

# THE SIN OF SELFISHNESS

## It Is a Fatal Barrier to Any Enlargement of the Life.

"And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noon day."—Isaiah, lviii., 10.

It is the things that draw us out that lift us up. The measure of any life is in the extent to which it goes out to the interests of other lives, the extent to which sympathy is cultivated and intelligent service is rendered where it is most needed.

The difference between the wise and the ignorant is in the range of the knowledge, the experience, and life interests which each is able to use. The difference between the great life and the little one is similar; the former finds nothing foreign to him; the latter limits his horizon usually by living wholly for himself.

If you desire greatness only for your own sake, indeed, if you are thinking of either greatness or of yourself you never will find it. The lives that have been flung away in sublime abandon, those that have poured themselves out in answer to love's imperative are those that have found the full life.

Selfishness is the saddest sin, the one that seems to underlie almost all others. It blights with its rich breath all the fair flowering and rich fruitage of any life that yields to it. It compels us to lose our legitimate prizes by snatching greedily at all the prizes; it insures pain by leading us to seek

### ONLY OUR OWN PLEASURE.

Under how many guises comes this form of soul suicide! One calls it culture, another ambition, another self-respect, yet often each does but mean that the life has only one end, its own advantage, every action but one motive, personal advantage, and conscience asks but one question, What do I make by this?

If in every act, in every hour you are thinking first or only of yourself; if you have adopted the policy of caring for "number one" as the guiding principle in life, you may make money, you may make a reputation, but there are some other things you will not make, some other things your money cannot buy nor your reputation secure. You will not make friends; you will not make joy or life or an enduring name.

Somehow in the press of life we too

often think of it as wholly a matter of business shrewdness; we look to find success and satisfaction by following closely the rules of business, by playing the game of life with an eye single to our own glory and personal profit. But in what way is such a life, no matter what its profits may be, better than that of any galley slave chained to the oar?

It is not the life that seeks only to gather and rake in, it is the life that radiates, gives out, reaches its interests, thoughts and helpfulness to ever widening circles, that grows, that finds life, that knows its joys, that really is cultured, developed, educated.

This is the vital principle of the Christian religion, but we too often have obscured it.

### WITH OUR SELF-SEEKING.

How often has religion meant simply the passion to insure the individual's soul against some dreaded punishment, or to secure to the individual some peculiar peace or joy. The surest way to miss any such blessings is to seek them for themselves and for ourselves alone.

He who lets others into his life enlarges thus his own. He who opens the doors of his heart to the needy, the lonely, the sad, the mourning, finds that as they bring in their sorrows and their tears fair flowers of joy spring up about him, the cheer he gives them become in greater measure his own, and the love he gives away becomes his choicest possession.

The man who went about doing good, who had no thought save for the needs and cares of others, is the one who, above all others, found the full and satisfying life. He who knew so well the way of life called on no man to save his own soul, uttered no shrewd precepts of self-preservation, but taught by a life of self-giving the secret of full living.

There is only one way to discover whether this philosophy is best or not, try it for a while. Try thinking of the helpless, planning pleasures for dreary lives, bearing some loads for weak and weary backs, being willing to lose your own life, and see whether he was not right who said, "He that loseth his life shall find it."

HENRY F. COPE.

## MADE BOWS OF HORN

### WEAPONS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Wood Not the Only Substance Used—Bone and Deer Horn Also Figured.

The bows of the North American Indians were made of wood, bone or horn. Sometimes the bow was made of a single piece of wood, sometimes of several pieces; perhaps it was of wood alone, or it might be backed by sinew or by the skin of some animal, according to Forest and Stream. The material for the weapon was gathered whenever it was possible, and a man might have in his lodge a number of sticks each of which he intended ultimately to fashion into a bow, or, if he did not live long enough for this the bow would descend to his heirs. As the most important implement of hunter or warrior, the bow was highly valued.

Bows of bone were made sometimes of sections of the rib of large animals, spliced and glued together, and were usually backed by sinew. Those of the antler of the elk were sometimes in a single piece and at other times in sections, beveled at the ends and neatly glued and spliced. Bows of horn were often made of several pieces similarly glued and spliced, but the horns of the mountain sheep were sometimes cut into long slender rods, which were laid together, glued, and backed by sinew.

### SHEEP HORN BOWS.

Another type of sheep horn bow was in a single piece, the horn being cut in a spiral from base of horn to point, this spiral being steamed or boiled and then straightened and caused to dry straight. Bows such as these were unusual, but they were also very powerful and never wore out. On the other hand, it is said that bows made of bone

or of antler were more for show than for use. They were good to look at, and for a time were effective, but after a few years became dry and brittle.

Next to the bow, and, in fact, so much a part of it that it cannot be separated from it, is the arrow, a complex implement the development of which we may imagine to have been very slow and which no doubt was well advanced toward its present form before the bow was thought of. We may fancy the arrow to be the outgrowth of a simple stabbing instrument, which developed into a dart to be thrown, similar to certain toys still in use among the children of our plains Indians.

### MAKING THE ARROW.

The arrow consisted of three essential parts, the head, the shaft and the feathers. Sometimes the shaft was compound, consisting of more than one piece of wood. The primitive head was very varied. The feathering is comparatively a modern invention, so much so that to-day traditions exist as to its development and the various steps toward the improved feathering of modern times are given.

Even within the last forty or fifty years the children among our wilder tribes have employed very primitive forms of arrows, using in their hunting of little birds arrows without heads and having merely a sharpened, fire-hardened point; arrows without feathers, and again, arrows feathered after an earlier method, of which, as practiced by adults, we know only by tradition.

The bowstring was usually made of twisted sinew, sometimes put on the bow green and allowed to dry there. In the south-west, however, the string was sometimes made of vegetable fibre. In other sections it might be made of strips of raw hide or intestines of animals.

Danes seem more prone to commit suicide than any other people. About 256 Danes per million die yearly by suicide, which is nearly treble the average for England.

## NEW STRENGTH FOR THE SPRING

### Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

In the spring your system needs toning up. In the spring to be healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it and nature's laws are inexorable. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism, or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia, there may be disfiguring pimples or eruptions of the skin, a tired feeling in the morning, and a variable appetite. These are some of the signs that the blood is out of order, that the long trying months of indoor winter life have told upon you. A purgative medicine, such as too many people take in spring, can't help you. Purgatives merely gallop through the system, and further weaken you. Any doctor will tell you that this is true. What people need in the spring is a tonic medicine, and in all the world there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new, red blood clears the skin, drives out disease and makes weak, easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong. Try this great blood-building medicine this spring, and see what new life and energy it will give you.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### SENTENCE SERMONS.

Wandering thoughts seldom find safe harbor.

Every honest doubt ripens into larger faith.

The heart of all reform is the reform of the heart.

Souls are not lifted up by preaching down to them.

A frowning brow often indicates a shrinking head.

Too many sow sand and then pray for strawberries.

What you are when no one is looking is what you are.

There can be no moral muscle without moral struggle.

If you would lead you must be willing to be lonesome at times.

There are too many churches trying to win the poor by courting the rich.

The value of your religion depends on how much of yourself is invested in it.

No man can win righteousness who will not take some risks on his reputation.

It doesn't take long to discover all kinds of good in anything that has gold in it.

When a preacher tries to be a star he is sure to shut out somebody's sunlight.

The heart is best nourished when we are ministering to the needs of our neighbors.

He who expects to die like a dog usually goes to his expectancy long before he dies.

The hope of this world does not lie in the stall fed saints who are fattening on sermons.

If you would find gladness you must play life's great game with eagerness and fairness.

Some folks are starving because they don't know the difference between dietetics and a dinner.

### THE SHRINKAGE OF TIME.

#### Disappointment of the Man Who Went Back to His Boyhood Home.

"I got a great shock last summer," said the man who has been immersed in business in a distant city for thirty years, "when I made my first visit to my boyhood home.

"All my life since I left the country I have looked back on those childhood scenes with a great deal of reverence. Everything connected with those early days loomed large in the mind.

"The river that flowed through my grandfather's farm was something magnificent, the house was a mansion, the trees grew to extraordinary proportions, the garden was mighty roomy, the orchard was the greatest ever, in fact the whole scheme of life was on a large scale.

"Now I was wont to boast of those scenes to any of my friends who would consent to be bored. They couldn't show me anything in the country line but I was ready with a remark beginning, 'Well, when I was a boy,' and so on through boast after boast.

"I have stopped all that now, for when I went back last summer I found that it was just an ordinary farmhouse and the river was a tiny, lazy stream, and the orchard was small, and there wasn't much left of the garden. I wish I hadn't gone back at all. It was much more comfortable to keep that picture in the mind and talk about it to my heart's content. The subjects of conversation are few enough as it is."

### THE LUCKY WHEELS.

The only wheels of fortune you may play with certainly. And pin your hopes of profit to Are "wheels of industry."

## OLD CIRCUS MAN'S STORY

### A REVELATION WHEN THEY GOT INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

#### Tells About the Great Giant's Singing Voice and How It Hit the People.

"A very curious thing about the greatest of all giants," said the old circus man, "was the difference between his speaking and his singing voice.

"His speaking voice was that of a man of ordinary stature; his singing voice was in keeping with his own gigantic size. And we never discovered this ourselves until he had been with us for some months, not in fact till the end of his first season with us, when we'd gone into winter quarters.

"We were sitting, the old man, the giant and myself, in a room that we had fixed up for the giant by taking out a second story floor and so carrying a ground floor room up through two stories to give the giant head room—sitting there one evening about a couple of days after we'd come in from the road, and pretty soon we heard the cook, over in the kitchen at the other end of the house, humming a tune; and then the first thing you know we heard the giant singing it. And singing? Why, you never heard anything like it; and nobody would have believed, if he hadn't heard it, that anybody could have such a voice.

"For comparison it was like the roar of Niagara compared to the sound of a little waterfall over a stone in a brook. Sound? Why, I thought it was going to make the walls bulge and

### BLOW OUT THE WINDOWS.

"And it wasn't a harsh, rough voice, you understand, either, it was a good, smooth voice; not the most beautiful voice you ever heard, but still a smooth, round, deep voice of the most amazing volume, vastly greater than anything you had ever dreamed of in a human voice, and it made the old man and me sit up in wonder.

"And when the giant stopped we found the whole circus was standing around outside the headquarters building—animal men, canvas men, drivers, the whole outfit had come up to hear the giant sing, and these were men you know, accustomed to strange things. We had eighty-odd acres in our reservation, but you could hear the giant's voice in the furthest corner of it, and I didn't know then how much further beyond; and at the first note of it men had stopped their work and then they had all come to listen.

"Well, it was a revelation to us to be sure; and of course the old man set about to turn it to account, as he did everything; the old man never let anything get by him. But we had some things to attend to about the voice that winter.

"As I was saying to you, you could hear the giant's voice all over the reservation, and I didn't know how far beyond; but we soon found out about that. The village was only about three-quarters of a mile away, and on still nights and when the wind was right you could hear his singing then plainly; and it didn't exactly scare the people; they all knew the giant and they all liked him, but they all went to bed early, and

### THAT WONDERFUL SOUND

coming to them after they had gone to bed did disturb 'em somewhat. And so the old man got the giant not to sing after 9 o'clock at night; and that winter he had him practise up on a number of songs, which, of course, he was going to have the giant sing under canvas in our next season on the road.

"In those days, you know, we used to give a concert after the show; send around men before the last act selling tickets for this concert; and then when the show was over people that hadn't bought tickets would pass out, and those that had would stay to the concert, and sometimes half the people would stay, or maybe only a quarter of 'em; but whatever we got that way was velvet, and what the old man was going to do was to substitute for the music and singing we used to give in that concert singing by the giant. And he didn't miscalculate, for the first time the giant sang everybody stayed from curiosity, and after that they all stayed, everywhere, because they wanted to.

"We used to stand the giant up on a platform built around the centre pole, with the band around him, where they was plenty of room for him and where everybody could see him. And the band would play a tune through, and then a flourish or two, and then the giant would sing, with the band accompanying him.

"And he'd get the people from the first note. It was a wonder just to see him standing there, but it was a far greater wonder to hear him sing. He didn't make fun of it, you understand; he took his singing seriously, and so did the people, for

### SO TREMENDOUS A VOICE

had never been heard before, but it was not unmusical, and altogether it came pretty close to being awe inspiring.

"You see, the giant was by far the greatest man ever seen, but his voice was far greater still. Great as he was, the giant was yet a man like ourselves, in human form, but his voice seemed something more than human, and it is an interesting fact that in all the concerts the great giant gave he was never once encored. People were drawn as by a fascination to hear him sing, we

## A CHOIR LEADER

### Tells How Pe-ru-na Rid Him of All Catarrhal Troubles.



#### PE-RU-NA SCORES Another Triumph in Canada.

#### "A Relief to Breathe Freely Once More."

MR. G. W. MARTIN, Hartford, Ont., choir leader at St. Paul's Episcopal church, writes:

"Peruna is a wonderful remedy for catarrhal troubles.

"I have been troubled with catarrh for a great many years, and always trying something for it, but was able only to secure temporary relief until I used Peruna.

"Only five bottles rid my system of all traces of catarrh, and I have not noticed the slightest trouble for several months.

"My head was stopped up, my breath offensive, and it is a relief to be able to breathe freely once more."

played to capacity from the beginning, there never were before or since such circus concerts, but there was something about this colossal, stupendous, reverberating voice that, as I said, was more than human; and while it didn't exactly scare 'em, any more than it did those folks living out there by our winter quarters, yet one song was all they wanted.

"And it sure was wonderful. As I look back at the great giant, great as he actually was, he looms up to me now greater than ever; he was a wonder in many ways, but I guess the most wonderful thing of all about him was his singing voice."

### POINTED SKULLS.

#### Admired by Some Tribes, Who Secure Them by Head Binding.

The egg-shaped heads of some of the natives of Malekula, in the New Hebrides, were once thought to be naturally conical. For that reason scientific men decided that the Malekulans were in the lowest rung of the human ladder.

Later it was found that the conical heads were produced as the Chinese women distorted their feet, by binding them in infancy. The egg-shaped head is still fashionable in Malekula, where some extraordinary results are achieved.

"A conical head," says a writer in the National Geographic Magazine, "retreats from the forehead in such a manner that one is amazed to know the owner of this remarkable profile preserves his or her proper senses, such as they are. I could not hear, however, that the custom was supposed to affect the intellect in any way.

"The conical shape is produced by winding strong sinnet cord spirally about the heads of young babies and tightening the coils from time to time. A piece of plaited mat is first put on the head and the cord is coiled over this, so as to give it a good purchase. The crown of the head is left to develop in the upward and backward fashion that is so much admired.

One fears the poor babies suffer very much from the process. The child I saw was fretful and crying and looked as if it were constantly in pain; but the mother, forgetting for the moment her fear of the strange white woman, showed it to me quite proudly, pointing out the cords with a smile.

"She had a normally shaped head herself and it seemed that she had suffered by her parent's neglect of this important matter, for she was married to a man who was of no particular account. A young girl who was standing beside her had evidently had a more careful mother, for her head was almost sugarloaf shaped. It is interesting to know that this well brought up young woman had married a chief."

### SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

Virtue is the first quality to be considered in the choice of a friend.—Johnson.

The people who suffer most are always those who have a sense of justice.—John Oliver Hobbes.

Man fails to make his place good in the world unless he adds something to the common wealth.—Emerson



The effect of malaria lasts a long time. You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria. Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion.

It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.