

RELIGION OF THE HEART

Love is the Ultimate Test of the Pure Religion.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father.—James ii. 27. Every right-minded and sound-hearted man or woman believes in religion; that is, that man has faculties fitting him for God, relations that bind him to God, duties owing to God. But what is pure religion? There are so many counterfeits. How shall I tell the genuine article? This is what perplexes many a person who would like to be really religious.

First, there is the religion of interest. Some persons treat it as a matter of shrewd calculation. They think it is prudent and safe to be religious. It is a good prop for the state and makes good citizens. It is a certificate of character. Religious standing in the community is looked upon as a valuable asset, much the same as a bank account.

It may also be a passport into heaven. Hence, such persons are regular observers of church services and perhaps large givers. But this religion of interest is a hollow counterfeit. It reduces piety to the level of

A MERE BUSINESS.

It has the "form of godliness, but denies the fervor thereof, and it does irreparable harm to pure religion. Many take these formalities as true types of religion, and they think that all piety is but hollow show, empty ceremony, sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Here, again, is the religion of law. This regards God as a law-giver who must be feared and served. It thinks of Him with trembling and awe. Hence with penance, rigor and self-denial are the chief graces. It is a religion of the conscience and thoroughly sincere, but its objection is that it only sees one side of God.

It is narrow, harsh and austere. It makes religion a matter of gloom and robs it of all sunshine. It tends too, to self-righteousness. It manufactures Pharisees. Its votaries become censors of others. They judge all by their own hard legalism. And whoever does not square with their narrow, severe standard, they look disdainfully upon as publicans and sinners.

The third type is the religion of love. This does not, indeed, forget that God is law and justice, but it recognizes that supremely "God is

Love." It looks upon Him as a father, only desiring the highest well-being of His creatures. It worships Him, not with fear, but with rejoicing. It serves Him, not in the bondage of a slave, but with the freedom of a son. It is not hampered by the chains of the letter, but lives in

THE LIBERTY OF THE SPIRIT.

It is the religion of the heart. It is the religion of joy. It is the ideal religion of the soul. This is the "pure religion" of our text, "undefiled before God and the Father."

"Pure religion" again is a life, and none the less it is a faith. It is a frequent mistake to conceive of these as distinct from or opposed to one another. But normally they are mutually independent as fountain to stream, root to tree, seed to fruit. There is, indeed, a dead or merely crested, but there is also a living faith.

A man's life is none the better for being an atheist or even a heretic. Negations are not sources of life or power. "All great ages," wrote Emerson, "have been ages of belief." The purer, the stronger, the diviner our faith, the richer and more beautiful and fruitful will be our life.

And so we reach the last and fullest outcome of real religion as defined in the latter cause of our text. Pure religion is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions. The religion of faith and love, of freedom and joy, starts in the soul the streams of charity and good will. He who has it wishes all the world to share in

ITS BLESSED SUNSHINE.

In one of Tisot's masterpieces Jesus is portrayed as moving through a multitude of sick, diseased or crippled. As he passes by the pallid cheek glows with health, the emaciated limbs grow elastic and the whole sorrowing scene is changed into beauty, joy and gladness. So the final test of pure religion is that it touches the soul with the spirit of kindness, and that as its possessor moves through the world he has a heart of sympathy, a word of gentleness and a hand of help for every struggling brother. And thus everywhere a trail of light and a ray of gratitude follow upon his gracious steps.

FLY SPECKS A LA MODE.

"Waiter," called a customer, in a small railroad restaurant, the other day, "bring me a plate of fly specks." "Fly specks, sir? We don't serve 'em," demanded the traveller, "why don't you take them off the bill of fare?"



THE above picture of the man and fish is the trademark of Scott's Emulsion, and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe.

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BABY'S \$1,000,000 HOUSE

BUILDING STANDS ON A TEN-ACRE ESTATE.

Master Brown Will Also Control a Steam Yacht, Sailing and Other Boats.

The latest freak of American extravagance takes the shape of a \$1,000,000 house erected especially for a baby, and a ten-acre park around it laid out on the same lines of infantile accommodation.

This house, which is now practically complete, is the only one of its kind in the world; and the child for whom it has been built is a boy of five years of age, the son of the late John Nicholas Brown, of Rhode Island and New York, and the sole heir to untold millions of dollars.

He bears the same Christian names as his deceased father, but he has achieved fame throughout the United States as "Baby Brown," and is beyond question the most pampered youngster that even the land of the Stars and Stripes has ever been able to boast.

When the idea of this baby's palace was first mooted eminent architects from New York and Boston were called in to advise and prepare plans, and the greatest pains were taken by them to ensure that the proposed dwelling should be all that the most exacting infant could desire.

It takes the shape of a great French chateau, on the front corner being a spacious 20 ft. chamber, which serves the purpose of a day nursery. The nursery, otherwise Master Brown's bedroom, is on the opposite corner, and is quite as large as the day nursery. A small bedroom opens out of this for the accommodation of the governess and night nurse, who watch over the nocturnal slumbers of

THE MILLIONAIRE BABY.

Both the day and night rooms are frescoed and decorated with the most costly tapestries and paintings; and the adjoining bathroom, the bath in which is large enough for its owner to indulge in a swim, is finished in water-tight tiles, both floors and walls.

The fond mother's sleeping apartment is in a rear corner; and farther back still are the guest-chambers, which are, of course, of only minor importance in this unique abode, the principal and grandest room of which is the playroom.

This is a really magnificent chamber, 48 ft. long and 24 ft. wide, occupying the whole central part of the third floor of the house. Its walls are hung with just such pictures as a child fancies, and at either end there are alcoves for storing playthings in. As there is ample space for outdoor games in this room, the toys comprise mimic trees, bushes, hills, and such-like things, so that when it is wet outside Master Brown can indulge in his favorite pastimes under cover.

When he gets tired of these he can descend by the lift to the first floor, where a billiard-room with a small billiard table has been provided for his amusement, on which he is to take his first formal lesson next summer. On this floor, too, is the morning-room, in

The ground floor boasts a grand saloon, finished in mahogany, and a dining-room and spacious entrance hall, in fine oak panelling. Accommodation for the servants is provided in a long wing at the rear of the main building. In every detail this is a house

BUILT FOR A BABY.

the stairs even having only a 6-in. rise instead of the usual 9 in.

The windows are built low, so that the infant-owner can enjoy the sight of his lawns, shrubbery, and garden without having to climb, and all the door-knobs and handles are fixed at a child's level. The chairs and other seats placed about the various rooms, halls, and piazzas are of the proper children's size, and waxed floors are not allowed on account of their slippery character.

The house stands on a ten-acre estate; the establishment also comprising a stable with accommodation for a dozen horses, and a garage for Baby Brown's tiny motor-car. All the ground has been laid out as a private park by landscape gardeners, who have made it into lawns, flower gardens, wooded walks, and a miniature lake, over which there is a stone bridge. This lake is banked with the choicest and rarest Japanese and other plants, and it has been stocked with trout and goldfish, which sport amongst the nymphs and other aquatic plants growing out of the water.

One part of the estate is planted with birch, pine, oak, and other trees, while a corner is devoted to those of the coniferous order, such as rare kinds of cedars, Norway spruce, and silver Colorado spruce. At one end of the lake a real English garden has been laid out, and it has been described as being "as imposing as one on a Royal British estate."

In close proximity to this garden a tropical conservatory stands, in which choice exotic fruits will be grown for the millionaire baby's table; and not far away there is a charming summer-house, with stucco walls and limestone columns, provided as a cool retreat on hot, oppressive days. Nothing less than

A SMALL DEER-PARK

is being constructed amongst the trees already referred to, the part set aside for it being enclosed in a fence of wire-netting. Here the small proprietor will be allowed to keep any animal pets that take his fancy.

But still further amusements will be available for this wonderful child of fortune. His unique abode is situated at Fashionable Newport; and on that part of the estate which slopes down to the waters of Narragansett Bay a strong sea wall is in course of construction. Along the top of this will run a 5 ft. stone balustrade, with seats of carved stone at short distances from each other.

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LEAD PACKETS ONLY.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

MOTOR BOOTS IN PARIS.

Inventor Went Through Streets at Twenty-Five Mile Rate.

According to the London Express, Parisians were startled the other day by seeing a big-booted man whizzing along the Avenue des Champs Elysees, and thence to the Bois de Boulogne at the rate of 25 miles an hour. It was Constantini, the inventor of motor boots, displaying the new footwear. The boots resemble tiny automobiles, 15 inches long, fixed on high boots. Each has four rubber-tired wheels eight inches in diameter. Accumulators were carried in a belt. They transmit by wires 1½ horse-power to each motor. The motors can be run at a speed ranging from six to 30 miles an hour. Each boot weighs 16 pounds, but as the feet are not lifted up the weight does not matter. Constantini claims to have travelled several hundred miles with them. He intends to travel from Paris to St. Petersburg on them. When asked what would happen if one motor started at the rate of six miles and the other at 30, he became diffident, and declined to discuss the subject.

MEANT TO HAVE SOMETHING.

Like other businesses, the tramp profession has to keep moving, and enterprise enters into his calculation as much as into a member of any other business. One strolled up to a journalist's house the other day. That was a mistake. Had he known it was the domicile of a pressman he would not have wasted his time. Being there, however, he made the best of it, and asked for a meal.

"No food to spare," he was told.

"Got an old coat?"

"No."

"Pair of old boots?"

"No; only these I'm wearing."

"An old shirt?"

"No."

"Well, a piece of bread, then?"

"Afraid not."

The tramp's chin fell on his chest, he thought. Then he produced a small album.

"Well," he said, "if you ain't got nothing else, let's have your orygraph!"

Some folks act as if they were attending a continuous funeral service.

The Story of Successful Man

A prosperous looker isn't always a prosperous feeder.



FEEDING

The average horse, with the usual flow of saliva, eats one quart of oats in about fifteen minutes; with this flow partially stopped it takes thirty minutes.

This shows how important it is to have the proper quantity of saliva and digestive juices.

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increases the saliva and digestive juices because the feed being made "tasty" it makes the animals "mouth water," the same as our own when we add butter or jam to our soda biscuit; it makes it more enjoyable to eat. The horse, therefore, eats its feed up clean.

The increased digestion and assimilation makes the blood circulate better, loosening the hide and making the coat glossy. Nothing injurious in it and can stop feeding it without harmful effects.

Our Heave Cure, Tar Foot Remedy, Colic Cure, Embrocation Liniment, Gall Cure, Balsam Pine Healing Oil, and Worm Powders are equally as good in their own way.

Money cheerfully refunded by the dealer if any Clydesdale Preparations do not give satisfaction.

Try Hercules Poultry Food. Clydesdale Stock Food Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.

THEY'D BE HARD TO CLIMB.

The story is told of a party of excursionists in the Aegean Sea. When approaching the Grecian coast, the party assembled about the rails to enjoy the beautiful scenery. One lady turned inquiringly to a gentleman at her right and said:

"What is that white off there on the horizon?"

"That is the snow on the mountains," replied the gentleman addressed.

"Well, that's funny," she replied. "My husband said it was grease."

ANOTHER NAME.

"No, Tommy," said the fond parent, "I cannot interfere in your behalf. Your teacher writes that she thrashed you on principle."

"Principle, shucks!" exclaimed Tommy, indignantly. "I guess I know where she licked me, all right."