

Sunday Reading

Gethsemane.
I celebrate with joyful sound
The day of blessed memory,
When first my heart the Saviour found,
In sorrowful Gethsemane.
He tested death that I might live,
There was no other remedy,
Relief the Father did not give
In sorrowful Gethsemane.
He haled the cross and freely died,
And won by love his enemy,
"Thy will, not mine" the Saviour cried,
In sorrowful Gethsemane.
Thou art dear Lord, my closest friend,
My tear, now bless the memory
When first my heart did thee attend,
In sorrowful Gethsemane.

Waiting on God.

They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles. This passage from the old Jewish prophet has the ring of an Alpine horn. It is very easy to misunderstand stand this word 'wait,' and regard it as meaning inactive passivity. There is a vast deal of nerve in the original Hebrew; it signifies to be strong enough to hold out. It expresses a solid endurance such as belongs to a stiff piece of oak that never bends and never breaks under heavy pressure. Thence the word came to signify patience as opposed to worry and despair. Waiting, in this oft quoted text, denotes a habit of mind—a devout habit that loves to call on God, a submissive habit that is ready to receive just what God sees fit to send, an obedient habit that is glad to do just what God commands, a stalwart habit of carrying such loads as duty lays upon our backs. It is a religion of conscience, and not a mere effervescence of pious emotion. In short, it is a grace, just as much as the grace of faith, or love, or humility.

If you and I have this grace, and if we practice it, what may we expect? The first thing is that God will 'renew our strength.' For every new occasion, every new trial, every new labor, we shall get new power. If we have failed, or have been foiled, God will put us on our feet again. The spiritually weak will gain strength, and those who were strong before will wax stronger. I have often gone to Saratoga in the heat of the early summer, quite run down, and my vitality burned out as coal gets exhausted in the bunkers of a steamer. Then I repaired to one of the tonic springs and 'waited' on its bubbling waters, trusting them and taking them into my system. Presently a new appetite for food was awakened, and a new life crept into my ten fingers; walking became a delight and preaching as easy as for a lark to sing. All this renewal of vitality was the result of waiting on one of those wonderful health fountains. I brought but little there. I took a great deal away. Just such a well of spiritual force is the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming to him in a receptive, suppliant, hungering spirit, he restores our souls, he heals our sickness, he girds up our weak will as with steel, he infuses iron into our blood, he makes our feet like hinds' feet; we can run without getting weary. Paul had put himself into just such a connection with the Source of all power when he exclaimed, 'I and do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.'

All the men and women of power are men and women of prayer. They have the gift of the knees. 'Waiting on the Lord' by prayer has the same effect on them that it has on an empty bucket to set it under a rain spout. They get filled. The time spent in waiting upon God is not wasted time. 'I have so much to do,' said Martin Luther, 'that I cannot get on with less than two hours a day in praying.' When I have heard Spurgeon pray I have not been so astonished at some of his discourses. He fed his lamp with oil from the King's vessels, and his sermons were full of light.

Waiting on God not only gives strength, it gives inspiration. 'They shall mount up with wings as eagles.' God means that every soul which waits on him shall not creep in the muck and the mire, nor crouch in abject slavery to men or devils. When a soul has its inner life hid with Christ and lives a life of true consecration it is enabled to take wing, and its 'citizenship is in heaven.' He catches inspiration; he gains wide outlooks; he breathes a clear and crystalline atmosphere. He outlives many of the petty vexations and groveling desires that drag a worldling down into the mire. What cares the eagle, as he bathes his wing in the translucent gold of the upper sky, for all the turmoil, the dust, or even the murky clouds that drift far beneath him? He flies in company with the sun. So a heaven-bound soul flies in company with God.

Keep thus the Godward side of your

life clear and strong, your religion will be all the stronger on its onward side. The celestial springs will brighten and fertilize and refresh the lowly valleys of your everyday existence. Christ will be with you in your home, in your business, in your fields, in your shop, in your humblest toils. Christ will sweeten your daily cup. His love will lighten every cross and every care. Don't expect to get to heaven before your time; wait on the Lord down here.

The daily round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
Our heaven must be within ourselves,
Our home and heaven the work of faith
All through this race of life which shaves
Downward to death.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

It is a very true saying that man's happiness lies within himself. The joys which heaven bestows upon him only make him happy when they are rightly used; and the bitterness and sorrow which fate may allow him to experience, it is in his own power greatly to alleviate. —[Von Humboldt.]

'Letting the Light Shine'

The best commentary on the Bible the world has ever seen is a holy life—it even illuminates and beautifies the sacred text. Saint John, the Golden Mouthed (Chrysostom), 'Nothing makes a man so illustrious as the manifestation of virtue; for he shines as if clad with sunbeams.' But one cannot shine unless he is luminous. All theories of light require a luminous body. Light is part of that kind of energy known as radiant energy and possesses a marvelous velocity where the conditions are favorable, but there must be a luminous body whence this radiant energy comes. The light must first be in the body before it can be transmitted. The Christian's light is alike constant and far-reaching according to the graces which make him luminous.

You may gain all this strength and reach altitudes of the Christian life, my friend, if you will wait steadily on God and knit your soul's affections fast to Jesus Christ. You will find a wonderful lift in your religion. You will be delighted to find what power it has to carry you clear of low, base, groveling desires, and to inspire high ambitions and holy thoughts. It will kindle joy in the darkest hours of affliction, and keep you as serene as the stars which no storm clouds can ever reach. Try all this for yourself. Quit waiting on your fellow men's opinions and rules and ways of living, and try waiting on God. Try the wings of prayer. Set your affections on things above, and insure your heart's best treasures by lodging them in heaven.

He who said, 'I am the light of the world,' also said, 'Ye are the light of the world.' The source of the world's light in either case is the same; for fingers is a derived, a reflected light. Our graces of character are like the rays which illumined the face of Moses when he came down from the mount of God; they are but a reflection of the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ. Our graces come from his grace. Like the stars (planets) our light comes from looking upon the glorious face of the sun. If we have any power to illumine the pathway of life, it is because the Son of Righteousness hath risen upon us with healing in his rays.

Our Lord never bade his disciples to let their light shine until he had shown them the sevenfold rays which make the white light of Christian character: Humility, Contrition, Meekness, Mercy, Purity, Peace, Endurance. Each is 'blessed.' Peter, who heard the Sermon on the Mount, reproduced it in a sentence when he said, 'Finally, be ye all like-minded, compassionate, loving as brethren, tender hearted, humble minded; not rendering evil for evil, or reviling for reviling; but

Two Stratford Ladies

Tell How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Make Weak People Strong.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BARTON, Brittonia St., says: "I speak a good word for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills with pleasure. They proved to me a most excellent remedy for nervousness, nervous debility and exhaustion, and I can heartily recommend them."

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LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Take one at night before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning.

contravise blessing; for he came to be called, that ye might inherit a blessing.' It is this inherited blessing which we are to share with the world and which blesses him that gives as well as him that receives. Truth first embodied in a personal Saviour and then in saved persons saves others.

The unanswerable argument against unbelief is the life of the believer. 'Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men; being made manifest that ye are an epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in tables that are hearts of flesh.' The stars (planets) no more tell us that the sun is shining somewhere than these 'living epistles' tell of 'a light that never was on sea or land' save as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ.

The influence and responsibility of believers were as clearly taught by our Lord as were their characteristics and privileges. The sea and the sun—the one the great reservoir of salt and the other of light—are no more important to the earth than are believers who have beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

'I am no longer in the world, but these are in the world.' To find suitable receptacles and vehicles of the words which the Father gave him was the consuming thought of the Saviour during the last year of his ministry. 'I pray for them.'

It was because the Pharisees were not luminous with the graces of character that they were incapable of good works. All their attempts to do their works before men to be seen of them received our Lord's just rebuke. They were willing to be esteemed for what they did not possess, a true righteousness of beauty of character. It was a saying in our Lord's day, 'If only two persons entered heaven one would be a scribe and the other a Pharisee.' Jesus said, 'Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'

Good works which being seen of men may cause them to glorify our Father in heaven are morally beautiful as well as morally good.

The surprise of 'that day' will be in having recounted in our hearing countless beautiful works, radiant with comfort and love, of which the believer has no recollection because it had become second nature to do good to all men, especially to the household of faith. Equally surprising will be the command, 'Depart from Me ye workers of iniquity,' given to those whose supposed good works were their passport to the skies, but whose righteousness was simply that of the Pharisees. Moses, the meekest of men, knew not that his face shone even when he had spent forty days and nights with God, but the beauty of the Lord God was upon him. It was what he was that made him God's spokesman to the nations, although like Paul he deemed himself 'less than the least of all saints,' or with the Baptist, 'I am not that Light, but am sent to bear witness of the Light.'

A Wonderful God.

In the Bible God is personified as 'Wonderful.' In every conceivable respect he is wonderful. But there is one respect in which he is wonderful that has often greatly impressed me, and that is as a hearer of prayer. I do not refer to the mere fact that he does hear prayer. That is the least part of the wonder in reference to this thing. The greater thought is that God is capable of hearing the millions of prayers which are being offered to him simultaneously at the same instant. To me such a thought is perfectly overwhelming. And the more that one thinks of it the more amazing it is. It puts God at an infinite distance from the greatest human being. What man is there that ever lived who could hear distinctly and intelligently, at the same moment, what was being said to him by three different persons? Such a man was never known. But suppose that there was a man now living, who could distinctly and accurately hear every word that ten persons were at the same instant speaking to him; it would be as nothing in comparison with God's ability to hear millions upon millions of people at the same moment in their prayers to him. And these millions are scattered all over this world in Europe there are millions of Christian praying to God; then, at the same time, there are millions more in this country who are praying to him—and yet he hears every one, individually, every word in every prayer. Who can grasp the thought in all of its amazing significance? It is not truly wonderful? How great does it make God appear to us! Leaving out of our estimate of the greatness of God every other consideration, saying nothing of his infinite and constant attention to the vast multitude of things of all kinds out there, but confining our thought entirely to God's hearing of prayer, the prayers of many millions, it is a superlatively wonder-

ful truth. It is a mystery which completely baffles the penetration of a finite being. To us it seems impossible; yet we do know that God does hear the prayers of tens of millions of his people dwelling in all parts of the world, and he heard each one of them together at the same time. We ought to be very thankful that such a God is ours, ours for every day on earth and for the eternal years.

Right Kind of Advice.

'Has it never happened to you that, when you have given the wisest advice to this or that poor man or poor woman who was blundering in life, though well pleased with your wisdom and confident of success, you have wholly failed? The man broke the pledge. The woman was as dirty as before. Your advice was good, but no vital power went with it. You build a good engine, but you put on no steam. What that man or woman wants is inducing motive. You must make your man or your woman more religious. What ever religion you have, be it much or little, must go into your endeavour, and must enlighten that darkened life. For we are not governed by mere intellectual formulas. You cannot play the game of life as you would play a game of chess or of dominoes, by strict allegiance to some written law. You must inspire your pupils with a new life, and you must encourage him with a new hope. And this is to say, you must quicken his religion.'

E. E. Hale.

Here's a Little Nut to Crack.

Just a grain of corn! The principle upon which Putman's Painless Corn Extractor acts is entirely new. It removes the corn layer by layer, without any pain whatever. It never fails either. Try it.

HER DIAMOND JUBILEE.

An Expert Woman Pickpocket's Impressions in Europe.

—Minnie Daly, who in her day was the most successful pickpocket in Chicago, and who nearly always eluded conviction, has just returned from her 'jubilee' trip to Europe. She travelled all over western, central and Southern Europe and visited all the countries there without being recognized by any of either the Scotland Yard or the Paris police.

'I wanted to see the old world' and you can bet I saw it in grand style,' said Minnie to a Chicago friend. 'Did I spend much money? No I don't go traveling around to blow in all I have been working hard for. Why, I not only paid my expenses, but made money besides while traveling and enjoying a good time. Why it is the greatest snap on earth to travel in Europe. Talk about the World's fair Chicago—why, that wasn't in with traveling abroad.'

'I ain't one of those people who go to Europe to take money and blow it in there. No. You bet I was out on business, and had plenty of it. I believe in bringing money to America, and I did bring as much as I could. I had what some people might call 'bull headed luck,' for I got along royally. I was in France, Spain, Italy, England, Ireland and all around there, but did not go to Germany because I heard money is hard to get there.

'How did I travel? Well, I started in grand style and wound up that way. I went across the ocean as a first class passenger and traveled in that style all along. Of all the places in the world for 'graft' I think London is the only one. Why, talk about slick police! You bet they are slick.'

In answer to whether she saw the queen's diamond jubilee parade, she answered:

'You bet I saw it, and it was a swell affair,' but I was out on business and got more 'rocks' and 'leathers' from the Johnny Bulls than ever I got in my life before. Talk about success! It was a diamond jubilee in fact, for you ought to see how easy it was to get them. But how could the diamond jubilee get along without sparks? Of course I knew this and have brought some traces of them with me. Here are some samples of them.'

Minnie displayed in a large silk handkerchief a number of gems.

'Why those Johnny Bulls are dead easy,' she continued, with delightful frankness. 'They have lots of money, and they blow it in if you get them started. No, I did not wait until they blew it. I was careful from the start, for I read in books that the English and French police are the best in the world. Well, after I got used to them I did not believe a word the books say. Why, just think of it, not being 'pinched' or even in the shade of it for about two years—that is, ever since I left America! I enjoyed Paris, and France in general im-

mensely. Oh, what swell 'bosse' they have there!

Mrs. E. Arch, as Minnie Daly insisted upon being called, said she would do Chicago no harm. 'I like this place best of any in the world, because it is here that I have most of my friends,' she rambled on, 'but I don't think I will stay here. No Kipley or Schack or Dineen or any one else can scare me out of town. I won't stay in Chicago, because I am going out traveling again. When I decide in a few days, I may go west. Will it be Alaska? Well, if I go there I won't dig any gold, but you can bet I will bring some of it with me just the same and more of it than I and three dogs like me could dig up.'

THE TEAHOUSE.

A Movement Which Will Combat the Sale of Beer.

Members of the Church Army have opened a 'tea saloon' in New York, the praiseworthy object of which is to combat the beer saloon. It is modelled after its alcoholic rival in all extended features, and inducements, such as pap and music, are offered to attract those who would otherwise spend their evenings in groggeries or beer saloons.

Fresh tea, hot or iced, will be served in cups or glasses over the bar at a moderate price, also in 'growlers' at the same price as beer.

As a special inducement to women and families to give up their accustomed pitcher of beer at meal time and substitute tea for it, the Church Army offers to put the money paid for the tea each day into the bank to the credit of the customer until the amount had reached one hundred dollars.

At first sight this will appear to nearly every one who recognizes the evils of the drinking saloon as a commendable and practical temperance measure, yet it must be remembered that there is always danger in fighting fire with fire.

Tea is a virtual poison to some persons, even when taken in small quantities, and an injury to every one when it is drunk immoderately. The danger of a place like this new 'saloon' is that it tempts to over-indulgence in tea, the evils of which are more pronounced in this country, where the tendency is to 'nerve,' than they are among the more phlegmatic British; and a confirmed tea drunkard is really a pitiable object.

If the promoters of the tea saloon succeed in weaning people from beer without weaning them to tea, they will have accomplished great good; but if they merely substitute one evil habit for another, the gain in respect to health will be more than doubtful. Some other 'drinks' likely to do less harm than tea should also be offered in place of the tippler's beer.

'Fing No. 5'

In the meeting room of Division 46 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Albany, New York, is a simple yet touching and appropriate memento of a brave engine driver as ever put hand to throttle. This engineer, Edward Lennar, ran engine 538 on the Western Division of the New York Central Railway. The Century Magazine tells the story of heroism.

One April night, as Kennar's train was speeding toward Batavia, the locomotive headlight suddenly flashed upon a mass of moving earth and rock on the track. The train was rushing toward a landslide, of which there had not been the slightest warning. The whistle shrieked 'Down brakes!' but it was too late. No 238 plunged into the heaping debris, and a moment later lay wrecked at the foot of the embankment.

Pinned down by tons of steel, and writhing in the agony of death, was Kennar. Suddenly he seemed to pull together what of life there was left in him. Slightly raising his head, he shrieked—it seemed almost in anger—at those who had gathered about to help him if they could:

'Fing No. 5!' With those words on his lips he died. 'No. 5' was a west-bound train which usually met Kennar's near this point. The warning which he, forgetting his own agony, had given with his dying breath, recalled No. 5's peril to the train hands; and hurrying back to the track, they were in time to fling it.

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada supplies even our selves, of course they give splendid results.

The Advantage of One Eye.

During the late Spanish-American war a certain old colonel who had lost an eye at the Battle of Gettysburg was very indignant because he was put aside as physically incapacitated, when he applied for admission to one of the New York volunteer regiments.

Filled with wrath and obduracy, the colonel journeyed to Washington, bent on having a personal interview with the President. He succeeded in gaining an audience, and the President, after listening to his plea, said kindly:

'But, my good Colonel J. you have only one eye!' 'Just so, sir,' was the prompt rejoinder, 'but can't you see the great advantage of my having only one eye? When I am my gun I shan't have to close the other! He fought at Santiago.'

faun submit me to a cross examination of some sort concerning P. only that Aunt Di enters the room before he can put even one question to me.

He does not at once read the letter, but after a glance at its superscription, dips it into his pocket; and, whether he is pleased to receive it or not, his face continues to wear the haughty, inscrutable mask peculiar to it.

He does not join us in the drawing-room after dinner, but adjourns to his own particular suite of apartments; and at eleven o'clock Aunt Di and I seek our respective rooms, though I do not at once go to bed. Instead, I pick up 'A Fair Adversary,' and prepare to indulge in a short read ere seeking the arms of Morpheus.

But my short read resolves itself into a long one, for—

'Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.'

With quite a nervous start I spring to my feet, letting my book fall to the floor. It is actually a quarter to twelve. Nearly a whole hour has elapsed since I said good night to Aunt Di.

I must certainly be going to bed now, or I shall be very apt to over sleep myself in the morning; and, thinking thus, I proceed with my nightly toilet, which finished, I cross to the window of my bedroom furthest from my bed, to draw up the blind. It is a whim of mine to sleep with this blind up, that the morning light may early stream into my room.

What a beautiful night it is! So beautiful, in fact, that I cannot resist the temptation of gazing a while at the lary some which lies spread out before me.

Immediately beneath my window is a wide expanse of soft green turf and, if there were such beings as sprites and elves they would surely be holding a merry revel upon it to night.

Of course, these ever-fluttering shadows are merely caused by the dancing leaves of the sentinel elms which skirt the lawn. The moon is responsible for much that is mysterious and weird, particularly when she is as bright as she is to-night; yet where her silvery rays cannot penetrate, how very dark it is, almost—

But what is that?

Vigorously I rub my eyes. No, I am not dreaming; a shadowy figure is crossing the grass-plot beneath me.

Upon whom, upon what am I gazing—upon a man, a woman, or—upon a visitant from another world?

The figure is shrouded from its neck to the ground in a loose, dark garment of some sort, not unlike a monk's robe; while over its head, completely hiding its face, is drawn a hood or cowl.

Like one fascinated, I continue to stare down upon the weird form, until slowly it glides round the corner of the house, and is lost to sight.

Then, with a sudden chill tingling through my every vein, I creep into bed, though it is almost daylight ere I can go to sleep. And even then my sleep is haunted and disturbed by vague fears and broken dreams; so that I am not surprised when Aunt Di exclaims, over breakfast, that I am looking 'dreadfully pale,' and anxiously inquires if I am not feeling well.

'Oh, yes! thank you, auntie; I am quite well,' I answer. 'But I did not sleep very profoundly last night. That is, perhaps, the reason why I am looking pale.'

'It is my belief, Klara, that you sit up reading when I send you to bed,' she declares, shaking her head.

'Well, yes, I do sometimes,' I confess. 'And you did so last night.' Nigel breaks in, with an abruptness which is startling.

'I did,' I agree, a touch of defiance involuntarily creeping into my tone; then fixing my eyes steadily upon his face, I go on: 'It was a quarter to twelve before I threw my book aside, and even then I did not go straight to bed. It was such a lovely moonlight night, that I stood gazing out into the garden for nearly half an hour. "You did what?" Nigel demands, curtly; and it is only my fancy, or is there indeed, a note of anxiety in his voice?

If there is, I ignore it and continue, placidly—

'I stood looking out into the garden for nearly half-an-hour, so that it was past twelve before I went to bed.'

'Then it is no wonder that you look washed out this morning,' Nigel reads, his naivest tones; and, without another word, he pushes his chair back from the table, and stalks out of the room.

I feel disgusted, and I believe that my disgust must be clearly written on my face for, glancing at Aunt Di, I see that she is regarding me with a smile—a smile in which there is nevertheless, a touch of sadness.

'He is a perfect bear,' I declare angrily. 'Yes, he is, Aunt Di—at any rate, he is to me, and you know he is. Now, cousins'

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE)

With Years WISDOM.

The answer to that old query, 'What's in a name?' was not hard to define in the case of one justly celebrated Family Remedy that had its origin away down in Maine, which proves that with age comes wisdom about

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

An old lady called at a store and asked for a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; the clerk said "they were out, but could supply her with another just as good." The engaging smile that accompanied this information was frozen stiff when she replied:

Young Man, there is only one Liniment, and that is Johnson's.

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