

"WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN"

SAID GOOD-BYE TO FRIENDS GATHERED TO SEE HIM PASS AWAY.

Daughter Sought to Comfort Father and Bring Back to Him the Joy of His Long Life of Christian Service—Heard Master's Voice.

Recently, in one of the rambling old farmhouses which dot the hillsides of New England, an old man said good night to a little group of men and women who had gathered from distant points to be with him in his passing "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

Two years before, the old man's wife, far on in years, had walked into the valley unafraid; but with her going the faith of the old man, who for more than sixty years had been a devoted and humble Christian, had seemed to waver and grow dim. For two years, therefore, the oldest daughter of the old people had left her life-work in the far West that she might minister to and comfort her father, and, if possible so to do, bring back to him the joy of his long life of Christian service. Others there were who, by the tie of adoption, had called the old people father and mother, and these stood ready to do all in their power for the old man; yet not to these would the other children relegate the care of him to whom they owed their tenderest allegiance and devotion. One, at least, of his own must remain with him.

Besides the one who now made her home with the bereaved father, the other children came from time to time, and comforted the old man much with their cheery words. But there was one of them, a professor in a distant college, who had been unable to leave his duties. With the insistence of a child, however, the father mourned the absence of this youngest son, his "little boy," now a man of fifty years.

In his dilemma the son bethought himself of the telephone. He had one installed in his father's bedroom, and had him instructed in the use of what at first seemed to him almost like a device of the wizard of darkness. At the same hour every night he made it his privilege to talk for a few minutes with his father. Other duties might seem to claim precedence, and call him elsewhere at the hour of his father's bedtime, but he put them aside, and steadfastly refused to consider in the light of duty anything which might interfere with this opportunity to talk to the one who, fifty years before, had found his delight in talking to him, "the baby."

It was an expensive honoring of an old man's fancy. The cost was often five, sometimes even ten, dollars a week—a sum hardly to be afforded by a professor with a salary of only twenty-five hundred a year—and still it was paid with a real delight by the son, who believed that he was thus insuring the happiness of his father. At last came the day when all the children gathered about the bedside, speaking softly, in whispers too low for the old man to hear. At evening time they saw that he was beginning to enter into the shadow, and they turned aside to weep and pray. Then suddenly the old man spoke, feebly. They leaned about him to catch the words: "I cannot see Him—Whom I trusted. But I hear His voice. I know His voice—just as I know—my little boy's voice—when he says good night. My little boy! My little boy! And His voice is strong—as I used to hear it years ago. Do you hear Him? Listen! He is calling, 'Come to Me!' He said it once so many years ago—so many years ago! And I came. And He says it again. And I am going. Good-bye, little children. I'm going—home. Good-bye—my little—boy!"

In An Old Homestead.

Stephen Livingston in Youth's Companion.
Good Elder Hapwell's mellow face
Still gazes from its oval frame,
The banjo clock hangs in its place,
The landscape paper is the same,
And all the chairs correct stand
In quaint precision as they were
When Mother Huldah's tidy hand
Guided the household under her.

The fire-dogs keep their faithful guard
Upon the hearth, as years ago;
The haircloth sofa, stiff and hard,
The little windows, deep and low,
The china plates, the pewter ware,
The mantle-shelf, the chimney nook,
Are treasured with exceeding care,
And look just as they used to look.

Here Amos Hapwell brought his bride,
One New Year's day, as records tell;
Here cares began and multiplied,
Yet here was paradise as well,
Within this room—love daily found
The helping hand, the cheering word;
And with its deepening life, the sound
Of children's merriment was heard.

Then came the heavier toil and strain,
Through late days of hope and doubt;
Here faith held company with pain,
When glow of health had faded out;
And when at last the girls and boys
Into the world had gone their way,
A silence took the place of noise,
And all the week was Sabbath day.

The elder read from Holy Writ,
By candle-light, with Huldah near;
Before the hearth they used to sit,
Knowing the Lord would soon appear,
And by and by they fell on sleep,
Beyond their threescore years and ten;
And to this day their children keep
The vacant room as it was then.

Magnificent Glories of Nature.

One day Henry Ward Beecher strolled through an orchard and fell in love with a blossoming apple-tree. In the pulpit the following morning he said: "An apple-tree in full bloom is like a message sent from earth to heaven of purity and beauty. We walk around it reverently and admiringly. Homely as it ordinarily is, yet now it speaks of the munificence of God better than any other tree. The oak proclaims strength and rugged simplicity. The pine is a solitary, stately fellow. Even in the forests each tree seems alone, and has a sad, Castilian-like pride. The elm is a prince; grace and glory are on its head. But none of these speaks such thoughts of abundance, such prodigal and munificent richness, such lavish, unsparring generosity, as this same plain and homely apple-tree. The very glory of God seems resting upon it! It is a little inverted hemisphere, like that above it; and it daily mimics with bud and bloom the stars that nightly blossom out in the darkness above it. Through its hour of glory is short, into it is concentrated a magnificence which puts all the more stately trees into the background! If men will not admire, insects and birds will!"

HUMBLE, BEAUTIFUL ADMONITION.

Farewell Words of Rev. Dr. McCrie, Ayr, Scotland, After Forty-Five Years.

"Dear brethren—I cannot bring the services of this communion Sabbath to a close without making some reference to the fact that this terminates my ministry among you. To me this is in some ways a more solemn occasion than it can be to you, because, while you are still to be hearers of the word, I will never again occupy the position of a pastor of a congregation, a position I have held for upwards of forty-six years. From this point of view, looking back on the irrevocable past, I must give expression to a profound sense of shortcoming and sin. I am humbled before God when I think of the hardness and coldness, the insufficient sense of the preciousness of Christ and the worth of souls, the want of due fear of God and due love to man of which I have been guilty, and with which I now stand chargeable to my Master. These things have been the more inexcusable on this account that I have been in the constant experience of so much good at the hand of God, and so much kindness and forbearance at the hands of men, and especially of yourselves. In so far as I have sinned against God, I know that nothing but the precious blood of Christ can put away my sin; but in so far as I have trespassed against you, my people, it is meet that I should confess it before you, as I now do and humbly ask the forgiveness of you all. What are reflections that come on my mind in connection with the close of this ministry among you, there are also questions which you would do well to put to yourselves at such a time as this. It is for each one of you to say, as you shall be judged, how you have taken the message of my ministry, which, notwithstanding all its defects and limitations, is the message of Him who shall one day judge both you and me. If it shall be found in that day that some of you have heard the message as God's own truth, and believing it, were renewed in the spirit of your mind and entered into peace with God through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ; if anyone was redeemed from backsliding by the word spoken; if any rose into a greater assurance of faith; if any were made watchful or were cheered, or were led into clearer vision, larger charity; if, in any way, God has saved or sanctified some of our number—then, well for you, perhaps also well for me. Suffer me to press on all of you this parting word of affectionate, urgent counsel. Make use of laying fast hold of Jesus Christ as your own personal, proper Saviour, and do that now. I beg you, as you would be saved, do not put off thanking and praying and striving after salvation for another day, lest no other day be given to you, or no wish to be saved be left in your hearts. And I beseech those of you who know the power of the blood of Jesus Christ to pardon that you labor to feel it powerful to purify. Get into the mind and disposition of Jesus Christ. Be humble, be very humble. You are but sinners whoever you are, therefore be humble. Think much of Christ; a great deal of other people, and very little of yourselves. Be Christians everywhere and at all times. Be open Christians in the world, not ashamed of Christ; yet not needing to wear His name upon your sleeve. Be active working Christians. And because the time is short—your time at least—and the world is full of wants that wax and agonize daily more and more to a crisis of distress and longing too sore to bear—oh! see that you be earnest, helpful, generous Christians, with the heart to feel the head to plan, the open hand to give, the willing arm to work for Christ and for the world—His ransomed, perishing, sorrowing world. Look hopefully for the promised coming back of your living Lord Jesus Christ. Only a few more shadows, and He will come." And be concerned out of life's whole appointed discipline to grow into ripe Christian manhood, and womanhood, to be wise, noble, tender, gracious disciples of the Lord of glory. Beloved brethren, let there be no sadness of farewell on the evening of this day, the services of which have been whispering so sweetly to us of the "little while" till He come, and of "heaven and home" that lie beyond that little while. Let there be only assurance on my part that, from the house of my pilgrimage in the city of my birth, my heart will often turn back to you, and go out in prayer for you to Him whose presence binds all His children in a fellowship which defies distance and shall defy time. The Lord Himself, dwell among you, save you, and sanctify you and your little ones into fit instruments for His work on the earth and meet heirs for His inheritance to come. Amen."

EDGAR A. POE'S ANNIVERSARY

REGARDED AS THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY.

Poe Came of a Good Family—An Edition of His Juvenile Poems Were not a Great Success—He Was Decidedly Original.

Nineteen hundred and nine will be hardly less memorable than the year just closed for the number of historic and literary anniversaries. The first one to be observed will be the centennial of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, who may be justly called the father of the American short story. As his life was connected with both the North and the South, the nineteenth of the month, his natal day, will be celebrated in several of the places which for more or less brief periods he called home. His writings and his life reflect much light on each other. As he excelled as a writer of short mystic romances, so his own brief career was a romance, far removed from the ordinary path traveled by his fellow-men. It was filled with dark shadows, and the sunny places were so few and far between as to be scarcely noticeable. Success, while he lived, seemed to stand at a far distance and mock his most earnest desires to make a successful career in literature. Posterity has been more kind, and has given him a place among the immortals. His fame has spread far beyond his own country, and the literary men of France, who have in great part adopted his style and methods, gratefully acknowledged their indebtedness to him.

Poe came of a good family. He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1809, when his parents were far from being in comfortable circumstances. His father, David Poe, Jr., had married Elizabeth Arnold, a young Englishwoman, against the wishes of his family, which harshly disowned him, and left the young people to make their own way in the world. This was proved hard for the devoted young couple, and both the father and the mother died in 1811, in Richmond, Va., leaving their children to the care of strangers who had become friends of the little people on account of public sympathy for the parents. The future author, then three years old, was adopted by a prosperous merchant, John Allan; and Poe later took the name of his benefactor, and from that time on he was called Edgar Allan Poe. While this adoption by the Allans seemed at first a most providential thing, the later relation of the poet to this family was most unfortunate, and greatly changed his own outlook on life. The Allans at that time had no children, and Poe was brought up with the idea that their wealth at some time would be his. This hope was never realized; and when Poe was thrown on his own resources he found that the ideas he had acquired, and the disappointment that followed, were a distinct detriment to him. Thrown with people of broader sympathies, who could better understand the peculiarly sensitive nature of Poe, his whole career might have been far more successful.

He was placed in an English school for a while, and he left us a charming though over-drawn picture of the place in his story William Wilson. Later he attended the academy in Richmond, Va., where some of his most lasting friendships were formed, and then went to the University of Virginia for a few terms. Gay and careless, he was led into expenses which he even then regretted and which probably helped to make his first break with Mr. Allan. His scholarship, however, was of the highest. All the work set for him was mastered with ease. Study was not work but play to him. Casting about for something to do, as he could expect no help from Mr. Allan, he published an edition of his juvenile poems. This was not a great success. The poems show but little of the polish and charm of his later work, and Poe wished that they had never been committed to the printer's hands. In July, 1830, he became a cadet at West Point; and here, as at other points of his career, his intense individualism militated against his success. At first he stood at the head of his class, and all went well; but he soon tired of the strict discipline and deliberately worked himself out of the institution. Again he entered the literary field, and he wrote poetry for the Baltimore papers. He won a prize of \$100 for a short story offered by one of them. This led to his getting a position on the new Southern Literary Messenger. From this he transferred his activities to The New York Quarterly Review. Dr. Hawks, of that paper, had asked him: "I wish you to fall in with your broad-axe amidst this miserable literary trash that surrounds us." His long story, Arthur Gordon Pym, was printed in this publication, and, though unappreciated here, was warmly received in England. In 1838 he became editor of The Gentleman's Magazine. Ligeia, inspired by a dream, and Poe's favorite story, was published, further enhancing his reputation, followed soon by The Fall of the House of Usher, one of his weirdest tales.

In 1847 Poe moved to Fordham, as it was thought the country air might benefit his wife's health. Poe and her mother remained there some time after her death, his writings taking on a still more sombre hue. The cottage still stands, a Mecca for literary pilgrims, and on the 19th a number of his admirers will gather there. Then he went to various cities for a while, again to Richmond, and his career closed in Baltimore in 1849.

There have been eminent foreign critics who maintain that Poe is the most original of American poets. His range was not great, but certainly what he composed is so unique, so unlike, in ideas, tone and execution, the prevailing style of either his poetic predecessors or contemporaries, that his poems stand apart and pre-eminent in the anthologies. Where else can be found finer cadences than in Anabel Lee more ear-lingering music than in The Bells, or more sustained weirdness than in The Raven? If a writer to-day, in looking over the entire field of American poetry, should pronounce The Raven the most striking or the most original poem written this side of the Atlantic, we doubt whether literary public opinion would seriously care to dispute the claim. Unfortunately for Poe, his writings—prose and poetry—were not of a kind to bring him decent compensation in a period when the rewards of literature were meagre and far below the demands of merit. As with many another genius in this world, a full appreciation of Poe's deserts was withheld from him until it was too late for him to hear the full-throated plaudits.

The magazines and miscellaneous departments of the daily press nowadays swarm with stories in which sleuths of villainy figure, and there are hair-raising climaxes where scoundrels come to grief and justice wins. It is not easy to go back of the short tragic stories or sketches of Poe for the original of this popular kind of literature. Not one of

Conan Doyle's fascinating contributions to this shelf of the sensational surpasses The Murders in the Rue Morgue or The Mystery of Marie Roget. The analytical power displayed in a portion of Poe's writings will always command the admiration of readers keen to follow the unravelings of the mysterious.

The circumstances of his early life were not favorable to the development of the spiritual side of his character. Yet here and there we have glimpses in his poems of a vision of higher things—of heaven and the angels. As it is, no impure thought or suggestion ever sullied his work, which, imperfectly understood and poorly appreciated in his lifetime, is now justly regarded with admiration as equal to if not exceeding that of any of his American contemporaries of the nineteenth century.

WHAT JESUS WOULD DO.

His Example is the World's Ideal—Young Woman's Experience.

It is significant of the marvellous vitality of the life of Jesus that his ideal persists after age as the one supreme and absolute standard of conduct. It is significant of the unquenched divinity of human nature that, despite everything, the hearts of men everywhere, having once felt his touch, turn with wistfulness if not with surrender to the Man of Galilee, and in the rarest crises of life, when choices must be made, face themselves with the query, "Would Jesus do it?" His example is the world's ideal. Even though they may outwardly refuse it and pretend to ignore it, the life of Jesus haunts men as a Presence that will not be put by. It is the spark that disturbs the clod.

An instance is seen in the Press of the United States to-day. Nearly every great daily newspaper on the continent has published reports of the resolution of 1,500 young people of Cleveland to "live as they think Jesus would" during the current fortnight. And the experiment is watched and discussed as eagerly as any incident of the week. A despatch to The Chicago Tribune of Thursday gives the experience of one young lady, a stenographer in a large wholesale house. Here is her verdict:

"You can't live as Jesus would and be an employee of a large Cleveland business house. It can't be done by an employee. The employer himself might carry the morality of Jesus into his business if he chose. The case is not hopeless. But the employer—at least my employer—doesn't. And it is suicidal for the employee to attempt it. Christ's morality and business tact clash. An employee insisting upon rigid honesty would be discharged instantly. I don't mean to say my firm is dishonest. Along broad lines it isn't. But the department managers resort to many evasions of truth in order that they escape unpleasant consequences.

"For instance, a retail store is writing or wiring for an explanation of why a certain order has not been sent. The reply is that it is the fault of the manufacturer, though such is not the case. Of course, that isn't serious lying. It's a white lie. But it is a lie just the same. No doubt it is necessary in business to tell that kind of lies, but Jesus wouldn't. And when I type the letter I must tell the lie, too. Jesus wouldn't be implicated in the lie. He would refuse to write it. If I did that I would lose my position."

And what does it all mean? It means that Jesus was not only honest and truthful, but manly and brave. He had the courage to be a man. The department manager with his lie, even his white lie is a coward. The man who lies and trains his employees to lie to his customers is not only a weakling but a fool. He must pay the price for his folly, not only in his honeycombed moral character, but also in his business. His employee who lies for him to-day will lie to him to-morrow. Jesus was right, even by the soundest maxims of the counting-house and the business house, when He lived and taught that at this day a Cleveland stenographer who understands His life can say confidently: "Jesus wouldn't be implicated in a lie." Slowly but surely it is being proved that Jesus is right. Individual men have proved it true, and some day society, the business world, the political party, will learn that no life is quite worth living that is "implicated in a lie."

Where Women Have Rights

A Methodist missionary in British New Guinea—now known as Papua—Rev. W. E. Brownlow, has added to the world's knowledge of the little known races of the great North Pacific Island by the discovery and partial taming of a new tribe. It consists of 20,000 blacks, living at a place called Dobu. The customs of the race are curious. The immigration policy is more drastic than that of "White Australia," for all strangers have either to become full members of the tribe or be eaten. When dealing with Mr. Brownlow, however, the difficulty was got over by making him a father of the tribe.

Women have great influence in the affairs of the tribe, and their duties are quite distinct from those of the men. The men clear the bush and dig the ground, then the women prepare it and plant yams, the crop being theirs. If a man wants yams he has to ask for them. The banana patch, however, is his own property. Wives are obtained by purchase. If a man paid well for his wife he could thrash her occasionally, but she could leave him if she did not like it, and go back to her own village, where she still had a home.

In the religion of the people is something of ancestral worship. A deceased relative is regarded as sacred, and his name must not be mentioned on pain of death. An exception is made in the case of anyone being ill and given up by the medicine man. The invalid may then call upon the name of an ancestor, invoking him to bring back the spirit of the dying man. Their heaven is a place where the healthy, strong and good-looking go. All others are destined to Hades. They believe in a being who created them, but who left them alone afterward.

Avant the Yellow Sheet.

A hopeful sign of the times is the announcement by the Boston Herald that the colored supplement of its Sunday edition will be abandoned. These so-called "comic" supplements are among the plagues of the age. Apparently lacking the brains which are necessary for the production of genuine humor, most of the contributors to these hideous sheets offer, as a substitute, a pictured assortment of physical and moral monstrosities the contemplation of which by those whose tastes are unformed must be vulgarizing and debasing in the last degree. There is fortunately some reason to believe that this plague has passed its climax and may be expected after a time to die out almost entirely.

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