

Sunday Reading

A Talk to Kings' Daughters.

By Mrs. MARGARET BOTTOMS in the Ladies' Home Journal.

God Reveals Himself to His Own.

Blessed are they which hunger and thirst; they shall be filled. You will know God if you get to the place where you say, 'I cannot live without Thee.' If, under the darkest circumstances, you will say, because you feel it,

"Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
Thy Paradise I then art here,
If Thou depart, 'tis hell."

you will have a revelation. God still reveals Himself to human souls. Do not think you can ever be satisfied with what was revealed to saints of old. Do you think that to read what was revealed to them will satisfy us? We must have the like revelation. Never till we have the experience Charles Wesley wrote of when he said,

"I hear the whisper in my heart,
The clouds disperse,
The shadows fall,
The invisible appears in sight,"

shall we be altogether satisfied.

We were made for God, and our spirits must now return to the God who gave them. People come to me distracted because of their troubles. They call the goodness of God in question, when the fact is they have never loved God nor paid any attention to His laws, or commands or promises. They have cultivated every side of themselves but the spiritual side, and now they only complain; they have no eyes to see spiritual things. 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' Jesus Christ said, 'Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.'

Heaven is Very Near to Earth.

A dear woman once came to me and said: 'I cannot see what you see. You seem to feel that your dear ones are not dead; that they are not under ground; that they are living and happy.' I said: 'You do not see. You do not feel it. Well, I do not see how it could be otherwise with you. You have lived in the seen, and perhaps never really believed enough in the unseen to make it at all a reality; why should you expect to see or feel as you would if you had made the spiritual life your own business?' If we would all strive to realize how near and close Heaven may be, it only we would draw nigh to our loving Saviour, death and separation would have no terrors for us.

The Message the Calendar Brought.

I have just received a note from a dear one who was supremely happy when she wrote, and as there is a lesson in it for some boys I will tell the story.

A boy of about seventeen, who admired and loved his mother as I hope you do yours was thinking before last Christmas what he should give his mother for a present, and a happy thought came to him. He knew how many people loved his mother, so he bought a calendar that had only one date upon it and sent the leaves to his mother asking them to write some sentiment on the leaves and return them to him. Among those who wrote was her son, who has since gone to a more beautiful country than this.

The calendar was prettily bound after all the leaves had been returned, and not until last month did the mother see what her dear boy himself had written. I do not know what the need of her heart was as she tore off one leaf to see what was on the next, but the name of the one now in Paradise was there in his own handwriting and the words were few—only 'In a whisper, I love you'—and then she wrote me, 'To think that he left that for me to have to-day.' He has given a pleasure that makes earth more endurable. Oh, to be, as George Elliot, said,

"The sweet presence of a departed,
And in diffusion evermore intense."

Let us All do Good While we May.

Are we really awake to the fact that we are constantly doing that which will be left behind us? Sweet memories or bitter memories: the words may be read or said with such unuttered anguish: 'To think that he left that for me to have to-day.' Our spoken words of love and tenderness will be remembered and lived on long after we have gone, or we may leave such bitter memories that those who are left are bereaved ever of what they might have had. I hope the words may suggest to you what they suggested to me: 'To think that he left that for me to have to-day.' Do not weary of my urging thoughtfulness on you. Life is very solemn. You may so live that when you go all who know you will want to live as you lived, that they may

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children are sick children. Their inactivity and sober faces are not in keeping with robust childhood. They lack vitality and resistive power, and are very susceptible to colds and contagious diseases.

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rejoin you in the land you fitted yourself to live in while here; or you may so live that you will be utterly forgotten.

I am so deeply impressed these days with the majesty of law. You can by no means reverse law; the law of gravitation is sure, and so are God's laws. Take, for instance, 'Give and it shall be given unto you.' You cannot escape that law. If you are selfish, and will not give to others they will not give to you. I am sure some of you will associate these words with me always because I have said them so many times. 'Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,' but I can only get you to see them and act upon them I shall be glad that I have said them so many times. I do so want you to have the harvest of joy roll in on you that rolls in on me these days even through this magazine. If it nothing to lift one out of depression, as more than one has written to me this past month, or thanking me for some thought that I gave? Oh, how many times have I said:

"If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue
Oh! the good we may be doing
While the days are going by."

Thy Father, My Father, Our Father.

I am so glad that I have Bibles which bear marks made a long way back in my life. I wish you would mark in your Bibles in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew, in the first verse, 'Your Father which is in Heaven.' Then in the fourth verse, 'thy Father'; then twice in the sixth verse, 'thy Father'; in the fourteenth verse, 'your Heavenly Father'; in the fifteenth verse again, 'your Father'; in the eighteenth verse again, 'thy Father,' and in the ninth verse are the words we said so long ago at mothers' knees—they may remember, we do not—'Our Father.'

Now, do we really believe that He is our Father, and that we are all the time giving to the Father, and that death means 'gone to the Father'? If we do we have the ideal life, and in such a life there is no death. I wish I could think the most of you know this life, but I cannot. I think very few of you have it. I think what Drummond says in one of the chapters in the book I want you to read is true: 'There is probably nothing in the world so disorderly and slipshod as personal spiritual experience; with most of us it is a thing without stability or permanence; it is changed by every trifle we meet, by each new mood or thought. It is a series of disconnected approaches to God; a disorderly succession of religious impulses, an irregularity of conduct, now on this principle, now on that; one day because we read something in a book; the next because it was contradicted in another; and when circumstances lead us really to examine ourselves, everything is indefinite, hazy, unsatisfactory, and all that we have for the Christian life are the shreds, perhaps, of the last few Sabbath's sermons and a few borrowed patches from other people's experiences. So we live in perpetual spiritual oscillation and confusion, and we are almost glad to let any friend or any book upset the most cherished thought we have.'

Why I Write About the Inner Life.

The reason I write so often about the inner life is because I know that it is the only life you will have very soon. A life of work will pass away. One thing I can take comfort in, and that is that my motive in writing to you as I do is to save you in hours which I know will come to you, when if you have not cultivated faith in God, you will be a disappointed being. It is no little thing to have God a reality to you. I read for myself, and I read for you, unalloyed; so if I say over and over, 'Now abide faith, hope, love,' it is because I know that there is nothing else that will abide, and I do not want you to be lonely. Others will give you what you need on other lines. Let me minister to your spiritual needs, and believe me,

every trial that can come to you of every kind is only to bring you to almost or quite a state of desperation that will make you cry out:

"Father, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know."

The getting, the process of making what we say we believe a reality to us, will be something of great importance in your life and mine. Make up your mind that your education will be costly. The ideal life is what you want and what God wants, and never forget that the only real is the ideal.

Did you ever know a human love that was a revelation to you? Were you ever called by your name unexpectedly, and the tones of the voice that uttered the name penetrated to your inmost nature, and you knew in that moment that you were loved, and your whole soul went out to that one who loved you. Have you ever known this human love? I am not going to speak of all that came after. I am not having anything to do now with the disappointments of your life or of your love. (I only want to know if you have had the experience; if so, you are capable of having such an experience with One with whom there is no 'variableness'.)

Our Own Names Should Be Sweet.

You must know the meaning of such words as 'I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine.' I mean you must hear this voice not with the outward ear maybe, but you must have the experience. There must come to you a sweetness in your own name which will make it a new name to you because He has called you by your name, and you must know that He loves you the same and in as satisfactory a way as ever human love was to you. I know this is saying much but it is the much you need. The need of your nature is a love that will satisfy.

Do you say, 'Has he so revealed Himself to you?' Yes, in His own way, so that it is satisfactory. I know by the revelation of the Spirit that He loves me; and it was the need with me and it is the need with you. 'How did you get it?' you ask. It came to me in the depths of hunger of soul or great loneliness of spirit when I felt that nothing, nothing could satisfy me but love—when I did not care where I should be, or what I should have, or what I should not have, if I only had a love that would satisfy me. I desired it, and I think the real requisition is want, desire. On spiritual lines you get what you desire, but desire is a tremendous thing. The people who have known God are the people who have desired Him. Only think of the language of one of old, 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.' Only think of the poor animal in the chase panting for water, and that was the language the Psalmist of old used to illustrate his desire for God.

We Must Work While we Can.

We must do something and not stand idly by waiting for some great thing to do, but do some little thing, some little kindness—do something; not dream, but do.

Emerson says: 'We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds; the one thing in the world of value is the active soul. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. Bound, therefore, your own world.' I am feeling more earnestly perhaps, in regard to your coming to your best and with a deeper longing to help you Godward than usual. Dear, dear Daughters, do give yourselves up to help. Help somebody; that is what we are here for, and there is a Holy Spirit whose name is 'Helper,' 'Comforter.' He will help you in your desire to help others if you will only reach out your hands to the poor and needy, the sick and the suffering—to all who need help and comfort.

MEMORIAL TO A BRITISH CONSUL.

Bronze Tablet to Commemorate the Services of Consul Ramsden at Santiago.

The secretary of the Navy has directed the casting of a bronze tablet to commemorate the services of the late Frederick W. Ramsden, her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Santiago, Cuba, as the representative of American interests there during the war with Spain. The tablet will be cast at the Washington Navy Yard. Secretary Long has decided that the tablet shall be erected in Santiago, and has written to Gen. Wood Wood, Governor of Cuba, for a suggestion as to the point where it should be placed. A replica of the tablet may be made for erection at the Naval Academy.

Mr. Ramsden became the representative of American interests in Santiago at the beginning of the war with Spain, under the arrangement, made with Great Britain to have her ministers and consuls care for the affairs of the United States in Spain and her insular domains. When Constructor Hobson and the Merrimac crew were captured by the Spaniards, Mr. Ramsden insisted on his right to look out for their wel-



Say "No"

and stick to it, if a grocer urges you to take something "that's the same as" or "as good as" Pearline. A washing-powder sold by "substitution" is open to suspicion. Even if it costs a few cents less, will that pay you for the damage that may be done? If any one thing has been proved about Pearline, it's the fact that it is absolutely harmless. Isn't that enough to make you insist on Pearline.

Millions of Pearline

fare, and besides furnishing them with such luxuries as he could secure, got the Spanish military authorities to remove them from the Morro, which was a shining mark for the gunners of Sampson's fleet, to a safer place in the town. Mr. Ramsden looked out not only for the interests of his own country and the United States, but for those of other nations. He was an active participant in the negotiations leading up to the surrender of Santiago. Owing to the privations of the siege Mr. Ramsden's health was undermined. He went to Jamaica shortly after the signing of the peace protocol, but too late to be benefited. His death occurred in that island.

MRS. BERRY'S CASE.

Story of a Common Mistake in Every Day Life.

Thought One Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills Would Cure Her—A Trousle of Eight Years' Standing—in the End Twelve Boxes Were Needed.

HALEPAK, N. S., APR. 23.—The story of Mrs. Berry's case, despatched recently from Bear River, Digby County, is the story of a common mistake the world over. Many people seem to think that because they are not cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills on the first dose, they are incurable. They give up so easily. It is no use expecting great results from half-hearted effort. Persistence and Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure you.

It is a mistake to expect to get cured of an ailment like chronic Kidney Disease in a hurry. Mrs. Berry, of Bear River, had kidney trouble for over eight years before she started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Then on a friend's advice she bought a box. After taking that first box she was not cured. She had had that disease for eight years. But she left off taking Dodd's Kidney Pills because the first box didn't cure her.

Three years after, having tried other medicines in vain, she was still not cured. She was in fact so much worse that she could not dress or undress unaided, and couldn't sleep more than five minutes at a time through the night. She determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills again. Three years' experience had taught her that she must persevere to succeed, so this time she bought five boxes. When they were used she got seven more. Today she is as well as ever she was in her life. The lesson is that Dodd's Kidney Pills would have cured her the first time if she had persevered.

A SALUTE WASTED.

It Was Intended for the General but the Cook Received It.

The American flag ship Monongahela was anchored off the navy yard at Pensacola Bay in 186-, and admiral Farragut was then in command, was on board. He had been busy the week before paying official calls on the mainland, and among those who had entertained him was General Canby. When, therefore, word was received that the general would visit the ship the next day, the admiral was determined to have everything ready to receive him in a style becoming his rank.

The old boat was scrubbed and holy-stoned from stem to stern, the bright work was given an extra rub, and things generally were put into the best of order. Captain Heywood, now brigadier general commandant of the marine corps, had a special inspection of his company of marine and not a spot of rust or a dull helmet spike escaped his notice. When night closed in, darkness settled down over a very clean ship and a very tired ship's company.

Bright and early the next morning the admiral's launch was sent off to bring the general aboard. At the last moment it was discovered that there was no fruit for luncheon, and Pompey, the admiral's cook was sent in the dingy to get some.

Pompey was a character in his way, and had been with the admiral for many years. He was very proud of what he called his military bearing, and wore his beard carefully trimmed to a point. His hair and beard were nearly white, and although he was sixty years old, he ruled the other negroes with a rod of iron.

By ten o'clock every one was standing by in full dress, when the quartermaster came aft and reported that the admiral's launch was returning.

The officer of the deck walked to the rail and took a squint at the boat through his glasses. A man clad in blue uniform was seated in the admiral's cane chair in

the stern, but the gunwale struck him just below the shoulder and the awning hid his head, the officer of the deck was not certain that it was General Canby until, as the wind lifted the edge of the awning, he caught a glimpse of a gray beard.

Word was passed that the general was coming off. The crew were beat to quarters the marine guard paraded, and the gun squad, detailed to fire the salute, took their stations.

Everything was in readiness, and the admiral and his staff stood at the head of the gangway to receive the guest. A hush of expectancy settled over the ship.

The boat drew nearer. Just as the launch scraped alongside, boom! boom! came the salute from the guns.

'Present arms!' came the command to the guard, and at a sign from the flag officer the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief.'

Amid all this military pomp and splendor the occupant of the launch was slowly clambering out, feet foremost, and just as the last gun was fired he stood erect at the top of the gangway.

Merciful heavens! It was Pompey, with a bag of fruit in each hand!

Confusion! The honors intended for a general had been rendered a negro cook! As the situation dawned on the men, even discipline could not check a general shout of laughter. The old admiral himself laughed until he could laugh no more.

It seemed that in some way the dingy had gone off and left the old negro, and that he had managed to convince the coxswain that 'Marso Farragut was jes' bound to have dat fruit befo' the general came.'

Pompey wanted to land at the port gangway, but the coxswain insisted that the admiral's launch never went to the port side, and that the old man would have to land on the starboard side, aft.

Had the awning been a little higher, the mistake in identification would not have occurred. As things were, no one could be blamed, and the affair was treated as a joke, while Pompey was nicknamed the 'General.'

When, an hour later, General Canby did come off, he was received with all due ceremony, and on being told the story, laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks, and demanded to see the man who had stolen his salute.

Easy Company.

Frenchmen are born diplomats, yet in a free and unguarded moment even one of that tactful race will sometimes speak his mind without a tinge of flattery.

Such an unguarded speech is recorded of a young Frenchman who, during a visit in London, was taken to see Madame Tussaud's famous waxworks.

'What do you think of them?' asked the friend who was acting as guide on that occasion.

'Oh,' said the young man, with a slight shrug, 'they seem to me very like the people at an ordinary English party, only perhaps a little stiffer.'

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Rewards of Fame.

The Chicago Tribune intimates that, even if 'republic are ungrateful,' our great men are not forgotten.

'Still,' said the old friend who had called to converse with the venerable sage, 'in your advancing age it must be a comfort to know your fame is secure.'

'Yes,' replied the aged scientist, 'I am told there is a new disease and a five-cent cigar named for me.'

Tourist—What a statue of justice with out scales?
Kentuckian—Yes, suh.

Tourist—What is she going to hold as a symbol?
Kentuckian—A mint julep in one hand,

suh, and a gun in the other, suh.

'Mister!' pleaded the wharf loafer 'won't you open your heart and give an old man a chew of tobacco?'
'No, snapped the well dressed man, 'you must think I have a tobacco heart.'

She rings up the great department store.
'Have you anything fresh in Easter lays?'
'Voice at the phone—Yes'm. Eggs or songs?

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