

## Sunday Reading.

**The Stream of Life.**  
The stream of life is going dry,  
Thank God that more and more  
I see the golden sands which I  
Could never see before.

The banks are dark with graves of friends,  
Thank God, for faith sublime  
In the eternity that sends  
Its shadows into time.

The flowers are gone that with their glow  
Of sunshine filled the grass.  
Thank God, they were but dim and low  
Reflections in a glass.

The autumn winds are blowing chill,  
The summer warmth is done.  
Thank God, the little dewdrop still  
Is drawn into the sun.

Strange stream, to be exhaled so fast  
In cloudy cares and tears.  
Thank God that it should shine at last  
Along the immortal years.

### GENERAL BOOTH.

The society which to-day is doing probably the hardest evangelical work in the world—and doing it in the most robust way—was founded by one man. He never had military training, but he is the man of whom Lord Wolsley said, "I should like to have him for my chief of staff."

William Booth of Nottingham was, at the time of writing this article, in this country. At the age of fifteen he was a clerk in a store, with the prospect of a successful career before him as a business man; but already a consecrated heart burned in him and God's angel had touched his lips with fire.

Friends who witnessed his remarkable zeal and gifts as a religious exhorter when he was scarcely past his boyhood urged him to enter the ministry, but he was a slender lad, and the physician who examined him declared that if he took up preaching as a regular vocation, he would not live twelve months. Four years later he did begin to preach (on an allowance of twenty shillings a week), and after nearly half a century of incessant labor, he is still hale and strong.

During his earlier ministry—fruitful of results that would have satisfied most men the thought of the thousands whom he never saw at his meetings was continually in his mind. His hunger for the outcasts would not let him rest. The mass of his hearers and converts belonged to the church-going public—the more or less religiously instructed. This fact troubled him. There were human beings wretched enough, hopeless enough, to call out all the effort and sacrifice that he felt was in him. He seemed to have an "instinct for the uttermost"—a passion for the hardest cases. There must be "a fold for the black sheep" and he wanted to find them and lead them in.

He began to preach in the slums. In a low dancing hall in the East End of London the Salvation Army really began. Its devoted troops have since marched into nearly every country under the sun. Their methods are extraordinary, but their peerless philanthropy and their loyalty to the banner of the Cross have made them a power.

Two of General Booth's anecdote illustrations reveal the ruling principle of his work and his sense of its recompense. A little girl whose older brother's lack of compassion for small creatures distressed her injected this into her bedtime prayer:

"O Lord, don't let the little birds get into Robbie's trap in the garden. Please don't let them! Oh, I know they won't! They can't! Amen."

"Dolly," said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"Why, 'cause—'cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap."

"We pray for souls threatened by the traps of Satan," said the general, "but that's not enough. We smash the traps."

Amid the terrors of a sudden shipwreck a returning miner, carrying thirty-five thousand dollars in gold dust in his belt, was about committing himself to the sea. "Oh, save me! save me!" cried a weeping child, whose protectors had been swept away. What should he do? The weight of both the gold and the child would sink him. He tore off his belt and flung it away, and bidding the little girl mount on his shoulders and clasp his neck and hold hard, plunged into the surf. This was renunciation.

Hours afterward he woke to consciousness in a fisherman's hut, and felt the patting of little hands and a kiss upon his cheek, and heard a small voice say, "Thank you for saving me. I love you."

The first article in the commission of General Booth and his wageless "Army" is renunciation. Their reward is rescued immortal lives.

A truth always prominent in the history of greatness is that genius covets difficulties. Another, equally prominent in the history of goodness, is that Christlike love looks for the worst sinners.

General Booth is a living example of both. By a rare felicity, his passion for seeking the outcast and the despairing is matched by his capacity for the task—and by the efficiency of the world wide organization which he has created and trained to do it.

When Olive Schreiner says, "The only form of Christianity which is a living force is the Salvation Army," we can pardon the exaggeration; for words are not measured in one's enthusiasm for the work of a religion which never meets a wrong without helping to right it, nor sees a tear without trying to wipe it away.

### FRANCES WILLARD.

Some of Characteristics of the Late Remarkable Woman.

Miss Frances Willard, in many respects the most remarkable woman of the century was a flower of Puritan stock, and inherited the inflexible conscience and all the moral and mental vigor of her ancestry. Her preferences in childhood for masculine toys and athletic sports betoken strength and boldness too abounding for a life of mere conventional activities. The name "Eagle's Nest," which she gave to a favorite eyrie of hers in an oak tree on her father's Wisconsin farm, and which, many years afterward, she applied to her own cottage in the Catskills, best described the only rest which her free and fearless spirit ever allowed itself. The healthy girl loved to climb and run, and shoot with bow and arrow, and the healthy woman (who learned to ride the bicycle after she was fifty years old) continued to believe in the "wheel" and the oar as wholesome privileges of the "gentler" as well as the sterner sex. She neglected no physical duty, and her muscle was like her mind educated to unflinching fortitude.

But her strong physical qualities were not the whole of Miss Willard. She was by no means an armed Minerva and nothing else. With all her robust traits, she was a person of winsome presence and rare sweetness of character. Tenderness itself in her home life, and in all the intimacies of affection and offices of charity, she was one of the womanliest of all leaders of women. The friendships that survive her would alone embalm her name, and in them are the thanks of thousands whom her influence purified and saved. With the genius of a commander and the breadth of a statesman, she was great: but the world loved her, and will love her, chiefly because she was good. Her Christian life was one of exalted devotion, and so practical that every other life it touched felt it and revered it. Over her fine culture and her marvellous sum of gifts shone always the glory of her faith. "It is all worked into the wool and warp of my spirit, the result of the sweet old ways in which I was brought up," she once said. "I should have to deny myself in my inmost heart if I did not believe what mother taught me at her knee; if I did not reverence the voice that calls to me from the pages of the Bible."

Unhappily it is the lot of those who are born to do greatest work to break down at last under the burden. Miss Willard's athletic frame—her magnificent physical outfit—gave way under supreme strain. The presidency of the International Woman's Christian Temperance Union with all its administrative duties and anxieties, the endless flood of correspondence, the pushing of obstructed plans, the wrestling with financial trials, the harmonizing of a vast constituency on two continents—all this, devolved upon her single self, was too much, and she died before she had passed her prime.

We remember the warning given to Moses by his father-in-law: "This thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone." Capable leaders are naturally over-laden because they are capable, but one longs for a relief, such as Jethro's advice proposed, to divide the weight and save the untimely crushing of a choice spirit.

### A Friend in Need.

The Church Union gives a story of Phillips Brooks which illustrates his thoughtfulness toward all who needed friendly aid. A lady was travelling from Providence to Boston with her weak minded father. Before they arrived he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion; that some absolute duty called him.

His daughter endeavored to quiet him but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair, when she noticed a very large man watching the proceedings intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eye he rose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "you are in trouble. May I help you?"

She explained the situation to him.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him, and the large man, leaning toward the troubled man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied, that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage, received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had shaken her hand, and was about to closed the carriage door when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door she said:

"Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service, may I not know whom I am thanking?"

The big man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away.

### Walking With God.

The religious life is a progressive life. In these days of rapid transit, of steam and electricity, walking may seem to be a slow method of advancement, and yet the triumphs of walking are almost as great as those of steam or electricity. Think of the moral achievements to be gained not by flying, but by walking with God. God has given wings to angels, but feet to men. What we reach is reached by this method of living.

### Heavenly Visions.

Every heaven sent influence that tends to soften the feelings and intensify the sympathies is a heavenly vision to which we should be obedient. Whatever awakens the conscience, strengthens it and enhances it is a heavenly vision to which we cannot wisely be disobedient. Whatever strengthens the soul against the alluring power of evil is such a heavenly vision.

### The Church and Society.

God forbid that any one should say that Jesus was the best man that ever lived. I pity the man or woman who has not known souls as pure and beautiful as Jesus of Nazareth. There have been hundred and thousands, and perhaps millions, that have been pure and good like him, but who have not been called upon to manifest so greatly their worth or to minister, in so wide a field.

### The Profession of Faith.

No public profession of faith, no baptism, no church membership, is essential to good character, but I believe a man injures his character by not publicly professing his faith if he has it. Baptism is simply a method of professing faith. I do not see that it has any particular effect on character. Some of the best characters I have ever known were Quakers, and not baptized.

### Man of Public Spirit.

Now, the man that is influenced by disinterested love, by the unselfish spirit, has at the very roots of his living the noble principle of an enlightened benevolence. He is a thorough well wisher to his fellows, and so endeavors to discharge every social and relative duty. In a word, he is a man of public spirit.

### The Queenly Young Woman.

The queenly young woman appreciates the worth of true womanhood to society. Many a principle of righteousness that has borne fruit in some humanitarian enter-

## MRS. GEO. ADAMS, UXBRIDGE, ONT.

**Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Her of Fainting Spells, Partial Paralysis and Heart Trouble After the Doctors Had Given Her Up to Die.**



The beginning of this year very few people in Uxbridge, Ont., thought Mrs. Geo. Adams, a well-known and highly respected lady of that town, would be alive to see the incoming of spring.

She was so weak and wasted, her appetite was gone, there were dark circles under her eyes, her heart was bad, those terrible faint spells and smothering sensations came over her so frequently that it seemed to be only a matter of time till she would pass to the great majority.

More than that, there were times when she became partially paralyzed, and the doctors who were in attendance had given up all expectation of her recovery. At this time a friend in Toronto, hearing of Mrs. Adams' serious condition, advised the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. It was the last ray of hope, and Mrs. Adams concluded to try the remedy.

On February 3rd she got the first box, and started taking them. That was a Thursday. Friday night the first good effects of the medicine were made evident in Mrs. Adams getting sound, refreshing sleep, the first good night's rest she had had in months.

From that time on every day found her improving in health and getting stronger. The terrible pains that used to shoot through her head and arms disappeared, the spells of numbness and partial paralysis that came over her at times bothered her no more. Soon she was able to resume her household duties, and in addition bake her own bread, a thing she had not attempted for the past two years.

To-day Mrs. Adams is thankful to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for sparing her life to her children and husband, and under date of April 4th, 1898, wrote as follows:

"I had given up all hope of recovering, and frequently thought I could not live through the day."

praise or reform legislation was first instilled into the life of the child by a womanly mother, who had room enough in her heart to take the world into her affections.

### Goodness and Salvation.

There is no end to the plans of saving people in other ways than by making them good, but the vital question is whether goodness constitutes salvation. This is the one question in theology. In this our everyday life on this world the good man is the saved man. He has the respect of the community and the love of his friends.

### Keeping Secrets.

Keep natural and confident; secrets. Be unwilling to receive them when their is no obligation to do so, for secrets are like red-hot plowshares. To keep secrets under the cross fire of questions and curiosities which harass the world is not easy.

### The Sabbath Day.

A tendency has developed to make the Sabbath simply a day for physical relaxation. This is all wrong. Sunday is the day that connects the minor ends of life with the supreme. For this, if for no other reason, the Sabbath should be kept, standing out distinct from all other days.

### One View.

"What does yer reckon 'dis country'll do," said Miss Miami Brown, "of Spain

"Fainting spells, numbness and partial paralysis came upon me very often, sometimes seven spells in half a day. I was in this helpless and hopeless condition when a friend advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I secured at Mr. Nicholls' drug store. I had not taken them long when I noticed a great change for the better, and before I had used half a box I was up doing my own housework."

"By the time the first box was completed I was able to walk down town and back quite easily, a distance of half a mile each way."

"I cannot speak too highly of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as they saved my life and restored my health."

### ELIZABETH ADAMS.

T. C. Nicholls, B. A., the popular druggist and stationer of Uxbridge, who sold Mrs. Adams the pills, is ready to vouch for the truthfulness of the above statement.

This case of Mrs. Adams is only one of the thousands that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are curing all over Canada. Anyone afflicted with weak, palpitating, throbbing heart, nervousness, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, pale sallow complexion, thin watery blood, dyspepsia, weakness, loss of flesh, spinal disease, St. Vitus Dance, etc., will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the remedy indicated.

For women they are specially beneficial, imparting a rosy color to the pallid cheek and giving relief from pain and weakness. Growing girls and nursing mothers have heavy drains on their systems, and will find in Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the very elements that are needed to keep up their health and strength.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of prices, 50¢ a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

keeps on with dis here troublesomeness?" "Well," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I reckon it'll be jes' like it is wit us folks in Foggy Bottom. Ev'ry once in er while we has ter git together an lick dat Turkey Level gang so we kin be lef' alone ter fight among ouahselves in peace." New York World.

### SKIN ON FIRE.

Torments of Torments—Is there scrofulous tendency? Is there irritating eczema? Is there unexplainable itching, stinging skin eruption? Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a sovereign balm for all such. One application soothes and patient treatment produced a baby-like softness of the skin. It destroys the disease germ effectively. Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure piles in from three to six nights. 35 cents. Use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. Large vial, 20 cents.

### The Important Points.

Patent Medicine Man—"This new cough syrup of Dr. Bolus is an infringement on our patent. The ingredients are exactly the same."

His Partner—"I wouldn't mind about the ingredients, but he has imitated our label and the shape of the bottle."

### Success.

In business comes when thorough satisfaction is given to the public. That's why Nerviline sells so rapidly. Toothache is cured as if by magic. Pain, internal or external, finds a prompt antidote in Nerviline. Try it.

Established 1860.

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