

We are sorry to learn that the Rev. Rural Dean Ilwyd, of Huntsville, has again been prostrated by overwork and worry, and has been advised by attending physicians to take a complete rest from pastoral duties for a time.

Miss Anna Marsh left recently, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Hedley Marsh, for Port Arthur, en route to Mackenzie River to join her brother, Rev. T. J. Marsh, where she will remain for a year.

Mrs. Cornella Walter Richards, probably the first woman to occupy the editorial chair of a daily newspaper, has just celebrated her 80th birthday. When 25 years old she was the managing editor of the *Boston Transcript*.

K.D.C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

The Rev. Rural Dean Septimus Jones celebrates this year the 25th anniversary of his connection with the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto.

From the top of the Cathedral spire in Mexico you can see the entire city, and the most striking feature of the view is the absence of chimneys. There is not a chimney in all Mexico, not a grate, nor a stove, nor a furnace. All the cooking is done with charcoal in Dutch ovens.

#### Its Saving Power.

Rev. J. Franklin Parsons, Cathcart, Ont., writes: "The package of K.D.C. and Pills which you sent me some time ago has done me a wonderful amount of good. I have advertised it well and many have confessed of its saving power." Test these wonderful remedies, free sample to any address. K.D.C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

### Family Reading.

#### A Vesper Prayer.

BY JAMES B. KENYON.

From all its little bells the brook  
Shakes out a silver peal,  
And faintly from the forest nook  
Their elfin echoes steal.  
The shadows lengthen on the sward  
The light dies in the west;  
Now through the dewy twilight, Lord,  
Send down the balm of rest.

The glimmering kine upon the grass  
Lie crouched in dumb content,  
And wandering breaths of blossoms pass,  
In one rich perfume blent;  
The braided gnats in sweet accord  
Wail where the willows weep;  
Now through the solemn night, dear Lord,  
Send down the gift of sleep.

Wisdom is the Principal Thing: Therefore get Wisdom.

The higher the objects that engage our minds and hearts, the higher their tone and the greater the honour. We rise or sink as we fix our regards worthily or the reverse. Our affections are the mirror of our nature. Degraded, they reflect our degradation; pure and refined, they reflect their own nobleness. And what we admire and choose, we, even insensibly, imitate—sinking progressively towards a low standard, or rising towards a lofty. Our likings mark our moral affinities and develop them. We respect ourselves and are respected as we look above or below our own level in worth and intellect. Intercourse with goodness and genius both honours and raises us. Even mere outward dignity sheds a light on those in its circle. We are the more in honour the nearer the king; and if with dignity there be illustrious worth, intimacy is a certificate not only of rank but of character. What, then, shall I say of religion? It looks to the Highest, the All-wise, and All-good, the Eternal Light that knows no shadow. If character be fixed by the standard we choose, what model is there like the All-perfect? The divine character is the only unclouded perfection; the uncreated glory, of which all that is good and fair in the universe is but the reflected light.

#### Thorn in the Flesh.

Though dark my path, and drear my lot,  
Let me be still, and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught:  
"Thy will be done."

If we look around us, and examine closely the lot and condition of most men, even of those who seem the most signally favoured of fortune, we may in almost every case perceive that their happiness is not complete and full-orbed; or, if it appear so for a moment like the moon at the full, presently the shadows begin to encroach, and there is a rim of dark, larger or smaller, on the orb of every man's joy. Something is wanting to every man, even to him whom the world counts most favoured of all. He is rich, but a stranger, it may be, shall inherit all that he has. He is famous in the world, but has no joy at his domestic hearth. A noble career opens to him, but health fails, and he must renounce it. Fortune seems to give everything, but yet, in a strange irony, withholds the one thing which would make all the rest to have any true value. Everywhere something absent whose presence would have been desired; something present which would have been wished away; some good thing withheld, or some sad thing added to every man's condition; in other words "some thorn in the flesh." It is sometimes evident to all the world; in other cases the world knows nothing about it, and none except the sufferer himself knows. . . . But this "thorn in the flesh" is the appointed means to keep us low, to prevent us from yielding ourselves to the world altogether; to remind us that we are sinners, and can only look in this present time for a sinner's doom; that it is which shall bring us in right earnest to the throne of grace, and make us to desire a better country and a heavenly.

#### The Perfect Work.

The work of the Redeemer is a perfect work; nothing can be added to it, and nothing must be taken from it. Upon this the eye of faith should be invariably fixed, and from hence comfort and support in every state are to be drawn. This is most beautifully expressed in an ancient "Order for the Visitation of the Sick," attributed to Anselm of Canterbury:—"The minister shall say to the sick man: Dost thou believe that thou canst not be saved but by the death of Christ? The sick man answereth, Yes. Then let it be said unto him: Go to, then, and whilst thy soul abideth in thee put all thy confidence in this death alone. Cover thyself wholly with this alone. . . . And if God would judge thee, say: Lord! I place the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and Thy judgment. And if He shall say unto thee that thou art a sinner, say: I place the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and my sins; and I offer His merits for my own, which I should have, and have not."

#### Refreshing Sleep.

Granted that it is better to be a good sleeper than a bad one, the question arises how far the individual can control his own fate in this respect. Probably a great deal more than is generally supposed; for although natural capacity, constitution and temperament play a considerable part, they are generally capable of modification with care and attention. Sleep is a habit which can be cultivated or broken at will, within certain limits. A good natural capacity may be either preserved or destroyed, a bad one improved or made worse. But, looking to the facts of childhood, it may be doubted if any one begins life with a serious incapacity for sleep. At any rate it must be exceedingly rare. Accidental troubles aside, children always sleep well, though liable to be disturbed by terrifying dreams, and whoever saw a really sleepless schoolboy? The fact is that the habit is encouraged in the young. They are made to keep regular hours and to devote sufficient time to rest. Thus the mysterious nervous mechanism which controls the process is kept in good order.

The mischief begins later, with the liberty of early adult life, the addiction to excessive study, the necessities of earning a living, the perpetual exhortation to "shake off dull sloth." The candle is burned at both ends in a hundred ways.

The most opposite motives and most contrasted circumstances—vice and ambition, poverty and wealth, pleasure, sport and honest work—are all responsible for keeping young fellows too late out of bed at night or getting them too early out of it in the morning. In this way the healthy habit is broken, the sound constitution is touched, and the cranky one fairly started on the downward road. Serious breakdowns occur even at this early age, from excessive brain work unrelieved by sufficient rest, but as a rule the trouble is slight and apparently passes. The same process, however, goes on with advancing years, fostered by the routine of modern town life. People must be up betimes to attend to their business or professional work. They are busy all day, and at night, instead of going to bed at good time, after a comfortable evening at home, as folks do in the country, they must be off to the theatre or some social gathering. They get late to rest, and as often as not overtired or overfed or badly fed into the bargain, with the result of a disturbed night as well as a short one. To work again the next day, unrefreshed, and the rest *da capo*, the habit becomes established. It is the vice of great cities, which keeps both early and late hours.

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, once fairly tried, becomes the favourite spring medicine, speaks volumes for its excellence and merit.

#### Sins of Omission.

How often one hears the words, "My sins are sins of omission, rather than commission," spoken in an almost boastful tone! One is too willing to settle comfortably on that idea, and pat one's self on the back and think, "Well, I'm a good fellow, after all." Does it never occur to us that the sins of omission can be worse, in some cases, than those of commission? A sin is a sin always, but sometimes in that committed there may be great and strong temptation, which never wholly excuses, but makes one look with pity and compassion. The sin of omission is deliberate, it is the wilful neglect and setting aside of the duty to be done; for such blindness to actual obligations, and disregard of conscientious performance of such duties lying plainly before us, there can be no excuse.

#### The Fear of Thunder and Lightning.

Girls who are terrified by thunder and lightning lose a great deal of enjoyment during the summer, when we have storms as well as sunshine. It may not be quite possible for every one to help being afraid when the sky is black with clouds and the lightnings flash, but it is within the power of most people to control the expression of fright. Once or twice having resolutely refrained from showing your terror, you will be surprised and pleased to find the terror itself lessening.

I know persons who go through life in a sort of bondage to fear of various kinds. They tremble and turn pale, or grow hysterical and cry, when the dark clouds gather and the thunders roll. There is a pretty German hymn which begins,

"It thunders, but I tremble not,  
My trust is firm in God,  
His arm of strength I've ever sought  
Through all the way I've trod."

I advise all of you who need the advice to remember that God rules in the heavens, and His hand sends the storms. Trust in God when you are afraid—really trust, and you will grow calm and be happy. Another grain of comfort may be found in the fact that when you see the bright zig-zagging flash and hear the rumbling thunder, the danger for you is over. You will never see or hear the electric current which hurts or kills. It is far too swift to wait and warn you in that way.—From *Harper's Round Table*.

#### Rooted.

If the roots are only in the surface-skin of the soil, when that is pared off the plant goes. A life that is to be eternal must strike its roots down through all the superficial *humus* down to the very heart of things. When its roots twine themselves round God, then the deeds which blossom from them will blossom unfading forever.