

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A JUDGE.

BY EDITH SESSONS TUPPER. The judge came slowly down the steps buttoning his gloves. At the bottom step he turned and looked back and up to the drawing room window.

There, framed in the background of misty, frostlike lace curtains stood a charming young girl, who blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers to him.

The judge smiled and uncovered his iron-gray head to his lovely daughter. As he entered his waiting carriage and gave the order, "Stop at Dr. Riley's," he again looked back and saluted the child he adored.

Father and daughter were devoted companions. The sweetest of all comradeships existed between them. She was his housekeeper, his chum, his intimate friend. Through all trying and tragic scenes of his daily life her face was ever before him.

When he came home at night she stood in the window watching for him. And when he opened the hall door she received him in her loving arms, with the question, "Well, papa, have you been merciful to day?"

And Judge Henry Saxton had come to be known to criminals and court employees as the "Easy Judge." But no one save his few close friends dreamed that the dominating influence and control of his life was vested in a mere slip of a girl.

Evenings it was her custom to read aloud to him. This was the delightful and sacred hour to which the judge looked forward all day. In his luxurious library, before a glowing open fire, his weary head thrown back against the cushions of his arm chair, lazily enjoying the fragrance of his cigar, the judge would sit, listening to the sweet voice—the voice that so reminded him of another long since hushed in death.

Just now the daughter was reading Shakespeare's comedies to him. Last night it had been "The Merchant of Venice." He recalled the accents of her voice as she read: "The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice blest. It blesseth he that gives and him that takes."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A sturdy old man, who has passed his three score and ten years, said yesterday: "Most young men are persistent in seeking pleasure. They like comfort, plenty of good food, wine and beer, and nice clothes. They are self-indulgent. They coddle themselves. They are always thinking of their bodies. They eat heartily. They shrink from getting up early in the morning, from cold baths, from hard exercise, from self-restraint, from pain."

"When I was a boy I was fond of dogs and there was a man in the neighborhood who had the same liking. But he had no use for curs. He used to pick a dog up by the back of the neck, and if it howled he would kick it away. He liked any brave beast who had good traits and was useful, no matter how it was in looks. He gloried in thoroughbreds on account of their excellent points but mostly because of their courage, their 'grit,' their stamina."

"When I see a boy who squalls when the play with his mates is a little rough or a youth who has no backbone and is led astray by evil companions; or a young man who is soft and yields to the temptations of the flesh, I think 'there's a cur!' And then I remember the scorn of the man I knew in my boyhood who had no patience with curs but kicked them away."

"And now Lent is at hand to try the thoroughbreds and the curs. The 'softys' will endeavor to sneak out of fasting, no matter how physically robust they are, or how much in need of explanation. 'It gives me a headache,' they whine. 'It makes me so weak!' they protest. The poor things! One would suppose it was intended by the Church to give them a sensation of pleasure, and only to the exceptional few cause any suffering."

"Don't be a cur! Don't be afraid of pain! An epiritual writer says that hardly will any one arrive at great sanctity except his body endure anguish—through hardships, sickness or self-inflicted mortifications. 'For several years after I reached my majority I, too, got excused from fasting, because my health was delicate, but on Ash Wednesday I said to myself, 'I'm going to keep this Lent.' And I did. I kept it faithfully. I worked hard on a farm and on a railroad track, but I stuck it out. I had many a pang in my stomach and in my brain, but I wouldn't yield. And by Easter the body had accustomed itself to the one meal and the collation a day. I was in tip-top health then and enjoyed a deep peace. And from that day on, for forty years and more, I kept the fast. I've helped to bury many a man who said he couldn't fast. 'Now I don't eat much at any time, but the doctor will have me take some thing five times a day, and my Father Confessor says that I can do some extra praying and let the young men of today do the fasting for the Church.'"

"What this old gentleman says is worthy of thought, even his very expressive admonition: 'Don't be a cur!' There are no more self-made men. 'From the highest home to the lowest in America this idea of caste has entered, destroying our old, high ideals and making us pretentious and vulgar,' writes 'An American Mother,' of 'How We Can Lead a Simple Life,' in the Ladies' Home Journal. 'The idle rich man covets high social place with a hunger that is both ridiculous and tragic. If he has money enough he buys a titled husband for his daughter. He tries to establish a precedence for himself over his neighbors by claims of high descent. Nor is this appreciation of rank confined to the lauded class in this country. It is universal. No candid date for office finds it necessary now to pose as a self-made man or to put his respectable ancestors out of sight. The self-made man is no longer the popular hero. On the contrary, noble ancestors are in such demand that if we do not have them we invent them as we do air-brakes or motors, or any thing else necessary to our well being and comfort. The rich American finds it as easy to have a coat-of-arms and a pedigree as to have a dress coat. He seldom goes to Burke or the Heraldic College for these things. He plants and grows his own family tree as he does his maple at the front door.'"

"How would she look if she were happy?" thought His Honor as he faced the expectant jury. And then a sudden mental convulsion shook him. What if he were to live to see such a look as that on his own daughter's face? "Papa, papa, be merciful," rang a voice as sweet as a silver bell. "You are to remember this all day to-morrow, and be merciful." His Honor was remembering.

When the white-haired foreman stood up in the jury box and in a voice choked with emotion said: "Not guilty!" when that woman with the pallid face and terror-stricken eyes, who had risen with the prisoner to hear sentence, turned and flashed one never-to-be forgotten look at the judge, his honor softly repeated to himself, "It blesseth Him that gives and Him that takes!"

The carriage stopped, and as the judge descended he looked up at the drawing room window. Yes, there she stood, the exquisite girl for whose sake and under whose influence he had taken compassion that day on two wretched women.

The door was opened and into the genial warmth, the soft mellow light, the loving embrace, he was tenderly drawn, while a soft voice murmured in his ear as a pair of soft lips touched his cheek. "Well, papa, dear, have you been good and merciful to day?" —N. Y. Herald.

The mission of Jesus Christ on earth was a mission of peace. He came to establish in our hearts a triple peace, peace with God, peace with our neighbor and peace with ourselves. But Christ's mission of peace had a wider scope than to the individual man. His mission was also to bring peace to the family and society. Before the advent of Christ, war was the rule, peace the exception, throughout the world. —Cardinal Gibbons. Is not light grander than fire? It is the same element in a state of purity. —Caryle.

JESUS' ATTITUDE TOWARD WOMAN.

Her Helper, Friend and Sympathizer. Many hundreds of millions of women have lived and died happy because of the work that Jesus did for women. He came to save all mankind. While preaching to men, he preached for women. He worked for them, talked with them, advised them, strengthened them, defended them. He was their advocate and their friend. This page and many scores of such pages would not contain the briefest accurate summary of Jesus' work for womanhood.

His love for the disciples who were to carry on his work did not excel his love for the devoted women who followed him and believed in him from the first days of preaching to the last, darkened day of Golgotha. Women owe to Jesus their rank in the world, their mental and physical emancipation. Thousands of women died eagerly for His name's sake during the years of martyrdom, and they died gladly. For the Son of Man, who had come to save all hereafter, came to free them here.

Jesus first announced His divine mission to a woman. To the woman of Samaria He first declared His Messiahship. (See the fourth chapter of John.) He was brought into the world, cared for in babyhood and trained in boyhood by a woman—the thrice-blessed Virgin, to whom millions of mothers pray to day.

His last words spoken from the cross placed His Mother in the care of His beloved disciple: "When Jesus therefore saw His mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son. Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! and from that hour the disciple took her unto his own home." —John xix., 26-27. He said no word thereafter, except "I thirst," and "It is finished."

His last thought in the earthly life had been His mother's welfare. At His mother's request he performed His first miracle, the changing of the water into wine. (See John second chapter, fourth and subsequent verses.) Only to a woman did He promise perpetual remembrance here—to the woman who came to Him in the house of Simon the Leper, and poured upon His head the box of "ointment of spikenard."

"She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying." "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also shall be done, that she hath done here." —Mark xiv., 8-9. The first at the tomb of Jesus was a woman. The first to see the risen Christ was a woman. A woman was the first to believe in Him and the first to bear witness to His resurrection.

When the men whom He had taught had left Him to the Roman soldiers and to His death, the women who loved Him had not deserted Him. Under the darkened sky His dying eyes looked down upon the kneeling forms of His Mother, her sister Mary, wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen. Well might they follow him and kneel at His feet. He was dying to save women from injustice and oppression.

In all the words of Jesus there is not one word of harshness for woman. The sins of men are threatened and with threats that to this day chill guilty hearts that no other word can touch. The selfish rich man, the oppressor of the poor, are promised their punishment hereafter. But not one word is uttered against unfortunate sinful women.

For them, only kindness, sympathy, compassion. The woman brought before him had committed the crime, he saw the temptation, and he saw the tempter. He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." The men eager to stone the victim of man's evil nature slunk away and Jesus was left alone with the unfortunate woman. His wild eyes looked compassionately upon her bowed form:

EXTREME WEAKNESS. RESULTING FROM POOR WATERY BLOOD.

HEART PALPITATION, DIZZINESS AND WEAKNESS IN THE LEGS FOLLOWED UNTIL THE SUFFERER FELT THAT HIS CASE WAS ALMOST HOPELESS. From the Mirror, Meaford, Ont. No man in Meaford is better known or more highly respected than Mr. Patrick Delaney, who has been a resident of the town for nearly forty years. Mr. Delaney is a stone mason by trade, and has helped construct many of the buildings which go to make up Meaford's chief business structures. Hearing that he had received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Mirror called to obtain particulars of the cure, and Mr. Delaney cheerfully gave him the following statement: "Last March," said he, "my health became so poor that I was compelled to quit work. The chief symptoms of my illness were extreme weakness in the legs, loss of appetite, and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate violently and if I stooped to pick up anything I would become dizzy. My legs were so weak that I was compelled to sit down to put my clothes on. The doctor I consulted said I had a bad case of anemia. He prescribed for me and I took three bottles of medicine, but all the while I actually grew worse until I became so weak and emaciated that it seemed impossible that I could recover. Having read of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I determined to give them a trial. From the first box I noted an improvement in my condition. My legs became stronger, my appetite improved and by the time I had used four boxes I felt better than I had done for months. That the pills are a wonderful remedy there is not the least doubt. I can do light work about the house without experiencing any of the unpleasant sensations that I once underwent. I feel an altogether different man despite the fact that I am now sixty-seven years of age. All I can say is that I attribute my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I would advise any other similar sufferer to try them."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. The pills are sold only in boxes bearing on the wrapper the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Catarrh. Called an American disease, is cured by an American medicine, originated and prepared in the most catarrhal of American countries. This medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures radically and permanently, in that it removes the cause, cleansing the blood of scrofulous and all other impurities. It cures all the effects of catarrh, too, and builds up the whole system.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly, subdues the pain and disease.

Inflammatory Rheumatism. — Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, Mo., writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago. BE SURE that your blood is rich and pure. The best blood purifier, enricher and vitalizer is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to GET HOOD'S.

WOMAN, WHERE ARE THEY? DID NO MAN CONDEMN THEE? AND SHE SAID, NO MAN, LORD. AND JESUS SAID, NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE; GO THY WAY: FROM HENCEFORTH SIN NO MORE. — JOHN VIII., 10, 11.

There is a scene to be studied by the "haters of vice." There is a scene to fill with thought those who think that men can be made better by the hunting of women. But one Man was without sin and it was He who said: "Neither do I condemn thee."

While Jesus lived the British islands were inhabited by half naked savages living in swamps, gibbering a half animal language. While Jesus lived an "intellectual" race living in India practised child marriage and the annual burning alive of thousands of widows. The words of Jesus Christianized and civilized Great Britain, and the descendants of wood painted British savages, carrying out Jesus' orders, have abolished the child marriages and widow burning of India. All over earth's surface His wonders have been worked, and everywhere His teachings have brought nearer and nearer to realization the perfect equality of woman. God's great preacher of equality was Jesus: There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Jesus Christ. — Gal. III., 28.

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