

Sunday Reading

Gounod's Conversion to Music

A few days before Gounod's death he told a Paris reporter how his family became convinced of his musical genius. He was twelve years old and was getting a general education at a preparatory school. His mother consented to take him to hear Mozart's "Don Juan." Gounod sat with eyes and mouth wide open and did not utter a word until the overture was half over. Then, as the musicians struck a few mighty notes, the little fellow screamed, trembled, threw himself into his mother's arms and sobbed, "Oh, mamma, mamma! That, that is music!" He became so excited that his mother dared not keep him in the place. She led him out before the beginning of the first act, convinced that she must cease opposing his desire to make music his profession.

"I remember it as if it were yesterday," said Gounod a few weeks before his death. "It was as if God had descended from heaven and had spoken to us little men. My remembrance of that evening is to me still a blinding magical light. Mozart has remained for me the master of harmony above all other masters. He is much more than the first among them; he is the only one."

Thus was music in his soul born with him. It needed but the hearing of the masterpieces of harmony to kindle into a flame all the emotion of his soul and reveal his musical love. So also being born of God, having "the love of Christ shed abroad in our hearts," there will always be a kindling of the emotions and a gladdening of the heart, as our souls naturally respond to the things of God that we see and hear. Jesus will always be "much more than the first of masters. He will be the only One," and it will be easily known that we have been with Jesus.

Has that revelation come to you?

Have you heard the music of the Lord's voice?

An Indian Chief's Kindness

The North American Indians are people whom the missionaries have found it hard to influence. And no wonder; for the white men have driven them back and back like sheep, in order to make room for their great cities. The following story, however, comes from Dr. Chivers, a field missionary who has been much among the Indians, who in turn have adopted him and made an Indian chief of him.

White Arm, he says, is the finest type of the Indian. A newly-arrived missionary was laying the foundations of his house when he happened to remark, "I wish I had my wife and babies here."

"Why don't you have them?" asked White Arm, who overheard him.

"Oh, I have no place to put them," replied the missionary. "When my house is built I will get them."

"Take my house."

"But I can't turn you out of your house."

White Arm went off and put up a tent a little way from his house, into which he moved all his belongings. Then he left the door of his house wide open, and began to busy himself in his new abode. The missionary could not but accept the Indian's kindness.

Later, when the missionary was established in his new home, his little girl was taken ill. White Arm called every hour to inquire after the little one, and stayed near all the time, in case his help should be wanted. When the child died, he asked leave to erect a little white stone at her grave, and suggested the inscription. Previously, White Arm had given some of his land for a Christian school, and at a conference he said:

"Would you like to know why I gave my land for your school?" Pointing to where twenty or thirty children were sitting on the grass or in their mothers' laps, he said, simply, "I did it for them. As for the missionary, we all need him to lead us to the one true God."

A Remedy for Bilious Headache.—To those subject to bilious headache, Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as the way to speedy relief. Taken according to directions they will subdue irregularities of the stomach and so act upon the nerves and blood vessels that the pains in the head will cease. There are few who are not at some time subject to biliousness and familiar with its attendant evils. Yet none need suffer with these pills at hand.

True in Both Cases

The little son of a most upright and respected head of a college for pastoral training one night prayed at his astonished mother's knee that "papa might not come home drunk that evening." As the gentleman in question was most exemplary in his habits, he must have had, on hearing of the petition in his behalf somewhat the same sensations as those experienced by the captain in a recent work of fiction.

The captain, on one voyage, had a first mate who was addicted to drink. While in port in China this officer got sadly intoxicated, and was not able to make up the day's log. The captain did it for him. Never touching liquor himself, and being greatly disturbed over the affair, he added to the record the sentence, "Mate drunk all day."

When the officer recovered sufficiently to resume his duties with the log he was appalled.

"Cap'n," he exclaimed, "why did you put down that I was drunk all day?"

"It was true, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but what will the owners say? It will hurt me with them. Why need you have done it?"

But all the captain would respond was, "It was true, wasn't it?"

The next day, when the captain examined the log, down after the entries of observation, wind, course, tides, and so

forth, he saw, "Captain sober all day."

In high dudgeon he rushed to the deck.

"What do you mean, you rascal," he shouted to the first mate, "by writing in the log that I was sober all day?"

"It was true, wasn't it?" replied the mate.

"True? Of course it was true! You know I never touch liquor. Of course it was true!"

And then the joke dawned upon the captain, and he had the good sense to laugh.

Speak to Me, Father

By Charles Poole Cleaves

Speak to me, Father, when the day is breaking.

When the hushed mountains and the fragrant sod,

And the cool wind, alert with early waking,

Are conscious of thy thought and presence, God!

Speak to me, Father, when the day enralls me.

Oh, joy of duty, and oh, balm of prayer!

Toiling, I hear the gentle voice that calls me:

"Come, ye who labor, rest your soul from care."

Speak to me, Father, when the night is calling;

When the light lingers over land and sea.

What knows the day of joy or ill befalling

That is not hallowed by this hour with Thee!

Unable To Sleep Or Do Any Work. SUFFERED FROM HER NERVES.

Mrs. Thomas Harris, 8 Corrigan St., Kingston, Ont., writes: "I had been a constant sufferer, for many years, with my nerves, and was unable to sleep at night, or do any work through the day. I at last decided to consult a doctor and find out what was really the trouble. The first one told me I would have to go under an operation before I would be well, but I would not consent to this. One day I took a fit of crying, and it seemed that if anyone spoke to me I would have to order them out of the house. I must have been crying two hours when my insurance agent came in. He advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I at once sent to the drug store and got two boxes, and before I had them taken I felt like a different person. I have told others about them, and they have told me they would not be without them. I am very thankful I started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

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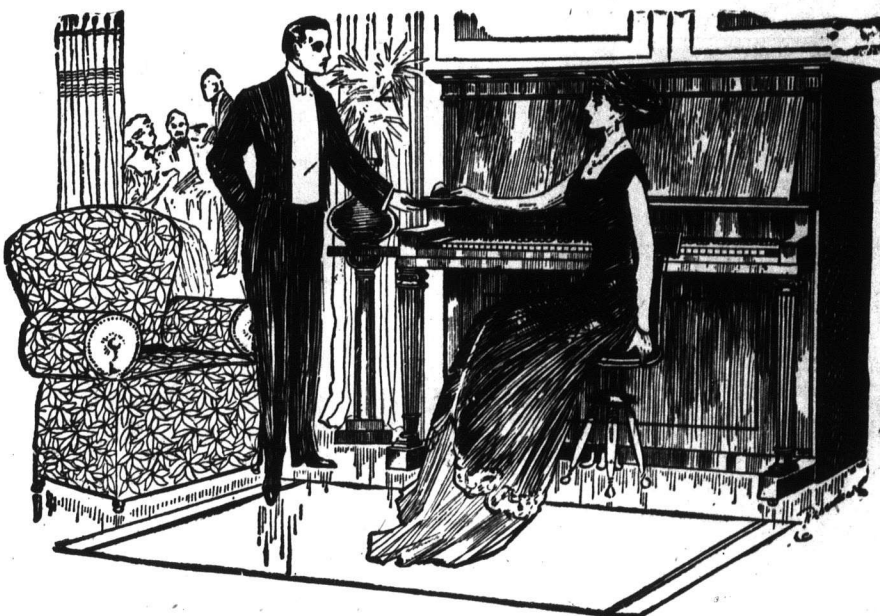
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