

Sunday Reading

Gather us in.
Gather us in, then Love that fills all;
Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold;
Red each man's temple's veil and bid it fall,
That we may know that Thou hast been of old;
Gather us in!

Gather us in! We worship only Thee;
I a varied names we stretch a common hand;
In diverse forms a common soul we see;
In many ships we seek one spirit-land;
Gather us in!

Each sees one color of Thy rainbow-light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven;
Thou art the fulness of our partial sight;
We are not perfect till we find the seven;
Gather us in!

This is the mystic life great Indian craves,
This is the Paraclete's sin-destriving balm;
This is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves;
This is the empire or vast China's dream;
Gather us in!

This is the Roman's strength without his pride,
This is the Greek's glad world without its graves,
This is Judaea's law with love beside,
The truth that censures and the grace that saves;
Gather us in!

Some seek a Father in the heavens above,
Some ask a human image to adore,
Some crave a spirit vast as life and love;
Within Thy mansions we have all and more;
Gather us in!

They Wait Upon The Lord.

'Carrie, please read to me!'
These words greeted Carrie Monroe, as she came quietly out of the nursery on a bright Sabbath afternoon. For two hours she had been trying to amuse her baby brother, and at last had succeeded in lulling him to sleep. Baby's nurse had gone to spend the day with a sick sister, and Mrs. Monroe was suffering with a severe nervous headache, and Carrie had taken the baby to the nursery to relieve her mother and give her an opportunity to sleep.

Baby and mother were sleeping quietly, and Carrie was turning her steps toward the library, where she hoped to spend an hour or two with her favorite books, when she was accosted by her seven year old brother Harold with the above request. It must be confessed that the prospect was not pleasing, but with as good grace as she could muster, she replied:

'Very well, Harold, bring your book to the library, and I will read to you.'

And for another hour self was put in the background, and the little brother was entertained with short stories of boys who became great men.

After tea Carrie went into the library again, with the hope of reading something of her own selection, when suddenly she was roused by the ringing of the church-bell for the evening service.

'I really am too tired to go to the meeting this evening,' thought Carrie, with a longing glance at the book she held in her hand.

Just at that moment she remembered that it was the first Sabbath of the month—consecration evening.

'I promise . . . to be present at . . . every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master!' seemed to float through her mind, and her better self said:

'No, I have no reason for not going. I was only tempted to frame an excuse.'

So hastily putting down her book, she went to the flower garden and cut a few bunches of her favorite roses—Queen, Sappho and Bride. Some of them she put in a small vase and carried them to her mother's room, and set them where they would greet her waking glance; the rest she carried with her to the evening service.

After the Christian Endeavor service Carrie went with others to the upper room to the preaching service. A holy calm seemed to pervade the sanctuary on that beautiful evening, and as the minister read the beautiful words of the Scripture lesson, Cassie wished that she could bring each individual within the town limits to a full consciousness of what they might enjoy if they chose so to do.

The text for the evening was, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew his strength,' and the sermon was a rich spiritual feast.

At the beginning of the sermon Carrie produced pencil and paper, and wrote the text and a number of the choice thoughts. She did not attempt to make a verbatim report of the sermon, but enough to give the thought.

The young friend who sat in the pew with Carrie kept watching her, and after the service said:

'Carrie what were you writing?'

'You see, Mary,' replied Carrie, 'there are always some people who are unable to attend divine service, and I heard father say that the breakfast table this morning

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that he had been called during the night to see a lady who was stopping at the hotel who was taken sick suddenly, although not seriously. She is a stranger, and rather elderly, and seemed depressed and lonely. I am going to stop at the hotel on my way home and send these few gems from the sermon to the invalid.'

Then hastily writing the name of the lady on the paper, she added:

'With the best wishes of an Endeavorer.'

Stopping at the hotel, Mary noticed that not only the note, but the bunch of roses, which she had gracefully arranged, were given to the porter, with the request that they be given to the strange lady who is ill.'

As they went away, Mary said:

'Carrie, do you know anything about this person; you seem to be so much interested in her?'

'I know she is a stranger and ill. I would feel very grateful for any kindness shown my mother were she in the same situation.'

'I think, Carrie, I have learned something this evening. We can easily give pleasure to some one by doing as you did this evening, and it would be of great value to us in stamping the facts upon our own minds.'

'How would you like to be one of a committee for that kind of work? I believe it would be appreciated by some at least.'

'I am sure I am perfectly willing to undertake the work.'

'Very well it is agreed that we take points from the sermon next Sabbath; and now good-night Mary.'

'Good-night, Carrie!'

The next morning Dr. Monroe looked up as his daughter entered the library and said:

'Good morning, my dear. Come here; I want to tell you that I am glad that I have a daughter with an unselfish disposition. Last evening, after service I went to see the patient at the hotel and found her very much depressed; in a few minutes the porter came to the door with a bunch of roses and a slip of paper. I at once recognized the roses you carried to church this evening, but, of course, said nothing. The lady read the note once and yet again, and then with considerable emotion said:

'I am glad to be reminded that although I may be in a strange place, yet wherever we may be, we meet members of our one great family. How I would like to thank the donor of these beautiful roses, but she will have her reward, at least, in knowing that she has done a kindness to one who was sick, although she knew her not. It will be accounted as done in His name.'

'Well, father,' replied Carrie, 'our pastor seemed so intensely in earnest I thought it would be a pity not to have it passed along.'

'I hope you will continue to be as thoughtful of other people in the future as you have been in this instance; it is by helping others that we receive help ourselves.'

'They that wait upon the Lord shall re-

new their strength!' reverently quoted Carrie.—Presbyterian.

HER GIFT.

It was a sublime re-creation and had a magnificent reward.

The minister's eyes swept with intense searching the spongy faces of his stylish, worldly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little Mission church up among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew scarcely anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and he had failed. A sense of deep desolation crept over him.

'God help me,' his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

'Lord Jesus,' the little one was saying brokenly, 'I ain't got nothin' ter give. I want the people in the mountains to hear about my Savior, O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter—'

What was that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? 'Yes, you have, Maggie,' whispered a voice from somewhere, 'you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was given ter you, and it is worth a lot of shinin' dollars. You can give up your best friend, what helps you to get into the park where the birds sing, and takes you to preaching' and makes your life happy.'

'No, no, Lord,' sobbed the child, choking and shivering. 'Yes, yes, I will. He gave more'n that for me.'

Blindly she extended the polished crutch, and placed it in the hands of the deacon, who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled, then comprehended her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church, and laid it on the table in front of the old pulpit. The minister stepped down from the platform, and held up the crutch with trembling hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

'Do you see it, my people,' he faltered at last, 'little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she had to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you—'

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

'Does anyone want to contribute to the Mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child who is so helpless without it?' the minister asked gravely.

'Fifty dollars,' came in husky tones from the banker.

'Twenty-five.'

'One hundred.'

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

'Ah! you have found your hearts. Thank God! Let us receive the benediction,' almost whispered the minister as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and of the love that had prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought for the future of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it with the blind faith of an Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arm drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear, 'Maggie, dear, your crutch has made six hundred dollars for the Mission Church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one.'

Like a flash of light there came a consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy she caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart, then smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverent eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—Exchange.

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That's how they cure Nervous Headache. Try a box, and be convinced. To try them is to be cured; to be cured is, surely, to be convinced.

NIAGARA HUSHED.

The Voice of the Mighty Cataract was Stilled Once.

To awake from sleep to the consciousness of a great or unexplained noise is often appalling, but it may be no less fearful to awake to the consciousness of a sudden stillness where the ear has always been used to sound. One who from birth had been accustomed to the thunder of Niagara, has lately told in a daily paper the story of the morning, now fifty years ago, when the roar of the cataract ceased, and a great stillness settled over the district. He says:

I was born twenty-five years before, with the roar of Niagara in my ears, and had lived ever since within a mile of the cataract. I awoke that morning oppressed by a strange feeling, which I found was caused by the astounding fact that the roar of Niagara was gone. My first thought was that I had become deaf in the night, but the sound of the ticking of a clock in the next room assured me that my hearing was not affected. The tumult of Niagara was stilled, and the unwonted silence was appalling.

I hastily dressed and ran from the house. Scores of people were hastening toward the falls to learn the cause of the alarming quietness. The sight was a strange one.

Where the river had been was now a naked bed of jagged black and slimy rock, and the precipice over which it had hurled its waters was bare from shore to shore. Niagara was dry, or so nearly so that the sound of the water that fell over the rock was as the trickle of a brook. People from the Canada side walked along the edge of the precipice, and made their way nearly to Goat Island on the American side without wetting their feet. A number of ancient gun barrels were found among the rocks of the river bed above the rapids. People swarmed to see the strange sight.

This extraordinary condition of affairs continued all day. When the people went to bed late that night Niagara was still silent, but when they awoke the next morning the thunder of the falls was shaking the earth as usual, and the cataract had returned to its old habit.

The power which had silenced Niagara was soon discovered. It was in March that the noise of the cataract ceased. The winter had been one of the coldest on record. Thick ice formed in Lake Erie. The break up came suddenly. Toward the end of March a stiff nor'easterly wind came up and broke the ice fields, separating them from the shore and driving the ice floes up the lake, piling them in great banks as they moved.

Toward night, on March 30th, the wind changed suddenly to the opposite quarter and became a fierce gale. The surface of the lake was packed with miniature icebergs and the storm hurled them back with such force that a great dam was formed at the head of Niagara River. This dam held back the water, and before long the river above the falls was drained, and by the morning of the 31st Niagara was silenced. For twenty-four hours its voice of thunder was hushed, but by the morning of April 1st the ice-pack was under the pressure of water, and the cataract reasserted itself.

The Brave Jester.

Lord Malmesbury used to relate a good story told him by one of Napoleon's officers—an incident of the peninsular campaign. The French officer was reconnoitering with three or four troopers when they came suddenly upon a young English officer similarly occupied, mounted on a superb thoroughbred horse. Summoned by the French colonel to surrender, he quietly entered away with a mocking smile on his face. The Frenchman who rode a heavy horse, pursued at full gallop. The Englishman allowed him to get quite close. Then kissing his hand, and leaving him behind, he shouted, pointing to his horse, 'A Norman horse, sir.' Again the Frenchman pursued, threatening to shoot his enemy if he did not surrender. He went so far as to point a pistol at him, but the weapon missed fire. With a roar of laughter, the young Englishman shouted again, 'Made at Versailles, sir,' and giving the thoroughbred his head, was soon out of

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A little feminine tact and skill that all women possess, with the aid of a ten cent package of Diamond Dyes, will do wonders for our school girls.

Every mother has put aside one or more dresses too old and faded for herself or daughters. It is a mistake to imagine that these dresses are worthless. With a little simple work in coloring and remaking you can have really artistic effects and results.

Take one of the old dresses and try your skill. First remove all grease spots and stains, then prepare your bath of Diamond Dye—the color most becoming to the miss who is to wear it—and dye according to the simple directions on the envelope, and you have a creation in new material, which, when made up, your daughter can wear with pride and satisfaction.

A new and pretty dress at cost of from ten to twenty cents is always your reward when you make use of the Diamond Dyes.

Things Were Different.

A workman with a dinner-pail in his hand came out of a little shop, and was met by a fellow-workman.

'Why, Jim,' exclaimed the newcomer, 'you're working overtime now, ain't you?'

'No,' was the reply, 'I ain't.'

'Ain't you putting in over eight hours a day?'

'Yes.'

'I thought eight hours was the union schedule?'

'Yes, but you see I have bought the shop, and I want to work more than I did.'

TOBACCO HEART.

HAVE you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart? Are you short of breath, nerves unbinged, sensation of pins and needles going through your arm and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious. Here's what Mr. John James, of Caledonia, Ont.,

has to say about them: 'I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity. This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help.'

Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial.'

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