

Christian Life Column.

IN THE BOOK OUR MOTHER READ. We search the world for truth; we cull The good, the pure, the beautiful, From graven stone and written scroll.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

What did Jesus mean by this most beautiful of all His parables, if indeed we may be permitted to say that one is more complete than another? Manifestly, He intended to show these religious people that they were despising Him because He ate with publicans and sinners, that the Father in Heaven welcomes even the wilful deliberate sinner when he comes to himself and repents of his transgressions and seeks to lead a new life, and restores them to their rightful place among the sons of God, and that Jesus was acting the Godlike part in holding fellowship with publicans and sinners while they were despising those whom God the Father honored.

But more, He intended to show those of us who have committed the sin of sins that there was hope in repentance even in the last extremity; for the sin of sins, that to which all sins trace up, is self-sufficiency or the thought that we can live apart from God. Some think they can live by simply shutting God and His laws out of their thought. Others feel that they must get far away into a far country and join themselves with its citizens, and both agree that they are sufficient unto themselves, complete master of their own lives and destinies, and the parable shows that even for these there is mercy when they come to themselves and realize the greatness and glory of their heritage.

Again, He evidently meant to teach that heaven is not a reward to be earned by good works, but a royal gift to every one who is willing to live in its atmosphere and spirit. And just here is where many men stumble and fall and lose much of the joy of the Christian life. They fail to see that their standing is not in their obedience to law or good works, but in their free acceptance by the Father. The wanderer restored to sonship will work with all the better purpose and spirit knowing that he is not a hired hand but a son and entitled to all the privileges of the home. The Christian will realize the true joy of Christian living only when he realizes that he is accepted as a son and heir, a companion, a friend of God, the appreciation of His friendship being shown by His free and hearty service. It is very hard to get men to see this, to give over the ever helpless effort to deserve eternal life by good works, and to realize that it can be obtained only in one way, as the free gift of God, and that by our works we are to show that we belong to the royal family.—Dr. Henry Wallace.

DISGRACE OF A JOYLESS LIFE.

Many men fail to realize that joy is distinctly moral. It is a fruit of the spiritual life. We have no more right to pray for joy, if we are not doing the things that Jesus said would bring it, than we would have to ask interest at a savings-bank in which we had never deposited money. Joy does not happen. It is a flower that springs from roots. It is the inevitable result of certain lines followed and laws obeyed, and so a matter of character. Therefore, we cannot say that joy is like a fine complexion, a distinct addition to the charm of a face, which yet would be structurally perfect without this charm. Joy is a feature, and the face that does not have it is disfigured. The Christian life that is joyless is a discredit to God, and a disgrace to itself. "These things have I spoken unto you," said Jesus, "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Study these words. Believe them. Attempt them. Steadily accomplish them, and the joy of the Lord will enter you long before you hear the word, "Come, ye blessed, enter into the joy of your Lord."—The Sunday School Times.

The precepts of Jesus are the essential element of His religion. Regard these as your rule of life, and you build your house upon a rock. Live them out, indeed, and you have entered the kingdom of heaven,—you even now enter it.—Channing.

Children's Column.

AFRAID IN THE DARK.

Who's afraid in the dark; "Oh, not I," said the owl, And he gave a great scowl, And he wiped his eyes And fluffed his jowl—"Tu whoo!" Said the dog, "I bark Out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!" Said the cat, "Miew! I'll scratch any one who Dare say that I do Feel afraid—Miew!" "Afraid," said the mouse, "Of the dark in the house! Hear me scatter, Whatever's the matter—Squeak!" Then the toad in the hole, And the bug in the ground, They both shook their heads And passed the word around. And the bird in the tree, And the fish and the bee, They declare all three That you never did see One of them afraid In the dark! But the little boy Who had gone to bed Just raised the bedclothes And covered his head! —Cincinnati Enquirer.

TO FIND A FOX AT HOME.

The chance to watch young foxes at play in the woods—and there are few sights more fascinating—is not so difficult a thing as one would suppose. This spring I found two dens within a mile of a city of twenty thousand people; and it is safe to say that within easy walking distance of every New England town one or more pairs of foxes build their den and raise their little ones every year.

The best way to find a den is to ask the hunters first, then the farmers' boys. Every den has a main entrance, with all the earth from excavation scattered about its front door. That is to mislead you; the foxes seldom use it. And sometimes, indeed, it is closed altogether six feet underground. Ten feet away, hidden behind gray rocks or in a thicket, are other entrances, one for daily use, and one for danger generally. The hole is larger than that made by skunk or woodchuck, and a fox's workmanship is always neater than theirs.

There are three ways of telling whether there are foxes at home.

First examine the soft earth about the entrance carefully. Tracks like a small dog's, but narrower in proportion, and more dainty. That's suspicious.

Second, examine the sides of the hole sharply. Here, clinging to a point of rock, is a long yellowish hair, which is crinkled in the middle; and there, trailing from a root-fiber, is another. There was a fox in here once.

Third, put your nose down deep into the hole and take a whiff. Waugh! a nauseating odor, strong and rank, the unmistakable odor of carnivorous youngsters. Now you are sure there are foxes there. You can come almost any bright morning or afternoon and watch them from a distance playing like kittens.—St. Nicholas.

A PET WOLF.

Writing in St. Nicholas for November, Helena Huffaker, of Gray Horse, O. T., says: "My playmate has a pet wolf of the coyote species that was caught by an Indian boy. The coyote-wolf, prairie-wolf, or coyote, as it is often called, burrows in the ground, where it lives and stays through the day, and there the young are reared. When this little wolf referred to was caught, the Indian boys killed its mother and then dug up this little fellow, together with three or four sisters and brothers, and brought them in for sale as pets. My little playmate's parents bought this one, and my little playmates and myself had a great time making friends with it and teaching it how to drink milk. Of course it was very timid and shy at first, and for two or three days would eat nothing at all; but we would dip our fingers in warm milk and then let it suck our fingers, and in this way it became very friendly, though when we first attempted to go near it, it would snap and snarl at us, and displayed a very vicious nature. Soon it came to know my little playmate, and afterwards became a very affectionate pet; but to strangers and to the other domestic pets it would never be friendly, and would always rather sneak away by itself than to stay around and be sociable. It was always very fond of fresh meat, and finally became very mischievous, catching and killing chickens. It also bit my playmate once or twice, though not severely, so it was decided best to give him away. This was done, and we learned that soon after it died. We did not grieve over it very much, because it was not nearly the comfort that a great many other wild pets are."

Miscellaneous.

AFTER A HUSBAND.

There is much controversy over what constitutes women's work, and I told Joe that as far as experience went I considered women's work to be the work that the Lord gave them to do, in the place and circumstances he has placed them. Woman's God-given work is to make a home and keep it. It may be necessary for her to do a man's work in order to keep it, and it may not. But if there is an able-bodied man at the head of the home he certainly ought to be able to provide the necessities of life and she ought to be able to take good care of her household and make a pleasant home. Some women prefer outdoor work to indoor work, which is drudgery to them, and such are apt to try to make us believe that it is a woman's duty to rake hay, work in the garden, husk corn, tend the stock, etc., whether their homes are delightful places, or only a place to stay in when it rains, and whether their children are carefully trained or cared for, or allowed to run wild and forage like young animals. These out-of-door women do not waste their time or strength on small economies, for the penny to be saved shrinks into insignificance besides the penny to be earned in the field. A woman's first duty is to make it as comfortable, pretty and homelike as it is in her power to do. A woman who does this can find work enough to do every day. To be sure, Ruth went into the field of Boaz as a wage earner, while Naomi or Dorcas were bidden to get out and do man's work after their home duties were done, or advised to neglect them in order to do so. And if Ruth had lived in these days it would doubtless be questioned whether the beautiful Ruth had not the motive of matrimony to induce her to venture out among the men laboring in the fields of wealthy Boaz. But although Martha was troubled about many things, we don't find that doing a man's work was one of 'em, but the cares of her household. Women learn to look at things from all sides as well as their own, and judge things accordingly. That's the reason they don't get fooled as often as the men do.—Alice E. Pinney, in Exchange.

A NEW DISEASE.

A coroner in Georgia, while examining witnesses in a case of sudden death, learned of a new disease. Says the Chicago Times-Herald: "Did you ever hear the deceased complain of any ailment?" he asked one.

"The who, suh?"

"The deceased."

"The old fellow scratched his head, looked thoughtful, then called his wife, daughter and son-in-law aside, and held a whispered consultation. Then he faced the coroner again.

"I never know no 'decease,' suh," he said, "'ceppin' you means dem folks what done cease ter plant cotton."

"The 'deceased' is the man lying dead there," explained the coroner.

"Oh!" exclaimed the witness, "if you mean de dead man I'm right 'long wid you! En now, ef I don't disremember, I did heah that he had rattlin' er de brain."

"Rattling of the brain?"

"Yes, suh."

"And what's that?"

"Well, suh, hit 'tain't zac'ly a misery er de stomach, but hit aint fur frum it, en hit's des 'bout ez painful ez fintin' at de heart, or ketchin' er de j'int, or settin' er de bones; en ef I makes no mistakes, hit aint so powerful fur from ringin' in de yea's en twitchin' er de skull, en dat's all I know 'bout it."

"MIGHTY RICH."

A writer in the Outlook describes a ride he once took with an old farmer in a New England village, during which some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I said: "He is a man of means?" "Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he hasn't got much money, but he's mighty rich." "He has a great deal of land, then?" I asked. "No, sir, he hasn't got much land either, but he is mighty rich?" The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained: "You see, he has't got much money; and he hasn't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and he isn't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family and his neighbors; his word is a good as his bond, and every man, woman and child in the town looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he hasn't got much land, but he's a mighty rich man, because he's got all he wants."

TWO LITTLE BEAUTIES SAVED FROM DEATH BY PERUNA.



MRS. H. H. OVERMANN'S TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

"Enclosed find a picture of my two little girls who couldn't be without their Peruna. They have both had the measles since I last wrote to you, but even through the sickness I gave them the Peruna. We have used Peruna constantly for the past two years with our children and have received the most satisfactory results. We would not be without it. The youngest one, Elsie, is the one that had bronchial trouble, and had it not been for your medicine she would have choked to death. It has done wonders for her. Positively we couldn't keep house without Peruna. Yours gratefully, Mrs. H. H. Overmann, 2865 Winslow Ave., Cincinnati, O." Mr. L. G. Vandegriff, Carrollton, Ga., writes: "I endorse your Peruna. I had a little girl afflicted with catarrh and have had two physicians to treat her and found no relief. After using two bottles of your Peruna she is sound and well. I am now giving it to my other children." Mr. Joseph Kirchensteiner, 87 Croton street, Cleveland, O., says: "We have used Peruna for eight years as our family medicine. During the whole of that time we have not had to employ a physician. Our family consists of seven, and we also use it for the thousand and one ailments to which mankind is liable. We have used it in cases of scarlet fever, measles and diphtheria. Whenever one of the family feels in the least ill, mother always says: 'Take Peruna and you will be well,' or if we do not happen to have any, 'We will have to get more Peruna.' Peruna is always satisfactory in colds and coughs." Children are especially liable to acute catarrh. Indeed, most of the affections of childhood are catarrh. All forms of sore throat, quinsy, croup, hoarseness, and laryngitis are but different phases of catarrh. These affections, in the acute form, may pass away without treatment, but they leave a foundation for chronic catarrh in later years. Even a slight cold is acute catarrh, and renders the mucous membrane of the head and throat more liable to chronic catarrh afterwards. The child is constantly assailed winter and summer, with catarrh. Affections of the stomach and bowels, colic and diarrhoea, are due to catarrhal derangements of these organs. A great many families are learning by bitter experience that these affections must be promptly treated or the child's health is permanently injured. Peruna is the remedy. No family should be without it. As soon as the symptoms of cold, cough or any other affection of the throat or stomach is noticed, Peruna should be given according to directions. A vast multitude of families are relying entirely upon Peruna for safety in this direction. There are no substitutes. Peruna is the only systemic catarrh remedy known to the medical profession. That Peruna can be relied upon is evidenced by the great number of testimonials which Dr. Hartman is receiving daily. Only a very few of these can be published. Only one in a thousand. Every household should be provided with Dr. Hartman's free-book on catarrh; also "Facts and Faces," a book of testimonials concerning Peruna sent free by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

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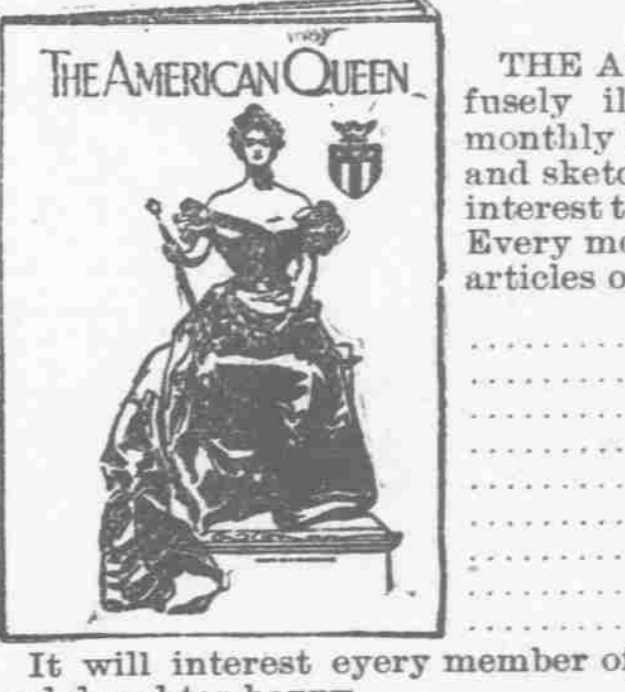
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