

Drusy was quick to see it. "Maybe I don't speak it right," she said, "but that's the way it sounds to me, and the way I think of it. You know they call the dear Lord Jesus that; Elder Weeks explained it to me one time. He said it was when somebody couldn't go to do something himself, something very particular or very kind, and sometimes very hard. Then he'd send somebody he could trust to do it for him, just as if he did it himself. And that one he sends is called a bassdum. Just as if you had something very particular to be done, ma'am, that would help somebody in trouble,—a kind thing, but one that was hard, real hard, to do right,—and you should think I could be trusted to do it for you,—there bein' some reason you couldn't do it yourself, and you let me try, why, then," she said with earnest pride, "I'd be a bassdum."

I knew now what she meant; the word was "ambassador." She went on to tell why she loved it, and, as well as I could comprehend, this was because of several reasons. The chief one was that our Lord himself became one, sent by his Father on that great, that marvelous, most blessed errand. I do not find that the word is used in this connection in the scriptures, but Drusy thought it was. And then the term appealed to that loyalty, so conspicuous and inherent a trait of the negro's character. To be so trusted by one's master or mistress, one's employer or friend, that one could be sent to do some great thing with the confident belief, the certainty, that it would be done "just as if he'd done it himself," that was something to live for, even to die for. And so dear, faithful, loyal Drusy loved the word.

As I said before, she was born a slave, but she had no bitter or sad memories of her bondage. She had belonged to two maiden ladies in Virginia, and her recollections of them and their training were grateful and pleasant. "They were real Christians," she used to say very often, and though she sometimes added, "even though they was 'Piscopals,'" I know there was no intentional sarcasm in the remark, for in her later years her most valued friends were Episcopalians.

"I was only four years old when they took me into the house to begin raisin' me, and I don't remember anything before that; so it seems as if they was the first Christians I ever saw. And somehow it seems as if I begun to be a Christian right off then. I tried to be, I know that, for I wanted to follow my dear ladies in every single thing. Of course, when I was took into the Methodist church, after I grew up and was freed, I had to be converted in their own way, so's to bear testimony and have a 'sperience to tell. But as far as I can see I felt just the same about those things before that time as I done afterwards; that is, I mean about believin' and lovin' and doin'. That's religion, ain't it?" she would ask wistfully.

Could I say it was not? It seems a very simple creed, but not such a bad one,—just believing and loving and doing! I suppose that, in the abstract, Drusy disapproved of slavery, and thought freedom a good thing for her race, but I never heard her say so. Her own experience as a bondswoman had been pleasant, free from cruelty, injustice, or oppression, and in a certain way she seemed almost proud of her having been owned and valued by the old-time Virginia ladies whose memory she loved and revered. Sometimes, in speaking of some of her race whose conduct seemed reprehensible, she would say indulgently, "But then they don't have my bringin' up; they was

born free." No, St. Paul's boast as to his birth was not Drusy's, though no one prized more dearly than she her "glorious liberty" as a child of God.

As I write these things, many other little incidents of dear Drusy's religious life spring to my mind, and I hesitate as to which are most strikingly illustrative of her simple faith. Perhaps I have told you enough for this time.

I was not with her when she fell asleep. I had seen her not many weeks before, and was looking forward to meeting her again soon, when I heard she was very ill. Being a thousand miles away, I could not go to her. I wrote, but before she received my letter I had one from her, written by dictation, and telling me not to worry, for she was much better,—"almost well." I was greatly relieved. The closing words of the letter did not alarm me, and I saw no figurative meaning in them: "I shall be all right pretty soon, and I feel sure God is going to let us meet again in the old home."

It was her last message. We shall never meet, as we used, in that old house to which I thought she alluded, with its sad and glad memories and recollections. But I hope and pray she will give me a glad welcome in an older—nay, a newer—home some day.

Those who were with her at the end tell me she went as she lived, quietly, willingly, with few words, for they were not needed.

I felt that she would like the words upon her simple gravestone to be taken from her simple Revelation, and I had cut there the passage,

"And they shall see his face."

—S. S. Times.

#### EXERCISE FOR THE VOICE.

A prominent voice specialist, in emphasizing the rule that the voice, to be kept in good condition must be exercised, as unused powers soon weaken, says: "Do not proceed to the other extreme and abuse the vocal chords or strain the throat muscles by shouting and screaming. Deep yawning removes throat congestion and improves the circulation of the blood in those vital parts. Singing, loud laughter and public speaking will improve the quality, strength, sweetness and endurance of the voice. Deep breaths should be taken, and the vowels repeated slowly in a deep, full, round tone of voice a dozen times or more a day. Do not constrict or strain the vocal chords. Talk softly and easily. A rich, resonant tone of voice is soon developed by counting aloud while going through arm or body movements with dumbbells, or the chestweight drill. Count in a deep, smooth voice, open the mouth wide, and let the sound come freely out." One authority recommends as a strengthener of the vocal chords and throat muscles gargling the throat every morning with cold water for one week, and the next week with hot. This is said to prevent sore throat, and in some cases to cure it. Massage the neck muscles with cold water morning and night, and rub them vigorously with a coarse towel. Never cover the neck very warmly, and do not wear anything high or tight around it. All these are golden rules for any one who wishes to improve the quality and strength of the voice.—Ex.

Make this distinction: A purely local disease of the skin, like barber's itch, is cured by Weaver's Cerate alone. But where the blood is loaded with impurity, as in Salt Rheum, Weaver's Syrup also should be used.

## THE POPE'S DOCTOR

### AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF A FAMOUS CHARACTER.

How he differs from his Canadian Colleagues—an example worthy of being followed.

Dr. Lapponi, the famous physician to the Vatican, whose name has recently come so greatly to the front on account of his unremitting attention to His Holiness the late Pope, Leo XIII, and the high esteem with which he is regarded by the present Pope, His Holiness Pious X, is a man of commanding genius. But he is something more than that. He is more than a mere man of science. He is a man of original and independent mind. He stands out among medical men of all nations, themselves the flower of the world's intellect, by reason of his fine independent personality. He has had differences with his fellow scientists. But no one has ever disputed for an instant the remarkable nature of his professional attainments or the unflinching integrity of his personal character. He is afraid of no man. But he has a higher courage still. He is not afraid of the bugbear of professional etiquette which frightens even some of the greatest doctors.

As an example of this may be mentioned one very interesting respect in which he has differed from the medical men of this country. The latter are trammelled by medical etiquette. No one disputes their scientific skill or their unselfish devotion to their work. But they are limited in their labors by one remarkable scruple. They will prescribe and experiment with drugs of all kinds sanctioned by the Pharmacopoeia or newly introduced; but where a medical discovery, even when it is the life-work of a regular practising physician, is recommended to the general public by a manufacturer, professional-etiquette steps in and frightens them. No matter how overwhelming the evidence of what such a discovery, when sold as a proprietary medicine, has accomplished, they look coldly upon it and will rarely admit that they have used it with success. It would be "unprofessional" to do so! Dr. Lapponi is troubled by no such scruples. For instance, the numerous remarkable cures which have been proved by newspaper reports, independently investigated, to have been accomplished by the medicine sold in Canada under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, must be well known to all Canadian doctors. They have been published far and wide. There can be no doubt of their accuracy. The names and addresses of the men and women cured are freely published. Their statements have been investigated by some of the most important newspapers in the country and abroad. No one has ever attempted to dispute the facts. But Canadian doctors have never cared to admit publicly that they have availed themselves of this discovery. Dr. Lapponi, however, has availed himself of Dr. Williams' discovery, and has, in his own fearless way, had no hesitation in making the fact publicly known. The following letter, with his signature, freely avows the facts, and endorses the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with an authority no one will venture to question.

#### TRANSLATION.

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple anemia of development. After a few weeks' treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to



extend the use of this laudable preparation, not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of anemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like.

(Signed) Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi,  
Via dei Gracchi, 332, Rome."

The "simple anemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is of course that tired, languid condition of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of the development, is often so imperilled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at that time is of the highest scientific authority, and it confirms the many published cases in which anemia and other diseases of the blood as well as the nervous diseases referred to by Dr. Lapponi, have been cured by these pills, which, it need hardly be mentioned, owe their efficacy to their power of making new blood, and thus acting directly on the digestive and nervous system. In all cases of anemia, threatened consumption, decline, indigestion, kidney disease, and all affections of the nerves, as St. Vitus' dance, paralysis and locomotor ataxia, they are commended to the confidence of the public, and now that they have received the emphatic endorsement of so high a professional authority as Dr. Lapponi, the trusted physician of the Vatican, they will be accepted by the medical and scientific world at their true value.

Many a League or church has degenerated from testimony into cold talk, from fever into frost, because they took a vacation from soul-winning. He who abandons the soul saving habit will certainly backslide in heart.

Why is a beehive like a bad potato? A beehive is a bee holder, a beholder is a spectator and a specked tartar is a bad tartar.

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By Purifying the  
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