

"What is it, mother?" he reiterated. "There is something," he persisted.

There was a long pause between them. At last she spoke—slowly—as one who chooses her words with care, and the hand that brushed the hair from his brow trembled.

"I am distressed for you, my son!" she said.

At her words he drew his head back quickly, beyond the reach of her caressing fingers, and faced her, slowly reddening.

"Distressed for me?" he echoed.

She forced herself to go on, though it hurt.

"Let me be honest, Max!" she said in a low voice. "Bear with me! Try not to be angry! I know you are the popular preacher in Mudbury. You have some of the eloquence of the orator, the fancy of the poet. You have the power of playing on your hearer's emotions. You are endowed with gifts—gifts not to be despised, but—have you grace? My son, do you preach Christ?"

It was the minister's turn to pale. He even shrank a little from her. She noticed the slight recoil, and winced, but did not flinch.

"A line from Milton occurred to me while you were preaching both Sundays, Max," she continued. "Don't think me cruel, heartless!

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed!"

It was out now! A pause ensued. The clock ticked on the mantel-piece. A cinder fell with a "click" on the tiled hearth. The offended flush that had succeeded the sudden blushing in the minister's face gradually faded. At the moment a sudden recollection of that scurrilous anonymous letter crossed him. Was it within the bounds of possibility that it, too, had laid a finger on his weak spot that had escaped the discernment of the multitude?

Angrily, at first, he would have demanded of his mother, did she think him a mere blatant wind-bag? And then the indignant query died on his lips. In that momentary silence her words struck him. Amid all his eloquence and oratory, his polished diction, his intellectual heights, he had been powerless to reach a sin-stained soul or bring balm to a sorrowing one!

Not as a place from which "to point poor sinners to the sky" had he regarded the pulpit, but as one in which to gratify his own self-love, to minister to his own intellectual vanity—to parade his eloquence!

In that hour the minister descended into the Valley of Humiliation. He came out another man!

"The minister is changed!" observed some of his flock in time, recognising a deep spiritual ring in his preaching that had not been there before. Those of his hearers who had come in search of religious dissipation, so to speak, gradually fell away. Some of those who remained dated the obvious change in their minister to the coming of a revivalist who about that time visited Mudbury, and some of whose meetings Max attended. There was no one, save himself, who knew that "the spirit which had moved upon the face of the waters" had been his mother!—British Weekly.

How do the evolutionists account for the fact that the genus shark has for ages worn his mouth on his most inconvenient side (for himself, that is) according to the development theory it should gradually have worked round so that he would not have to turn over on his back to eat his dinner.

FAMILY QUOTATIONS FROM JOHN MILTON.

Milton, the poet, the three hundredth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated so recently, coined many phrases which have become a familiar part of the English language. The following are only a few of the phrases:

"Trip it as you go on the light fantastic toe."

"The cynosure of neighboring eyes."

"The busy hum of men."

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

"The need of some melodious tear."

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

"That last infirmity of noble minds."

"Fresh woods and pastures new."

"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

"The gorgeous East."

"That bad eminence."

"His tongue dropped manna."

"A pillar of state."

"Sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

"The gay notes that people the sunbeams."

"Long is the way and hard that out of hell leads up to the light."

"He for God only, she for God in him."

"The cricket on the hearth."

"The tale of Troy divine."

"A dim religious light."

"Where more is meant than meets the ear."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

"License they mean when they cry liberty."

"Make the worse appear the better reason."

"Justify the ways of God to men."

"The height of this great argument."

"Out of good still to find means of evil."

"The mind is its own place, and in it self can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Valambrosa."

"Faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he."

"Tears such as angels weep."

"Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe."

"Evil, be thou my good."

"Imparadised in one another's arms."

"Not to know me argues yourselves unknown."

"This universal fame."

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

SEEING THE GOAL.

It is a great disadvantage in life not to know why we are alive, or for what we are heading. Yet many live on, day after day, without seeming to have any clear consciousness of this. They do not realize, or care, that life is a race, and that, when running a race, it is well to have some thought for the goal. Said one of the runners in the recent Marathon race in England: "Of what does one think on such a run? Of nothing except the faraway goal. For the rest, the mind is blank; perhaps little thoughts flit across the mind but they are wiped out at once by the big outstanding thought of the finish." It is not difficult to pick the men and women of our acquaintance whose lives are plainly dominated by "the big outstanding thought of the finish." Their minds are not, like the Marathon runner's a blank, nor are their daily thoughts and duties mere fitting trifles; but they see a goal, for themselves and for others; they see it all the time, and it is the great, outstanding fact of their lives. Therefore they run, not uncertainly, but to win.

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.—Washington.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE TO ALL MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets come as a message of hope to all worried mothers. There is no other medicine can equal these Tablets for the cure of stomach, bowel and teething troubles. They make sickly, peevish, crying children bright and well. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. J. Laroque, Log Valley, Sask., says:—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a blessing both to my children and myself. I have tried them for most of the ills that come to young children and have never known them to fail." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

MRS. EDDY AND THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

In all the Biblical exegesis devised by ingenious minds during twenty centuries it would be difficult, if not impossible, to match Mrs. Eddy's explanation of the book of Genesis. It has probably never before occurred to any one to question the fact that the first chapters of the Bible chronicle a Divine creation of a material world of material objects—land, water, man, animals, and fowls of the air. The Bible narrative is apparently so completely at variance with Mrs. Eddy's theory of the non-existence of matter that one would suppose she would have to abandon this particular portion of the Scriptures. But she does nothing of the kind. In one sense, she admits, the book of Genesis is "the history of the untrue image of God"; parts of it are "a lie"; but "rightly viewed," she adds, "this deflection of being serves to suggest the proper reflection of God and the spiritual actuality of man."

Mrs. Eddy goes on to argue that all the supposedly material objects created by God were really spiritual ideas, or "forms of thought." If we have come to regard these ideas as material objects that is not God's fault; it is ours. We have taken His eternalities, and degraded them to the level of our gross intelligence. "Creation is ever appearing," says Mrs. Eddy, "and must ever continue to appear from the nature of its inexhaustible source. Mortal sense invests this appearing, and calls ideas material." All this is rather vague, but a clearer meaning emerges in the following passage:

"To mortal mind the universe is liquid, solid, aeriform. Spiritually interpreted, rocks and mountains stand for solid and grand ideas. Animals and mortals metaphorically present gradation of mortal thought, rising in the scale of intelligence, taking form in masculine, feminine, or neuter gender. The fowls, which fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven, correspond to aspirations soaring beyond and above corporeality to the understanding of the incorporeal and divine Principle, Love."—Current Literature.

We set out in the morning with purposes of usefulness, of true living, of gentleheartedness, of patience, of victoriously; but in the evening we find only fragments of these good intentions wrought out. But God's intentions are all carried out. No power can withstand him or balk his will. It was thought that Job found peace in his long, sore trial. All things were in God's hands, and nothing could hinder His designs of love. Our God is infinitely strong. In all earthly confusions, strifes and troubles, his hand moves, bringing good out of evil for those who trust in Him. He can execute all His purposes of good. He is never hindered in blessing His children.—J. R. Miller.