The handwriting has changed

\*\*\*\*\* GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Already the cricket is busy
With hints of soberer days,
And the golden rod lights slowly
Its torch for the autumn blaze. -Celia Thaxter.

There are souls in this world that have the gift of finding joy every-

It is the twilight of the year,
And through her wondrous wide abode
The autumn goes, all silently,
To light her lamps along the road.

-Ainslee's Magazine. It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything.—Phillips Brooks.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart;
The proud to gain it tolls on tolls endure.
The modest shun it but to make it sure.

When you find yourself overpowered, as it were, by melancholy, the best is to go out and do something way is to go out and do kind to somebody.—Kebie.

-Young.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had.
Let us fold away our fears.
And put by our foolish tears.
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

-James Whitcomb Riley. Make sure that, however good you may be, you have faults; that howdull you may be, you would better make some patient effort to get guit of them .- Ruskin.

A million little diamonds Twinkled on the trees, And all the little maidens said,

"A jewel, if you please."

But while they held their hands outstretched To catch the diamond gay

A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away. -Marquis F. Lorne.

The death change comes The death change comes.

Death is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the king's
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.
And then in shadowy glimpses, disconnect
The story flower-like, closes thus its
leaves.

leaves.
The will of God is all in all. He makes Destroys, remakes, for His own pleasure —Philip Bailey.

## The Joy of Life.

The real joy of life has little to do with comfort: it comes from the consciousness of strength to suffer, and bear, and achieve; it comes from the consciousness that one is doing a man's work, and earning a man's wages in the world. The thrill of a mountain climber as he comes suddenly upon the vision of half a continent spread out before him contains more real joy, more true life, than a year brings to the sluggish comfort seeker in the valley below. The scholar, as he surveys fields of knowledge opening in broader vistas before him, forgets the days and nights of unbroken study behind him. The great statesmanship, as he notes the steady movement of opinion towards him, feels a joyous sense of mastery which the memory of years of defeat and misconception does not embitter.

## The Use of Opposition.

There is one form of evil which, while peculiarly annoying and aggravating at the time, may always be made the source of increased power and benefit. It is the opposition and antagonism which men personally receive. Usually they suffer the sting which this brings with it to rankle in their breasts, and to foster an increased antagonism on their part. Yet, could they view it in another and truer light, they would rather welcome it as a means of advancement. Under all such contradiction there is a measure of truth, often a large measure, the discovery of which would be most advantageous. Emerson puts this well when he says: "The wise man throws himself on the side of h's assailants. It is more in his interest than it is theirs to find his weak The wound citatrices and falls off him like a dead skin, and, when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable! Blame is safer than

## Everyday Life and Character.

One's everyday life is a surer rerealer of character than one's public acts. There are men who are magnificent when they appear on great occasions-wise, eloquent, masterly-but who are almost unendurable in their fretfulness, unreasonableness, irascibility and all manner of selfish disagreeableness in the privacy of their own less degree, either in church or state, homes to those to who they ought to save by the free permission of "crea-

WASH DAY

show all of love's gentleness and There are women, who shine with wondrous brilliancy society, sparkling in conversation, winning in manner, the center ever of admiring groups, resistless in their charms, but who in their everyday life in the presence of only their own households are the dullest and wearisomest mortals. No doubt in these ases the common everyday, unflatter ing as it is, is a truer expression of the inner life than the hour or two of greatness or graciousness in the blaze of publicity.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

#### Energetic Men.

We love upright, energetic men. Pull them this way and then that way and he other, and they only bend, but in a trice they are on their feet. Bury them in the mud and in an hour they will be out and bright. They are not ever yawning away existence, or walking about the world as if they had come into it with only half their soul; you cannot keep them down; you can-not destroy them. But for these the world would soon degenerate. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities and rear our manufactories: they whiten the ocean with their sails, and they blacken the heavens with the smoke of their steam vessels and furnace fires; they draw treasures from the mine; they plow the earth. Blessings on them! Look to them, young men, and take courage; imitate their example; catch the spirit of their energy and enterprise, and you will deserve, and no doubt commands, success.

#### The Man Who Is Ready.

Many men and women find to their sorrow and dismay that when the opportunity of a lifetime is presented to them they are utterly unable to grasp it because of lack of preparation. They are not ready for the hour of opportunity when it comes. They have that keen discernment, that mastery of details, that ripened judgment that only preparation can give. When a great man achieves a great triumph in art or literature, or even in business or war, it is often said of him that he is genius. So he is. He has the sort of genius Carlyle had in his mind when he wrote, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble." Genius and work go hand in hand. The man who is ready when the hour of opportunity comes, and who sees that oppor tunity and uses it, has so trained his powers as to compel them to obey his His self-reliance is based on good judgment, and not on vaunting The man who is ready is the man who has a profound sense the responsibilities and possibilities of life. He sets no limit to his own development, and yet his mistion does Reminiscences for The Advertiser by Rev. W. W. Smith. not exceed his powers of achievement. The man who is ready is the the man whose life takes on its appointed hon-

## The Value of Measure.

or and glory.

The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts the whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius or a prodigious usefulness if you would hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and per-fect the part of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts; but being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners; namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character: hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with social blending of parties; whilst it values all particularities as in the highest degree refreshing which can consist with good fellowship. And, besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society, as the costliest addition to its rule and

## The Woman's Cause is Man's.

There is no other proof so great of the good understanding that subsists between men and women as the voluntary relinquishment by men of powers hitherto unshared. It is the highest tribute that has ever been paid to woman, and yet one of the most unobserved, that not a school has ever been opened to her except by the vote of men, nor has she been admitted to any learned profession, or to an enlarged sphere in the line of honorable occupation except by men; nor has any wo man been made a voter, in greater or

EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

tion's lerds." They have clothed us with all the power that they them-selves possesss, have in the highest ranges, ecclesiastical and government. al. No magnanimity analogous to this has ever been witnessed since history began. But there are two considerabegan. But there are two considera-tions which, on their own testimony, have moved men to this bestewment of

justice to themselves. Every woman is the daughter of a man, and every man is the son of a woman. In this organic law is grounded the unalterable faith that cheers me on my way while I seek to multiply the topics of interest and thought between men and women, that home-life may be enriched and hometions which, on their own testimony, have moved men to this bestewment of power upon the gentle comrade at their side. First, men are conscious of being abundantly able to take care of themselves and their interests, and secondly they have learned by centuries. ondly, they have learned by centuries ond have held their own throughout of observation and experience, that, as a class, women (being the mothers of forming, and no truer or more enduring men) are, if possible, more concerned the has ever yet been forged.—The late to do them justice than they are to do Frances E. Willard.

## WITH THE POETS.

SAY WELL AND DO WELL.

The following lines were once quoted by Dean Stanley as the peroration of sermon in Scotland:

Say well is good, but do well is better, Do well seems spirit, say well the letter, Say well is godly, and helpeth to please; Do well lives godly, and gives the world

Say well to silence sometimes is bound, But do well is free on every ground, Say well has friends, some here, some

But do well is welcome everywhere. By say well to many God's word cleaves, But for lack of do well it often leaves. If say well and do well were bound in one

Then all were done, all were won, and gotten were gain.

A LOVER'S WISH. Would I might borrow from the mines

of morn A little of their brimming store of

gold! Would I might filch from out the sunset's hold

Some of the rubies that its breast adorn! Would I might heap lip-high a plenteous

With emerald of the springtime's magic And gather diamonds flawless as unfold Along the meadows when the day was

Then through some alchemy of cold or

Transmute these riches into dazzling stone!

My sweet, this wish I wish for you That whatsoever is your heart's desire

May lie before your feet, your very

-Clinton Scollard, in Cosmopolitan.

oddities and eccentricities of preachers | ket Bible.

an old lady offered him snuff. "Well,"

he said, "if people had nothing else

in their heads he supposed they might

as well put snuff in!" and took a

Twelve years after he was preach-

ing again in that same schoolhouse.

and the same old lady was there. Af-

shook hands with Mr. Snyder, "I heard

you preach here once before," she said.

'Yes," he said, "I think I did preach

here once," "Yes," she continued, "you

heard you." "Yes," he returned, re-

flectively, "I am glad you remember

so well. What was I preaching about?"

"La!" said the old lady, "I can't

remember. Why it's twelve years

ago! But don't you remember an old

lady, who asked you to take snuff,

and you said, 'If folks had nothing

else in their heads they might as well

"Well, that is just my fortune," said

the preacher. If I say anything good

to the people they're sure to forget

it; but if I say something foolish

they'll remember for twelve years or

Nothing astonishes bookless people

often so from parsimony and in-

dolence) than the number of books

even in a poorly-furnished library in

"parsonage" will contain. Many

years ago a colored man looked up

from his work in my garden and asked ne, "Have you seen our new preacher

yet?" No. John: I have not met him

yet. What is his name?" "His name

is Mr. De Banyon; and I tell you he

is a high-larn'd man, too!" "Oh, I am

glad to hear that, John," "Yes, if he

John?" "Yes, he brought a whole car-

The late Roy. Hiram Denny was

good Bible sentiment; but when he

came to face his congregation he

he had not, in his former life, ridd in

"Why, has he many books,

put some snuff in!""

all their lives!"

full!"

pet bag full!"

pinch.

Beyond the burning rhapsody of noon, The wind's elusive harp note in the trees.

Between the sunset and the primrose

There is a rapture all unknown of

The harmony of twilight. Nature's note, Prolonged, pellucid, subtler far than Rearing the lifted soul till it doth float

Upon the heart of night and find it Against this bar the waves of tumult

And tides slip back into a silent deep;

The world, beneath a white and windless Drifts outward to the vaster sea of

And thought, starlike, doth rise above Time's shoal

To find thee still-thou twilight of my

-Virginia Woodward Cloud, in Book-

#### TRUE GAIETY.

Whom call we gay? That honor has been long

The boast of mere pretenders to the

The innocent are gay-the lark is gay That dries his feathers, saturate with

Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the Of dayspring overshoot his humble nest;

The peasant, too, a witness of his song, Himself a songster, is as gay as he. But save me from the gaiety of those Whose headaches nail them to a noonday

And save me, too, from theirs, whose haggard eves

Flash desperation, and betray their pangs From world's end unto world's end, For property stripped off by cruel chance; From gaiety that fills the bones with pain. The mouth with blasphemy, the heart

with woe. -Cowper.

with two clerical friends. John Roaf

of Toronto, and John Armour, of Kel-

vin. Just here a big wolf was seen,

the way. Of course they did not know

how many more might be among the

bushes-this one their sentinel. The

peculiarities of the three men came

ing, with all kinds of difficulty, the

"cnarge" of the horse on the wolf.

Roaf, a grand old fellow, who ought to

have lived in the times of Cromwell.

shouting at his wolfship. Mr. Armour,

who would not hurt a fly unless some

greater good made it necessary, was

down in the bottom of the sleigh, cov-

"And how did it end?" I asked. "Oh.

there were probably no more than the

one; and when we got near he can-

tered away at his leisure into the

The celebrated Rev. Dr. Punshon,

of London, once (being out in America)

preached before the Methodist confec-

ence in Montreal. In the crowded and

heated room he was in the middle of

his sermon overcome with faintness

and giddiness. He sat down, and

ish the sermon." He rose up, and,

using Dr. Punshon's open manuscript,

in such a way as perhaps another

man's sermon was never read before.

An old minister once said to me:

"Did you ever notice that in minis-

ter's families the eldest is always a

girl?" "No; is it so?" "It is." How do

you account for it?" "Why, this way:

Providence sends a girl first, so as to

"Well, I would like to know,"

said, "if facts bear this theory out?"

(the grandmother of the present

Wilkeses there), told me of it. But

be a help to the mother."

ered up with the "buffalo skin."

straddling over the track, as if to bar

SOME OF OUR OLD PREACHERS

I suppose all of us remember the where!" flourishing his well-worn poor

better than we remember their good | Ones when we were driving along to-

advice, like the old lady, my friend, gether, near Acton, he pointed out to

the late Solomon Snyder, told me of, me a certain spot in the road, be-

He had been preaching in some coun- tween two cedar swamps, where many

try schoolhouse, and, while he was years before-when the country was

getting on his overcoat and mittens pretty new-he was driving in a sleigh

ter the service she came forward and out. Denny, the old dragoon, manag-

preached here twelve years ago. I standing up and waving his arms, and

swamp."

reads all the books he brought with | Ministers are generally too poor to

lim, I tell you his head will be pretty keep a servant in the house, and

once going to preach in the township He said, "I myself never thought of

of Albion. He had got hold of a it till old Mrs. Wilkes, of Brantford

couldn't tell where his text was. He now, run over the ministers' families

could simply quote the words. But you know, and you'll find it is true."

# BABY'S OWN TABLETS C

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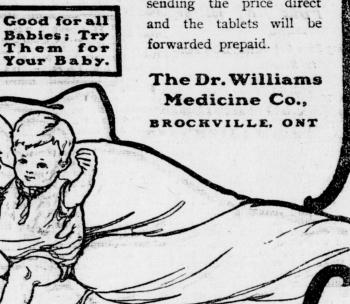
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They cost 25 cents a box. All druggists sell them or they may be secured by sending the price direct



let me reckon as exceptions. It was

a new theory to me. Sometimes a minister drifts into politics. The late Rev. John Climie was not only a politician, but a political editor. This is exceedingly common in England, but less so here. He told me once not to say at the Congrega. tional Union why he was not present. for "he had promised Harry Munro to help him stump the county of Durham." In his paper he spoke of "the duty of every Reformer in the county to pray for the success of the Liberal The sky is clouded when we part with A. Macdonald read the editorial in the house, and referred to "the political parson of Bowmanville." He said. with respect to the advice to pray for the success of the Reform candidate in Durham, "it was a small request, and Providence granted it." and flung

## MOURNING IS INCONSISTENT

the paper contemptuously on the floor,

had this anecdote from a friend who

was in the gallery at the time.

The Extreme of Mourning Is Too Much Display.

Rev. George H. Hepworth Thinks It Not in Keeping With Precepts of Our Religion-We Want More of Triumphant Faith-God and Our Loved Ones Still Live.

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of

In the long, long ago a custom prevailed which gave to All Saints' Day a unique kind of good cheer. The separated members of the family met in the old home, and at the midday feast chairs were set not only for those who were visibly present, but also for those who had passed on to the higher life It was a recognition of the fact that nearts are the same whether they are on this side or the other side of the The dear ones were not neglected, though with trembling steps they had passed through the shadows of death and emerged into the bright sunlight of heaven. No one was forgotten, and faith that the departed still retained their interest in those whose work was not yet finished, and that they were glad to come back to asked an accomplished and eloquent add their mite to the happy occasion, gave the coloring of hope to the reunbrother beside him to "go on and finion and made the future radiant and That was a phase of religion which reminds us of the time when the disdelivered the remainder of the sermon

> What is it?

Vapo-Cresolene is the vapor of Cresolene. You put the Cresolene in the vaporizer, then light the lamp just beneath. When the vapor rises, you inhale it. What is Vapo-Cresolene? It's some-

thing like carbolic acid, only much more powerful. It kills all germs of disease and heals inflamed membranes. It's the perfect cure for whooping-cough. Nothing equals it for asthma, catarrh, hay fever, colds. 3

goons, to be frightened at such a small mishap as that. "I've lost my text, I've lost my

through three lonely years were gathered together and "Jesus came and stood in the midst and said unto them. Peace be unto you." That incident was which glorified All Saints' Day, for it was well argued that if the Christ could come to those whom he loved then our other loved ones might come

It is right that we should mourn, for a temporary separation wounds the heart. A good-bye can never pass the lips without setting free the fountain of our tears. But mourning with faith is not like mourning without it. dear ones, even though the eves see beyond the clouds; but the tempest rages fiercely when we have no hope. and the very roots of our being are torn up by its destructive and relent-There is no one on the footstool who

makes such a draught on our sympathy and pity as he who knows the future. The vibrations of his grief when he looks over the church yard wall form a kind of crescendo which at last breaks the heart. His despair. like the blind Sampson, puts its arms about the pillars of the temple and brings the whole structure of his being into ruin. We can bear disaster if only hope is left, but disaster and despair are too much for human nature to endure.

Still, we who mourn are not wholly in the right. We robe ourselves in the gloomiest black, which is a wall through which the angels of grief cannot enter. Black is a kind of infidelity which, though we are unconscious of it, is very harmful, a sort of barrier to the sweet influences of another world. The extreme of mourning is too much a display, and it shows that we have not the courage of our convictions. As a symbol of our state of mind it is not in accordance with the precepts of our religion. It is the garb of starless midnight, quite unworthy of our belief in immortality. God has not made anything black, then why should we? His sunshine covers the very grave with grass and flowers; His universe is bright and cheery from dawn to dawn. Why then should we intimate by our garments that He has neglected to reveal our proper atti-tude in one of the supreme moments of life? The purpose of religion is to make us serene, quiescent, resigned,

because death is not what it seems to be, but, on the other hand, a birth of some freed soul from the limitations and pains of a wearied body. Moreover, a great deal of our grief is selfish. We have suffered an affiction and we think of ourselves. If our faith is worth having we know that they who have gone are better off than those who remain. That fact we do not dwell upon. Instead of being grateful that there is a heaven, and that our loved ones are there, that they are beyond the vicissitudes of time, we mourn simply for our own loss, forgetful of their gain. This is

not well.

We want a more triumphant faith. Our eyes are dull, and we do not see the truth. One glimpse of heaven and we should lay aside the mere trap-pings of woe, for they are dismal and heartbreaking. We may weep, tears are a lens through which the nvisible would sometimes become visible; but this despair, this feeling that everything has suddenly been plunged n darkness, is all wrong.

God still lives, the loved ones still live, having entered a sphere of larger usefulness, and there is a royal high-way from the throne of God's infinite love to our little earth along which they will visit us in our sorrow. Real religion may bow its head, but beneath all other thoughts is the radiant belief that they and we will meet again. Sorrow can wear a diadem of hope and even the breaking heart may smile because the Eternal Father and the house not made with hands are in the near distance.—George H. Hepworth.

WHY SHE WOULDN'T.

"Just one," he pleaded.
"Only one?" she asked, coyly. "Only one," he said."

"You'll be satisfied with just one little one "Yes," he answered, drawing her

But at this she broke away. "In that case," she said coldly, "you are utterly lacking in the modern acity, and I do not feel that my future would be safe in your hands."—Chicago

## Killing Time.

a success. The royalty, it is true, is an obscure scion of a German family, and his name looks more imposing in print than the owner does at breakfast. However, that is a de-

tail. The fact remains that we are a typical modern house party, sumptuously lodged and fed typical modern millionaire. Everything in the house is luxurious. morning tea is served up on priceless Sevres; we awake to the strains the bagpipes; the breakfast table is laden with every delicacy; at lunch when we join the shooters, a hot meal appears miraculously on the heather, the finest grouse moor, the best deer forest, and a magnificent salmon river all appear to be at hand. has brought down seven stags to his own rifle in four days, and landed, eccording to the gillie's account, the biggest fish of the century, and I am

the proudest of wives. In the evening, between tea and dinner, our host touches a bell and an organist appears, who plays in the twilight on the beautiful organ in the hall; and after dinner a violinist (also kept on the premises) makes the most music in the drawing-room. For our host is a patron of the arts, and to what more delightful use can money be put than that of encourag ing talent and being able to gratify one's taste for it in one's own house The grand duke snores throughout the performance; the cabinet minister keeps time with his foot, and at the of the "Kreutzer Sonata," asks for Scottish airs. The celebrated beauties make heroic onslaughts on the eligible parties, who show distinct signs of following the grand duke's example. Mr. Veynor announces that the music is "too clear," and the generality of us escape upstairs to each other's sitting-room for a final game of bridge. Such is life.—London Out-

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