

mentation and fine singing fail to compensate for the heavy odors that pervade the place. The fumes of burning incense, combining with an indefinable smell peculiar to this class of pilgrims, produce an olfactory sensation for which the English language has no adequate term. But there is devotion here such as is not seen in Occidental congregations. Whether it is a kind to be recommended to Christians generally, is a question the answer to which will depend upon the answerer's conception as to what constitutes true devotion.

The majority of these pilgrims cannot read, and the Bible is to them a sealed book. The priests are their oracles, and priestly counsel takes the place of Divine command. This counsel produces in the recipients of it a servile reverence for its donors such as no mortal owes to another. It sends the pilgrims to all the holy places, most of which are wrongly located, and causes them to pray and weep over the reputed relics of their Lord and the saints of the Church. It promises to the faithful and obedient pilgrims many spiritual rewards such as can be obtained only by those who have made the rounds of the holy places. It sends them back to their humble homes in Russia full of pious zeal and glad in heart and mind that they are able to tell their less favored friends their experiences in the Savior's land.

When the morning services are over these Oriental Christians have no further Sabbath restrictions. The rest of the day is as any other day to them. They buy and sell and bargain with a loudness of voice and vehemence of gesture that are commendable only for their expressiveness. This makes the contrast between the Jewish sabbath and the Christian Sunday very decided. On his day, the strict Jew will not speak of business in any way, will not even carry a handkerchief or watch, these being considered unnecessary, nor will he begin or end a journey.

A RICH BOY

"Oh, my," said Ben, "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."
 "I say Ben," said his father, turning around quickly. How much will you take for your legs?"
 "For my legs?" said Ben, in surprise.
 "Yes! What do you use them for?"
 "Why, I run and jump and play ball, and oh, everything."
 "That's so," said the father. "You wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"
 "No, indeed," answered Ben, smiling.
 "And your arms, I guess you would not take \$10,000 for them, would you?"
 "No, sir."
 "And your voice. They tell me you sing right well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for \$10,000, would you?"
 "No, sir."
 "Nor your good health?"
 "No, sir."
 "Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than \$5,000 a piece, at the very least, don't you think so?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Your eyes, now. How would

like to have \$50,000 and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."
 "Think a moment, Ben; \$50,000 is a lot of money. Are you sure you wouldn't sell them for that much?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Then, they are worth that much at least. Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—"legs ten thousand, arms ten voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten, and eyes fifty—that makes a hundred. You are worth \$100,000 at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are."
 "It was a lesson that day that Ben never forgot and since that day, every time he sees a cripple or a blind man, he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented.

MOTHER'S JOURNEY.

There is a hint in the following incident of the way in which children may be trained so as not to regard death as the king of terrors:

That night before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in kiss their mother good night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better, or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives! She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were: "I am going on a journey."

"A journey!" cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"
 "No; it is a long, long journey."
 "Mamma is going to the south," said; Katy "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother, faintly, and I "will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice; "I am not going alone. My physician goes with me. Kiss me good-bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which mother had safely arrived while she slept.

"How did she go? Who came for her?" they asked, amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horseman!" their father told them, solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children. When asked about their mother they say, "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her Guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick," and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.

WHAT A BOOK SAID.

"Once on a time," a library book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you have finished reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close

To Overcome Ills of Spring

Put Iron in the Blood and New Vigor and Vitality into the Whole System by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is composed of certain elements of nature which are supplied in the food we eat. During the winter season the food is of an artificial nature, and not sufficiently varied to properly sustain the quality of the blood. Consequently very many people suffer in the spring from the results of thin blood.

A pale face, and more especially paleness of the lips, gums, and the inside of the eyelids, tells of weak, watery blood. There are, languid, worn-out, despondent feelings, lack of energy and appetite, weakness and irregularities, and frequently stomach disorders, headaches, and nervous troubles.

To say that the blood is thin, weak and watery is to mean that it lacks iron and other elements, which are found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Put iron in the blood and you will help nature to overcome the ills of spring. Use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you will supply to the blood not only iron, but all the most effective elements of nature which go to make the blood rich and red.

Through the medium of the circulation of the blood, and the nervous system, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has a direct influence on every organ of the body. It tones, strengthens, and revitalizes the system, reconstructs the wasted tissues, creates new nerve force, and prevents and cures diseases caused by weak blood and exhausted nerves.

Are you pale and weak? Put iron in the blood by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Do you need a spring restorative? There is no preparation to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a blood builder and nerve restorer; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates, and Co., Toronto.



The cause of the distinctions in the qualities of different teas, as of black and green, are still matters of uncertainty and controversy among many dealers in teas. Black and green tea is plucked from the same bush, it is the method of manufacture which determines its color. Buy Ross' High-grade Tea and be sure.

You may have worn shoes that cost you more money than the

Hagar Shoe

but they don't wear any longer.

\$5

All Leathers

ONLY AT

H. & C. Blachford's

114 YONGE ST., Toronto.



TO OUR READERS

We ask our readers before making purchases to kindly look through our advertising columns with a view of purchasing from those houses who advertise with us, and when writing or ordering please mention The Canadian Churchman.

me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember, that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you have done with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

—Write this on memory's tablet: No one can be happy who cares not to be good.