

DO YOUR DUTY EACH DAY

Lax Christians Retard the Growth of Religion

Therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called...

EVERY RELATION IN LIFE must feel its sanctifying touch. They are to be "the light of the world"...

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON. SEPT. 1.

Lesson IX. The Two Reports of the Spies. Golden Text: Num. 14, 9.

THE LESSON WORD STUDIES.

Based on the text of the Revised Version. The Land as the Spies Saw It.—The boundaries of the Promised Land as described by the sacred writers were briefly as follows: On the west the Mediterranean Sea...

20. Be ye of good courage.—Or, as someone has translated, "exert yourselves." The time of the first-ripe grapes—Perhaps the middle of July, at which season the first grapes are on sale in the cities and villages of Southern Palestine...

25. At the end of forty days.—It would not be difficult for men accustomed to travel much on foot to walk back and forth through the entire length of the country from north to south, a distance of approximately 600 miles, in forty days. It is not necessary, however, to take the expression literally, as it may well stand for a somewhat indefinite time of moderate length.

26. The wilderness of Paran.—In which was situated Kadesh, which place in turn was about fifty miles south of Beersheba. The modern site of the ancient city is known as Ain Kadis.

27. It flowed with milk and honey.—An expression used frequently in the Old Testament to designate extreme fertility and productivity of soil. Comp. Exod. 3, 8, 17, 13, 5; 33, 31, 11, 5; 32, 22; Ezek. 20, 6, 15).

28. The children of Anak.—See note on verse 33 below. 29. Amalek.—The Amalekites were nomads associated more frequently with the desert country farther to the south of Palestine, but doubtless wandering extensively from place to place.

30. The Hittites.—A non-Semitic people, very powerful at one time. The Hittites appear to have come from Cappadocia. They are frequently mentioned in Egyptian inscriptions dating from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, respectively, during the fifteenth and fourteenth centuries, B. C. Mention is also made of them on Assyrian inscriptions of several centuries later. Their stronghold was in the extreme north of Palestine, and from here they seem to have penetrated far to the south.

31. The Jebusites.—A local tribe in possession of the ancient stronghold of Jerusalem and its environs. The Amorit.—In Bible usage referring principally to the kingdom of Og and Sihon, east of the Jordan. In several places, however, the name of this people is connected with the hill country south of Palestine.

explanatory note thrown in by the author of the passage. In both this and the Genesis reference to this strange and superhuman people we are doubtless brought in contact with ancient Hebrew traditions, and even more surprising allusions to a separate and distinct people, but rather of men of unusual size and strength found here and there among the different tribes inhabiting the land.

THE REAL IRELAND.

Common Mistakes as to the Characteristics of the Irish People.

The accepted Irish type of the masses—the stage Irishman—may be amusing, says the Outlook, but he smacks also of indolence, thriftlessness, a tendency to drink and even a lack of certain primary virtues.

As to drink, contrary to the general supposition, the Irishman spends a less average on it than does the Englishman or Scot; moreover, the Irishman spends more on beer than on spirits, the contrary being true of the Scot.

It is not surprising to find the Irish to be less criminally inclined than are the inhabitants of Great Britain; in particular, as to sexual morality, the stranger in Ireland is invariably surprised by the rectitude of the people.

In 1841 Ireland's population was estimated at 8,100,000; in 1901, at 4,400,000. Thus in sixty years the population fell by nearly 50 per cent.

But this is not all. Quality as well as quantity is involved. The emigrants have generally been in the full vigor; most of those who have remained have been physically, mentally and industrially deficient.

Meanwhile, the burden of taxation has enormously increased. Is it surprising, then, that, with the exception of France, Ireland's birth rate should be now the lowest in the world?

SELF AID FOR CRIPPLES.

Factory Employs Them to Make Copper Strips.

A factory which is expected to find employment, within twelve months, for 500 crippled girls, has been opened at Hoxton, England.

The factory will be conducted on strictly sanitary lines, and the occupation, which is to afford the afflicted girls the means of making themselves independent of charity, is the Bastian-Gilvert process of enameling copper strips for use in the manufacture of electric lamps.

"The idea of the Bastian-Gilvert system," said a representative of the company, "is to manufacture these glass-encased copper strips by forming the conducting wires for electric lamps in place of platinum, which fluctuates in price and touched 48 per cent. last year."

"It is realized that such occupation would be perfectly feasible for crippled girls who have the use of their hands and good eyesight, and would open a new field of labor to many girls incapacitated from active work by hip joint disease."

"The sole employment of cripples has been rendered possible by the co-operation of the Bagged School Union and Shaftesbury Society, which are bearing the expenses of a matron to 'mother' the girls for the first few months of their industrial experience."

"The factory will start with the employment of thirty girls, who during the first month or two of tuition will receive monthly allowances."

ANTS GUIDED BY SIGHT.

Old Theory That They Cannot See Demolished by Experiments.

The old theory that ants could not see and were guided entirely by sense of smell has been demolished by a series of experiments reported in the Revue Scientifique.

A second inclined plane was located on the opposite side of the platform, but they took no notice of it. The experimenters then twisted the platform around so that the second plane pointed to the nest entrance.

Without hesitation the ants ceased using the old plane and took to the new one. Showing conclusively, it is argued that they were not following a trail by scent, but were getting their bearings by some other sense.

An electric light bulb was set up near one entrance to the nest. It seemed to have an immediate attraction for the ants, as they unanimously used the entrance on that side coming to and going from the nest. Then it was changed over to the other side, causing great excitement apparently among the insects, which ended in their changing over to the newly illuminated way.

MATRIMONIAL.

When a man goes away on business it telegraphs home he scens his wife to death and if he doesn't she cries.

The Man Who Hesitated

"Help." The unerving, harrowing scream of a strong man, whose strength and manhood had collapsed beneath the sudden strain of some deadly fear, some overpowering agony.

The Thames looked placidly beautiful. A growing circle of wavelets swept slowly over its calm surface—swept away as though shrinking in horror from the gruesome bubbles that came spluttering up where the swimmer had sunk down to death.

A minute before Vernon Dale had scudded to admire the solitary swimmer's strength and grace, as he cut through the water like some fabulous sea-creature, with a beautiful side-glance.

Vernon Dale had passed on, for a man has no time to lose when the woman he loves is waiting for him. She was the daughter of the rector of a riverside parish, and it was his first visit to her beloved country home.

The swimmer had disappeared, but a tiny whirlpool on the peaceful face of the river showed where the strong man had been forced to yield.

"Cramp!" muttered Dale. And he ran swiftly back along the bank, with his eyes fixed on the surface of the water, waiting to see the man rise again. The circle of wavelets was widening, and scarcely a sign remained now of the man who had roused his admiration so few minutes ago.

Dale was a strong swimmer himself. He flung off his coat and waistcoat, and was tearing madly at his heavy waders, when he was stopped and seemed as if suddenly turned to stone.

He had thought of Nina! The vision of the girl's face rose before him, pure as an angel's, and sensitively, oh, how sensitively, he remembered the lips that quivered with pain when he kissed her good-bye, the weak, white hands that clung to his passionately when he had to leave her for a few short months, he saw them, he felt them, now! The lips were red with wild prayers for his safety, the hands were clinging madly to his arm, holding him back from the gaping jaws of death.

A moment or two of maddening indecision. Oh, if they only loved each other less—just a little less!

Had anyone been there to see, he would have thought Vernon Dale was a maniac. His face was haggard and a ghastly white, the eyes gleaming and prominent—indeed, his mind was, for the time, unbalanced.

If he went down, too, and did not rise again, it would kill Nina!

"I can't do it!" he said hoarsely, as if to the man whose life had been choked and stifled out of him somewhere down amongst the dank, loathsome weeds and slime. "I can't do it. I don't risk it. I might kill the woman I love!"

Mechanically, he saw them, he felt them, now! The lips were red with wild prayers for his safety, the hands were clinging madly to his arm, holding him back from the gaping jaws of death.

"We will keep our secret well—we will," he said in a hoarse whisper, as if to himself, as if to some one else, as if to the bottom of the calm river. Then he glanced hastily right and left. Someone might have been watching after all.

He had been mad to bring such a small boat, lightly and swiftly propelled by a skilful oarsman. Somehow the sight of another human being brought Vernon Dale back to sanity—and to a terrible, crushing sense of the naked, live, undying horror of what he had undergone.

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He could not tell Nina, but he would tell her brother. He had never met her brother, but according to Nina he was the noblest and most generous-hearted fellow breathing. And Nina was a pure-hearted, right-minded girl—surely her brother, Claude, must be a decent fellow!

He would not judge him harshly because for Nina had told him so—Claude was in love himself, and would understand.

Nina met him, radiant with joy, at the door. There was something sad and pitiful about the girl's wondrous, frail, sensitive beauty. Dale took her gently in his strong arms and thanked Heaven that he had not thrown his life and hers on the mercy of the cruel, insatiable river.

"Why, Vernon, how cold you are—why? What is the matter?" "Nothing, dear. A little bit out of sorts, that's all—and the journey, you know, I hate railway travelling."

"Poor boy. You must come in and have something to eat and a glass of wine. Father is out, and I am all alone—except the servant, of course."

He went with the girl, and she had never seemed so gentle, so kindly, so womanly, so lovable as now. He forced himself to eat and drink for her sake. He forced himself to smile and joke with a strong, young man's last bitter outcry against death still ringing in his ears.

"Is your brother in?" he asked her soon. "No, Vernon. He is out walking, but he will be soon. I am so sure you and Claude will be real, true friends."

"Poor boy. You must come in and have something to eat and a glass of wine. Father is out, and I am all alone—except the servant, of course."

Nina was on her knees beside him. He felt her soft hair touch his hand, and her arms twine around his.

"Vernon, if there is anything on your mind, tell me. No one can help you as I can, for no one loves you as I do!" "You are right, Nina," he answered in a hoarse, broken voice. "I will tell you—I must."

She waited. Her eyes were fixed on his in minute agony.

"As I was coming along the bank on my way here, there was a man swimming. I passed him, and when I was about a hundred yards from him he gave me a cry and sank."

"How horrible!" she murmured with a shudder. "But—but—that is not all!" "No, Nina. I ran back to the place where he sank—but I did not try to save him. Don't despise me, Nina, because it was for your sake, I was just on the point of plunging in when I thought of you, and of all I am to you—and then I couldn't. God forgive me if I did wrong, but it seemed to me at the time that it was right."

She rose to her feet and staggered to a chair, white as death. "If you had died!" she said, clenching her hands and looking at him wildly. "If you had died... I could have borne it. I should have known you loved a brave man."

He sprang to her side, and took her in his arms. "Nina! Nina!" he cried passionately, "you cannot understand what it cost me to do as I did. It would have been a thousand times better to plunge in and die than to leave him as I did, I am no coward, Nina! I once saved a boy from drowning—and he laughed wildly—'I won the Royal Humane Society's medal. Oh, Nina! can't you see that I was trying, even if I made a miserable mistake, to do what was best for you?'"

"It's so horrible, that I can't think about it clearly at all," she murmured. Her eyes were closed, and her lips were quivering with her awful mental anguish.

"Can't you see, Nina, that I wanted for more courage to dare dishonor myself... for your sake? No man would have gone to the rescue of a total stranger under the circumstances. Forgive me for all the pain this causes you, but if I was wrong, I have suffered terribly, horribly. I thought I was going mad this afternoon. I—I—hardly know what I was doing... Oh, Nina!"

He talked rapidly, indistinctly, distractedly, and clasped her limp form feverishly, as though he feared to lose her for ever.

"Oh, my darling, my darling, you know it would have broken your heart if I had been drowned!" he groaned.

"This—is worse," she whispered weakly.

"Have mercy on me, Nina!" he gasped, keeping his hold of her.

She rose, and stood before him, looking at him with eyes that neither reproached, pitied, nor pardoned him. She had completely regained herself, but the shock had left her apathetic and utterly unresponsive.

"I do not know what to think," she continued, speaking slowly and impassively. "But I know what I feel. I feel that you did wrong. I feel that you should not have been afraid to inflict great pain even on me, if it were necessary."

He fell on his knees before her, and stretched out two trembling hands. "Nina!" he cried miserably, "at least say you are sorry for me—that you still love me!"

She was weeping now—weeping her very heart out. She spoke between sobs that shook her frail body pitifully. "Oh, yes, yes, I am bitterly sorry for you. It is cruel enough for us both. In a few moments she grew calmer, then she spoke again:

"And you still love me?" he said, taking her hand in his.

"I do not know," she answered. "I cannot judge you. I will not take it upon myself to judge you. Men are so different from what we women are—and I will think them. But Claude is a man, a brave and good man, and he is in love. He will understand it all better than I, and he will know whether you did right or wrong. If he says... he thinks you were right... I will try to feel that I am mistaken."

He stretched out his arms to her in an agony of appeal.

"And I will try to love you again." She flung herself down upon a sofa, and gave way to an agony of weeping. "Oh, Claude! Claude!" she wailed.

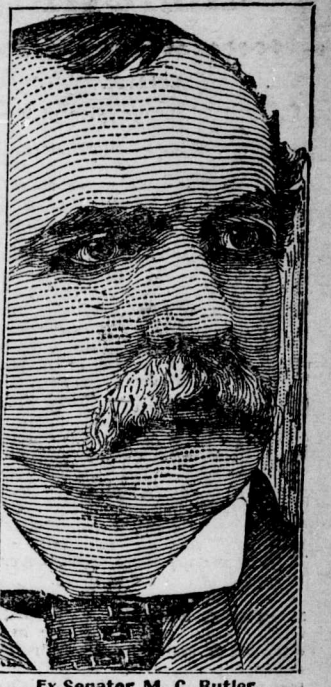
"Very well," said Vernon grimly. "I will abide by your brother's decision." A crunching of heavy feet on the stairs outside beneath the window. The subdued hum of husky voices. Vernon sprang to the window in an agony of vague fear.

"What is that? Who are they?" screamed Nina in a paroxysm of horror.

He did not answer. He was looking out at something a couple of men were slowly carrying up to the house. Something covered with a tarpaulin that they were on a stretcher.

"Something has happened—I must go and see." He moved forward to restrain her, but she went out of the room. He stood there by himself, trembling violently in every nerve, a cold perspiration bursting from every pore. In his agony he cried aloud.

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler. Dyspepsia Is Often Caused By Catarrh of the Stomach—Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy For Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, Ex-U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. In order to cure catarrh of the stomach the catarrh must be eradicated. Only an internal catarrh remedy, such as Peruna, is available. Peruna exactly meets the indications.

SAVED COMRADE'S LIFE

SPLENDID HEROISM OF AN ENGLISH DIVER.

Almost Exhausted, He Persevered in His Efforts, Under 25 Fathoms of Water.

A dramatic story is that of the rescue of Walter Trappell, a British government diver, of Torbay, England, after he had been imprisoned beneath 150 feet of water for five hours and a half. Trappell descended in the English Channel, outside Torbay, from the deck of the gunboat Sparrow, recently, in connection with the salvage of a sunken torpedo boat.

He got entangled, and another diver, named Leverett went to his rescue. In very simple language Leverett told of the events that followed on the ocean bed.

"We are," he said, "only supposed to remain down about twenty minutes at a stretch in such a depth as twenty-five fathoms."

HE WAS HELPLESS. "When Trappell stayed so long, I thought there was something wrong, and I telephoned to him. He told me that he was fouled in the wreck and could not get clear. 'All right,' I replied, 'I will come down and help you.' I descended immediately, and upon getting down found that Trappell was fixed in such a position that he was absolutely helpless. The wreck lies almost upright. Trappell was standing upon the sea bed, and his air pipe and life line were entangled in the deck gear of the torpedo boat high above his head. It was quite impossible for him to get up to its decks and clear himself."

"Being unable to speak to him, I gripped his hand to reassure him, and he returned my grasp heartily.

WOULD RESCUE OR DIE. "Slowly and laboriously I crept about the deck of the sunken boat, disengaging Trappell's life line and air pipe from the debris and other places where they had fouled. It took me three hours to get them clear, and I thought I should never be able to finish the job, as I was getting exhausted. Once, in fact, I gave it up and left him, but I pulled myself together again and went back to him. It was getting nearly done myself. blood poured from my nostrils and I was much exhausted, but I made another effort and stuck to the job until I got Trappell free. This was accomplished only just in time, for about three minutes before we reached the surface, Trappell became unconscious. I do not now feel much the worse for my trying experience. I must pay a tribute to the naval surgeon and the boat's crew for the way they looked after Trappell when he was brought up. They did everything possible for him."

WENT AS VOLUNTEERS. Leverett was greatly distressed to hear of the fate of Trappell, whose condition at first raised hopes of his recovery. Trappell, however, died suddenly in a hospital on Saturday night soon after his wife and daughter had left his side.

Leverett, the hero of this ocean bed tragedy, is a splendidly built, athletic young fellow, who is known as a keen footballer. When arranging for the salvage of the torpedo boat, the Admiralty asked for volunteer divers, as twenty-five fathoms, the depth in which the wreck lies, is much above that to which service divers are obliged to descend. Trappell and Leverett, the two senior shipwright divers in Portsmouth dockyard, volunteered for the dangerous task.

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