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NO. 15.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has become the standard for all families. It is the only medicine that is so well known and so generally used. It is the only medicine that is so well known and so generally used.

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EVER THINK ABOUT THIS ?

WHEN roses of summer were budding and blooming, and the yellow wheat bent 'neath its burden of gold. The Prodigal Son came, world-worship and merriment, to the home where his footsteps had echoed of old. And they clung to his garments with tears and caresses. 'Till the cup of his welcome ran over with joy. And the flowers of love and forgiveness were woven in a blossoming crown for the Prodigal Boy.

When the leaves hung from the leaves and the branches, and the winter winds moaned 'round the dwellings of men. Forsaken and homeless the Prodigal Daughter, 'Till she came back to the home of her girlhood again. But they turned her away in the storm and darkness. To the cold winds with their chill, piercing breath. And the pitiless curses that followed her footsteps. Wore like as the tempest and cruel as death.

Ernest McElroy



THE Deacon's Dream.

Christ in the Business Place.
On Monday we walked leisurely through the business places of our city. Here were palaces of wealth controlled by millionaires, into whose offices the Master stepped with a smile, and whom he commended for their honesty, and their kindness and their benevolence. And there were others whose run he predicted because they lusted for fraud, and were ground out of the life of the poor. We passed by the stock exchanges, and heard the clamor and hubbub and uproar, but we were not in. The dollar mark was sculptured over the door, and at that golden shrine the bulls and bears bowed down. The Master was not recognized as he stepped to the door, and was politely bowed away by the stockbroker. I remembered the words "they besought him that he would depart out of their midst." He went into the factory, where men smiled to see him, and recognized him, and proprietors made him welcome, and said: "Command us and our wealth is yours." We passed by others where he was denied admittance, and they told him as they told the applicants for alms: "We have nothing for you." We passed by fruit markets with rare displays on the tops of barrels and boxes, and saw nothing. To a butcher I brought his wares on a narrow street the Master went, and praised him. To another, with exaggerated praise of inferior wares, and with small weights and measures, he went with bitter censure.

At last we stood in the door of my own business place. It is a long established house. I took him to my desk, and spread all my accounts out before him, my per cent of profit, my wages to my employees, the brand of goods I bought and sold, and I ran down with easy conscience while he looked them over. I issued my orders to my clerks and demanded my correspondence with no embarrassment before him, for we were doing business by the golden rule, and then we strode up and down the piles of goods and read the tags with the eye that saw the selling mark to either which I knew he could read. But his eyes at last seemed to move unobtrusively to one small recent addition to our business, which we had added in conformity to modern customs, a bargain department. It figured largely in our advertisements. We looked over its wares with cheap prices, goods marked down, remnants, bankrupt stock, insurance stock, large stock direct from the mills and the usual stock of a bargain room. It was profitable. I was not very familiar with its details myself. I had put it in charge of a shrewd man, and he made it pay. I accepted his statements without asking where the fire had been, or who had assigned, or from what mills he bought direct. I was glad no questions were asked as we went through, and I took occasion to step on the pavement soon and draw a long breath of good fresh air. I shall either abandon that department altogether or make radical changes in it.

never want the Master to see it again.

We watched street improvements and the business management of officials. We noticed the speculative institutions with church members at their heads. We visited church treasurers who were bank presidents and successful business men, who heaped up fortunes for themselves and let the business of the church run wild, church debts unpaid, church business destitute of method in solicitation and disbursement. We visited our mission societies in all our churches and found that in some towns full dozen denominations were supporting little churches at an expense of hundreds of dollars to the mission funds, when a consolidation of some of them would have made others self-supporting and have liberated funds for other work. I confess to a feeling of shame as these were pointed out and it appeared that while railroads and manufacturers were willing to form alliances with each other and with anything which could enhance their interest, the Church was so devoid of business policy that she was losing thousands of dollars for lack of a wise spirit of economy. In the evening we visited a few church affairs. Sometimes we found mere business transactions whose profits went to the church, and here I was not at all worried save when sometimes I saw some purchaser hugging the delusion that he was giving to the church when he was only getting a good bargain for himself. But we found some other business not to our liking, and I expected to hear the Master call them "dens of thieves" as we made our way among raffish and gab bags and games of chance. But he passed on. "These," he said, "know my will. I will allow them to do as they please and give account of themselves at the end of their days."

We saw many things that made the heart of the Master glad that day, and many that grieved him sore. For he blushed for his people sometimes as he saw their business places and business methods.

V.—Christ as a Fellow-Traveler.

The time came when I must make a business trip. Matters in a distant city demanded my attention. I would be absent about a week, and I would leave my guest in my home all I retained. But when I made known my purpose, he expressed a desire to go with me and share my journey. So we went, and in the railway car and at the lunch counter and in the hotel, and amid all the vexatious delay of travel incident to such a journey, he was a delightful companion and his inimitable ways so touched all our fellow travelers that I was proud to acknowledge him as a friend. Some of his ways were not like ours, but they seemed extremely right. Once I was worried by a nervous little woman in front of me with four small children, all heirs of her nervousness and all determined to cry incessantly. I tried to read my paper, but the annoyance was too great. I was on the point of going into another car when the noise sub-

sided and I could not wish that such women would stay at home forever, and I too myself in my budget of news. When I had read my paper, I discovered that my friend was not in his seat, he was carrying cups of water and devoting himself to that nervous woman and her nervous children. They were entranced with the charm of his manner. The tears were all gone and the cheeks were rosy and the eyes bright. I have traced his way several times since, and it has always added a charm to travel. He seemed to be a sort of everybody's servant in the car, amputating the wants of the asthmatic old lady and raising the window for her, and bringing coffee for the invalid at the faded caber whom no one else noticed.

I had said word to my friends and the bond of my coming, and I had arranged to meet my friends in the parlour of the hotel. Here we discussed trade and made our bargains and talked of politics, with my fellow traveler an interested listener and companion. I consulted him on principles of trade and fair dealing. But when we arose after our conference, and were invited to step into the bar, I surprised my friends by declining. I never went to the bar anyhow, except when I was abroad, but I used to hold that I was liable to lose some of my best business contracts if I did not go with my friends. That day I felt certain that I could not take him with me, and did not care to be seen going without him. Some of the gayer sort, who used to assemble in the parlour in the evening, used to count me among them, and were a little surprised that I was not quite so social as I used to be, but I confess that that presence had a very wholesome restraint on many of my movements.

Sunday morning when I stepped before the clerk's desk, he volunteered the kind of information I had been accustomed to ask. He remembered my taste. There was to be a sacred concert at the Opera-Hall that afternoon. The best contracts in the country was in the city, and would sing at the Church of the Grand Oratorio that morning. The new minister at the Lutheran Church was very brilliant, and would lecture on the genius of Charles Lamb that evening. I thanked him, and walking on with my companion, found a little church I had never visited before, and a godly and cultured minister, noted for his intense spirituality. I felt that that was the best place for a professing Christian who was away from home, and had Christ with him. I had no difficulty in persuading myself that affairs at home were not so imperative as to compel me to start that evening, though I had usually begun my journey on a Sunday evening to save time. We retraced to the same church at the evening service. In the afternoon the Master was alone with his Father, except when he took me with him to one of the city missions, where he spoke to the tolling and crashed and careworn who were gathered there, and as he came from the mission he asked me: "Where are the laborers in this great city today that they are doing nothing for the poor among them?" I had to confess that the church members were not all church workers, and that "in all probability many of them were at their homes, at that hour asleep." We returned on Monday to my home and business, and I have always looked back on that trip as a bright spot in my life. I learned some lessons then. I have never forgotten about my behavior when I am away from home.

VI.—Christ in the Library.

One room in my house was a favorite resort for all of us. It was the library. We were a reading family, and bought books to read. We bought books which suited our individual taste. We bought and read the popular books of the times. We watched the book market and reviews, and found out what other people were reading. We had the standard books which form the nucleus of private libraries. We were not asking for old editions of rare books. We had books in the best of style of the bookmaker's art, in binding and printing and illustration and paper. There were works of art beautiful and valuable. A few choice pictures adorned the walls, and a few pieces of statuary adorned the cases of books or the niches be-

twen the books. Of course, no guest ever came and went without seeing the library. On the very day that the Master came I thought of the library, and went into it with a book-lover's pride to see that it was properly arranged. There were a couple of small steel engravings hanging low on the walls which I took down and hid in a drawer I had secured them because they were specimens of fine art, real "art for art's sake." I had sometimes insisted that it was happening art to trammel it with any moral purpose, and these steel engravings were entirely untrammelled in this direction. It occurred to me then that Christ in his life had been intensely ethical and I expected to find him so yet. With a glance at the wealth of literature on the shelves I went out again and closed the doors. It was not long after all he and I were in the library alone. Here were histories, ancient and modern, showing how

Through the accession of more books from time to time, I had a collection of books which were a treasure to me. Here were the volumes of science telling us that the "undevout astronomer is mad." Here was the Bible, and about it commentaries and church histories and polemics and volumes against the Christian faith from which we had been trying to find the strength of our enemy. Here were essays with intellect and sentiment and wit, concerning some of which we were anxious that none should ask any questions. And when he went to the shelf and took down one or two and glanced at them, I managed to be busy arranging some loose pamphlets on my desk. Here was fiction and light literature. I had never noticed before that we had so much of it. I knew that we had been buying new stories from every new writer who had started the world of letters, but had not thought it had accumulated to quite such an extent as it had. We had the most famous from Germany and France. We had read Scott and Dickens, and watched the face of the guest as he looked at them. I talked of the delight and value they had been to me. Of foreign authors such as Dumas and Tolstoy I had little to say. For many of them I felt very keenly. There was nothing to say that I would care to have said on the score of art morals. There were many which made light of religion and marriage and home, which I had read to enjoy the wit which I now secretly wished were not there. I was ready to turn elsewhere long before the Master quitted that above. Many another day we spent there, and sometimes among its romances. In history he saw his Father at work. In science he saw his Father's doings in philosophy he saw the workings of that noblest earthly work of God—the human mind—now, alas, too sadly crippled! And he watched with careful eyes each book which I was reading. I retired some volumes out of sight while he was there, and some I burned and bought with caution in those days when I remembered that he would see every book that I bought. I watched the movements of his eyes as he saw my children take down their favorite authors. And a gleam of holy indignation was one day in his eye, as turning to me, he said: "My people shun as a nest of vipers all impure and degrading associations of the street, and will not permit their children to meet the vile, but in the library those children meet and are introduced to the vilest of souls in print and paper. In fiction they meet heroes and heroines who speak vulgarity and blasphemies, and ridicule morality and propriety. As the down of the thistle carries the noxious seed into the farmer's field, so does the down of entrancing fiction and polite literature carry seeds of impurity into the hearts of the children of God." And I wondered, when he ceased speaking, how he must regard hosts of characters in literature who walk with brazen effrontery before the receptive eyes of Christian youth.

I thought it all over again in my waking hours, and I do not believe that the dream will ever lose all its influence over me. I realize now that Jesus is my present guest. He is at my side in the sanctuary and in the home, and by the way, I find myself stopping to ask myself if I am showing due courtesy to a guest who has come down from heaven to dwell with me. In my ease and self-indulgence, and I treat Jesus right? And when I am undecided I say why do I not do that which, I am certain, will meet his approval rather than run any risk? Holiness and unholiness cannot dwell together, and if the Holy One is ever with me I realize the need of being myself holy. And so may I ever be with Christ.

the throne of the Judge, but that the Saviour is with you a present, a constant companion, at every moment of your earthly life? It is a sacred, a precious truth.

(THE END.)

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