

THE GIFT OF SYMPATHY

GIVES BALM TO WOUNDED HEARTS
AND CHEER TO THE SUCCESSFUL

IT IS NOT GOOD TO BE ALONE

Christian Sympathy a Necessary Gospel Attribute—Influence For Good Is to Know That Your Fellow Men Are Wrung Up in Your Life—We Are Not Independent Entities, But Joined in Bond of Brotherhood.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Bally, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 23.—To give congratulation to the successful and sympathy with the sorrowing and the distressed is urged by the preacher in this sermon. The text is Romans xii., 15, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Perpetual segregation, isolation, separation, seclusion, voluntary exile, were considered by many of the ancients as necessary adjuncts to the attainment of the highest earthly development of Christian perfection. Because Christ fasted and prayed in the wilderness for forty long days many disciples of old believed that to be like Christ they must continually live in a wilderness, wear sackcloth and ashes and do nothing but pray and starve and starve and pray. They tried to walk with God, to be like Enoch, by refusing to walk with their fellow men. They tried to live with Christ by sleeping on stone couches and shivering in damp cells and clothing themselves in coarse woollens, by tramping through snows with naked feet and by mumbling daily prayers with sepulchral countenances. While they refused to smile an encouragement to the little children playing in the street or to help carry a heavy pack under which a poor, tired peasant was staggering on his way to town. Hence the monasteries and the nunneries and the cloisters and the abbeys and the priories, which are only a few of the many names given to the ancient buildings within which the monks and nuns immured themselves for separation from sinful men, of whom they did not wish to be a part. But away back in the time of creation God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." And what God spake to Adam, our first ancestor, God is speaking to us now.

"Not good for man to be alone." Yes, we know it. We know it in spite of the fact that the cloister has segregated some good men from contact with the busy, anxious, sinful world. Thomas a Kempis was a hermit, a recluse. Thomas a Kempis was a good man. Within the gloomy walls of the Augustinian convent of Zwolle, in the dark recesses of an ascetic's cell, he wrote the wonderful pages of "De Imitatione Christi." But, though his book is a wonderful guide to Christly life, Thomas a Kempis' cell is a poor place in which a modern Christian could practice the gospel truth. By all odds the best place to translate the teachings of Thomas a Kempis is not in an ascetic's cell, but in God's sweet, pure, golden sunlight, among just such rough, horny-handed men as the fishermen with whom Jesus Christ associated. Human perfection is never best developed in the happy valley, where the young Prince of Abyssinia was secluded with his brothers and sisters and there separated from all the gruesome and repulsive sights which make life sad to those of tender heart, but it is best developed in a great, busy, smoky, rushing, crushing and forgetful metropolis like London, in which Samuel Johnson starved and growled and wrote his philosophical romance of "Rasselas," as James Boswell recorded, "that with the profits of it he might defray the expense of his mother's funeral and pay some little debts which she had left."

San Marco Convent of France is a poor nursery for spiritual life. There Fra Angelico has drawn the students of art to come and study his figures of Christ, which he painted upon the cold walls nearly 600 years ago. But the best place to be a modern Fra Angelico and to paint Christ in the hearts of living men is to do as Paul did on his missionary tours. It is to do as Christ did when talking to men.

Christian sympathy is a necessary gospel attribute, in the first place because no human power on earth does so much to make a good man or even a bad man try to live better as to know that other lives are wrapped up in his life. "Sympathy," wrote the lexicographer, "is literally a fellowship with others in their various conditions of joy or grief." It is the power which a Christian man has of putting his hand through another's arm and saying: "Old fellow, you are not alone in this world. My interests are combined in your interests. When you are happy I am happy. When you are sad I am sad. When you live right I rejoice. When you sin I sorrow as much as if I had committed the sin. Therefore, O friend, you must be very careful how you live. In one sense you are exactly in the place of a locomotive engineer who has a long train of coaches attached to his engine's tender. If your true aim fails, then other lives besides your own must suffer on account of your weakness." When Christian sympathy speaks thus an average man will suddenly stop and say to himself: "What! Does any one care for me? Is my life an important factor in other lives? If this be true, I must be careful where my feet go, how I laugh, how I cry and what I do. My life is not an independent entity. My spilled blood will stain other garments besides my own. My heart beats must find their pulsations in many breasts instead of in only one breast. Therefore I shall beware how I ruin other lives as well as my own."

"What kind of soldiers are the most reckless?" was one day asked Lord Kitchener, the British general of the Boer war. Without any hesitation he answered: "Bachelor soldiers. Not that they are at heart braver, but when a man has a wife and children dependent upon him for daily bread he guards his life more carefully on their account and does not run into any useless dangers." Now, my friends, when a true father is careful not to run into physical dangers, fearing he may deprive his wife and children of their daily bread, is not a man by the same law of reasoning the more unwilling to run into spiritual dangers and temptations if he realizes that the joys of others, in a spiritual sense, are wrapped up in his own joys and that sorrows in other lives will be caused by his sins? In the crisis of life, when success is won by the man who casts everything into the scale, the married man hesitates because he is afraid to risk the future of his wife and children. But he overlooked the fact that his love for his family will keep him from running foolish risks. So when a man enlarges his circle and makes the welfare of others his concern he has an inspiration to a better, truer, nobler life. He shrinks from wrong-doing because he knows that he will injure others by his example. The ascetic has only himself to consider, but the man who has entered into other men's joys and sorrows knows that his fall or his good life may affect the lives of others.

But how is Christian sympathy to enter truly into the existence of another's life? First, my text says, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice." Do you know what that means? Why, the interpretation is simple enough to understand. It means when you see an old school friend getting ahead in life, when you see a brother succeeding in the law or in medicine or in the pulpit, or when you see a sister living in a finer house than yours or driving in a carriage while you walk, or when you know that your brother-in-law is able to take his family and children to the country to get back the flush of health to their pale cheeks, while you cannot afford to go, that you must not be jealous of their successes. If you are a minister and you hear of another church holding a great revival and gathering in new converts to the church of that church to go to the minister of that church with a warm, loving gospel handshake and say: "Brother, I congratulate you! We are praying for you and the great good you are doing. May God bless your new members and make them mighty agents for Christ!" It means that if you are a candidate for some office and another is elected to the presidency of that society in your stead then you are to pitch in and work just as hard for the successful outcome of your successful rival's administration as you would have worked for your own, and furthermore, not only work just as hard for the new man, but be just as happy in his successes as you

would have been in your own successes.

"Oh," says some one, with a quick gasp, "I did not know this text meant as much as that. That is pretty bitter medicine for an average disciple to swallow." Yes, my friend, you are right. It is not natural for a sinful man to "rejoice with those that do rejoice." But the gospel of Jesus Christ can make what is unnatural for sinful man natural for a redeemed man. "The hardest act of life is to get any man to be willing to completely sink his individuality in a cause," once wrote General Samuel Armstrong, the founder and first principal of the Hampton Institute. "It is comparatively easy to get rich men to endow a scholarship or to erect a building or to do this or that for which their names will be known far and wide, yet it is almost impossible to get any man to give his money to help out the ordinary running expenses of a college, which have to be met and must be met right away." Difficult, is it, to rejoice with a man when he rejoices and to help on his success? Yes, but I believe the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ is even able to accomplish that wonder, and it can accomplish it, O man, in your heart, so that you can go to your successful brother and say: "Brother, give me thy hand. I rejoice with you in your success. How can I help that success to become greater?"

If a brother needs your help in time of success, does he not also need you all the more "to weep with him when he weeps"? Does he not need you to come to his sympathetic aid when all the world seems black and when it truly seems, on account of his wrongdoings, that he can never become a noble man again? Does he not need your help when, floundering in the quicksands of sin, he seems to be deserted by God and man alike and to be only the sport and plaything of devils? And does he not also need your help when, in the awful hours of black temptation, he is about to yield as well as in the black hours of remorse after he has done wrong?

If a man who has done wrong or is about to do wrong needs your help, how much more does a woman in her hours of trial? I always had a great deal of sympathy for the prayer of that woman who said, "O God, keep me from going over the precipice of sin, for if my feet ever leave the path of virtue even thou canst not bring me back to the straight path again." And yet how many women there are to-day being torn and lacerated by the thickets of sin who could be brought back to live honest, pure, true, respectable lives if only the Christian men and the women in the name of Christ would go forth to bring them back! The beginning of my text opens amid the shouts and gay laughter of the merry-makers. It closes with the sobs and moans and the groans of breaking hearts. Brother, sister, will you to-day in the name of Christ "weep with those that weep"? Will you stretch forth the broad, strong, loving hand of rescue and say, "Brother, sister, in the name of Jesus Christ, give me thy hand, and I will help thee up to God, up to a heavenly and an earthly rescue?" Will you do this for Christ? Will you "weep with those that weep" and help others, no matter how far astray their sinful feet may go or are about to go?

"Yes," answers some one, "from this day I promise to help all those in distress that I can." You do? Well, then, let me put that resolve to a practical test. At a large religious gathering in the east where a collection was about to be taken up for famine stricken Ireland that big hearted philanthropist William E. Dodge arose and said: "Gentlemen, we have been hearing some wonderful speeches about this famine. Some of us have been crying, some praying. Now I want to put your gospel sympathy to a practical test. What Ireland needs is bread, bread, bread, bread! In order to buy that bread my sympathy is worth just \$500. What is your sympathy worth?" As William E. Dodge put his sympathy to a practical test I want to put your sympathy to the same kind of a test. You say as a Christian man, "By the grace of God I will always help those who need help." Well, here is a convict just liberated from jail. Work! He will do any honest work that he can get, but the trouble is he cannot get any work to do. All earth and hell seem to be arrayed against him living an honest life. Every door of business is shut against him. Too few places for honest men. For him no room, no room. The other day he applied for work as a coal heaver. When about to be employed a rough workman stepped forward and said to the owner of the yard: "Mister, I would not hire that man if I were you. He has just finished a sentence in the penitentiary." With that the employer turned and said: "Out of this yard, you scoundrel! My office is no reformatory!" Trying to be honest, who will give him a chance? Pray God he may not give up. Tomorrow you may see him. What, then, will your sympathy be worth? Here is a poor, weak sewing girl struggling on to make an honest living and to live right. But, try as hard as she will, in her weakened physical condition she can make but \$3 a week, and that is just 50 cents less than she can live upon. Oh, what an awful life! No sounds are heard in that room save the continual scratchings of her needle, the sighs of a crushed heart or the low, hectic cough of a diseased lung. Sewing for others while she herself has hardly a rag of her own. All well enough for you to talk about the holiness of virtue. You have your three good meals a day. But to-morrow when you ask her to make you a new dress or you see her going down the street in her faded shawl what will your sympathy be worth?

Here is a street urchin, just as good a boy as yours, and if he had any chance he would make just as good a man. But what chance has he? The kindest word he ever received was a curse. No mother save a drunkard, no father save a felon: no school save sin; no literature save an obscene pictorial. Where did he spend last night? In a low bowery theater, the ticket bought by pitching pennies. Oh, my friends, Christ came into the world to "weep with those that weep." He came to save the lost sheep, not those safe within the fold. Be ye like Christ. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Fine churches will not do it. Missionary subscriptions will not do it. But by the help of the Holy Spirit Christian men and women can do it, who in a plain, practical way will share the joys and the sufferings of others and thereby, by the help of God, bring those sinners back with them to the Master's feet.

There is no picture on earth more beautiful than that of a Christian, by the Holy Spirit inspired love of Christian sympathy, trying to bring lost souls to Jesus Christ. There is a beautiful legend told of Zachaeus when he had become old and feeble. He still lived in the outskirts of Jericho. Every morning he would go off alone for a walk and remain away two or three hours and then would come back smiling and happy. He would never tell any one where he went. But one morning his wife followed him. Then she saw her old husband go to the old sycamore tree made memorable by his history. He kissed it. He caressed it. He watered it. He plucked up the weeds about it. When his wife asked him why he was doing this the old man answered: "Why, do you not know, my dear? This is where I first saw Him. This is where He called to me, 'Zachaeus, make haste and come down!'"

Ah, that is a beautiful legend. But it is not to me the most beautiful story I have heard about Zachaeus. The most beautiful fact I know about the publican is not that he caressed and kissed a tree, but that after his conversion he was ready to do anything and everything to serve Christ among sinful men. When Zachaeus said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor," I know that Zachaeus at once went forth to "weep with those that weep." I know that at once he had an unquenchable desire burning within him to bring all classes to the feet of him whom he called Saviour.

Oh, my friends, will not you and I have this holy desire burning within us? Will we not live to bring the happy and the troubled alike to Christ?

A WEAK HEART

THE INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF A ST. CATHARINES MAN.

Had Suffered for Twelve Years and was Ultimately Cured Through the Advice of a Friend.

"Twelve years ago," says Mr. Wm. Emery, of Welland Avenue, St. Catharines, "I was living in the town of Gananoque and the physicians there told me I had heart disease. From that time and up to four years ago I often had severe spells of the trouble. The least exertion would bring on violent palpitation and at other times I would become dizzy, nervous and frightened and my heart would almost cease to beat. I became reduced in flesh and insomnia followed. I was hopeless of finding a cure for I had been treated by an experienced doctor, and had taken many advertised remedies without getting any benefit. One day a neighbor strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and acting on his advice I got a half dozen boxes. I soon found much relief through the use of the pills, and after continuing the treatment for a couple of months I was again enjoying perfect health. I have not since had any return of the trouble and I feel safe in saying the cure is a permanent one, and I can strongly advise the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all sufferers from similar trouble." The reporter can only add that Mr. Emery is well known in St. Catharines, is a prominent worker in Methodist circles, and has the highest respect of all who know him.

If you have any symptoms of heart trouble, neuralgia, indigestion, rheumatism, anaemia or any of the numerous troubles caused by poor or watery blood, you will find new health and strength in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not waste money or further endanger your health by the use of substitutes—get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Remarkable Phenomenon.

A curious phenomenon has been noticed in the tropics that can never be seen at higher latitudes. A mining shaft at Sombrerete, Mexico, is almost exactly on the tropic of Cancer, and at noon on June 21, the sun shines to the bottom, lighting up the wall for a vertical depth of 1-100 feet or more.

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