

## The Fireside.

### WHAT TWO WOMEN DID.

BY CHARLOTTE ARCHER-RANEY.

Mother Trish closed her Bible and leaned back in her low rocker, the light of a new and holy purpose shining in her steadfast grey eyes. She had just finished reading for her morning portion the first sixteen verses of the tenth chapter of Luke, and the verses had carried a message to her waiting and receptive heart, that was destined to work good to many souls.

In the silent watches of the night before, when sleep was far from her pillow, she had poured out her heart in prayer to be directed to some work which she could do for the salvation of immortal souls. She felt incompetent to teach in Sabbath school, she trembled with embarrassment when asked to lead the devotions in the women's prayer meeting, she had no confidence in her ability to lead or direct others in church work, and she mourned much over the little she had accomplished for the up-building of Christ's kingdom in the city where she dwelt.

But while she prayed God heard and directed her heart and her thoughts to a small colony of foreigners living outside the city limits. A number of old disabled cars had been shunted off the tracks down into the stretch of low ground by the Wabash river, and these poor aliens—strangers in a strange land—had converted the useless coaches into dwelling places.

While Mother Trish again asked help and direction in the work she felt called upon to do, a strong faith and the peace that is found in its sweetest and fullest only when our feet have entered the path of duty and service filled her heart.

Following the teachings of the Scripture just read she went to a Christian friend with whom she had taken sweet counsel for years, a widow and of small means like herself, and laying the wants of the poor strangers before her, soon enlisted her sympathies and together they started on their mission of love.

These two passed from home to home pointing the inmates to Christ and telling them of a free salvation, reading the Word and singing the songs of Zion, their tender German melodies thrilling the hearts of all and waking in the hearts of some memories of long-forgotten Psalms sung in early childhood by a loving mother's knee.

These dingy, cramped rooms were destitute of almost every comfort; want, hunger and despair looked out of the eyes of many of the inmates; and the sullen, hopeless expression of their countenances showed only too well that the consolations of religion had neither part nor place in their lives. Surely they had need of the ministrations of these ambassadors of Christ.

The afternoon was far spent when the two weary women wended their way home talking in hushed tones of what they had seen and heard. In Mother Trish's quiet room they knelt and thanked God for the help he had given them in their work, and asked guidance for the morrow's service. Together they planned how best to meet the soul-wants of that destitute and ignorant colony with its representatives of many nations.

As the days went by and they gave

themselves more entirely to the heaven-appointed task of carrying Christ to this motley people, they began to understand why Christ had sent out the seventy "two and two." They felt the stimulus and strength they were to each other in their Christian work. By and by their faith took strong hold of the promise that God himself would provide for them while they labored in this humble corner of his vineyard, would also provide the means to go on his work there.

Inspired by love for the Master, Mother Trish and Mother Brown forgot their timid distrust of themselves and spread before the congregations of the city the needs of these heathen at their doors. Many gladly gave of their abundance that these devoted women might do their work in the most effectual way. With means in hand they were prepared to minister to the temporal wants as well as to their spiritual needs. The very presence of these women became a benediction in the homes of these outcasts.

Under the kindly influence of these "Sisters of Mercy" the bare, filthy, crowded rooms took on an aspect of comfort such as they had never known and became worthy the sacred name of home.

Before many months the city fitted up an empty room near the river for a school room, paying the teacher's salary from the public funds, and the wild little Arabs were here taught the elements of good citizenship and were given an education that fitted them for lives of usefulness instead of coming up into manhood and womanhood constant menaces to the public welfare.

With God's help and the influence of the Holy Spirit step by step these two workers for Christ guided many into the kingdom. The ones who found Christ led their brethren into the straight and narrow way of life eternal.

A new factory went up in the outskirts of the city, and these men found employment there. Comfortable cottages were built and a new life began for them—a life of usefulness and Christian endeavor.

All this happened fifteen years ago. The old disabled cars have long since disappeared from the river's edge, and if you were to go through that village by the factory with its clean, sunny homes, or worship with its people in the pretty little modern church at the head of the street, you would not believe it possible that the old car-village by the river's edge had ever existed.

Mother Brown has gone to her reward, but Mother Trish is still a useful and very happy worker in the Master's vineyard many miles from the place where she received her special commission to go out and prepare the way for Christ's coming.—United Presbyterian.

*If a dog bite you don't be scared. Bathe the wound with cold water and cover it with a cloth on which Weaver's Cerate has been freely spread. The Cerate relieves the pain caused by the sting of insects.*

*The darker the sin the fairer the name the devil will select for it.—Ram's Horn.*

### HIS CALL TO SERVICE.

Doctor Bernardo, who has done so much for the street waifs of London, came to devote his life to this work as the result of the following incident, related by an exchange:

He was closing the rooms of a city mission one night after the children had gone, when down by the stove he saw one poor little ragged urchin standing without hat or shoes or stockings. He said to the boy: "Boy, it is time for you to go home."

The boy never moved.

Doctor Bernardo went on closing things up, and by and by he said again, "My boy, why don't you go home?"

The boy said, "I ain't got no home."

Doctor Bernardo did not believe it, but asked the boy to come to his house, and after giving him something to eat heard his story. He was an outcast, without father or mother, without place to sleep.

"Are there more like you?" asked Doctor Bernardo.

"Lots of 'em," said the boy.

"Will you show me some of them?"

"Yes, I can show you," said the boy.

So about midnight he went out with that boy, and they threaded their way down some of the streets of London, and then into a "close," and the boy pointed to a kind of coal bin in this area, and he said, "There's lot of 'em in there."

The doctor stooped down and lit a match, and there wasn't a boy in there. He thought the boy had been swindling him. But the boy wasn't at all abashed. He said, "Cops have been after 'em; they're up on the roof."

And with that the boy went up a brick wall on to a tin-covered roof, pulling the doctor up after him.

There, on that winter night—it happened to be a starlight night—the doctor saw thirteen boys huddled up and one little boy hugged close to his brother to keep warm; nothing under them but a tin roof; nothing over them but the starlit sky.

The boy said, "Shall I wake 'em?"

It occurred to the doctor that he had one boy there, and this boy was going to waken thirteen more, and he didn't know what to do with one, so he said, "No." But that night, on that tin roof, he stood and promised God that he would devote his life to the outcast boys and children of London.

That was Doctor Bernardo's night. That night he received his peculiar call for that peculiar service, and now, in or near London, there sleeps under friendly, Christian roofs nearly five thousand boys and girls, gathered by him, in course of training by him for lives of purity and usefulness.

### PREACHING.

An Englishman once complained to the minister of his parish that he preaches on the same subjects over and over again. He admitted that the lessons taught were of the most serious and important nature, but he said there was not enough variety.

"My friend," said the clergyman, "for what purpose do you imagine the precepts are given you?"

"That we may obey them, I suppose," said the man.

"You are right," was the reply; "and have you, then, learned to practise all the duties which I have already put before you?"

The man was obliged to admit that he had not as yet.

"When you have," said the minister, "I will either put before you some new

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duties to attend to or else I will keep silence, for practise is the end of preaching, and when your life entirely conforms to the life of Christ you will need no more sermons.—Selected.

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What we are in heart, in spirit, in the inner life, we are really before God; and that, too, we shall ultimately become in actual character, in outward feature.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

If we were called to suffer more for our faith, we would be worth more to the world.

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