

day, 24th, "The Work of the Grosse Isle Quarantine Station," F. Montizambert, M.D., D.C.L.; "Garbage Cremation," J. H. Chewitt, C.E. In the Natural History—Biological Section—Monday, 5th, Papers by C. Armstrong and E. V. Rippon. Monday, 19th, "The Plants of the Humber," Mrs. Gilchrist. The Botanical Sub-section meets on the 12th and 26th, at 394 Yonge street. Historical Section—Thursday, 8th, paper will be announced. Thursday, 22nd, regular monthly meeting. Geological and Mining Section—Thursday, 15th, "Actinolite, Asbestos and Tale," A. Blue, Director of Mines.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

### "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

John Henry Newman is more widely known and better loved as the author of the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," than as the leader of the Oxford movement or as a Cardinal of the Roman Church. Christians of all communions and of every grade of culture feel the charm of these musical words, and find in them a language for some of the deepest yearnings of the soul. Yet, to myriads the hymn is a source of painful perplexity. All thoughtful Protestants have asked, "How could one who thus sought the leading of God's light come at last to a Cardinal's chair? How can we harmonize such an appeal to the Father of Light with the writer's sincerity, and at the same time with the Divine faithfulness?" Roman Catholics, of course, are not troubled by any such questions. They say with exultation, "Observe how beautifully this prayer has been answered!" It has the plaintive cry of a human spirit wandering, as he truly felt, far from his "home," among wild wastes of heretical and self-trustful thought, yet longing for such guidance and peace as Anglicanism was unable to afford—such peace as he found only after years of unconscious rebellion by submitting to the Holy Mother Church. On the other hand, total disbelievers in a prayer-man's subsequent history. In their view, a man who was capable of writing such verses, was already on the high road to the thick darkness of superstition. They tell us that Newman miserably abased himself, and renounced the manly duty of self-guidance, while saying, "Pride ruled my will." Their view is that one who could resign himself to walk without a determined goal or path, and was content to go plunging on "o'er crags and seas" without looking two steps ahead, was sure to go deeper and deeper into darkness; was just the sickly light above its native morass; just the man to follow any fen-fire which might raise a man to yield the government of his mind to his unquestioning obedience, and so a most likely individual to sink at last into such a bog of superstition as the Romish Church. For most of us, neither the Agnostic nor the Roman Catholic view is satisfactory; each may be allowed to quicken thought and suggest inquiry, but the mystery remains. Only all that was passing through Newman's soul when the lay gushed from his heart. Some of the perplexities are cleared away, however, by the fact that, when Newman wrote these verses, he was not, as multitudes suppose, a bewildered thinker, troubled by the deeper problems of spiritual religion, but had already abjured the right of private judgment and was a Roman Catholic in all but a few points on which he inconsistently continued to hold independent opinions for about a dozen years.

—Good Words.

God discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions which they never had the opportunity of performing.—Addison.

Among many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed that happiness as well as virtue consists in mediocrity.—Dr. Johnson.

## IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN UP HOPE.

A Mount Forest Man Thought His Case Hopeless—Urged by a Friend, He Made One More Trial For Health—The Happy Result.

From the Mt. Forest Confederate.

Mr. George Friday is a well-known resident of Mount Forest, and among those acquainted with him it is known that he has been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis, accompanied by a bad cough that used to leave him so weak that he would lie down for hours at a time. Mr. Friday's friends had noticed latterly that he has regained his old time vigor, and in conversation with a representative of the Confederate a few days ago, he was asked to what agency he owed his renewed health. "To the same agency," said Mr. Friday, "that has accomplished so many wonderful cures throughout the country—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For the past three years I have been so ill I have been able to do but little work. I doctored and tried many remedies with but little or no benefit, and at last I went to the hospital at Brantford, where I remained for some time, and while there I felt somewhat better. The improvement, however, was only temporary, for scarcely had I returned home when I was again as ill as before. I had spent a great deal of money in doctoring without benefit and I felt discouraged and began to look upon my condition as hopeless. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I had already tried so many alleged "sure cures" that I did not feel like spending any more money on medicines. Finally, however, I was persuaded to give Pink Pills a trial, and as you can see have reason to be thankful that I did. I purchased a box and began using them with grim hope of recovery. To my intense satisfaction I noticed that they were doing me good, and you may be sure it required no further persuasion to continue their use. After I had taken a number of boxes, the cough which had troubled me so much, entirely ceased, and I could eat a workman's hearty meal, and before long I was able to go to work. I am now in excellent health, and I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life. I would not be without a supply in the house and I warmly recommend them to others who may be ailing.

The reporter called on Mr. Wm. Coleclough, the well-known druggist, who said he was acquainted with Mr. Friday's case and had every confidence in the statement made. Interrogated as to the sale of this remedy about which everybody is talking, Mr. Coleclough said that so far as his experience went, he knew the sales to be very large, and that the remedy gave general satisfaction. In fact although he handled all the best proprietary medicines, he finds Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best selling remedies on his shelves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysip-

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