

The Happy Life.

Lord, I would be Through toil and rest drawn ever nearer Thee, In passing days Live on Thy bounty, and with happy praise

In weary hours, When memory wakes desire and sorrow lowers With wintry skies, Help my weak faith above these clouds to rise;

Teach me to take My joy in other's joy, for Thy dear sake Whose life I share;

Teach me content, Where gifts of earth's delight are only meant To cheer the road Thy pilgrims take to reach their fixed abode,

A Holy Life Has a Voice.

What very humble instruments our Lord uses for the conversion of sinners, the upbuilding of saints, and the comfort of those who mourn!

One of the most striking examples I ever saw of this was in the person of an old woman who lived to the great age of 113 years.

Day and night she sat either on a low couch or a chair which stood beside it, not being able, from heart trouble and asthma, to lie down.

My first visit to her was after an illness and sorrow of my own, by the advice of a Christian friend, who urged me to go to see her.

After singing Safe in the Arms of Jesus, I left her smiling and happy, and went to my home feeling more thankful for every blessing, and realizing as never before, how little of this world's goods some of God's chosen ones had, and how unneccessary they were to happiness of a ransomed soul.

At her earnest request I attended, nearly every Sunday afternoon, a little prayer meeting held in her room. Her invariable answer (no matter what she had been suffering) to those who said, How are you to-day, auntie? was, I am just as the Lord would have me!

Among the many whom I influenced to visit her, even those who went doubtingly, all came away better, and feeling as though heaven was not far off.

I shall never forget my last visit to her. She always had some grateful word at parting—assured me one day, after saying, My Father will bless you for your kindness, that she would be at the beautiful gate, waiting and watching for me; but on that last visit, when I sang, she just feebly clapped her hands and pointed upward.

In a few days, when left alone by one who was caring for her, for a few minutes, apparently without a struggle she left her earthly tabernacle for the glorious home on high.

I think no one realized what her influence had been until the day of the funeral, when, gathered in the large room to which she had been carried, rich and poor came to show the last tribute of respect.

We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act is acceptable to God.

Justice or Charity, Which.

One might easily weave many illustrations, but this one from real life will answer better. In one of our smaller towns a kind-hearted woman related, in a meeting of the missionary auxiliary, the struggle of her washerwoman, with three children to support.

How much did she get a day? some one whispered. Fifty cents, was the answer. God ordained that six days' labor should supply the needs of a family.

There is a beautiful application that the Christian's heart can make of this—an application so plain that no words are needed to enforce it.—Christian Observer.

The Smile of Defeat.

A young Englishman once failed to pass the medical examination on which he thought his future depended.

Never mind, he said to himself, What is the next thing to be done? and he found the policy of never minding and going on to the next thing the most important of all policies for practical life.

It does not matter how many tumbles you have in life, so long as you do not get dirty when you tumble. It is only the people who have to stop and be washed who must lose the race.

Twenty years ago Lindon Bates, of Chicago, was compelled through lack of funds to discontinue his course at the Sheffield scientific school and begin work for a railroad.

To assert that present defeat is not incompatible with future success is merely to repeat one of those fundamental truths which, like submerged piers, support the bridge of life.

When a Sailor Dies at Sea.

A funeral service at sea is a most impressive scene.

All hands are dressed in white, called funeral rig, consisting of blue cloth trousers, a white frock, and cloth tunic over the frock, with a black silk handkerchief bound around the left arm.

The officers wear frock coats and swords, while twelve marines form a firing party.

When everything is ready the ship's engines are stopped, the ensign is hoisted half-mast at the peak or ensign-staff, and the ship's bell is tolled.

The hands are mustered on the quarter-deck, and the four bearers, usually the mess-mates of the dead man, bring up the body, which is sewed up in a canvas hammock and laid out on a wooden grating.

The chaplain reads the funeral service, and then the bearers, followed by their messmates, walk slowly on to the quarter-deck with the body.

The body is wrapped in the national colors, and a signal-man attends to holding firmly to the covering to prevent it going overboard with the body.

The bearers, with the exception of two, let go their hold upon the grating and step back. When the chaplain comes to the words, And now we commit his body to the deep, the two holding the grating tilt it upward, and the body falls into the waters.

The marines then form upon the gangway, and three volleys are fired into the air, the drummer each time sounds the salute for the dead, the hands are dismissed, and the awful ceremony is over.—Columbian.

Too Busy to be Kind.

I sometimes think we women, nowadays, are in danger of being too busy to be really useful, said an old lady, thoughtfully.

When they got back home they were loud in their praise of the generosity of Cyrus and of his noble and handsome person, and Tigranes asked his wife if she did not think Cyrus was handsome.

You were not! exclaimed her husband, in great surprise. Pray, then, whom were you looking at? Her answer must have thrilled him with joy as she replied, her eyes overflowing with love and perhaps with tears: The only man I saw was the one who said he would give his life to save me from bondage.

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Take Courage.

We make an unfortunate mistake if we let the failures and disappointments of the past cloud our horizon. Many lives are like century plants. They burst into bloom only after a long and tedious interval.

The hard work, the patient endurance, the courage in bearing losses and trials, at length on some favored day bring forth their result; and the man is suddenly overwhelmed at the transformation of his life in the fruition of long cherished hopes.

I Open the Door, Come in

At a recent missionary gathering at Clifton Springs, N. Y., Rev. Mr. Chaney, a missionary to India, told this incident in regard to a Moslem who, twenty years ago, hearing a missionary say that God was in the village, and knocking at the door of each heart, came to know if it was true.

Can I talk with him, too? Yes, I will first talk with him about you. Then followed an earnest prayer. After this, the young man said: May I speak, too?

Receiving an assent, he prostrated himself on the floor: Oh, Jesus Christ, I do not know you, but this man says you know me, and are knocking at the door of my heart, and willing to come in and live with me. Oh, Jesus Christ, I open the door, come in.

There was a moment's silence, and he rose, saying: He has come, I am at peace. Eighteen years later he died, having led 10,000 souls to Christ.

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There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

Confessing Christ.

The Christians may confess Christ in many ways. With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." It is vain to say that the heart is all right if we never speak a word in honor of our Lord for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Men may confess Christ by uniting with His church. Many wish to live a Christian life secretly, but this is impossible, for a city set on a hill cannot be hid. A light under a bushel will expire. So soon as one sees clearly the impossibility of living a Christian life secretly, all real objection, to uniting with the church is taken away.

It is looking downward makes one dizzy.—Browning

Callisthenics

Are a benefit to healthy women. But to women who are suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex they are an injury. When there is weak back or bearing-down pains, headache or other indications of womanly weakness, exercise can only aggravate the condition.

The womanly health must be first restored before strength can be developed by exercise.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It does this by healing the womanly diseases which undermine the general health. It stops the drains that weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

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"I have a sister who is taking your medicine and it is helping her."

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JOHN J. WEDDALL

NINE BOILERS

Some time ago my blood got order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous small ones on my shoulders and arms.

Some time ago my blood got order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous small ones on my shoulders and arms. Four more appeared on my foot and leg was in a terrible state. A friend advised me to take Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procured bottles. After finishing the first bottle boils started to disappear and the heat up. After taking the third there was not a boil or sore to be seen. Besides this, the headaches from which I suffered left me and I improved so that I am now strong and robust as ever.

Yours truly, MISS MAGGIE WORTHINGTON, Feb. 3rd, 1901.

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