

THE SENSE OF THE INFINITE

Religion Does Not Depend on Uniformity of Conceptions of the Divine.

"Thou art near, O Lord, and thy commandments are truth."—Ps. cxix., 151.

One does not have to believe in the same kind of a god as did the seers and singers of long ago in order to obtain the spiritual values which they found in the thought of his nearness to them. David and Browning, Isaiah and Whittier, with all the centuries between them, still come to the same thought—we know thou art near.

Through all ages and in all peoples this sense of that which is other than ourselves, from which our highest good comes, toward which our ideals and aspirations strain, the ultimate force of our being, this feeling after the infinite is universal. It is the essential and determinative mark of every religion.

When those singers of long ago tried to express their sense of the infinite life and love they used words which make it appear that they thought only of some being larger, mightier, wiser than themselves, yet, after all, like themselves, a great man defied because he was great. Perhaps that really was their conception; still, we use precisely the same language, even though our ideas are entirely different.

It makes relatively little difference what their conceptions were, so far as ours are concerned. Their words are not accurate, detailed pen pictures of some being who can be described or photographed. No man has seen the infinite at any time. The great thing is that ever and everywhere men find themselves with a hunger after

THIS SUBLIME UNSEEN.

One may use terms of personality and another terms of power; to one the infinite may be but a local deity; to another, that which embraces all spirit and being, and each may have all of the divine his heart is capable of containing. Here none may dogmatize for others.

Religion depends more upon universality of consciousness of the infinite and openness of mind and life to whatever we may feel and know, from any source or through any means whatsoever, of that life or energy which lies back of all life and energy, of that love and light which cheer and lighten every son of man.

Definitions determine nothing, but they do work great damage when minds capable of being stereotyped to them agree to impose those definitions on their fellows as final, authoritative, and essential to their welfare. The divine is neither infinite nor sublime when you can say, Here are his lineaments and he has no other likeness or appearance.

To the question, How shall we think of the divine? there can be but one answer—in higher, wider, deeper, nobler, purer ways than yesterday. The conception must be a developing one. A man's spiritual capacities develop as his inner vision becomes more keen. The soul takes wider flight, and in our deep thoughts we discover that which language cannot compass.

There are those who think they must be atheists because they cannot believe in the God of the Hebrews, the God of the Old Testament—

A LIMITED PERSONALITY.

But the genuine atheists are more likely to be those who are without a sense of the divine, because they have taken definitions and descriptions prepared by others instead of seeking truth for themselves.

We are but poor learners of those ancient teachers if we have not discovered that their greatest lesson to us is not truth, as they had found it, but the blessing of the persistent search after truth. To cherish as final past presentations of truth is to be false to its present possibilities.

We do not need to worry over definitions of the divine. We do need to cultivate the temper of mind and the sensitiveness of spirit that will save us from blindness to the higher facts of life, that will save us from the blasting whirlwind of materialism, with its sense of nothing but a soulless world of things.

We need to avoid the mind that shuts the divine up in some far off heaven to be reached only by formal telephony called prayer; that fails to see the infinite in all things—in sunlight and flower, in children's laughter, and in misery's wail, in factories and stores, as well as in churches. We need the mind that argues not about omnipresence, but in duty and delight cries, Always and everywhere thou art near.

HENRY F. COPE.

HER FIRST LION.

Miss Agnes Herbert's Narrow Escape in Somaliland.

The roar of a lion, hunting, is a never-to-be-forgotten sound, declares Miss Agnes Herbert in "Two Days in Somaliland." She describes hearing the lions, following them up through the jungle, and the nearly fatal results to herself in their capture.

In one tense second I realized that I had seen two monstrous moving beasts, yellowish and majestic. They were very close, and moved at a slow pace from the bush ahead into a patch of still thicker cover to the left. I remember that though the great moment for which we had planned and longed and striven was really at hand, all my excitement left me, and there was nothing but a cold, tingling sensation running about my veins.

The jungle cover parted, and with lithe, stretched shoulders a lioness shook herself half free of the density, then crouched low again. Down, down, until only the flat of her skull showed, and her small twitching ears. In one moment more she would be on us.

Sighting as low as I could see on that half-arc of yellow I pulled the trigger, and Cecily's rifle cracked simultaneously. The head of the lioness pressed lower, and nothing showed above the ridge of grass and thorn. The lioness must be dead. And yet, could one kill so great a foe so quickly?

Then I did an inane stupid thing. It was my first lion hunt, and my ignorance and enthusiasm carried me away. I ran forward to investigate, with my rifle at the trail. I had forgotten that the bush contained another enemy.

A snarling roar, and almost before I could do anything but bring up my rifle and fire without the sights, a lion broke from the side of the brake. My nerves seemed to relax, and I tried to hurl myself to one side. There was no power of hurrying left in me, and I simply fell sideways, and that saved me. For the great cat had not bargained for a victim slightly to the right or left. His weight fell on my legs merely, and the claws stuck in.

Before he had time to turn and rend me, almost instantaneously my cousin fired. The top of the lion's head was blown to smithereens, and the heavy body sank. The whole world seemed to me to be bounded north, south, east and west by lion.

The men pulled the heavy carcass away. I sat up, feeling indescribably shaky. I don't remember anything else until I found myself in my tent, with my cousin rendering "first aid."

SLEEPLESS BABIES ARE SICKLY BABIES.

Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. When little ones are restless, sleepless and cross it is the surest sign that they are not well. Probably the stomach or bowels is out of order, or it may be teething troubles. Give Baby's Own Tablets and see how quickly the child grows well and happy and sleeps soundly and naturally. Not the drugged sleep of "soothing" medicines, but the natural sleep of health. You have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate or narcotic, and you can give the Tablets just as safely to a new born babe as to the well grown child. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EXPENSIVE COSTUMES.

First Comes the Alleged Jewel Studded Robe of the Queen of Siam.

The Queen of Siam is the possessor of the most costly dress owned by any woman in the world, according to a writer in a Berlin newspaper. It is a silken robe of state in which the fabric is entirely hidden under an embroidery of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires. A rough estimate of the value of the garment is about \$5,000,000.

Next in value to this costume is one owned by one of the Czar's sisters, Xenia Alexandrovna, the wife of the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch. It is a traditional Russian national dress, but is embroidered from the points of the three horned cap down to the toes of the shoes with precious stones. The cap and bodice are covered with jewels. The weight of the rig is so great that it is almost unwearable.

Among the dresses in the tens of thousands of dollars is said to be one made entirely of Brussels lace and pearls and owned by an American woman. The fichu alone is appraised at \$20,000, or about two hundred times its weight in gold.

Then there is a Russian princess who owns a fortune in the shape of a silver fox pelisse. The collar alone cost \$2,500, and the whole garment is described as worth its weight in gold.

The widow of Li Hung Chang is also rich in furs. She has 500 fur garments of every description, some of them of enormous value.

WASTE OF ENERGY.

The prize hen resolved to quit laying. "It seems so utterly absurd," she clucked, "for a \$500 fowl to spend her time and strength in turning out eggs at 36 cents a dozen."

Perching herself on her exclusive roost, she eyed the common barnyard hens below her with lofty disdain.

"Was his flying-machine a success?" "Oh, yes; it failed to work before he got far enough up to hurt himself!"

George: "So you asked old Brown for his daughter's hand. What did he say?" "He said: 'Take her and let me be happy.'"

A Great Doctor Speaks of a Great Remedy

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Strongly Endorsed by One of the World's Greatest Doctors---Hope for the Sick.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only advertised medicine in the world that has had the public endorsement of a doctor of world-wide reputation. Such an endorsement stamps this medicine as being worthy of the confidence of every person who is sick or ailing. A great doctor would not risk his reputation unless he was absolutely confident, through a personal knowledge, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do what is claimed for them.

Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, one of the greatest physicians of modern times, for years the trusted medical adviser of the Pope, writes the following strong letter in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple anaemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation, not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category

of anaemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like." (Signed) DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI, Via dei Gracchi 332, Rome.

The "simple anaemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is, of course, that tired, languid condition of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of that development, is so often imperilled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at that time is of the highest scientific authority, and it confirms the many published cases in which anaemia and other diseases of the blood, as well as nervous diseases, have been cured by these pills, which, it need hardly be mentioned, owe their efficacy to their power of making new blood, and thus acting directly upon the digestive and nervous system. In all cases of anaemia, decline, indigestion, and all troubles due to bad blood, and all affections of the nerves, as St. Vitus' dance, paralysis and locomotor ataxia, they are commended to the public with all the greater confidence because they have the strong endorsement of this great physician.

THE PARROT THAT KILLS SHEEP.

Facts At Last Obtained About the Fierce Kea of New Zealand.

The kea is a mountain parrot found only in the South Island of New Zealand, where it lives among the peaks and valleys of the Southern Alps. When it was discovered in 1856 its chief food seemed to be berries and the larvae of insects, but in 1868 the report spread that it was a meat eater and a bird of prey of no mean order.

A few years later, when sheep were brought into the mountain valleys, the *Olago Times* printed a story that keas had been seen to descend the mountains, attack sheep in the pastures and kill and eat them. There were similar reports in later years, but they were generally discredited.

A while ago George Marriner, assistant in the biological laboratory of Canterbury College, was assigned to the task of collecting evidence and finding out the real facts. His report is printed in the latest annual of the New Zealand Institute.

He has proved that the kea actually lights on the backs of sheep and kills them. He quotes the testimony of thirty-five eye witnesses who have seen the occurrence, and his map shows that instances of the killing have been observed in nearly all parts of the Southern Alps.

All the witnesses are the owners of sheep stations, their managers or shepherds in their service. Marriner says that in 1900 it was denied in scientific papers that the kea killed sheep, and the fact was never satisfactorily proved before 1905.

Usually one or two birds do the killing and the others share the spoil. The testimony is unanimous that the kea does not attack sheep in poor condition, but usually takes the pick of the flock.

The bird settles on the ground near its quarry, hops around a little and then lights on the sheep's rump, where it can get the best foothold. It at once begins to tear out the wool with its powerful beak and at last gets its beak into the flesh.

The sheep vainly tries to shake its tormenter off, and at last, frantic with pain and fright, it runs blindly about at its highest speed. Down hill it usually rushes, heedless of rocks and pitfalls, the kea holding on and balancing itself with outstretched wings.

When the beast stumbles the relentless bird rises on its wings and settles down again as the sheep regains its feet. The race continues until the animal, bruised by falls and maddened with pain, stumbles to rise no more and becomes an easy prey to the kea.

Mr. Marriner says that in most of the kea infested country the annual damage to the flocks is under 5 per cent., though at a few stations the loss has been as much as 10 per cent. Some of their victims are almost untouched at the time, but the birds return later and feed on the bodies till they are consumed.

But the kea does not confine itself to sheep, for instances are recorded of its attacks on horses, dogs and rabbits. One day two keas settled on the back of a pack horse tethered at pasture and began operations.

The horse leaped and kicked and finally dislodged the birds. All this took only two or three minutes, but by the time help reached the horse it was in a heavy sweat and blood was trickling down its legs.

Thousands of these parrots are now being killed, and they are probably doomed to the extinction which the sheep herders would welcome. It will be a long time, however, before they are wholly obliterated, for they live in a very rough country and their nests are almost inaccessible.

You can't make good ginger-ale if anything ails the ginger.

If the wife is a bad cook, the husband is apt to be a good roaster.

SEA MONSTERS THAT SINK SHIPS.

Vessels Wrecked By Porpoises, Whales and Sword-Fish.

An extraordinary affair happened the other day in the estuary of the Shannon, Ireland, the yacht *Waler Hen* being captured by a school of giant porpoises, who were blindly pursuing some salmon.

The local papers, in reporting the occurrence, speak of it as unique; but this is not quite so, since no longer ago than July, 1905, the smack *Jean Roy* was wrecked in a precisely similar fashion while trawling in the North Sea.

Then, of course, there are numerous well-authenticated instances of ships being charged and sunk by whales. Thus, the Danish schooner *Anna* was rammed by a hundred-foot monster in mid-ocean while on a voyage from Iceland to New Brunswick not long since, and had her bows stove in, the crew being rescued in the nick of time by the Liverpool liner *Quennmore*.

In this instance, according to the story told by the captain of the *Anna*, there could be no question of accident. The whale, a huge old bull, circled round and round the ship as if challenging attack, and then suddenly charged it full tilt.

In 1904, again, the schooner *Monaghan* was wrecked by a sword-fish off Block Island, the long-toothed spear ripping open her planking for a space of several feet, so that she foundered almost immediately; while at St. John's, Newfoundland, there is preserved a portion—nineteen feet long—of one of the arms of a gigantic octopus, which, in the year 1873, attacked and sunk one of the fishing fleet there. The monster was killed by the crews of the other boats, and afterwards carefully examined by Dr. M. Harvey, LL.D., who estimated its weight at over three tons.

Mr. Dresser: "Your hat looks very well with that wing in it." Mrs. Dresser: "Yes, but it would look better with two wings in it." Mr. Dresser: "Oh! that's merely a matter of a pinion."

PILES

3 Years Torture Ended by Zam-Buk

Mr. George Lee, 35 Steiner St., Toronto, says: "For 3 years I suffered torture from blind, itching piles. During that time I believe almost everything in the line of ointments and salves was used, but in vain."

The very first application of Zam-Buk gave me relief from that terrible itching, and a little perseverance with the balm brought about a complete cure. I have not been troubled again and it is now over six months since Zam-Buk was used. If this statement can be used for the benefit of other sufferers from this trouble, you are at liberty to publish it."



Zam-Buk

Is especially recommended for all kinds of skin diseases, eczema, bad legs, piles, ulcers, boils, chapped hands, barbers' rash, festering sores, poisoned wounds, cuts, bruises, burns, sprains etc. Of all druggists and stores, 50c. box or from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, post-paid. 3 boxes \$1.50.

FREE

As sample box will be mailed you free if you cut out this coupon and send it with 2c. stamp to the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, post-paid.

ZAM-BUK

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

European Doctors Recommend Balloon Daily Ascension.

The knell of Davos and other Alpine resorts frequented by consumptives is sounded by an ever-growing band of European medical men, who are advocating the "balloon cure" for tuberculosis.

Go up in a balloon every day, is the advice of these doctors to consumptives.

The cure has many advantages. Lack of expenses is one of them. It is far cheaper to keep a balloon in your back garden in the suburbs and take your daily two hours up above the clouds than to have to go away and live in expensive hotels for months at a time.

It is also claimed for the "balloon cure" that such a wide range of altitude is obtainable by means of a balloon that it makes it a far superior treatment to that of ordering a patient away to some Alpine village, where, even with hard exercise, he cannot vary his altitude by more than a few hundred feet a day.

In a paper he read recently before the Academy of Sciences, at Munich, M. Christian Beck, a well known scientist, declared that the balloon treatment could be carried on in conditions impossible of attainment in any mountain resort.

In a balloon, he said, the patient could be conveyed in a few moments

into an atmosphere where neither mineral nor vegetable particles were present in the air which would also be bacteriologically pure.

The dose can easily be regulated, the patient being able to breathe the air at any altitude the physician thinks best for him.

Even on the foggiest London days he can ascend through the clouds into an atmosphere of perfect purity, and, sitting well wrapped up in the car, enjoy the keen, pure air and bright sunshine denied to his unfortunate fellow-creatures below.

Trimmings for the Summer

NOW is the time of year to prepare next summer's costumes, and one of the most effective trimmings can be made at odd times when the fingers would otherwise be idle.

This trimming, which is always in style, is composed of little daisies or primroses crocheted in cotton. Each petal is not more than three-fourths of an inch long and one-half inch at the widest point, and when five little petals are finished—and even a beginner can make one in fifteen minutes—they are sewn together to form the flower. The materials required for the purpose are a spool of No. 60 white sewing cotton and a fine steel crochet hook.

When the flowers are finished the tops of the petals may be sewn together to make lace, or they may be sewn at regular intervals on a net yoke. In fact, they are an original and pretty touch to a dress when used in any way, and they are appropriate to any summer material.

Nursing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two.

Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed.

Scott's Emulsion contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

