

## THE HILLS OF PEACE.

It is well to live in the valley sweet,  
Where the work of the world is done,  
Where the reapers sing in the fields of wheat  
As they toll till the set of sun.  
Ah yes, it is well to live on the plain  
Where the river flows on through the fields  
Where the ships sail down to the boundless main  
With the wealth that the valley yields.  
But beyond the meadows, the hills I see  
Where the noises or traffic cease,  
And I follow a voice that calleth to me  
From the hilltop regions of peace,  
The air, as they pass, sweet odors bring  
Unknown in the valley below,  
And my spirit drinks from a hidden spring  
Where the waters of comfort flow.  
Aye, to live is sweet in the valley fair,  
And to toil till the set of sun;  
But my spirit yearns for the hilltop's air  
When the day and its work are done.  
For a Presence breathes o'er the silent hills,  
And its sweetness is living yet  
The same deep calm all the hillside fills,  
As breathed over Olivet.  
—Rather H. Trowbridge.

## WORK AND REST.

O give me the joy of living,  
And some glorious work to do!  
A spirit of thanksgiving,  
With loyal heart and true;  
Some pathway to make brighter,  
Where tired feet now stray;  
While 'tis day.  
On the fields of the Master gleanings,  
May my heart and hands be strong;  
Let me know life's deepest meaning,  
Let me know life's sweetest song;  
With some faithful hearts to love me,  
Let me nobly do my best;  
And at last with heaven above me,  
Let me rest!  
—Westminster.

## A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Prof. Drummond tells the story of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you."  
The father took his little girl in his arms and told her that, even though God were at that moment surrounded by all his holy angels, sounding on their golden harps, and singing to him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise that ever was heard in heaven, he was sure that he would say to them: "Hush, stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl, away down on earth, who wants to whisper something in my ear."

## THE MORNING HOUR.

Dean Farrar tells that his mother's habit was, every morning immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room and to spend the hour in reading the Bible and other devotional books, and in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfil all her duties and to remain untroubled by the worries and pettishness which are often the intolerable trials of narrow neighborhoods. He says he never saw her temper disturbed, nor heard her speak one word of anger or calumny or idle gossip, nor saw in her any sign or any sentiment, unbefitting to a Christian soul. Her life was very strong, pure, rich and full of blessing and healing. And he says it was all due to the daily morning hour spent with God in the place of prayer.—The Morning Star.

## THE DULL BOY.

Who is the "dull boy"? To the Greek professor he is the boy who cannot learn Greek. To the professor of mathematics he is the boy who cannot learn Calculus. To the whole literary or classical faculty he is the poor fool whose brains will only absorb facts of physics and chemistry. To the witty man he is that awful creature who is solemn over the latest joke or epigram. To the serious man he is the laughing jackass who persists in treating life as a comedy. In brief, the "dull boy" is the square peg whom somebody is trying to fit into a round hole.—New York World.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

With Christian Science as a religious cult the public perhaps has little to do. We may deplore the delusion that prevails in connection therewith, but we cannot at all interfere. When, however, Christian Science reveals itself in its relation to the sick then it has become a matter for public notice and public criticism. Recently there have been a number of instances of this sort. Persons have died because of dependence on Christian Science methods and for lack of rational medical care. It is singular that intelligent people will accept the dicta of a system that has such a basis of unreason as that which underlies Christian Science. The thought of healing disease by denying its existence ought upon the very face of it to make such a system impossible. It is not faith cure. Its help does not come from will power, according to the representations of its disciples. The benefit arises from absolute denial of the existence of that whose removal is sought. God is all and matter is nothing, and therefore there can be no disease as that is a property of matter. This in a word is the position and this is the basis upon which Christian Science rests as a healer. Of course as a rule such must fail despite the claims that are made otherwise. With such failures as recently have been reported before it, the law is compelled to take notice of it. It seems strange that such things are. But seemingly nothing is too great a strain on human belief except that which is the most worthy of being received. Men will cavil at the Christian religion and then will swallow whole the credulities and unreasonableness of such a cult as Christian Science.—Commonwealth.

## SIN ATTRACTIVE IS DOUBLY DANGEROUS.

Sin as a caterpillar is bad enough, but sin as a butterfly is a thousand times worse. On every wing there is a picture as varied as the rainbow; every wing iridescent with different lights that shift and change. The poets call the butterfly "a flying and flashing gem," "a flower of paradise, gifted with the magic power of flight." But the butterfly is only a caterpillar beautified with wings. It is only a painted worm decked in a velvet suit and adorned with sparkling gems. If sin in its grossest form be thus dangerous, what must be the unmeasured power of sin when it puts on the robe of beauty? Let me remind you of the power of sin to make itself attractive, and of the power of error to deck itself in robes which resemble the robes of truth, so that even the very elect of God are in danger of being deceived. For example: "Sin beautifies by assuming and wearing the wings of wit," as immorality and lust in some of our best literature; the wings of fashion, the wings of art, the wings of attractive and pleasing names.—David Gregg.

## RAYS OF LIGHT.

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A cure for worrying: keep a diary of your worries, and check off those that prove false and needless.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Thomas Carlyle.

A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in God's presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—Fenelon.

Every duty omitted obscures some truth we should know.—Ruskin.

To be disinterested is to be strong, and the world is at the feet of him it cannot tempt.—Amiel.

No one that has ceased to grow is safe in God's kingdom, since that is a kingdom of life, and life is growth.

"Grace" comes from the same Latin word as "gratitude." Growth in grace is growth in thankfulness.—Endeavorer's Daily Companion.

What you love, what you desire, what you think about, you are photographing, printing on the walls of your immortal nature. What are you painting on the chambers of imagery in your hearts? Is that mystic shrine within you painted with such figures as in some chambers of Pompeii, where the excavators had to cover up the pictures because they were so foul? Or is it like the cells in the convent of San Marco at Florence, where Fra Angelico's holy and sweet genius painted on the bare walls—to be looked at, as he fancied, only by one devout brother in each cell—angel imaginings, and noble, pure, celestial faces that calm and hallow those who gaze upon



For several of the earlier years of my practice as a Cataract Specialist, I limited my practice to treating Cataract only, and strictly adhered to that determination. I was however induced to change this resolution, and will tell you the reason for altering my decision.

So many of my Cataract patients used to write me that when I had cured their Cataract, their Deafness also left them. Many also wrote me that the ringing, buzzing, crackling and other Head Noises had also stopped. How grateful these letters were—what pleasant words of thanks they contained, and Oh how I enjoyed those letters. They were not very numerous in those days—sixteen years ago; perhaps not over two or three a week, now they come nearly a hundred every day. Perhaps some readers are skeptical of this statement. To such a one I am perfectly willing to show over fifty thousand of such letters, from all parts of the United States and Canada, which I keep filed away for reference, in eight rooms of my office. Many Canadians have seen these letters. They have taken a Holiday trip to Boston and have called up at my office.

Many, many of the readers of this article, bless the day when my announcement in the paper induced them to write me, because I have with the Divine assistance from on High, been enabled to once more restore them to that greatest of all God's blessings, HEALTH.

The writing of this book on DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES has been a labor of love, with me because I knew how many poor suffering people only needed such an explanation as it gives to tell them how to get cured, for they have become discouraged at the many treatments they have tried. There is no Province in Canada I have not hundreds, yes thousands of such cured patients.

## This Book

Explains how Cataract creeps from the nose and throat to the inner tubes of the ear, thus blocking up the passage and gradually destroying the hearing.

Explains the ringing, roaring and buzzing sounds in the head and ears which are caused by Cataract.

Explains very fully why former advertised treatments and ear doctors failed to cure.

It has several illustrations showing the anatomy and structure of the ears. These pictures are explained so anybody can understand them.

If you want a copy of this book "THE NEW CURE FOR DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES" just write Cataract Specialist SPROULE, 7 to 13 Doane Street, Boston.

them? What are you doing in the dark, in the chambers of your imagery?—Alexander McLaren.

Some one has said that where there is a shadow there must be a light somewhere, and so there is. Death stands by the side of a highway in which we have to travel, and the light of heaven shining upon him throws a shadow across our path. Let us, then, rejoice that there is a light beyond. Nobody is afraid of a shadow, for a shadow cannot stop a man's pathway even for a moment. The shadow of a dog cannot bite; the shadow of a sword cannot kill; the shadow of death cannot destroy us. Why, therefore, should we be afraid?—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman.

Mr. Samuel Colgate, at Orange, used to tell a story of a minister that came there once to preach, simply as a supply, for a single Sunday. The sermon seemed to make rather an unfavorable impression, and Mr. Colgate himself spoke of it in a rather deprecatory way. A little while afterward a candidate for membership in the church, while relating her experience, described this very sermon as being the persuasive message which God had sent to her, and which had proved the turning-point in her life.—Edward Judson, D. D.

An interesting study of the conditions of leprosy in South Africa has been made by Dr. Hutchinson, of London, a surgeon and physician, whose reputation among practitioners all over the world is excellent. He now believes that the primary causes of the disease in that part of the world is in a great many cases the eating of badly cured salt fish. Similar conclusions have been announced by medical men of distinction after leprosy investigations in the other countries. The leper almost everywhere is the victim of poisonous food or by the virus conveyed by a sufferer already infected.

If any one of us has denied the Lord that bought him, let him now look up to him who now looks down from heaven, ready to pardon and reinstate the penitent backslider. Peter, when reinstated, preached the sermon that led to the conviction and conversion of thousands of his hearers.

## Women's Ailments.



Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired, Feelings and weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

## DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are the most reliable remedy for any form of kidney complaint. They drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life to the fullest.

Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says:

"I had severe kidney trouble for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I began their use. Before taking them I could not stoop to tie my shoes, and at times suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and removed every pain and ache."

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