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Miss L. J. Ross, Scollard, Alta., writes:—"I am only twenty years old, but have suffered from heart palpitation and nerve trouble for several years. I could never do the things other girls did, that is, in the line of sports, skating, etc., and could never depend on myself at work. About six months ago I began taking



and am just twice the girl I was, and can enjoy everything in general life so much more. I am very grateful for what your Pills have done for me." Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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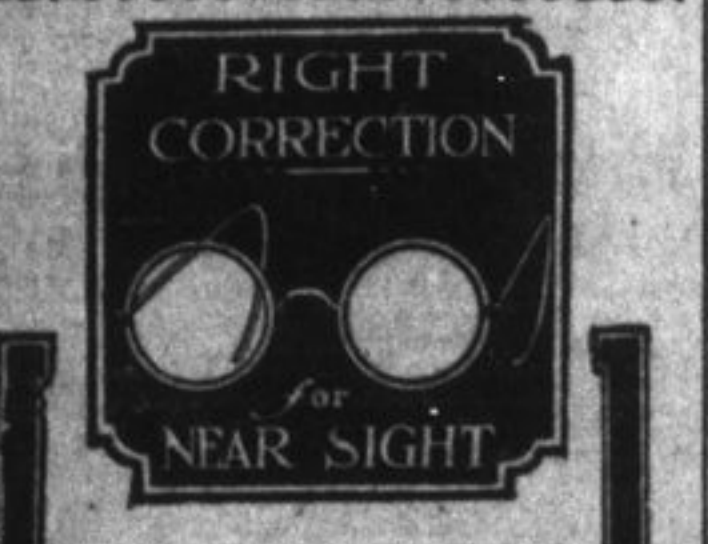
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WEEKLY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for May 16: Why God Chose Abraham.—Genesis 18:1-8, 16-19.

BY WM. E. GILROY, D.D.,
Editor of The Congregationalist.
A lesson such as this raises many questions which cannot be answered. But with reasonable clearness any man, who wishes to understand the practical teachings of the lesson and its context, can very quickly discover why Abraham was "the chosen of God."

We are apt to think of God's choice of an individual or of his choice of a people as an arbitrary choice, conferring special privilege on some favored son or favored race. It is hard for us to get away from this notion of such arbitrary choice on God's part. The Jews considered themselves a chosen people in the ancient days; but in fact, if not in words, other races have considered themselves especially favored of the Almighty and continue to do so today.

It is hard for some people, for instance, to disabuse their minds of the idea that the Anglo-Saxons are not a peculiarly called and favored race, and some think that in general the Nordics have a particular place and favor in divine plans and purposes.

God's Choice.

In view of these assumptions it is very necessary that we should study clearly what seems to have been the basis and ground of God's choice of individuals and nations. Far from being a matter merely of privilege and preference, God's choice has always involved responsibility and duty.

Even the choice of Jesus of Nazareth was a choice that led to the cross, and in lesser degree God's choice has always involved a sacrificial way toward the fulfilling of his purposes.

Would Abraham have been chosen if he had failed to follow that impulse that led him out to a new land and to a new worship? There is evidently very strong warrant for the conception that Abraham's call to leave Ur of the Chaldees was a call toward a breaking with that environment and the establishment of life upon a new conception of worship.

Apparently it was a turning from idolatrous worship to a worship dominated with a sense of personality and moral ideals. Abraham, in his dealings with Lot and in other respects, showed moral vision, a vision of magnanimity and goodness far higher than that that many have today.

Abraham's Qualities.

It was because of this capacity for consecration to moral and spiritual ideals that God called Abraham. He chose one fitted to be the founder of

a holy people and the medium for the expression of his purposes. A covenant-keeping God needs covenant-keeping men to make his will effective; and it is as a covenant-keeping man as well as a man of courage and directness of action that Abraham appears in these records of Genesis.

Here, too, he appears in our lesson as a man of social instincts, practicing, if not originating, that fine hospitality which has been so essential a part and so deep an obligation of eastern life.

Our lesson says that Jehovah appeared to Abraham. Elsewhere in the Bible we are told that no man hath seen God at any time. Just what was the vision that came to Abraham, or just in what form there came this one whom he regarded as a heavenly messenger must be determined in the light of this later statement of the New Testament.

The matter is not one of great importance except to those who quibble over the letter of scriptures and neglect its spirit. Those who are concerned about the practical teaching of scripture and finding in these ancient narratives and early beginnings the teachings and lessons that may help us to make our lives godly and useful in our own time, will concentrate their interest upon the nature of Abraham's relationship to God rather than upon the external details.

Fulfilling Conception.

Few men would claim that Abraham's conception of God was as lofty as the conception that Jesus brought to his disciples at a later day, but Jesus regarded himself as fulfilling the conception that Abraham had had, and he recognized this primitive faith of Abraham, his devotion to duty, and his surrendering himself to the divine will as making him the father of the faithful.

The point is that we should live in allegiance to God as Abraham lived, and that if the conception of a spiritual being everywhere present, the conception that Jesus expounded to the woman of Samaria, is a richer and nobler conception, our lives will be enriched in this larger experience of communion with God only as we show the consecration that Abraham so profoundly displayed.

We should remember that God does not deal with men on the basis of arbitrary choice. The divine privileges are extended to men upon a very different basis—"Whosoever will, let him come and partake of the water of life freely."

God chooses those who are willing to accept his choice and who are ready, as was Abraham, to hear his call and surrender their lives to his love and power.

WILD GEESE

By Martha Osteson.

Judith expected to find Amelia in tears. Instead she was coldly composed. "He's found out about the wool," she said, her fingers working quickly over the yellow beans she was stringing.

"What about it? Is he kicking?" Judith dropped the wool noisily into the box beside the stove.

"You should have told him you had it."

"Told him—hell! I'm not going to tell him anything from now on. And when the haying is over I'm leaving."

"No, Judith, you are not." Judith turned on her. "Why not? Who's going to stop me? Him?" She flung a long brown arm toward the door.

"No. If you go it's against my will, and you won't be let back." Amelia had straightened her shoulders against the chair, and her voice came hard and even.

"You? What—when—?" Judith was for a moment speechless.

"I don't want you to go away, Judie, until you are old enough to take care of yourself," Amelia said in a softer voice. "You have never been off this farm, really, and you would only be miserable."

Judith narrowed her eyes at her. Then her face flamed.

"You're lying! That's not the reason at all. You're afraid—afraid to let me go because of what he'll do to you! You'd keep us all here to protect yourself, because you're scared green of him! You're a coward!" Her voice rose to a bitter pitch, the tears trembled in her eyes. Amelia recoiled as though she feared she would strike her. Then Judith suddenly plucked out of the door, caught Prince who was in the corral, and in another moment was racing the wind down the wood road.

Judith beat the horse furiously, goaded him with her heels. She raged at him, because he was not in a mood with her. Then, as if he

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"Do'n't any fishing yet?" he asked Erik, who had come up to shake hands with him.

Erik shook his head soberly. "Not a sign of one of them," he said in reply. "We do not fish ourselves, yet. Soon we shall drag the whole bottom again, and maybe we shall find. Until so—no."

"Not after freeze-up, either?"

"If we find, yes. If not—no."

"Lots of fish goin' to waste, don't you think?"

Erik shrugged. "Caleb Gare—he should not want for fish. The poor homesteader round, maybe so. Caleb Gare, he have beef, pork, sheep, chicken—he should not want for the fish, too."

Martin looked away. "No," he said slowly, "only for a change." (To Be Continued).

Few Reach Forty Sound and Well



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wanted no more of her on his bare back, he curved and danced like an overbalanced see-saw, kicking his hoofs in the air behind him. Judith laughed and cried. The horse proceeded into a terrific gallop, turning finally off the road into a clearing beyond which he saw a fence. The clearing was full of low stumps, and the animal's legs buckled under him, throwing Jude over his head. She fell on her side, a sharp splinter of a stump tearing open the flesh of her arm. She lay there motionless for a few minutes in a sort of ecstasy, her eyes closed. Then she looked at her arm, and glanced about for the horse. He had risen, unharmed, and was standing on the road.

She turned her sleeve around so that the torn part would not show, first stopping the bleeding of the wound with some dry moss. Then she mounted Prince and rode home. She said nothing about her adventure, binding up her arm so that no one saw there was anything the matter with it.

Chapter XI.

At Oeland no game laws were taken into account except those which the settlers agreed among themselves were good. Fishing in the lakes of those who were fortunate enough to have them on their land was open to those who did not have them, most of the year round. It has become such an old custom that the owner's right in the matter had been lost sight of. So that Caleb saw no reason why he should humor the sentimental Barnasson to the extent of doing without fish, when this food saved him dollars' worth of meat. He resolved that during the coming autumn there should be no lack of fish at his table, whether the bodies of the two that had been drowned were recovered or not. It was well to fix this idea in the mind of Barnasson at once, although there would be little time for fishing during the summer, and no way of keeping the fish more than a day.

On a morning before haying began, he sent Martin to the lake. Martin was dubious, and as reluctant as he had ever been to carry out any order of Caleb's. Nevertheless, he went, fish pole and tackle in the cart behind him, as well as a small net which Caleb had borrowed from one of the halfbreeds at Yellow Post. Martin realized the significance of that net. It was that which he balked against particularly, though he said nothing. It meant that Caleb intended selling what fish he could not use, probably to Johanneson at Yellow Post.

Martin's long face lengthened as he drove down the road westward. There were ruthless things a man might do honorably, such as violating another's property to secure needed food for those dependent upon him. But what he had been sent out to do was neither honorable nor necessary.

As he struck the open road, his eyes turned toward the prairie lying on the south. This was Caleb's cattle land, broad and flat, with two good bluffs for shade. The great herd was scattered over it with an intermingling of horses. The milk cows were kept separate, in the richer grass near the marshes to the north. Dull anger surged through Martin as he regarded this manifestation of his father's cupidity. The great herd meant the sacrifice of one dream after another. There would be no new house in the spring, but the year following the herd would have doubled in size—and perhaps the flax lying to the east would have stretched still farther, like a greedy hand gathering the earth.

Martin loved the land, but there was something else in him that craved expression. It had been represented by the dream of the new house, the dream of the thing that was to be made by his own hands, guided by his own will. Now that, too, was gone. Nothing to do now but toil on without a dream. It might have been kinder of Caleb to have deceived him until the end of the harvest—there would then have been a vision to ease the burden. A false vision was better than none.

There was no rebellion in Martin's soul—only a sort of passive resentment that did not often rise above the hard, surrounding shell of endurance in which he had grown. Had he been asked he could not have told why he endured—the fact that he did not even recognize the state in which he lived as endurance. And yet he understood Judith better than he did Ellen. The subjected manhood in him admired Judith although it never found expression toward her.

Judith had not known he was going to the lake. He half hoped that she would not find it out, if he came back without fish. Her eyes had of late, held a contempt that one had to turn away from.

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DIED AT BOLES CORNERS.

Fred Crawford Passed Away on Saturday, May 8th. Boles Corners, May 10.—The weather stays cool and very little seeding has been done. The teacher and pupils spent a busy day cleaning the yard and planting flowers on Arbor Day. Miss Dowdell is spending the week-end at her home.

four brothers. Funeral will be held

Tuesday from his late home to Oso cemetery, much sympathy is extended. Little Jean Boles is quite well again. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crawford, Tichborne, Mr. and Mrs. William Crawford, Smiths Falls, and Mrs. D. McDougall and daughter, Doris, Elphin, at Mrs. George Crawford's. Kathleen Hickey is better. John . . . Bourk was in the vicinity on business one day last week. William Lister spent Sunday at his home. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bodard have moved to Snow Road. Samuel Cook has been working for John Boles. Mrs. John Crawford, Oso, and Mrs. Samuel Cook called on Mrs. George Crawford, Saturday. Roddie Boles, Clarendon, spent the week-end with his uncle, Frank Lister, Elphin. Emmeline Henderson and Wilfred Burke, Oso, spent Sunday evening at J. Boles. Edward Bédard at John Welsh; Pearl and Vera Boles also Mrs. Robert Boles and Lena spent Saturday afternoon at Clarendon; William Lister called at J. Boles; Charles Cook is not well; all hope he will soon be better.

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Miles, Norwich, who are in jail at Woodstock charged with murder in causing the death of an Otterville girl, struck by her car, are to be released on \$10,000 bail each. St. Joseph's Hospital at London, Ont., has barred the boyish bob, and probationers will not be admitted who wear this coiffure.

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