

THE PLANS OF GOD IN OLDEN TIMES

(Continued From Page One.)

have met with adverse conditions, that have conquered after struggle, just as the strongest and mightiest trees are those that have grown where they have felt the fiercest buffeting of the wind, and so were nurtured into strength by the necessity of resistance.

It is not, after all, in our place or position that the real danger to us lies; it is in ourselves. Let our hearts be right toward God, and we shall come forth, like Cornelius, from temptation with a clearer vision, a more enduring faith, and better fitted to receive the honors that God may further confer upon us.

I am certain also that this man must have passed through many doubts of mind and spirit ere he reached the high place which he now holds among the heroes of the church. I am equally certain, however, that he never permitted his doubts to keep him from doing the duty that lay nearest to him, or made them an excuse, as so many do, for doing nothing at all.

No man who has ever attained any place of worth in the religious life has gained that place without a struggle with doubts and spiritual fears. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent shall take it by force; it is a land that we have to conquer with our sword and bow, and in that struggle it is with us as it was with Christian on his way to the city.

There are many times when we are assailed with doubts, and in our in-selves hear seductive voices counseling us to give up the fight, and be content to be "no better than others." One thing above all others this man was not. He was not indifferent.

And here is just the crying evil of our day. There may be talk of doubts; old faiths and beliefs may be changing, and in some cases vanishing away, and men may use these as excuses for keeping out of the outside. But, after all, it is indifference that is ruining the souls of thousands among us at the present time.

We are not in earnest about our souls as we are in earnest about the things that are seen and temporal; we are indifferent, and of one thing we may be sure, and that is, that to the indifferent there will never come from heaven an angel or any other power bearing the message of power and of life.

To him that knocketh will the door be opened; to him that asketh will the answer be given; to him that seeketh will there be the finding; but to the indifferent, nothing here and nothing hereafter.

With the introduction of the angel's message will we now deal. What was it? This: "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up as a memorial before God." That, friends, is a commendation more to be desired than silver or the possession of fine gold.

Thy prayers, thine alms, who can tell the joy that came to the heart of this brave man, this believing confessor, at the thought that his works of faith and labors of love were noticed in heaven? Was that not a sufficient return for all the difficulties, trials, stringencies of the days that were gone?

And here is just one great charm of Gospel teaching. The world divides us into masses and classes, and save for the one of two whose names get inscribed on the broad roll of fame, we are likely sooner or later to be forgotten, or at most, to become a mere memory in the hearts of some few who loved us and counted our friendship sweet.

You remember what the poet says about nature: "So careful of the type she seems, so careless of the single life." But it is not so with God in His dealings with those who love and serve Him. It is always "thy" prayers, "thine" alms; each one of us well-known, and the work of each well-remembered. I may not be creating much stir in the world, my work, small and unobtrusive, may receive no human praise, but thanks be to God for His wondrous grace, it is being noticed in Heaven.

The charm of the Gospel is in its personal touch. "The Lord is my Shepherd." The Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me. "Thy prayer and thine alms," and what heart, I ask, can remain untouched in the presence of such wondrous grace as that?

But now changing the emphasis and yet doing no violence to the spirit of the text, we get another aspect of the case. "Thy prayers," thine "alms" are come up.

Prayers and alms. Why, that is the true religious life in its full compass. Cornelius was not the man who talks glibly of faith and hope, he was not the man who gives most touching "experiences," and in places of public worship is rapt with sacred emotion, and afterward, cannot by

his actions be in any way distinguished from the man who rarely speaks on these high and holy matters. No, he was the man who, in secret, bowed himself before the throne, who sought and obtained the divine strength, who feared God and who feared nought else, and then, in daily life and action, sought to do his Master's will, to be obedient, forgiving, forbearing and patient.

And, friends, the men whose religion consists of these twin duties—faith and practice—are the men who shall never fall, and unto whom an abundant entrance shall be ministered into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior.

Thy prayers and thine alms are come up as a memorial before God. Remember that. It is not our successes, here, as men count success, but the abundance of the things that we possess, not our standing in the social scale that have remembrance in heaven.

These things may be worthy, they may be commendable, but they are not the things that are written in heaven's book. "Thy prayers," the attitude of the soul to God; "thine alms," the daily doing of the things which are well pleasing in the divine sight, will never be forgotten, and will go up as a memorial before God.

Now how is it with you? What prayers arise from your hearts? What deeds of mercy, of goodness, and of love are being written opposite our names in the book? These are the things that endure.

Fifty years hence it will matter very little to most of us personally whether we have amassed great fortunes or obtained a place on the civic or national roll of fame, but it will matter everything whether we have a memorial in heaven or not.

The fire is to test every man's work of what sort it is, and the only works that shall be the works of faith and labors of love which we have done in the name and for the sake of Christ who loved us, who suffered for us, who should live and work. These, then, are the lessons from the story of Cornelius. Shall not their consideration stir us up to new zeal, to fresh consecration of our lives and services? Our earthly life is viewed from heaven, a memorial is being kept there of our prayers and our deeds. Oh, that in some quiet thoughtful moment this Sabbath evening we might ask ourselves if we are so living that in the great day, when all earthly work shall be appraised, and just judgment given, our memorial shall be one to give us satisfaction and joy.

WAS WEDDED BY PROXY.

Fraulin Anna Hirsch, of Linz, Austria, had a legacy left to her by an uncle on condition that she should be married before her twenty-first birthday, says the London Evening Standard. Her fiancé, Carl Turrabur, a wine dealer, was away in Smyrna when he heard the news, but as his business prevented him from returning to Europe before March and as the girl was to obtain her majority at the end of the present month, the lovers decided there should be a wedding by proxy. Accordingly Fraulin Hirsch was married in this manner Sunday, the bridegroom being represented by a friend appointed by her fiancé.

She was thus legally entitled to enter in possession of her fortune, but she was not to remain a bride long. Yesterday while she was preparing her new home, she received a telegram to announce the sudden death of her husband.

TAXES ON OLDEN ENGLAND

(London Chronicle.) For taxes out of the common, one must turn back to the days of George III. For in the reign of that monarch one was almost forced to "die" beyond one's means. The army and the navy were in urgent need of money and the chancellor was at his wits end. He thought of the dead and gravely suggested a tax on coffins. Which proposals recalls the day when one could not be born without involving the proud parent in a tax. A graduated tax. That birth of an eldest son for instance, costs a Duke as much as £30, whereas a cottager was forced to pay only two shillings.

To be born with a silver spoon in the mouth cost money in those days. Not only was there a tax on hair powder, but hair itself was called upon to pay its due share to the revenue.

For beads were at various times taxed in England. Henry VIII graduated his levy according to the status of the wearer, the Sheriff of Canterbury for instance having to pay 3s 4d for his beard, and Elizabeth fixed the same sum for every beard of over a fortnight's growth.

MOST NOVEL POST OFFICE IN THE WORLD

The queerest post office in North America is probably located in Beebe Plain, Vermont, where a simple wooden building shelters the offices of two countries.

The structure is cut diagonally by the Canada line, being almost equally divided by an imaginary boundary. The northern half contains the post office of Beebe Plain, Quebec, and the southern half the office of Beebe Plain, Vt. They are separated only by a ten foot corridor, using this passage-way and the same door in common. George H. House, postmaster, looks after the mail of the two offices. As a result of red tape in the postal regulations regarding the transfer of mails, a letter mailed at the Vermont office for the Canadian office across the hall travels 200 miles before delivery.

Previous to 1899 the United States post office was located in a dwelling house and the Canadian office in a store. In neither case was the service wholly satisfactory but it seemed to be the best arrangement that could be made. However, in 1899 the idea was conceived of utilizing the old store, located right on the line, for both offices, and finally the present arrangement was perfected so that a most satisfactory service has been provided.

Patrons of the double post office can do their post office business by making the call. Two doors, one on each side of the line, open into the lobby. The distance between the two office boxes of the two countries is ten feet, the international boundary line running through the space between the two sets of boxes. If a letter is by mistake dropped in the wrong box it is placed to the right office and sent on its way.

A letter posted at Beebe Plain, Vt., for Beebe Plain, Canada, will go south on the Boston and Maine Railroad from Beebe Junction, Vt., to White River Junction, Ill miles on the same route, and thus continue its way to Sherbrooke, P. Q., thirty four miles further. There it is again transferred and returns to Beebe Plain, P. Q.

That is, after having a ride of twenty-four hours and going 290 miles it arrives at its destination, ten feet from where it started.

Or perhaps it goes on another train south on the Boston and Maine to Wells, River, Vt., eighty miles. There it is transferred and goes back via Beebe Junction to Sherbrooke, P. Q., 114 miles, to be transferred again, and returns to the building it started from, thirty-two hours before. It has travelled 218 miles.

The village has a population of about one hundred on the Vermont side and about six hundred on the Canadian side. All of the places of business are on the Canadian side, so most of the patrons of the office are Canadians, but they are very willing to avail themselves of the unique arrangement and use either office that will give the best results.

The line itself is quite narrow here—in fact, it is so narrow that it cannot be seen, except when the fog cannot appear. Some persons have stood in one country and written their post cards, or letters in the other.

WHY TURKISH WOMEN VEIL.

Turkish women do not wear veils, because of their religion, as many suppose. It is more the survival of an old custom. When the Turks still lived in Tartary, before the time of Mohammed, it was the habit of the men to steal such women for wives, as attracted to the Prophet. Six centuries after Christ, the Turks came together and decided that henceforth the women should be veiled, and should not meet men, but dwell in harems as soon as they arrived at womanhood—which was about eleven years of age.—Metropolitan Magazine.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The government statistician at Melbourne estimates that the population of New South Wales at the close of 1909 was 1,645,139, an increase in twelve months of 40,436. The natural increase, 27,910, was the highest on record. The estimated population of Sydney on December 31 last was 605,900, of which the city which now includes Camperdown, contained 126,700 and the suburbs 479,200. At the end of 1908 the population was 592,100, so that the increase during the year was 13,800. The city population decreased by 760, the scheme for improving the city necessitating the demolition of several dwellings, but the suburban population increased by 14,560.

MARK TWAIN.

His hands fall from the wheel; he locks no more To see what reef or shoal may be ahead. What narrow channel there may be to tread. What jagged rocks may jut out from the shore! What message is it that the leadsmen send? "Mark Twain!" The troubled engine cease to throb, The song the breezes sang ends in a sob; The trip is done—the world has lost a friend.

On lips he taught to smile the laughter dies, The sun shines with a lesser, fainter glow; Along the shores where mirth was spread a low, Sad murmur passes, and, with tear-dimmed eyes, Men look out on the stream, yet while they gaze, In silence share the comforting belief. That, safe in port, beyond the last dread reef, His soul is gladdened by a Captain's praise.—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record Herald.

RULERS WITH MANY TITLES

(Answers.)

It is a curious fact that the monarch of the greatest and most important nation in the world has almost the shortest and least imposing title of any.

Most of the crowned heads of Europe revel in a multiplicity of styles and dignities, but apart from mere perquisites the ruler of the mightiest empire the world has ever seen has to be content with the simple formula: "Edward VII., by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Even in these titles the reference to the Britons over seas was added only on the present King's accession, and the style of Emperor of India was conferred on the British Sovereign late in Queen Victoria's reign. Queen Victoria was crowned simply "Of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith," though on some of the early coinage of her reign—the florin, for instance—she is styled "By the grace of God of all the Britains Queen, Defender of the Faith"—a fine, dignified and comprehensive style.

Besides his royal appellation, the King has, of course many lesser titles, but even these are not nearly so numerous as in the case of most foreign potentates.

When one turns to other monarchs the list appears very trivial, the German Emperor for instance, enjoying the luxury of seventy-five subordinate titles, the King of Spain forty-two, the Emperor of Austria sixty-one and the Sultan of Turkey eighty-two.

The Sultan of Turkey's various styles are somewhat amusing to the Western mind. He is, of course, sultan and khakhan (high prince, an lord of lords) to start with; then he claims sovereignty over more districts, towns, cities and States in the East, specifying each by name and setting out with great deliberation in each of his various titles, all the forts, citadels, palaces and neighborhood thereof, in regular legal form, and finally his official designation ends, "Sovereign, also, of divers other nations, states, people, and races on the face of the earth."

All this is of course in addition to his high position as "Head of the Faithful" and "Supreme Lord of all the Followers of the Prophet," "Direct and Only Lieutenant on Earth of Mohammed."

The Emperor of Austria, the Pope, the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Spain and the King of Portugal are all "King of Jerusalem." The Emperor of Austria and the King of Spain both call themselves "King of Galicia." Of sovereigns who claim British territories, the worst offender is the young King of Spain. He is among other things "King of Gibraltar," "King of the East Indies," "King of Guiana," "King of the West Indies" and "King of India," the last title being also owned by the King

of Portugal; while of titles formerly borne by the monarchs of Britain the King of Spain is also "King of Castile," "King of Arragon" and "King of Navarra."

SUPPURATION.

As with so many of the physical ailments which afflict the human race it is now generally recognized that a boil or a carbuncle is really a battle royal between the cells which are our protectors and the germs which would be our destroyers. The little microbe—the especially disagreeable office of which is to excite the formation of pus, is called in medicine the staphylococcus. When it gains entrance to the human body it at once goes to work at its unpleasant industry.

The immediate results are signals of distress which take the form of local inflammation, with its accompaniments of itching, swelling and burning. These uncomfortable symptoms are a warning to the leucocytes or protecting blood cells, that a colony of staphylococci has formed and set up a factory, and will presently do much damage to the surrounding country unless they can be checked. Dame Nature, therefore hurries a great number of leucocytes to the spot, so many, in fact, that they are able to cut off the enemy from the surrounding tissue, and after starving them into submission, to throw them out.

When a boil breaks and discharges, the inflammation at once goes down, and this is a sign that virtue has triumphed over more—the leucocytes have won.

This particular cell seems to be endowed with almost human intelligence, as shown by its knowledge of what to attack, and when and where to do it. People who are suffering from certain weakening diseases, such as Bright's, are very prone to attacks of boils, and so are convalescents from exhausting illnesses, and, in fact, anyone who is in a condition of lowered vitality from any cause whatever. A single boil will sometimes make its appearance because of one local irritation, as, for example, from the constant rubbing of the neck by a rough sweater.

Never mind what may be the direct cause, or how good the general condition of the sufferer may seem to be, it is well to take that boil to the physician, who, if he sees it early enough, will probably make efforts to defeat it, or at least to limit as far as possible the supuration, or pus-formation. Any efforts on the part of the patient to squeeze it are unwise; they will not help the boil, and may lead to local infection, resulting in a continuous crop of boils—the condition known as furunculosis, a most distressing affection, which may last for months, and may even run through a family or a school.

The abortion of a boil in its early stages is often brought about by the injection of a little carbolic acid into it. This, or any other form of surgical intervention, is of course the province of the surgeon, who will exercise the utmost antiseptic precautions to prevent local re-infection.

WISE LITTLE BOY.

The uncle is telling the wise little boy a fairy princess came closer to the sleeping youth and kissed him on the lips.

"Gee!" cried the wise little boy, "wasn't she afraid of germs?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHIVALRY.

Two miners were returning from a lecture in the village institute, when one of them after a thoughtful pause, remarked:

"Say, Bill, I don't see the necessity o' bringing from London to teach us about manners in the 'ome. We ain't so bad as that feller made out."

"O' course we ain't," replied Bill. "Not by a long way," went on the first. "I never swears before my wife."

"No more don't I," put in Bill. "I allus ses ladies fust. That's me."—Tit Bits.

A LAUGH ON DAD.

My little boy the other day Was hit by a conundrum bug, "What has its toes behind, papa?" I gave it up—said he, "A tug."

"Who oughter been the first to fly?" Again in vain was all my thought, To puzzle dad was good as pie To him—he chuckled, "Aaron ought."

"I've just thought of a brand new philanthropy," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "What is it?" "I'm going to found a home for ex-billionaires who impoverished themselves by donations."—Washington Star.

REDEEMED AND GLORIFIED.

Long years before the civil war— A war that rent this land in twain— A fratricidal war, so fierce That fathers fought against their sons,

And brothers faced their brothers Upon the gory battlefield; One to uphold a cursed law That gave a man the right and power

To chain his fellow-man, and one To set him free—Before that time There did exist a blot upon The nation's fame—a man was judged

Not by his merits or his acts, But by the color of his skin, If that were black, he thus became A vassal to the white man's greed And love of gold. No blacker shame Did ever stain the honored name Of an American.

A wealthy gentleman one morn— Was strolling through a thriving town

And taking in the sights, when lo! He saw before him, on the square A motley crowd. Upon a block He saw a pretty quadroon girl, With rosy cheeks, and skin so clear That plainly told good health was there;

No common girl, for she was bright, Big tears came rolling down her

cheeks As she did wring her hands. She plead That she be left at home to live With mother, who was old and weak. The bids went up; her price rose high And higher. The wealthy stranger Could no longer bear the sight, So raised his voice and shouted loud his sum that no one could outbid. The auctioneer then said, "She's yours; "Take her away." PART III. The thankful girl Then grasped the stranger's hand and

Cried: "And I am yours; O treat me kind And I a faithful slave shall be." "My poor, dear child," the man replied, "I purchased you to set you free, And not to enslave you more—to live And die wherever you may choose." She straightway clasped her hands and said, "Then God be praised, for I am free— Free to live with my old mother— To care for her till life's short day Shall end. Then I shall go with you, Kind sir, and spend my strength and life

In your employ. But life's too short To pay you all I owe." "Nay, nay, That shall not be," the man replied, "I bid you welcome to my home, That being free a chance you'll have To 'hitch your chariot to a star' And stand before the world a slave." J. H. FLETCHER. St. Johns, Oregon.

MORSE SEEKS PARDON. WASHINGTON, May 4—Another fight for the freedom of Charles W. Morse, the New York ice king, who is serving a 15-year sentence in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta Ga., was begun today in the Supreme Court of the United States, when Martin W. Littleton asked leave to file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus.

MONTREAL SPECIALIST CALLED ON CASE OF PREMIER MURRAY. HALIFAX, April 30—Dr. Bell, of Montreal, arrived tonight for a consultation with Doctors Chisholm and Stewart on the case of Premier Murray. The three surgeons spent an hour at the hospital, and it is understood were not at all satisfied with the condition of the sick man's leg. They will meet again at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, but there is no doubt now an amputation of the leg will be necessary. Dr. Bell will return to Montreal in the afternoon. The premier's general health is better.

Special to The Guardian. TORONTO, May 5—The first photograph of Halley's comet was taken at the Observatory this morning with an ordinary 4 x 5 camera, having a three-quarter inch lens. The exposure was 15 minutes and the photograph is an extremely good one considering the apparatus

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IS THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE It will cleanse the blood of all the poisonous and waste matter accumulated in the system during the long winter months. It has been used by thousands, every spring, for over thirty years and has never failed to give satisfaction. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

McDISH, smart,—but never freakish, never startling; made by high-skilled workers from stars that experts have selected; dyed by the costliest and best process. These are some of the reasons why hats bearing this label surely satisfy YOU CANNOT GET MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THOUGH YOU CAN PAY MORE Sold by good hat-ters everywhere. Warranted fully by the makers. The Water-lite A. A. ALLAN & CO Limited, of Toronto. Wholesale Distributors for Canada. H. H. BROWN sells them