

WHY?

It was always the custom of a young man in our congregation to walk up to the preacher after the sermon and say, "I enjoyed your sermon very much. It was fine. I hope everybody enjoyed it as much as I."

Now this young man was also in the habit of sleeping during the greater part of the sermon, and I have often wondered why he always enjoyed the sermon. It certainly was not because he "heard it." I rather believe it was because it gave him an opportunity to sleep. Church is a great place for sleeping. It seems to have a natural fascination for some people. They can sleep much better in church than anywhere else. Even those afflicted with insomnia can find peaceful rest in a church. "Somnus Sabbateus" is a complaint which reigns throughout this land of ours.

A person who will go to church on the Lord's Day and sleep during the sermon is guilty of a gross insult to the preacher who is trying to feed the hungry souls upon the bread of life. He reminds us of the story of Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus was a very consistent church member and was always so attentive to the expounding of the Word that he oftentimes fell asleep during the sermon. Not it chanced that one day during his usual nap he had a dream. He dreamed that he was playing cards and just in the midst of a very interesting game and just after he had "led," the preacher said, "Uncle Rastus, please lead us in prayer." Uncle Rastus in reply said, "It's your lead, Parson, I've just led."

Similar may be the case of the young man who can see visions and dreams and thus enjoy the sermon without ever hearing it.

At any rate his habit of speaking to the preacher and complimenting the sermon was a good one and deserving of commendation, and one which more of us should imitate. It does the ordinary person good to be complimented, and the preacher is no exception, for he is human, just like the rest of us. He appreciates a compliment as much and deserves it oftentimes when he doesn't get it.

Don't fall in this little thing. It will help you preacher to preach a better sermon the next time.—A "snapshot" by a passing layman in Cumberland Presbyterian.

"The saloon, by its insolence, its arrogance, its persistent lawlessness, has forced the issue upon the people, and the people must meet it. It refuses to be reformed: it must therefore be destroyed. It has proclaimed by its conduct that it would die rather than obey the law. In doing so it has left but one course for self-respecting and law-respecting people. The time will come when men, not now young will live to see the day when there will be not a saloon in any land where men go to church and children go to school." — Senator Carmack of Tennessee.

Politeness is too often but imitation courtesy. Many a man is polite to his customers, but discourteous to his family. There are many who are polite to their acquaintances, but not to strangers. There are men who are exquisite in a drawing room, but boorish in a railway car. Politeness is largely a matter of education and habit; courtesy goes beneath both—it is a matter of character.—Henry Clay Trumbull.

The things pertaining to God are much more important than the things pertaining to me, for they are the things which concern your soul, which is immortal. . . . In the things pertaining to men, for they are the certain extent manage for himself if he likes. But the things pertaining to God, no man can handle properly himself. You cannot be your own saviour. You cannot forgive your own sins. You cannot blot out one single sin that is set down against you, and one unforgiven sin is enough to destroy your soul forever!

TOMMY'S APPLE LESSON.

"I don't see why Jamie and I may not play with Harry Barnes, father; I'm sure he's not so very bad," Tommy urged. "We will try to make him better. Can't we play with him? Please, father, I don't see how he can harm us."

Without saying a word, Tommy's father took four large, fine apples, put them on a plate, and placed a badly-speckled apple in the centre, then he set them in the cupboard. Tommy watched him closely, and wondered why; but his father only said:—"Wait two weeks, Tom, and then we shall see why you should not play with Harry Barnes."

Mr. Brown always kept his word; the boy knew that he must wait two weeks. At the end of that time, Tommy again asked his father if he could play with Harry.

Again, without a word, Mr. Brown went to the cupboard and brought out the plate of apples. The good apples were bad, just like the one in the centre. The boy was surprised, and his father examined each apple carefully, looking puzzled.

"Should not four apples make one bad apple good?" he asked. "I fear, Tommy," he added, "that apples and boys are somewhat alike. One evil companion will destroy four good ones. Do you see, now, why I do not want you to play with Harry Barnes?"

Tommy's face was very red. "I think I do not want to play with him now," he said, manfully.

MARRIED MEN ARE BRAVE.

In the English House of Commons not long ago, Major Seely, who had a command during the Boer war, said it was the general experience there that married soldiers were more courageous than unmarried ones. A similar condition, he said, developed in the Russo-Japanese war.

How this fact, if it be a fact, can be accounted for, is not very easy to determine. Perhaps only brave men marry. Perhaps married life makes men brave. Perhaps a married man's emotions, such as fondness for his wife and children, and concern for their welfare, make him oblivious to dangers. A bachelor has only himself to think about, and when he reaches the danger point, he is quite likely to wish himself away from it.

LIFE'S PICNIC.

Oh, the folly of it. We pack our hamper for life's picnic with such pains. We spend so much, we work so hard. We make choice pies; we cook prime joints; we prepare so carefully the mayonnaise; we mix with loving hands the salad; we cram the basket to the lid with every delicacy we can think of. Everything to make the picnic a success is there—except the salt. Ah, woe is me, we forget the salt. We slave at our desks, in our workshops, to make a home for those we love; we give up pleasures; we give up our rest. We toil in our kitchen from morning till night, and we render the whole feast tasteless for want of a ha-orth of salt, for want of a soupcon of amiability, for want of a handful of kind words, a touch of caress, a pinch of courtesy.—Jerome K. Jerome.

Life is only mean to the girl who makes it so. She can make herself and others miserable by surrounding herself with an atmosphere of gloom. She can shut herself into the darkness of morbid thoughts and imaginings and act disagreeably toward all who come within her circle. Cheerfulness is the prerogative of girlhood, sunniness her dower right. A girl can make her life a garden of loveliness and usefulness, or transform it into a barren waste from which no fruitage can be gathered that will benefit herself or others. If she sets out in life with no purpose, her existence will be negative, barren, and of no value to any one.

BABY'S TEETHING TIME IS A TROUBLOUS TIME.

When baby is teething the whole household is upset. The tender little gums are swollen and inflamed, and the poor child often cries day and night, wearing the mother out and keeping the rest of the family on edge. In the homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used there is no such worry. The Tablets allay the inflammation, soothe the irritation and bring the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. Jean Boutin, St. Marguerite, Que., says:—"When I sent for Baby's Own Tablets my nine months' old baby was suffering greatly from teething troubles and I hardly got any rest. A few doses of the Tablets relieved her, and the teeth seemed to come through painlessly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AS THE CROW FLIES.

Johnny Wheelan looked at the little side gate hanging on its hinge and wished very hard that he hadn't tried to swing on it. Father had told him not to, and Johnny had meant to swing but a minute; but he had taken only one or two rides when, "ker-plunk!" down came the gate, dragging its top hinge right out of the post.

Father would be sure to ask him how it happened. "Look here," Johnny said to himself, "that hinge must have been just barely holding on, or it wouldn't have pulled out so quick. I'm not that heavy!"

And having persuaded himself that this comfortable excuse was true, Johnny went around to the front porch where his father was reading the evening paper.

"What are those black birds, father?" Johnny asked presently, as a long-winged line of birds crossed the yard above the treestops.

"Crows!" answered father. "Don't you know a crow when you see him, Jonathan?"

"I know 'em when they're close," said Johnny. "Where are they going, father?"

"Wherever it is, they are taking the shortest cut to it," answered Wheelan. "They always do. I never forget it, because when I was a little boy like you, my father told me I could never be a man unless my speech was 'as the crow flies'—right straight to the truth without cutting or fiddling and going around hard places. We never could fool God, my father used to say; and the only speech that pleased him was 'as the crow flies.'"

"Father," said Johnny, quite suddenly, "I was swinging on the side gate just now, and it broke down."

"That is told 'as the crow flies,'" said his father.—Jewels.

Simplicity is less dependent upon external things than we imagine. It can live in broadcloth or homespun; it can eat white bread or black. It is not outward but inward. A certain openness of mind to learn the daily lessons of life; a certain willingness of heart to give and to receive that extra service, that gift beyond the strict measure of debt which makes friendship possible; a certain clearness of spirit to perceive the best in things and people, to love it without fear and to cleave to it without mistrust; a peaceable sureness of affection and taste; a gentle straightforwardness of action; a kind sincerity of speech—these are the marks of the simple life, which is within. I have seen it in a hut. I have seen it in a palace. And wherever it is found it is the best prize of the school of life, the badge of a scholar well-beloved of the Master.—Henry Van Dyke.

Straight from the Mighty Bow this truth is driven:

"They fall, and they alone, who have not striven."

—Clarence Urmey.

"Not what we have, but what we enjoy constitutes abundance."