

Sunday Reading

The Voice From Heaven.

Upon three occasions God spoke audibly to his Son. At the Jordan God said: 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;' on the Mount: 'This is my beloved Son, hear him;' in the temple the Voice declared in reference to the Father's name: 'I have both glorified it and will glorify it again.'

This voice revealed the character of God and set the seal of his satisfaction upon the work of his Son. It revealed God as one who could hear and answer prayer. Jesus was praying upon every occasion when the voice was heard. As an answer to these prayers the voice came. The Father not only heard the prayers of his Son, but answered them. From the beginning Jehovah has been considered as a God who could hear and answer the prayers of his children. The patriarchs and prophets believed in prayer. Witness Jacob! An outcast from his father's home, and from a mother's loving embrace, he pours out his soul in prayer. His prayer recorded in Genesis 28:9-12 is transcendent in beauty comprehensive in thought, and withal permeated with implicit confidence and trust in God. Moses believed in prayer and often do we find him communing intimately with the Father. Recall the custom of the Psalmist. How often he utters the real prayer of his heart in the sweet strains of Hebrew verse: 'Lord, lift up thou the light of thy countenance upon us.' 'Create within me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.'

In each case these men knew that they prayed, not to blocks of wood nor idols of stone, but to a living Creator who had both ears to hear and a heart to answer.

This power to hear and answer prayer, God revealed for the benefit of his children. In the temple, when the voice was heard, some of the people said that it thundered. Others said: 'An angel spoke to him.' Then it was Jesus' opportunity to teach them the truth. He declared: 'This voice came not for my sake, but for your sakes.' But did he deny his own need for divine help? Who could have needed it more than he? The frowns of the world were upon him; the cross and ignominious shame just before him. Why could it not be that the Father spoke to strengthen and prepare the Son, for the impending crisis? Not so. The Father spoke 'for your sakes.' Upon the first two occasions only a small number heard the voice. At his baptism we may reasonably doubt whether any but John and Jesus saw the descending dove and heard the voice from heaven. On the Mount of Transfiguration there was present only the chosen three. But here in the temple, to a listening multitude, the voice of God declared that his name had been glorified and that it should be glorified again.

Thus did the voice set the seal of God's satisfaction upon the work of his Son. His name has been glorified. Through the life and work of the Son was this glorification accomplished. The conduct of the son is either honoring or dishonoring to the father. Did Solomon ever speak a truer proverb: 'A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bore him?' Never! But he spoke one equally as true: 'A wise man maketh a glad father.' Jacob wept bitterly as he beheld his sons scheming and plotting against each other, thus bringing his grey hairs to the grave in sorrow. Andrew Fuller was one of the godliest of men. It was the grief of his old age that a son was dissolute and worthless. But it is the joy of many a parent that Solomon was right when he said: 'A wise son maketh a glad father.' What gladdens the father so much as true manliness in his sons. There are few things if any, for which parents pray so often and so fervently as that their children may be useful in their day and generation.

The Lord Jesus was a Son worthy of his father. The great aim of his life was to glorify the Father's name. For this he lived, for this he died, and for this he returned to the home whence he came forth. The second recorded utterance of Jesus was spoken when a lad of only twelve years: 'Wist ye not that I should be about my father's business?' Through his entire life this same grand purpose ran. He came not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him, and, to do this will was his meat and drink. At Sychar he astonished his disciples by refusing to eat the meat they had purchased for him. He had meat to eat which they knew not of. Follow him in thought, behold him with the eyes of faith, listen to his words with a heart open to receive his truth. At Cana

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of Galilee he manifested his glory by showing his power over nature; at Jerusalem he taught a ruler of the Jews that God sent his Son into the world to redeem the world; on one of the horns of Hattin he spiritualized and vivified the law of God written on Sinai; at Nain, at Capernaum at Bethany he spoke and the dead were raised to life again. In the synagogue, in the temple, at the roadside, on the lake, his words were heard, and in every place he sought the glory of the Father's name. Do you wonder that such a Son could say to the Father at the close of his life: 'I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do?' Neither do you wonder that the Father would speak from the 'excellent glory' confirming the work his beloved Son had accomplished.

The voice heard in the temple declared that the Father's name should be glorified again. What need of a second glorification? His name had been glorified already by the manifestation of love as broad as the universe. What else had the Son to do? His greatest works were there before him. The cross, the resurrection and the ascension remained to be accomplished. The power to draw men to him depended upon the closing scenes of his earthly career. 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' That great sacrifice, although it seemed to the apostles a blighting curse and the destruction of earth's fondest hopes, was that by which the Son of God entered into his glory and by which the Father's name was glorified a second time upon the earth.

In Israel Jesus had certainly glorified the Father's name. His ministry and miracles, his knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures, his interpretation of the Mosaic law; these things were sufficient to show the Father's glory among a people chosen as the repository of his truth. But among the heathen these things could not avail. They knew very little of Jehovah. Their consciences and the visible world were the only revealers of his majesty. Something else was needed to bring them into touch and fellowship with the God of heaven. A revelation was necessary. How could the Father make this revelation more fully than in the gift of his Son; how could the Son make known a Father's love more certainly than by becoming 'the end of the law for righteousness'; how could the Father's name be glorified more triumphantly among the heathen than by showing 'that what he had promised he was able also to perform'?

The character of God and the work of his Son. What more beautiful or important theme could Christians consider? In God we find all that one could expect in a loving Father. In the work of the Son we find the basis of our hope of eternal life. The voice from heaven is a Divine call for faith. God can be depended upon. The work of the Son was thoroughly done, and bears the seal of the Father's satisfaction. The hope the voice inspires is sure and steadfast. Listen to the voice! It will give greater confidence in Jesus, a stronger faith in God, and a firmer grasp upon the truths of the Gospel.

A YOUNG MAN HELPS.

We should know that he bears the impress of God's Grace.

I am there with him! With whom? With Jesus. And where is Jesus now? He is at the right hand of the throne. And I, this frail fallible mortal, I am with him there. Be careful. This is a weak body and this is a wicked world, and God is high and holy. I know it, and just because I know it and apprehend it: what I am, what the world is, what God is, realizing the unutterable demands of the situation, I say it earnestly, and as reverently: I am with him there—I cannot but be; I must be.

And I may be. Jesus has promised it. 'Yet a little while,' he said, 'and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me.' That is gracious. Faith looks up out of the din and smoke and descries him sitting there calm and masterful, 'henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool.' That is good. But this is better: 'Because I live, and ye live.' A joint life, a living union. And so it goes right on to say: 'At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.' There he is with the Father, and there I am, with him. He tells me so.

Young man, you need this, just this kind of help, high help. You cannot, indeed get along without it. The reason you and I stumble so much is because we let it slip from us. Do not put it away as a bit of distant doctrine. The only soul that is going to pull through this buffeting world is the soul that has this—a title clear and a cable taut and strong, straight to the Throne, to look up is not enough. Lift up—live up.

You recall the name they gave to Abraham—'father of the faithful.' Noise of many feet is its significance. Your feet, my feet. Abraham is up there now, and by the grace of God I am up there with him. And by that same token, with Jesus. 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus,' for he shall save his people from their sins.' His people, included in his wonderful name given of old, given for eternity. Then they are with him now in that Throne name, before which every knee shall bow. He takes me with him all the way. I, too am there.

It was on his deathbed that Cromwell said it. His wife was reading to him Paul's letter to the Philippians. At the words: 'I can do all things through (in) Christ which strengtheneth me,' he stopped her and exclaimed: 'O St. Paul, you are entitled to speak thus, and he who is your Savior shall also be my Savior, too. Oh, what love, to descend so low and take hold of the hand of such a mortal as I!'

Say it now in the strength of your days. When burdens are heavy and the sun beats sore, get your head up above the clouds and let the arms (fingers) of your hand, like Joseph's, be strengthened by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob—throne strength. When Satan's arrows are flying fast to your stronghold. It is safe about the Throne—Throne refuge. When tired and weary with men and things, just go home to God awhile and be refreshed in the cool and quiet of his presence—Throne rest!

Have you heard of the white feather that the Indians placed above the doorway of the Quaker home in the wilderness in token that the family were friends and were not to be touched by marauding bands? When other hamlets felt that hut in the forest remained. God has put his mark upon you. You belong to him. Live up to the mark, the crown mark on your forehead. Know yourselves as little children of the King. So be calm; so be strong—as heaven is calm; as Christ is strong!

Shakespeare Tabooed.

F Brocklehurst, a well known Manchester man, voluntarily went to jail as a protest against some local park regulation and has written a book called 'When I Was in Prison.' Here is a story he tells about his experience: The rule about literature in British jails is that only books of moral helpfulness shall be given to the prisoners. Mr Brocklehurst asked for Shakespeare. 'Can't let you have Shakespeare,' said the Governor. 'Well, why's that?' was the protest. 'An author who wrote "Don Juan" cannot be a moral writer'—such was the

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governor's cold verdict. Mr. Brocklehurst had to be content with 'Euclid,' whose moral instruction is not very evident.

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MIRACLE OF BOPEEP'S GRAVE

The Dire Prophecies of a 'Canuck' Fortune Teller.

Every French-Canadian resident of Maine believes that a miracle has been performed over the grave of Paul Beaupre, who died and was buried in the woods above Grindstone Falls four years ago. Beaupre, or Bo Peep as he was called by his acquaintances, was a fortune teller and peddler of snakeskin charms, who traveled from camp to camp in winter selling his amulets and preying upon the credulity of his countrymen by pretending to reveal future events. Four years ago he was taken ill with pneumonia while staying at a camp on the East Branch and died inside of a week. Before his death he expressed a wish to have his body taken to Montreal for burial, pronouncing a fearful curse upon those who neglected to obey his last request. Among other catastrophes that were to follow a denial of his wish were the sudden death of the camp foreman, the loss of the year's cut of logs and the burning of the camp. He also said that if he were buried in the woods a living cross would grow up from his grave which should serve as a perpetual warning to all unbelievers.

Beaupre died in November, 1894. His body was sewed up in a new blanket and carried to a rocky point above Grindstone, where the bearers placed it under the roots of a great yellow birch tree which had lately been felled in a gale. When the remains had been duly disposed in the stony opening, one of the men chopped off the fallen tree trunk with an axe, allowing the stump to fly back, thus filling the hole and burying the body under tons of earth.

Two weeks later the camp boss was killed by a falling limb. The following spring the logs were hung up for want of

water and while they were lying on the shore waiting for rains a forest fire swept through the woods burning the logs and the camp where the men had worked. This fall a party of Frenchmen who had been hunting deer stopped at Bo Peep's grave and were surprised to find that the yellow birch which covered his remains had sprouted from the stump, sending up three shoots which had interlaced so as to form a cross about ten feet tall. When they saw that the last of the dead man's predictions had been fulfilled, they came out and circulated the story all over eastern Maine, since which time the grave has been visited by scores of people, the people all of whom believe that a miracle has been wrought above the dead.

The Only Thing to do.

Mrs. Bronston (pale, weary, and half-distracted): 'That's the ninth girl I've had within a month, and she just threw a flat iron at me.'

Mr. Bronston: By the way, a party of us to-day were trying to evolve a scheme for co-operative housekeeping. Our plan was to take a small family hotel, engage our own servants, do our managing, and share the expenses.'

'That's grand! It would be just like living in an absolutely perfect hotel, and at half the cost. Oh, I'm delighted! Who will go with us?'

'Well there Jinks for one.'

'His wife doesn't move in our set.'

'And Winks?'

'Mr. Winks is a scandal-monger and you know it.'

'And Minks—'

'Catch me living under the same roof with that flirting woman.'

'Well, there's Binks, husband of your friend, Mrs. Binks.'

'Very nice in company, but they say she's a terror at home.'

'And there's Finks.'

'Mrs. Finks is a regular old cat.'

'And Pinks.'

'Hud! Mrs. Pinks and her two pretty daughters, with no thought but dress and the opera! Nice ones they'd be to keep house with!'

'And your dear friend, Mrs. Kinks.'

'She didn't return my last call, and I've dropped her.'

'But what shall we do?'

'Get another girl.'

Changed his Opinion.

The other day a married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a North-country town, and the husband, noting the attention other women obtained from passers-by, remarked to his better half: 'Folk never look at thee. I wish I'd married someone better looking.' The woman tartly replied: 'It's thy fault. Dista think a man'll stare at me when you're walking wi' me?' These steps behind, and thab'll see whether folk don't look at me.' He hung back about a dozen yards, and for the length of a street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her, and turn round and look after her when she had passed. 'Sal, lass!' he exclaimed. 'I was wrang, an' I tak'n back. I niver say awt about thy face again.' His wily spouse had accomplished the trick by putting out her tongue at every man she met.

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