to urinate.
Scanty and high-colored urine.
Brick dust deposits in the urine.
Pains in the back over the kidneys.
Feelings of weariness and despondency.
Shortness of breath and general weakness.

Thousands of people to-day have diseased kidneys and do not know it. Are you one? If so it is absolutely necessary that you should do something to prevent the development of such serious diseases as Bright's Disease, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the best on the market for the prevention of serious diseases. Thousands recommend them.

Mrs. Joseph Gray, Sartell, King's Co., N. B., writes: "For four or five years my husband and I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for kidney troubles, and biliousness and find them indispensable as a family medicine. We could not do without them."

Biliousness, liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, kidney disease and backache readily yield to the influence of this great family medicine. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.



DID 85 PER CENT OF THESE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN REVERT TO SAVAGERY?

The group shown in the picture is the graduating class of the Carlisle Indian School in 1902. Francis E. Leupp, commissioner of Indian schools, is opposed to all Indian schools not on the reservations, and in a recent address said: "It is true that about 85 per cent of the Indians that went to the Indian schools, such as Carlisle and others, and then back to the reservations sooner or later reverted to the blankets." He desires to close the Carlisle school.

tage died, at sixty-six, worth \$217,000; Sir Erasmus Wilson left \$284,000 behind him, and Sir Andrew Clark's savings reached \$205,000.

DULL EYES? BLOODLESS LIPS? PALE DRAWN CHEEKS?

You Must Stop the Progress of Anemia—or Die!

When anemic, you are languid and sensitive to cold. Gums, lips, eyelids are blanched and waxy. The skin is pallid, pulse becomes rapid and feeble. You grow dyspeptic, short of breath and nervous.

Anemia can't exist if there is a sufficient supply of healthy blood. FERROZONE makes good blood and lot of it. Mothers, look at your children. Are they ruddy and strong—to they eat and sleep well, or are they pale, weak and anemic?

FERROZONE will rebuild them. Take your own case. Is the blood strong and rich. Have you that old-time strength and vigor, or are you somewhat under the weather?

FERROZONE will supply the strengthening elements you require. It is a blood-forming, nourishing tonic that makes every ailing person well.

FERROZONE is a marvellous remedy, it contains in concentrated form certain rare qualities that especially fit it in cases of anemia, poor color, thin blood, tiredness and loss of strength. Every day you put off using FERROZONE you lose ground. Get it to-day, sold in 50-cent boxes by all dealers.

LAKE THAT CHANGES COLOR

At Different Times of Year It Is Yellow, Green, Red and Gray.

A small lake at Seaside, Monterey county, Cal., changes its color four times every year. To all appearance this lake is just like any other small lake, and there seems to be no reason why it should be such a remarkable sheet of water. After each change the water is full of fish and water fowl, and when in its normal condition the water is clear and sweet. It has one peculiarity besides its variable color, however, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The water is never stagnant, despite the fact that there is no apparent outlet to the lake.

The color changes are very pronounced and are in four distinct shades—yellow, green, red and black at times. After each change the water regains its normal clear appearance. The color is in the water and is not the result of reflection from the sky. This has been proved beyond doubt by the fact that the color remains the same for days at a time regardless of the conditions of the clouds. The four colors mentioned are the ones always seen, and they always occur in the order named, the disturbance, if such it may be called, covering a period of from six weeks to two months in July and August of each year. Old residents of Seaside assert that the phenomena is a regular annual event and that it is always followed by the death of a large number of fish in the lake.

No explanation of the peculiar condition has even been attempted by scientists, although several scientific men of note have studied the lake very carefully. The prevailing opinion among the inhabitants of the section surrounding the lake is that the lake is of volcanic origin and that the changes are due to subterranean disturbances which produce chemical changes in the water. At one time the dia is supposed to have grown out of the belief that the lake is bottomless. Twenty years ago, when the Southern Pacific Railroad was being built across one end of the lake, the roadbed against a cliff as it was laid and thousands of tons of gravel and stone were dumped into the lake before a stable foundation could be obtained. This led to the belief that the lake is bottomless. The lake is now a mile long by less than half a mile wide.

The Sunday Cough.

The parsons, though the daily press are making new records, say they were those whom nasty coughs oppress. Keep their worst bouts for church.

And say, on week days of the play if folks their cough can tame, in their house, on the Sabbath day, They cannot do the same.

Small need, methinks, to seek the "why" And "wherefore" of the case; The man who sneezes at the sight of a fly, Quite obvious on his face.

When folks you interest or amuse, They will not cough, for fear Left by so doing, they may lose What's worth their while to lose.

And just as artists on the stage Must grip their "house" secure, You preachers must your "house" engage As much, or even more.

Yes, give your people sermons choice, With art in every word you say, And then the Sunday cougher's voice No longer will be heard.

Or, if your efforts best despite, They still begin to cough, Then find the reason in their spite— And take it to leave off.

A young turkey has smooth back legs, an old one rough and reddish legs. When fresh killed the eyes are full and clear, and moist feet. The bills and feet of these are red when old, but yellow when young. The feet are visible when fresh killed, but stiff after being long kept. Ducks vary greatly in their flesh. Always choose those which are plump and firm to the handling.