

# IS YOUR PIETY A PAINFUL THING?

we Take Our Religion Not Too Seriously  
But Altogether Too Gloomily.

"O, come, let us sing unto the Lord!"  
Psalm xcvi., 1.

These words of the old singer of long ago, this call to glad uplifting of voices in song, constitute part of one of the best known and best loved passages of worship amongst all congregations in our day. They recall to nearly every memory occasions when they have been far from empty words, when they have been laden with happiness, gratitude, and praise giving.

Whoever has said or sung these words with any freedom of mind has felt the uplift of expressing an exceedingly desirable thought. Yet somehow they contrast strangely with the place in which they usually are sung; they seem rather to belong to some far upland or sunlit grove, where men might come worship with garlands of flowers.

We too often picture the Hebrews as a people wholly innocent of laughter and lightness of heart and their religion as peculiarly one of gloom. We forget how much of joy there was in all their ceremonial life, how all their feasts and holidays and joyous social occasions were essentially religious. Piety to them meant not pain, but the highest, noblest form of pleasure.

It is easy to see that much of the bible belongs to the childhood of the race, to the days when men took life less seriously and when they cared less than we do for the scientific explanations that lie back of phenomena. Life was simpler;

THE UNIVERSE WAS SMALLER; their gods were nearer and more easily understood. As we have passed from childhood perhaps it has been unavoidable that we should lose some of the irrepressibility and simplicity of those days. Sometimes it seems, however, as if the race had lost childhood and passed over manhood, as if we have grown prematurely old. We have forgotten the child's smile, but have not found in the man's heart deep happiness. It is a poor kind of progress we have made, as a race, if we have found in the passing centuries no deeper springs of joy than we knew long ago. It would be better to worship with the ignorant simplicity and the genuine gaiety of those who once danced before their altars than to continue per-

functorily to go through the motions of a manufactured and mournful mimicry. If your piety is a painful thing to you and a pleasureless thing to others it probably is all pretense after all.

If we have forsaken the garlands of Greece and the festivals of Judea, what stead? If the Christianization of the nations means that the whole world is to be uniformly clad in somber suits of Sunday blacks, with countenances to match, it can only be regarded as a doubtful benefit.

It is no use talking about the blessings of faith unless we look and act as if we really are blessed. It is no use believing in a cloudless heaven if we pass all these days in the shadows.

THE "JOY OF THE LORD" is of little use in this world unless it is the kind of a joy that a man can see and desire to share.

We are the people of the stores of knowledge and the laden houses of goods; but, alas, we walk through them with empty hearts, for we have not yet learned how to live. We are picking up life's lead and despising its gold. We are blind to the sweetness and light in life, to the wayside flowers of joy, to the deep sources of thankfulness.

We need to lift up our eyes to see how good a world this is, how fair its morn, how bright its noons, how glorious its evening light; we are too much with the little, tangled chaos of our own making, too little with God's great glowing universe that compels the uplifted eye, the expanded chest, and the singing heart.

We need to take our faces from our ledgers and to look into other faces, to learn larger faith, and love for men, to rejoice in friendships, to find the thrill of the broad and upward way, to find time to live and let the making of a living take care of itself for awhile.

After all, all our shadows come from our suicidal selfishness, and gladness, deep and enduring, is found only in the life of self-giving. There will always be a song in the heart when the hands are busy with love's service. The best way to sing to the Lord is to serve our fellows, for our song starts another and soon there is a chorus of heavenly happiness.

HENRY F. COPE.

## ENGLAND'S VAST EGG HUNGER.

Not Fresh Eggs Enough to Satisfy It,  
Though Many Regions Contribute.

Raising eggs for the English market offers a great future to French farmers, according to an article by G. Labadie-Lagrave published in a recent number of the *Figaro*. England consumes 4,400,000,000 eggs a year, he says, and the demand for real new laid eggs is far in excess of the supply. This is where the opportunity for France comes in, he thinks.

The hens of England itself, after reserves have been set aside for new crops of chickens, send 2,270,000,000 eggs to market every year. The balance of 2,130,000,000 comes from abroad. It is a fiction of London dealers that they come from Belgium and Holland. They don't, Lagrave says, they come from almost any other country, even Egypt, Morocco and Siberia. They are called Belgian because Belgium is so near they can pretend to be fresh.

As a matter of fact, the African eggs are not imported to be eaten, "even by the poor." They are chiefly sold to bookbinders, who use them, Lagrave says, to make the leather they use more supple. But eggs from Italy and Hungary and vast quantities from Russia, even from Siberia, are sold for consumption as German or Swedish, and are bought at low prices by bakers and confectioners who use them for their cakes.

The fine West End bakeries in London advertise that they use only English eggs and they generally live up to their declarations. But for some classes of confectionery the Spanish egg is in special demand. It has a yolk of deep orange hue and when used in cakes gives them a richness of color and flavor that cannot be attained in any other way. They are the product of the black Andalusian hen and expeditious methods of shipment are used to get them to London.

There are several retail purveyors in London whose trade calls for at least 10,000 fresh eggs a week. The surplus from the British henneries when the rest of the country is provided for is totally unequal to supplying the demand. Sweden, being cold, is not a first rate egg producing country, and the steamer service to England is inadequate. Germany is a

great eating country and practically uses up all she produces. America can send inferior grades, but of course not newly laid eggs. Holland and Belgium produce only a few millions annually above their own needs. Danish eggs are not popular in England because of their peculiarly pale color.

Thus the consumption of fresh eggs is actually restricted in England by the present impossibility of supplying the market. Lagrave therefore urges the small French farmers within a couple of hundred miles of the Channel ports to go heavily into chicken raising with a view to the production of eggs. He urges them further to raise hens of black or brilliant plumage so as to get eggs with dark yellow shells and yolks, as these sell in London at from eight to ten cents a dozen at wholesale in advance of the pale varieties.

## PITH, POINT AND PATHOS.

When a man gets an idea he is fooling a woman the chances are that she is fooling him.

A reformer is a man who has no patience with the mortals committing the sins he used to.

A malefactor is only a man who is too rich to be labeled with the common word criminal.

An optimist is a man who polishes life's dark side until he brings forth something bright.

Vanity is what makes a woman's skirts bother her so much when she knows she has pretty ankles.

If men really remembered their own boyhood they probably would quit giving advice to their sons.

No man ever appreciated the sunshine quite so much as when he had snow to shovel from the sidewalk.

An egotist is a man who believes the world a stage and the sun a spot-light to be played on him alone.

## MUCH, MUCH BETTER.

"I'd like to know," remarked the irate passenger, "why you don't give better service on this line? Here I am forty minutes late this morning!"

"We are giving better service," retorted the station-master. "Last month this train was always fifty minutes late."

## BIG FAMILY ON \$4 A WEEK

TALE OF THRIFT FROM A VILLAGE  
IN DEVONSHIRE.

Fourteen Are Living and Eleven Still  
Live Under the Family  
Roof.

Annually the reports of the British Registrar-General draw attention to the decline in the birth rate, says Lloyd's Weekly. Families whose number runs into two figures are becoming more and more rare. Still, they exist, and a notable example is to be found in the pretty little Devonshire village of Huxham, England.

Mr. and Mrs. William Copp are the parents of no fewer than 21 sons and daughters, of whom 14 are living. Eleven of these are still gathered under the family roof tree, and a brighter or healthier looking band it would be hard to find.

The quiet little village of Huxham, some miles from a station, with its thatched cottages and its ivy-covered church, has a peaceful, old-world aspect, and at Mr. Copp's cottage (writes a Lloyd's representative) I had that kindly, hospitable welcome which Devon people know so well how to give.

## THE NEWEST BABIES.

Mrs. Copp smilingly introduced me to the twins, the two latest comers into the family circle, a boy and a girl, who were sleeping side by side.

As to Mrs. Copp herself, she looked far too young to be the mother of such a family.

"That is what everyone says," she remarked, and the soft Devon accent sounded very pleasantly in her speech.

"I married at 21. My eldest girl—she is 23—is a cook in a good service at Exeter, but the most of them are at home still, 11 altogether, counting the twins."

Like all true sons of Devon, Mrs. Copp's boys have a natural turn for the sea.

"My eldest boy is in the navy," said Mrs. Copp; "he is stationed at Malta now. No, I have none in the army; my boys are all for the sea; the little ones are thinking of it already, but they'll have to wait and grow a bit first."

"I had another boy in the navy, but he was drowned when he was only 17 years old; he was jerked overboard by a rope, and they were not able to pick him up."

## NO HELP FROM CHILDREN.

None of the children at home are yet able to earn anything to increase the family income, and the problem of how to bring up so many in health and strength would to most town-folk appear impossible. But Mrs. Copp speaks quite cheerfully and contentedly about it.

"I've got a good husband," she said, "and that goes a long way. My husband works on the roads; he's been on the roads for 21 years now, and he gets 16s. a week, but it's regular wages."

"How do I manage on that? Well, sometimes I have wondered how we do manage. It is a difficult thing; but there's a great deal in the way you manage. There's others I know that have no children and yet don't seem to do as well as we do with our large family."

"No; food isn't particularly cheap. Bread is 5½d. a quarter, and we have two quarters every day regular."

"But we always cook vegetables for supper; we grow our own; we've got a good bit of garden. I don't know what we should do without that, and then when we have a bit of meat I make the most of it with a good crust and some onions."

"I go into Exeter when I can to buy what's wanted; you can buy things cheaper there than in this little place; besides, you can choose what you want instead of just taking what the tradesmen bring. Oh, I often say I could do much better there."

## "Only the rent might be higher?"

## \$35 A YEAR RENT.

"We pay £7 a year rent here," said Mrs. Copp, "and that's rather high for the country. But it's a good cottage—it has got three rooms. This—and the one next door—is one of the few cottages here that rent is paid for. Nearly all the others belong to the farms, and the men working on the farms live in them; the cottage is in their wages."

"Then I make and mend everything for all the children," continued Mrs. Copp, "including the boys' clothes; I was always very good at my needle, and that's a great thing, for clothes run into money. But the boots—well, they do wear them out, walking two miles every day to school, but my husband he cobbles them up again and again and makes them last wonderful."

"I have one of my girls, who is in service, home for a fortnight to look after things while I've been laid up. I should like to have her always if we could afford it."

## "NO TIME FOR GOSSIP."

"None of those at home now are earning anything. The eldest who is just turned 14, had rheumatic fever very badly, but he is getting stronger now, though he won't ever be quite the same as he was before; it has made one leg a little shorter than the other."

"So that with a family of eleven at home you are kept pretty busy?" Mrs. Copp admitted it was so, but with a pleasant smile said she was quite contented. Her children were very good.

"But ordinary days," she added, "it does seem as if there's no time for anything. Certainly there's no time for gossip, but, perhaps, that's no great loss. Often things will be going on in the village that I've never heard of; I've just no time to listen. I'll have to wait a good while before I can leave off work."

Then a plaintive wail from one of the twins drew Mrs. Copp's attention, and I went downstairs to find Mr. Copp with another little youngster in his arms, but lately deposed from the proud position of "the baby" of the family; while Eli, Daisy, Charlie, Mark, Tom, Ethel and Sidney—"we don't like them called out of their names," said Mrs. Copp, so there are no "for shorts" in the Copp family—were amusing themselves in the kitchen and in the garden, while their elder sister kept a motherly eye over them all. It was a happy family group and one that Devon County may well be proud of.

## SENTENCE SERMONS.

Folly congeals faith.  
Character is controlled will.  
Silence will end almost any quarrel.  
Faith finds its fullness in friendships.  
The rest of religion is for the weary, not the lazy.

Things readily believed are not often really believed.

A man's age depends on the ideals he still cherishes.

Men tend to approximate to their own expectations.

Living for others is an imperative of the higher life.

Your foes will not fear you as long as you fret over them.

He who gives to be seen usually has much he wants to hide.

Lying usually is a plan of hiding one beliving with a bigger one.

He who follows duty ever may find danger often, but defeat never.

It is better to give without thinking than to think without giving.

When the church is only a place of rest it never is a place of refreshing.

He who does not look forward with reverence will look back with regret.

Faith is the power to weave the music of to-morrow from the discords of today.

There always are few friends to mourn the loss of the man who made no enemies.

Keep the wolf of worry from your door and the rest will take care of themselves.

Few men are in moral danger as great as those who proclaim religion so strenuously they feel no need to practise it.

## WHERE LOCUSTS ARE FOOD.

Table Luxury in Some Places—How They  
Are Made Palatable.

Locusts are a table luxury in Palestine and other places. The Jews fry them in sesame oil. In Arabia Petraea locusts are dried in the sun and ground into a kind of flour for baking. In Central Africa certain tribes make them into thick brown soup.

In Madagascar they are baked in huge jars, then fried in grease and mixed with rice. In Algeria they simply are boiled in water and salted to taste. The Arabs grind and bake them as cakes, roast them in butter, or crush them with camel's cheese and dates. But they only resort to this fare in times of famine. In southern Russia, where locusts still are extensively eaten by the serfs, the insects usually are smoked in the first instance like fish.

When required for consumption the legs and wings are broken off and the bodies are boiled, roasted, stewed, fried or broiled. The flavor of locusts, while strong and disagreeable, becomes mild and readily disguised when cooked. Some locust soups scarcely are to be distinguished from beef broth. Fried in their own oil and slightly salted they acquire a pleasant nutty flavor.

Locust eating tribes invariably grow fat when the food is plentiful. Grubs and caterpillars are eaten with avidity by Parisians, and butterfly flies are eaten by the natives of Australia, silkworms in China and harvest flies by some Africans.

## HEALTH FOR THE BABY.

A mother who has once used Baby's Own Tablets for her children will always use them for the minor ailments that come to all little ones. The Tablets are the best medicine in the world for the cure of indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and breaking up colds. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate or narcotic. Mrs. Wm. F. Gay, St. Eleanor's, P. E. I., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets with the best results and know of nothing to equal them for the cure of stomach and bowel troubles. I do not feel safe unless I have a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## BAD WAY TO FLATTER.

"Yes, ma'am," the convict was saying, "I'm here just for tryin' to flatter a rich man."

"The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor.

"Yes, ma'am, I jist tried to imitate his signature on a cheque."

Girls who make it their business to look for husbands are apt to find them, but they seldom boast of their finds in later years.

## BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

Everyone Needs a Tonic in Spring  
To Purify and Build Up the  
Blood.

If you want new health and strength in spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. Indoor life during the long winter months is responsible for the depressed condition and feeling of constant tiredness which affects so many people every spring. This condition means that the blood is impure and watery. That is what causes pimples and unsightly eruptions in some; others have twinges of rheumatism, or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Poor appetite, frequent headaches, and a desire to avoid exertion is also due to bad blood. Any or all of these troubles can be banished by the fair use of such a tonic medicine as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new rich red blood, which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, strengthens every nerve and brings a feeling of new health and new energy to weak, tired out, ailing men and women. Here is proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the greatest of all spring medicines. Mr. Henry Baker, Chipman, N. B., says:—"Last spring I was so weak and miserable that I could hardly drag myself about. My appetite was poor, I did not sleep well, and dreaded work. My blood was in a terrible condition, which caused pimples and small boils to break out all over me. These would itch and pain and caused me much trouble. I tried several medicines, but without the least benefit. When one day a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He spoke so highly of this medicine that I decided to take his advice and give the pills a trial. I got a half dozen boxes and the result was that by the time they were finished I felt like an altogether different man. They purified my blood, built up my whole system, and I have not had a pimple on my flesh, not a sick day since. For this reason I can highly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and purifier." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Legend of the Envious Fisherman

NO NEED was there for Job's discontentment. As a fisherman he was always lucky in his catches; he owned a pretty little home; his wife was devoted to him, and his three little daughters loved him dearly; he had even laid by a goodly sum of money for a "nest egg."

But whenever the young lord would



JOB RECEIVES THE BAG

ride by on a magnificent stallion, or the wealthy usurer would go by on the other side of the street, or there would pass any one perhaps of more fortunate station or circumstances than he, Job would be smitten with envy.

One day as he sat fishing from a great rock, a sudden tug came on his line. Job pulled vigorously. The next instant, to his astonishment, he jerked from the water a comical little elf.

The dwarf, without a moment's hesitation, drew from his jerkin a sack. He deposited this at the feet of the fisherman, saying, as he did so:

"Job, every time you reach into this bag you will find a gold coin. Gather together all the coins you desire until sundown. After that time I warn you not to touch the sack."

Without more ado the elf vanished. Coin after coin Job took from the bag. Working with feverish excitement, golden mounds lay all around him when he began to notice that the sun was about to set.

"I suppose I'd better stop now," said he to himself.  
But just then he happened to observe the great towers of the neighboring castle; and the ambition came to him to be ever so much wealthier than this lord. So he proceeded to bring forth more coins.

All at once the sun, which had been fast sinking, disappeared—and with it vanished bag, gold and all!

"'Twas the elf's warning!" moaned Job.

Then he awoke, for, you see, it was only a dream. But it was a dream that set Job to thinking about avariciousness and envy. And as he trudged home, although he was without a single fish to show for the afternoon, it was in a perfectly contented frame of mind. Never afterward was Job discontented with his lot.

## WAS BIG MISTAKE.

Briggs (indignantly)—"I understand you said I never opened my mouth without putting my foot in it."

Diggs (apologetically)—"Yes, I believe I did say that, but—"

Biggs—"But what, sir?"

Diggs—"But I acknowledge my mistake. When I made that remark I had overlooked the size of your feet."

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Simply the visible sign that baby's tiny bones are not forming rapidly enough.  
Lack of nourishment is the cause.  
**Scott's Emulsion** nourishes baby's entire system. Stimulates and makes bone. Exactly what baby needs.

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