

QUEEN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

I know of a beautiful and wealthy woman who, as a girl, had been a reigning belle. Her old friends crowded about her, but she had no time for worldly amusements. She mercifully never lost sight of her children. She nursed the baby and doted on herself. She inspected every meal the older children ate, and talked and played with them constantly. Her friends protested.

"You are degenerating into a mere nursemaid. You give yourself no chance to grow," they said.

"God just now has given me nursing to do," she said quietly, "and I can grow in that line."

I lost sight of her for three years. Then her husband moved to the country, where I lived. Her children were at school, but she still kept close to them. She took drawing lessons with Mary, studied mathematics with Joe and taught Jim history, coloring the dull dates with vivid stories of battles and heroes. Her mother-eye was on each child, and when the teacher drove one of them too hard the child was promptly brought home and turned loose on the farm for a few months.

Her friends protested that she took no part in the modern affairs of women. She belonged to no clubs.

"I must be about my own business," she said.

Her husband was a large cattle-grower. She knew his affairs to the least detail.

When Joe was ordained a minister she threw herself into his parish work. When Jim became a magazine editor she plunged into the words of modern writers and poetry and read scores of manuscripts for him.

She is still living, still keeping step with her boys and husband. They carry all their worries to her! they consult her in all their plans.

Her life was broadened in their lives. Her friends still complain that she does no public work.

But, "her children rise up and call her blessed."—*Andora.*

AN UNCONSCIOUS SLAVE.

A young man had carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit, before the habit should grow too strong. "Oh, there is no danger; it's a mere notion; I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend. "Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there is no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again. "You are not looking well," observed the latter. "Have you been ill?" "Hardly," replied the other one. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger; and I fear I shall be ill before I shall have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril, after I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend. "The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. Swearing off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink shall never catch me in his net again."—*Rev. Louis A. Banks, D. D.*

PARSON SMITH'S QUERY.

"What shall I do?"

With this query Parson Smith closed his story of his efforts to get a pastorate. It was not a compliment, nor a wail of discouragement or despair, but the expression of genuine perplexity arising out of the conditions his story had described. I had come in upon him to spend the evening as he sat in his cozy study. I had known him long and well. He was a man in the middle of life, in the full strength of his vigorous manhood, able to do for years as good work as he had ever done. I cannot tell whether or not he had passed that much-talked-of "dead line of fifty," but if so, it did not appear either in the vigor of his public efforts or in any lack of interest in the things of to-day.

He had had the fullest preparation for his work given by the schools. As a preacher, he had never been called brilliant, that is, he would not have been numbered among the select few who are universally recognized as entitled to that distinction. But he had from the first been called a preacher of more than the average ability. He had always had something to say, and he said it so that people were not only compelled to hear him, but also heard him with pleasure and profit. He had not had many pastorates, always remaining long enough in a place to accomplish something of value. He had never made a failure, and in those in which he had remained the longest his success had been the most conspicuous.

But now, for several months, a year or more, I think, he had been without a pastorate. And when I came in upon him that evening he was in a confidential mood and told me the story of his efforts to enter again upon the work for which he had made such careful preparation and to which, thus far, his life had been given. He seldom spoke so freely about himself, even to me, his most intimate friend. But his story touched my heart, and the question with which it closed, "What shall I do?" has remained with me ever since.

Said he: "You know why I left my last pastorate, and that it was not because of any fault of my own, and how much I have longed to be at work again. I have through ordinary and extraordinary channels sought opportunities for a hearing in pastorless churches, through brother ministers, and friendly laymen, and by direct personal communication with pulpit committees. I have not confined my efforts to such places as might be called 'desirable,' but have held myself in readiness to take any field to which the Lord might seem to lead me, where it was possible for me to serve. Most of these efforts have been entirely fruitless. Brother ministers have frequently said that they seem to have no influence whatever with church committees, either for me or for any other minister whose interests they try to serve. I have seen churches pass by men that are near, whose record for faithfulness and efficiency is at hand, and can be known in its every part, and call to their service men from a distant part of the country, about whom it is difficult to get the facts necessary to a wise judgment, and in quite a number of instances to turn them off in disgust in a few months. And then again I have asked myself, Does the Lord lead the churches in their choice of pastors, or does he rather permit them to do as they choose and suffer the consequence?"

"Sometimes when the time has hung so heavily upon my hands that I have almost been unable to endure it, or when

the sieve has struck a little too hard upon the bottom of the hour barrel, or the clothes have become a little too threadbare for the comfort of the little un sanctified pride within me, I have thought to look about me and see if there were not some honorable secular calling I could enter in which I might be employed and earn my livelihood. But whenever I have suggested this to my friends I have been met with the outspoken word or the hint that no man who has once entered the ministry can undertake any secular calling without a kind of disgrace. And then I have wondered how much the Apostles were disgraced who returned for a time to their fisher life after the resurrection of Christ, or whether Paul, who was the one especially chosen of God as the Apostle to the Gentiles, should not have been censured because for a year and a half he worked at his trade of tent-making in Corinth to earn his living, so, as he said, 'he might not be chargeable to any of them.' And then I have wondered again if the ministry of our day is indeed so much more of a sacred calling than it was in the times of the Apostles. And so the alternative seems to be forced upon me, either to continue to wait in idleness as a minister (the Lord only knows how long), or to lay aside the sacred office for some worldly work, with the prospect of never entering it again.

"As a minister in the pew I have been willing to do any work for the Master I could find to do. My brethren, lay and clerical, have told me repeatedly that my place is in the pulpit, that I have never preached so well in my life as I do now when opportunity offers. And yet the offered opportunities are few and far between. I am not discouraged nor unwilling to work, nor disabled nor enfeebled in body or mind. I have sought daily Divine direction and used my utmost endeavor to learn the Lord's will. I cannot look upon life as a failure, the Lord has given me too many tokens of approval to make that possible. But here I am, Shall the hands of the presbytery that set me apart to this sacred office be now recalled and I enter the rank and file of willing workers for the Master? Or what shall I do?"

And Parson Smith ended his tale. What answer would you give to his question? What should he do? The number of Parson Smiths is large.—*Deacon Brown in the Watchman.*

PROMPT DECISION.

The secret of getting through work is method. Order, it has been said, is God's first law. Let it be yours. Do not let your work accumulate upon your hands. It is not work that kills, but arrears of work. Work put off is work put on with heavy interest. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It becomes intolerable if it be laid upon to-morrow.

If I may recommend you three rules for saving time and economizing strength, they shall be these: Answer letters, keep appointments, make up your minds. In the affairs of this life a prompt decision is often more important than a right decision. One man makes up his mind and acts, it may be, wrongly, but if so he finds out his mistake, corrects and retrieves it before another man has acted at all. It is possible to waste a great amount of time by thinking, and still more by talking over actions. First thoughts are sometimes wiser than second, and generally wiser than third.



Mystery characterizes the Spirit's work everywhere. It is so in nature, no less so in grace. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

An ugly family of skin diseases is the one generally described by the word Eczema. In all its forms it resists ordinary treatment, but is completely cured by Weaver's Cerate used in connection with Weaver's Sydup.

Every sin is a blow to the face of God.

It Retains Old and Makes New Friends.—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Eclecric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific, and while it retains its old friends, it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it.

The true man of God is not content with the exhibition of some truths, but his aim is to teach all things whatsoever the Lord hath commanded.

Unpleasant!

Boils,
Humors,
Eczema,
Salt Rheum

Weaver's Syrup

cures them permanently
by purifying the

Blood.

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