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magazine

Issued 4

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So you see how it bars happiness and comfort if you neglect the means to prevent and cure—the great

South American Rheumatic Cure

is the effective means, and while lack of provision for your "loved ones" from such a cause may be counted secondary to a life of suffering to oneself, it is one of the many sides in the study of health that we should take in dead earnest. Every disease has its symptoms—every ailment that flesh is heir to has its note of warning, and it's for us to heed or suffer the consequences; and who does not know the signs by experience or observation?—fever, chills, sweating, shooting pains, numbness, aching muscles, stiffened and swollen joints.

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ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS SELL IT.

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE makes blood that is poor and pale rich and red—and that means good health.

FOR SALE BY M. WADE.

IT IS A MOTHER SKETCH OF TRINITY CHURCH NEW YORK.

The History of the Church is Punctuated With Intensely Dramatic and Bitter Fights—Houghton the Founder.

New York's Trinity deserves a better fate than to be merely popularly as a wealthiest church and the one at the head of Wall street. It should be hailed the length and breadth of the land as the mother of churches.

Its great work has been that of founding churches and insuring them ample income forever, and of supporting other churches in their struggling days. To give the names of the parishes throughout New York state aided by Trinity requires fourteen pages in a large octavo volume. St. George's, New York, was Trinity's second chapel of ease; Grace church was a child of Trinity, and started on its career with a large endowment; and in Trinity parish are eight chapels, so-called, each one a church in reality. Of these chapels, St. Paul's is almost as famous as the mother. Five were founded since the present rector became the head of the corporation in 1862. In education Trinity has been a great influence. Trinity College (now Columbia University) was mothered by Trinity, the corporation providing the college with its first endowment—and an endowment was Trinity College, Hartford, was practically founded on grants from Trinity; Hobart College owes its affluence to the same source. Trinity's system of parish schools, started in 1825, are reckoned among the best in the metropolis; the General Theological Seminary was planned in Trinity church and liberally endowed by one of its parishioners. Trinity School is Trinity's work, and the Society for the Promotion of Religion and Teaching was instituted and liberally endowed by Trinity.

The story which illustrates the broad charity of the church is ever being told with countless variations. Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton, who buried George Holland, was the founder of the church. It had its beginning in a private house in 1828, and two years later the original church building, so small that it now forms only the west end of the nave, was erected. For twenty-one years, the church, unknown outside a very small circle, went on its simple way, dispensing charity to the poor, and caring for the sick, on none. This has been Dr. Houghton's aim from the start, and so when Joseph Jefferson sought him out, it was only natural for the rector to act as he did. No one was more satisfied than the good rector himself, when his deed, news of which was straightway spread by the grateful Jefferson, caused first the actor-folk to flock to him on all occasions, and later persons of almost every walk in life.

They still come across seas and continents to be wedded in the Little Church Around the Corner. That would be counted a poor day when ten weddings at least were not performed. The rector and three curates are always busy marrying and burying and dispensing alms; for they give services to all who apply, and let the Master pass judgment on the acts of all. Rev. Dr. G. C. Houghton, of to-day, is a nephew of Dr. Houghton, the first.

It was, indeed, a little church when "Joe" Jefferson first directed his footsteps toward it. Now it has become a cathedral, and its center of comfortable accommodation twelve hundred worshippers. Invitingly it rambles over its plot of ground; a low standing structure of quaint architecture with little lawn of green trees with their bird cotes, splashing fountain and lich gate, suggest "the setting of an English village rather than a new world metropolis." Once the church interior was as plain as its chocolate painted brick exterior. Later, so many memorials have been placed in it that it can vie with any church in America in that respect of decoration. The rector has had no memorial added to it, but he has had many added to it. It will not be long before the interior is made up of memorials and monuments. These memorials are more or less of the same nature, and the memorial window to Edwin Booth speaks volumes of the attitude of actor folk the world over.

The Parish Boycotted.

The case of another boycotted English rector has come to light. This time in the pleasant hamlet of Holton, in East Somerset. Scenes recalling those enacted at St. Luke have occurred in the parish church, where for nearly five years Rev. Joseph Sorrell has Sunday by Sunday preached to empty pews. The parish church is a fine old building, and the vicar of Blackmore, in which the opening scene of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is laid. The grass in the churchyard is never cut; weeds have on them, and the grave paths; the organ has been silent for years. Only the church bell speaks out to an unheeding people. The rector declares that the boycott set in early in the ministry because of personal animosity. The people say he insulted them in his sermons. They may have needed lecturing—we all do at times—but they were not obliged to take it and seized on their privilege of staying away. There are too many deserted services. While ringing the church bell for service, Rev. Clifton Dunn, vicar of Dunton-cum-Doughton, Fakenham, Norfolk, fell dead. The only one who came to service was a lady, and she was shocked to find him senseless.

Value Of "Ozone."

The value of "Ozone" (it is really liquid oxygen) is well known to medical science. It kills the germs of internal diseases, and it is a concentrated form (and that means "Solution of Ozone, the coupon kind") it ensures a speedy cure for asthma, bronchitis, "bright's" disease, kidney troubles, malaria and rheumatism. This stringent remedy needs with it a tonic laxative to secure the best results. Your druggist will give you a box of "Solution of Ozone" for fifty cents, and if you insist on the coupon kind will guarantee a free package of "Clery King." The Public Drug Company, Bridgeburg, Ont.

churches are neither can boast of a fame universal as that of a certain anastatious church in existence only long enough to have had two rectors— one dead, after a work of forty-nine years; the other now in his ninth year of service. "And the greatest of these is charity." Therein lies the why of this structure's fame, which sprang from a simple, gracious act of its rector in 1871, when George Holland, the actor, died in New York. Joseph Jefferson and Holland had been bosom friends and cronies. So the widow telegraphed Mr. Jefferson, and he, breaking an engagement, travelled to New York to arrange for the funeral. Learning that Mrs. Holland preferred to have her husband buried from the Church of the Intercessor, Mr. Jefferson called on the pastor, Rev. Dr. Sabine, and said: "Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mr. Holland was an actor."

"Oh! gaped the Rev. Dr. Sabine, with a look akin to holy horror, "that makes a great difference. I really couldn't officiate. I have been preaching against the stage and actors." Mr. Jefferson was nonplussed and replied: "I am extremely sorry, I— I don't know what to do. I am, indeed, surprised at your attitude. Can you not tell me what I can do?"

"Why, yes," said Dr. Sabine— presumably he drew a long breath of relief—"you might go to that little church around the corner. The rector will bury your dead and ask no questions."

Were you ever fortunate enough to see Joe Jefferson make his all-including bow? Then picture him in this attitude before the rector. Dr. Sabine, in answer, said: "All honor to the rector of that little church around the corner! To him I will go!"

And, there he went, and when the rector of that Church of the Transfiguration was told that the dead man had been an actor, the reply was: "It makes no difference what the man was. We know that he is dead, and will bury him." The story which illustrates the broad charity of the church is ever being told with countless variations.

THE MISSIONARY'S HANDICAP

He Goes Through Three Stages of Feeling.

The missionary in India seems to pass through three stages. When he enters the field all is new and hopeful; he believes much that he hears and writes home enthusiastically regarding those about to become Christians. These deceive him in great measure, and in the second stage he swings to an opposite spirit and feels that the heathen are not worth saving. But in time comes the settled stage, when he feels he was there just because these people are uninspired to truth, conscience and manfulness, and because they need the gospel.

Industrial missions have tested and not exalted the Hindus. The boys and girls of the independent grades will not do the slightest manual labor in the institutions giving them board and education. Servants clean the rooms, cook the food, wash the clothes and cleanse the bodies of the girls. Boys will leave when asked to do ordinary service about the house. The rule there is that if one has a good education he is too good to be reduced to the drudgery of hands. The famine of 1897 made thousands of orphans, and from their reception emanated the only successful industrial schools. Caste made itself felt sadly in the famine rescue. While Europeans worked month in and month out, native converts refused to stoop to such work even for humanity's sake. But the discouraging facts throw into brighter light the patient, self-denying of the missionaries, a sign of the deep spirituality and devotion which distinguishes the Christian.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ? I do not know. There came a yearning for Him in my soul,—so long ago, I found earth's pleasures would fade and die. I wept for something more, and then—somehow— I came to Him and—somehow— To lift my broken heart To Him in prayer. I do not know how. I cannot tell you how. I only know He is my Saviour now.

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ? I do not know. The day and just the hour, I do not now remember well. I only know it was when I was all alone. The light of His forgiving spirit Shone into my heart. So clouded o'er with sin:— I let Him in. I do not know how. I cannot tell you when: I only know He is no dear since then.

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ? I cannot say. The sacred Jacob has faded From my sight as yesterday. Perhaps I thought it better I should have drunk death's cup That I might live. My head was bowed Upon my breast—in shame. He called me. And in penitence I came:— He heard my prayer— Nor when,—nor where— Why—I have told you now.

Large Power Of Good.

East and West. In the South American forests is the machined tree, whose fruit gives forth a deadly poisonous juice. Close beside it is a big tree whose sap is a speedy remedy, if applied in time, for the disease caused by the machined, a fine suggestion of the mingling of the shadow and shine of life. The world is the storehouse of two kinds of environment, flower and thorn. Have we not "felt within us, as ourselves, the powers of good, the powers of ill?"

The poison tree is a hard, horrid fact. Its bane and its blight cannot be ignored. But they can be cured by whoever cares to try, and the tree whose leaves are for this work of healing grows near us, wherever we may be when we are stricken. The wise thing is not to deny the existence of the poison tree, but to remember that the healing tree also exists, and because of what it can do, we are encouraged to believe in the larger power of the good. A singer of the older time, who saw the work of the poison tree, has said, "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

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