

The Fireside.

Elder Woodsly's Christian Sciencin'.
BY MRS. CALEB LARRABEE.

I don't know as I was ever more put out in my life than I was when Elder Woodsly turned Christian Scientist, Not that it was any loss to Nabeh. My land, we haven't had as comfortable a winter fur a coon's age as we had that winter he was Christian Sciencin'; but I did feel for them poor motherless children; him a farin' round the country, neglectin' his work an' tormentin' folks that was workin'. My! my! If ever Caleb was mad it was the day Elder Woodsly come over to tell us all about his Sciencin'. I allow I'm not any narrer-mindedder than other folks, an' I alwus say that there's some good in every religion that I ever heerd of, but to see that man come into our cellar—we was washin' an' Caleb was runnin' the washin' machine—as I was sayin', that man come in, a leavin' the door open behind him, an' stompin' the snow off his feet all over the floor an' set down by the fire on the end of the bench where I was starchin' things.

An' says Caleb, "Purty cold this mornin'."

"Cold," says Elder Woodsly, unwindin' his big woolen comforter off his neck an' stickin' his toes a'most into the fire. "there ain't no cold, Caleb Larrabee."

An' Caleb just looked at him an' says, "What?" and then that man started in an' sech a jumble of the Bible an' Mrs. Eddy an' tomfoolry I never heerd. He allowed we wouldn't be cold or hot if we'd jest think we wasn't, an' then he rattled off a lot of stuff jest like a poll parrot about "inherited instincts," an' "mind bein' more than matter," an' takin' up all the fire an' a shovin' my pan of starch nigh off the bench, an' there was Caleb a-arguin' with him, mad as a hornet, and there was the washin' standin' stock still, an' it goin' fur eleven o'clock. An' I jest got that out of patience I couldn't put up with him any longer. An' says I—an' I tried to speak pleasant—says I, "Well Brother Woodsly, I allow it's all the same to you where you set, bein's you don't mind whether you're cold or warm; an' this miserable body of mine is just freezin', so I'll give you this box over here by the door. It's kind of handy to believe that way, isn't it. I allow you'll be givin' all your winter clothes to the poor." An' land, he didn't set there more'n two minutes till he allowed he'd have to go home, an' off he went. An' sech a time as I had with Caleb an' the washin'. He declared he'd been turnin' that machine full fur an' hour, when he hadn't moved it since that crazy-Jane came into the cellar.

Well, we all worried a good bit about them poor children, an' along towards Christmas everybody was glad when Elder Woodsly's sister come to stay with him an' keep house. She was dreadful set in her ways, an' bein' a good bit older than the elder, an' havin' considerable money an' nobody but him to leave it to, why he didn't dare contrary her like he used to Sister Woodsly.

Well, as I was sayin', we was all relieved to know that the children was bein' took care of. When lo an' behold, what does she do but ups an' turns Christian Sciencer. Sister Meachem come over to tell me jest as soon as she

heerd it, "an'," says she, "she's ten times worse than he is."

Well, all at onct it came into my head that neither Sister Meachem nor me hed been over to see Miss Woodsly since she'd come, an' so we made it up to drive over the next afternoon.

We got airly dinner an' got there jest before the elder got home from market. The children were all at school. It was a raw, windy day, an' we was jest chilled to the bone. She took us into the settin' room till we took off our bonnets an' then we went out to the kitchen with her while she got the elder's dinner. He was jest comin' in as we set down. I looked at Sister Meachem an' she looked at me. That man had no overcoat on nor no comforter, nor no mittens, an' he was jest blue with cold. His teeth chattered when he spoke to us, an' he walked up to the stove an' reached out his hands towards the fire, but his sister jest whisked in right in front of him. "Well, well," says she—oh, so cuttin'—"what in the world are you a holdin' out your hands fur?—there ain't no heat in that stove. There ain't no heat anywheres, it's all in a body's imagination. Jest you set down there at the table, an' I'll lift the potatoes." An', says she, turnin' to us, "I allow you've heerd I'm a Christian Scientist. Ezra has converted me, an' I tell you it's jest grand. Why, when I think of the cookin' it saves, I wish I'd a heerd of it long ago," an' she set the potatoes on the table an' got a pitcher of cold water an' a glass.

An' says Ezra, "Ain't there no coffee, Sarah?" An' says she, "Coffee! What's coffee, an' what's tea? Nothin' but imagination. I've jest been readin' them blessed words of that wonderful woman this mornin'. I was allowin' to mend them socks of yours, but I was jest a readin' there's nothin' real but mind. Determine that a thing is so, and it is so. Now you can't put socks on your mind, an' I jest determined that there was no hole in the heels of them socks, an' so there ain't."

I jest allowed she'd gone crazy, but that wasn't a patchin' to the rest. Ezra drunk about a half glass of water an' says he, "Seems as if I'd like milk better'n water." An' she flew up in a tantrum right off.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Ezra Woodsly, to go back on your principles that way. I was hopin' Mis' Larrabee an' Mis' Maechem 'ud be brought to see the light; an' I've bought a hundred of Mis' Eddy's books with the money you giv' me to git coffee an' tea an' sugar, an' I'm goin' to give one to everybody that comes." An' she went up stairs an' come down with two books. An' she give us them, an' says she, "Jest read a chapter every day an' it'll change your whole life. Why, last week I read 'there is neither sweet nor sour, salt nor fresh,' an' now I don't bother saltin' the bread nor the fried potatoes, an' I don't put any sugar into anything." An' she looked at Ezra an' says she, "I allow in a little while we kin lay in a load of seaweed an' live on it all the year round."

An' says he, kind of hesitatin', "I don't know, Sarah. Seems as if that's goin' too far."

An' says she, "Well, if I'm a Scientist, I'm goin' to be a real one; not a

humbuggin' fraud of a one. An' I'm goin' to see to it that you live up to your principles."

Well, you'd better believe we didn't stay long, but before we left she told us she'd sold all the elder's winter underwear, an' his overcoat, an' his fur cap to a second-hand man, an' that she was goin' to try to raise money enough to rent a room from somebody near the church, an' her an' the elder was goin' to hold meetin's an' try to convert folks to their way of thinkin'.

Well, all the way home, I couldn't help thinkin' of the look of that poor shiverin' man settin' there, eatin' potatoes with no salt, an' drinkin' cold water. She didn't even cook any meat. She allowed it wasn't good for the mind. When I got home I told Caleb, an' he laughed an' laughed, an' says he, "Good fur the ole hypocrit. I allow his 'poor miserable body' 'll soon be as skinny as his mind is."

An' say I, "That woman's as crazy as a loon." An' says Caleb, "Not a bit of it. She knows what she's doin'." An' as true as preachin', it wasnt a month till Elder Woodsly hed thrown over Christian Science, an' when I ast Miss Woodsly about it, she give a long sigh an' said she allowed her an' Ezra's minds wasn't spiritual enough for Christian Science, an' then she giv' me a look that opened my eyes, an' says I to myself, "There wouldn't be many Christian Scientists if they all had somebody make them live up to their profession."
—The United Presbyterian.

TAKING OUT CHRISTIANITY.

Norah had a "model village," and she never tired of setting it up.

"What kind of a town is that, Norah?" asked her father. "Is it a Christian or a heather town?"

"Oh, a Christian town," Norah answered, quickly.

"Suppose we make it a heather town?" her father suggested. "What must we take out?"

"The church," said Norah, setting it to one side.

"Is that all?"

"I suppose so."

"No, indeed," her father said. "The public school must go; there are no public schools in heathen lands. Take the public library, too," her father directed.

"Anything else?" Norah asked, sadly.

"Isn't there a hospital over there?"

"But, father, don't they have hospitals?"

"Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old."

"Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home," said Norah, very soberly.

"Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of town."

"Why, father," Norah exclaimed, "there is not a good thing left! I would not live in such a town for anything! Does knowing about Jesus make all that difference?"—Selected.

TWO VIEWS.

What have you done today? I asked a ropemaker. "Oh, sir, ten hours of hard work, just twisting tow, my fingers sore, my lungs choked with dust. I did not come to prayer meeting last night, I was too tired; I went to sleep when I was trying to say my prayers. I sometimes think if it were not for Mary, I would end it all—nothing but work, work, work. I am so tired, and I make only enough to keep body and soul together." This is one side. See the oth-

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er. A ship with eleven hundred souls on board is being driven upon shore—a land of crags, like giant teeth, stretching up sheer and sharp. One anchor after another is dropped, each checking the speed of the vessel's drift. The last anchor was down. Will it hold? Yes; the ship is saved! Go, tell the ropemaker not to think of the oil and the dust, and the monotony, but of the eleven hundred men and women saved. These things are written in the Lamb's Book of Life—the ring of every hammer, the click of every needle, the whirl of every loom. They who truly wait upon the Lord shall hear His angels strengthening them, as they strengthened Christ with songs of peace and good will to men.—Dr. W. Burnett Wright.

Salvation free? Yes, there is no gate fee, but you have to walk in.

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