

A Page for the Leisure Hour.

The All-Father.

(By Rev. H. H. Pittman.)

The thought of God oft-times perplexes me,
As who or what He is—or whence
How, nowhere dwells He, neath the canopy.
While heaven and earth, alike, declare His Name?

In all and over all doth He abide,
Creation with His living breath is rife;
I feel Him, hear Him, see Him, tho' He hide—
I in Him know my being and my life.

And, all about me, God seems ever near,
His thrilling touch brings everything to birth;
I need not climb to heaven to seek Him there,
Behold! He walks beside me, on the earth!

The tender green of spring time marks His tread,
Enseen He stirs in leaf and blade of grass;
The flowers welcome Him with reverent head,
And breathe their incense round Him ere He pass.

No little bird, at morn, in downy nest,
But knows His coming in the rustling wing;
And wakes to carol forth, with swelling breast,
A song of gratitude for life so good.

No prattling rattle, thro' mossy dell,
But feels His hidden influence in its spring,
And, eager growing, hastens on to swell,
The cataract's glad pagan, thundering.

His hand is on the lily and the rose,
On all the golden yield of earth's full heart;
And every painted leaf of autumn shows
The stamp of His inimitable Art.

And so, thro' all the year, He patient waits
The lowliest creature of His hand to bless;
For man and brute holds wide His bounteous gates,
And fills all living things with plenitude.

But nearer, nearer still, with God I meet—
His very heart-pulse into mine is wrought;
His sweetest voice I hear, so close His seat—
More close than speech or throbbing brain or thought.

Yet, oft, the thought of God perplexes me,
As who or what He is—or whence
How nowhere dwells He, neath the canopy.
While heaven and earth, alike, declare His Name?

And, thus perplexed, proud Reason finds no cure,
The more she seeks more wonderful God seems;
As when the diamond, dull in ray obscure,
Held to the light, with radiant mystery gleams.

As helpless as my little child I feel,
Who now begins to question why she prays,
And turns to ask again, when told to kneel,
If I am quite sure God hears what she says.

"Quite sure," I tell her, tho' I know not whence
Nor why He is—God is I only know—
She calls me "Father," knowing not by sense;
In such-wise know I God, and child-like bow.

Faith in her simple heart, but faith in mine—
Her every pain and sorrow me she brings;
And, as the tender to the parent vine,
With arms about my neck she closer clings.

Ah, how I love to have her trust me so,
And ready haste the childish grief to share—
However busy, other things let go,
Than she should think, "My Father does not care!"

Dearest than self is she, and ever safe
While I am wise to plan and strong to keep;
Her wayward will unwillingly I chafe—
Love but corrects, the better part to seek—

And shall not God, all-wisdom and all-power,
The living source of Love, the fount of good,
Who careth for the sparrow and the flower,
Embrace me in His tender Fatherhood?

And shall not God, whom I have learned to trust,
His shadow cast about me on Life's wild,
Nor leave me fainting, lying in the dust,
Less kind than earthly parent to his child?

Shall He not, if He gives the bitter-cup,
Some sweetness add, the medicine to hide,
That I may never fear to drink it up,
And taste the blessing, tho' it seem denied?

Such is my trust,—The Spring of Me is Love—

Yet dimly seen, yet faintly understood,
In vain to seek Him out, in vain to prove,
Love at the fount, I hope the final good!

So, when perplexed, I lift my heart in prayer,
And "Abba," Father, reverently I cry—
By faith I cast upon Him all my care,
Nor question who nor what, nor whence nor why.

HE THAT DOETH THE WILL.

And I remember still
The words and from whom they came,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.
Walking in Galilee
And Him evermore I see
Through the cornfield's waving gold,
In banquet, in wood, and in wild.
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that shall be!
From all vain pomp and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
Poor and humbly
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came.
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught;
And that remaineth still,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.
—Longfellow.

WHAT FLOWERS DO FOR WEARY BRAINS.

The eyes and the brain of the busy man, no matter what kind of work he follows, becomes weary and need rest just the same as any other part of the human body.

Nothing has been found in the wide world that will give weary eyes and a tired brain more immediate rest than a few moments gazing on a pretty bed of bright colored flowers. The contrast is so great from that which has occupied the organs until they were well nigh exhausted, and the effect is simply marvellous.

Flowers in the home divert the mind and rest the weary eyes of the housewife and mother.

A bouquet in the sick room aids in keeping the mind off the disease, and often starts the brain on a new channel of thought that puts the patient on the road to recovery.

Flowers in the office, or on the desk of the weary clerk or stenographer, will produce such a telling effect that by actual comparison more work is accomplished by those whose eyes and brains are rested by the presence of those gifts from nature.

Artists visit the parks and gardens to study the flowers, and their orbs are wonderfully toned up by the refreshing glimpses of the colors in nature, and no artist has ever been successful who does not study colors in the beautiful flowers.

It will pay any student, or anyone deeply engrossed in thought along any particular line which is apt to make the brain weary, to have a pot of bright flowers on the desk.

Showing Spirituality.

Spirituality is best manifested on the ground, not in the air. Rapturous day-dreams, flights of heavenly fancy, longings to see the invisible, are less expensive and less expressive than the plain doing of duty. To have bread excite thankfulness, and a drink of water send the heart to God, is better than sighs for the unattainable. To plough a straight furrow on Monday, or dist a row well on Tuesday, or kiss a bumped forehead on Wednesday, is worth more than the most ecstatic thrill under Sunday eloquence. Spirituality is seeing God in common things, and showing God in common tasks.—S. S. Times.

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Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.

—AMMON.

HOW HIGHLY DO YOU VALUE YOUR EYES?

(Concluded.)

From a glance at the eyes a doctor will often recognise disordered digestion and liver trouble, so that the beauty of our eyes as well as the clearness of our vision is closely linked up with the general health. The woman who would have sparkling eyes will keep to a plain diet, drinking fresh water and eating freely of any fruits in season. For her there will be no heavy meals followed by hours of burdened discomfort. She will take the trouble to plan menus that mean nourishment for the whole body, knowing that only so can she secure its smooth working. Our eyes are, and always will be, tell-tales. "Tell-tale it, your tongue shall be split!" says the children's old rhyme, but what shall be done to the eyes that betray quite as surely as the tongue? One precaution at least we can take and that is to see that no secrets of indigestion or faulty feeding are told by your eyes.

Sleep is one of the best eye-brighteners that we can have, and late hours have a peculiarly deadening effect on both the iris and the white of the eye, even when the proper amount of sleep is not actually curtailed.

It is not just an old-fashioned idea to advise what your grandmothers called beauty sleep, the whole body is the better for keeping early hours as a general rule. And let no one underestimate the importance of fresh air, where eye beauty and eye health are concerned it is everything! There is no tonic for the tired eyes like the cool air blowing across them, no rest like the sight of the sky, the fields and the trees. Go out of doors whenever you can, and see that your rooms are well supplied with fresh air whenever you are in them. The open window means much to your eyes, as if they are accustomed to air they will not become bloodshot when exposed to cold. These are the best remedies for bright eyes, and to them may be added a simple lotion of borax and distilled water for use when the eyelids are sore and inflamed. This should be dabbed on with soft pledgets of medicated cotton wool or bits of lint, the same place never being used for a second bathing. Water in which a little salt is dissolved (a teaspoonful to a pint) helps also to strengthen the eyes, and may be used once or twice a week with advantage.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I am happy in having learned to distinguish between ownership and possession. Books, pictures, and all the beauty of the world belong to those who love and understand them—not unusually to those who possess them. All of these things that I am

Earth, Only Inhabited Planet

Lecturing at the Victoria Institute in London, Walter E. Maunders, superintendent of the solar department at Greenwich, declared that there could be no life on Mars. The earth, he said, is the only planet where man or any other part of animal or plant creation can live.

He took the planets one by one, and condemned each in turn. He even considered some of the moons; but each had some disability which could only spell death. He hesitated for a while in discussing Venus. There was just a possibility that the sheath of clouds that covered her from the fierce heat of the sun might have beneath it some kind of life. If the Italian astronomers are right, Venus always turns one face to the sun and one-half of the planet is too hot for any life, and the half that turns its face eternally from the sun is chilled to the realms of death. Mercury is in much the same predicament.

As to Mars, we can watch it very closely and we can see or imagine all sorts of strange things, but its deadly cold makes life impossible. The mean temperature of the earth as a whole is 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and even by the simplest method of computation, leaving many considerations out of account, the temperature of Mars is 10 degrees (22 degrees of frost). When such conditions as the water and air coverings of the earth are considered the difference between the temperature of the earth and that of Mars must be at least 100 degrees. Mr. Maunders believes that in some parts of Mars the temperature at times creeps down close to the absolute zero.

Mr. Maunders has no belief in the gigantic canals seen by Prof. Lowell. He believes them to be an outcome of a desire to see them, not exactly optical illusions, but something very much of the sort. Mr. Maunders concluded:

"So in our own system we have found that there is one planet, our earth, that is inhabited, and one other that may perchance be habitable, the others all may with certainty be ruled out of court."

"Under the Ptolemaic theory the earth was regarded as the centre of the universe. The work of Copernicus deprived it of this pride of place, but exalted it to the rank of a heavenly body. There it seemed to be one of the smallest, most insignificant of its compeers."

"But I think if we have reasoned aright this afternoon we see that it has a claim to a higher distinction than size or brightness can possibly give it; it is almost certain that it is unique among the heavenly bodies that are visible to us, and among those that are unseen and unknown there can only be a small proportion, at best, so well favoured. It is the home of life, carefully fitted and prepared for that purpose by its position and its size."

Home Column.

WASH TUB "TIPS."

Stains and Marks.
Different people may have different ways of removing stains from clothing, but the hints following have been proved to be good.

Melted tallow will remove ink stains; the ink and the grease will come out together. Garments stained by machine oil must be treated with ammonia.

Ammonia is the magician of the home, and should be kept by every housewife.

Mildew can be removed by soaking the garment in buttermilk, and anything stained by fruit should be washed in kerosene before washing with soap and water. Acid stains can be removed by salt or wormwood. Wet the stained parts and rub the salts in; then rinse the articles before washing.

Should Starch Be Used.

Of course starch should be used for the ordinary garment needing stiffening, but there are such things as chintz covers and curtains where a substitute should be found.

ESSENTIALS IN BREAD MAKING.

Liquid must be lukewarm when added to the yeast cake.
Bread must be thoroughly kneaded. The dough should double in size before cut down or kneaded again.

Best flavor of bread is produced by long, slow rising. The temperature of the room at about sixty or sixty-five degrees produces such bread.

Quicker bread is made by the addition of more yeast and a higher temperature for rising.

Too high a temperature kills the yeast plants and sours the bread.

Medium-sized loaves should bake one hour in a moderate oven. This length of time is necessary to bake the bread to the centre and produce a thick nutty crust. The temperature of the oven should be kept low enough to permit the bread to remain in the oven for this length of time without becoming too brown or burned in spots.—Woman's World for September.

How She Lessened Her Coal Bill.

"What—windows open with the thermometer at zero?" exclaimed a friend one cold winter day as she stepped into my sitting-room, through which the air from two windows was freshly blowing. "You must have an exceptionally good furnace," she continued. "We keep ours running at full speed this cold weather, and yet we cannot keep warm. But I never think of opening windows."

Here she gave such a decided shiver that I thought it advisable to close mine before explaining my reason for the cool atmosphere.

"And do you never open your windows in winter?" I asked.

"Never, except on sweeping days, and then I caution Kate to close them as soon as possible."

"I don't wonder you cannot keep warm," I said.

"You don't mean to say that you open your windows to heat your house?" she exclaimed.

"That is one of my reasons," I replied, smiling at her astonishment.

Let her should think I had suddenly taken leave of my senses I hastened to explain.

"Do you not know that it is impossible to heat dead air?" I asked.

"Dead—air?"

Evidently I was not making things any more intelligible. Hygiene had not been introduced into her brain.

"It is impossible in cold weather to

Why We Talk.

A man does not talk to tell what he knows; he talks to find out what he knows. This was Socrates' great discovery. A clear mental vision of any subject is not obtained by brooding over it, but by trying to express it. Doubt and confusion are best removed from the mind by finding a friend or an adversary and arguing. You may not know what you believe when you begin, but you will know when you end.

It is a mistake to suppose anyone knows, before he speaks, what he is going to say. He surprises himself quite as much as his hearers.

Every author is familiar with the paradox that the way to find anything to write about is to go to work and write about it.

The one who learns most is the teacher. If some way could be devised for pupils in the schools to do the teaching they would learn more.

La Rochefoucauld observed that "there is scarcely anyone who does not think more, in conversation, of what he is about to say than of answering precisely what is said to him. We can see in their eyes and minds a wandering from what we say, and an impatience to return to what they wish to say."

The reason of this is that the pleasure of conversation consists not in what you learn from the one with whom you converse, but in what you discover about yourself.

Properly heat a room in which the same air has been allowed to remain day after day. We are inhaling poison into our lungs whenever we breathe the same air over and over again.

Three times a day, in cold weather, the windows all over my house are opened, and a draught of air allowed to circulate freely. The result has been we seldom have colds, the rooms heat quickly, headaches are unknown, and our coal bill I know for a fact to be less than that of any of our neighbors. "Do you feel cold now?" I questioned.

"No, indeed, I am delightfully warm," was the reply.

"And yet it is scarcely three minutes since I closed the windows; so you see fresh air heats very quickly."

My friend's face was full of interest. When she rose to go she remarked:

"I think I'll go home and change the air in my house, and then see if I can heat it."

A few days after I chanced to meet Mrs. Brown on the street, and she said:

"I am so glad I found your windows open when I called on you Friday. I have profited by your example, and expect to save a ton or two of coal. Our furnace heats the house finely now, and all I have done to bring about this state of affairs has been to open windows."—The Ladies' World.

CARLYLE.

Quaintly pleasing are a lady's recollections of the Sage of Chelsea at home—in a gracious mood, apparently.

She described also being carried off at sixteen by Ruskin to see Carlyle. The prophet at first would do nothing but rail at London landladies for starching shirts—so much that he broke his nails in struggling with his button-holes. After he had gone on in this fashion for some time, Ruskin said to him: "Now this little girl has come to you to hear something interesting. Tell her something she will remember all her life." "In that case," said the seer, "I had perhaps better talk to her of my own young days," and he proceeded to describe very vividly his father and his father's friends.



Pans-Pots
Easy For



A Clever Programme

AT THE CASINO.

The programme at the Casino Theatre yesterday was a bright and attractive one, and delighted the many present. The programme was lengthy, there being a two reel story and four other reels. The feature film was called "The Strength of Men" and was a cleverly acted subject. The other pictures were: "The Bear Hunter," "Seeing is Believing," "The Hodge Hogg" and a graphic. This evening the programme will be repeated.

Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist—Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 8 a.m.; and 12 noon. Other services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Saints' Days—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.; (Fridays, 7.30 p.m. with sermon.)

Public Catechizing—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m.

St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street—Holy Communion at 8 and 12 on the 2nd Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Catechizing—Second Sunday of the month, 3.30 p.m.

Sunday Schools—Cathedral, at 2.45 p.m.; Mission Church at 2.45 p.m.; Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the Synod Building every Sunday at 8 a.m. All men invited to attend.

St. Mary's Church—Matins at 11; Evensong at 6.30.

Brookfield School-Chapel—Evensong at 3 p.m.; Sunday School at 4 p.m.

St. Thomas's—Holy Communion on the third Sunday in each month, at noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening services at 2.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily Morning Prayer at 8 a.m.; every Friday evening at 7.30, prayer and sermon. Holy Baptism every Sunday at 2.45 p.m. Public catechizing third Sunday in each month at 3.30 p.m.

Public Catechizing—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m.

Sunday Schools—At Parish Church at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quidd Vidi, at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School Chapel, 2.30 p.m.

Gower Street—11 and 6.30, Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite.

George Street—11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. Bartlett.

Church Street (Methodist College Hall)—11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. White-march.

Wesley—11 and 6.30, Rev. F. R. Matthews.

Presbyterian—11 and 6.30, Rev. J. S. Sutherland, M.A.

Congregational—11 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. Thomas.

Salvation Army—S. A. Citadel, New Gower Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St.—7 a.m.; 11 a.m.; 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.

Adventist Church, Cooktown Rd.—Regular Service, 6.30 p.m. Sunday and Saturday at 3 p.m.

Methodist Mission—192 New Gower Street, Sunday services at 8 p.m. evening, excepting Saturday, commencing at 8 o'clock.

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