

## Sunday Reading.

Into a far Country.  
A house of death—and yet no gloom  
Has met me at the door;  
A pleasant place I find it still,  
As it has been of yore.  
The hands that set the rooms aright  
The feet that tread the floor,  
Are no less swift to serve her now  
Than they have been before.

The chamber of her soul she swept,  
And garnished with within;  
A place of sweet propriety  
And fragrance it has been,  
To which a holy visitor  
Most gladly entered in,  
For to the inmate of the room  
This guest was near of kin.

And now both host and guest have gone  
Beyond the utmost star;  
The darkened chamber they have left  
To dwell in lands afar;  
A fair estate they two have won,  
Which hath no hedge nor bar,  
In the sweet light of God Himself,  
Where many mansions are.

The little house upon the hill  
Has never looked more fair,  
The fragrance of a hundred blooms  
Is stealing up the stair,  
The thrill of that long pilgrimage  
Is on the quiet air,  
Oh, blessed hour, than bliss itself  
More wonderfully rare!

Shut up with a Bible.

When Nicholas I. became Emperor of Russia, his first task was to put down a formidable edition among the aristocracy of his realm. Many nobles, detected in guilt, and many who were simply suspected, were thrown into prison. One, who was innocent, was by nature a man of fiery temper; his wrongful arrest infuriated him, and he raved like a wild animal. Day after day, brooding over his treatment, he would stamp shrieking through his cell, and curse the Emperor, and curse God. Why did He not prevent this injustice?

No quiet came to him save in the intervals of exhaustion that followed his fits of rage. A visit from a venerable clergyman, on the ninth day of his confinement, produced no softening effect. The good man's prayer was heard with sullen contempt. The divine words, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' sounded like mockery to the embittered prisoner. The aged minister went away, leaving a Bible in the cell, which he begged the prisoner to read.

As soon as his visitor was gone the angry nobleman kicked the Bible into a corner. What to him was the Word of a God who let tyrants abuse him?

But when the terrible loneliness of succeeding days had nearly crazed him he caught up the volume and opened it, and his first glance fell on the middle of the fiftieth psalm: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.' The text surprised and touched him, but his pride resented the feeling, and he dropped the book.

The next day desperation drove him again to the only companion of his solitude, and from that time he read the Bible constantly. Then he began to study it, and commit whole chapters to memory. The story of the Savior's life and death totally changed him. He saw himself a fellow-sufferer with the Christ Who was unjustly accused and slain.

Revengeful rage gave way, and the spirit of a martyr took its place. Like the persecuted Christians shut up in the Roman catacombs, he forgave his enemies. An unworldly joy took up the time he had once spent in harsh thoughts and words. The shadows of wrong and death vanished in the new light that shone upon him from beyond.

The company of a book—the one book in all the world that could have done it—had given the proud noble another heart.

Madame Dubois, once a beloved prison missionary in New York, from whose writings this story is taken, was in Russia when the condemned man's aunt and sister, with whom she was visiting, received a letter which was believed to be his last. It was the outpouring of an exalted soul superior to fate.

He had undergone his trial, and unable to prove his innocence, had been sentenced to death. On the day set for his execution, while the ladies of his mansion walked in tears through the craps hung parlors, suddenly the sight of their doomed kinsman himself astonished them at the door!

It was an unhopd for deliverance at the last moment. When the jailer's key unlocked the prisoner's cell, instead of the messenger of death the Tsar of Russia stood before him. A conspirator's intercepted letter had placed the innocence of the suspected nobleman beyond question, and the Tsar made what amends he could by bestowing on him a splendid castle and a general's commission.

Seventy-five years have passed since then

and with them the life of the almost-martyred Russian; but the fruits of his devout fidelity and kindness among his fellowmen, the hospital he built for the sick and friendless,—and the very Bible he was shut up with in his own distress,—still bear witness to a consecration that was worth all its personal cost.

### The Indian Pariahs.

The chief sufferers by the present famine in India, as well as by all other natural and political calamities in that great empire, are the unfortunate Pariahs, or outcasts, who number, according to a late estimate, nine millions, and whose condition is now practically as bad as the slavery from which the English rule is supposed to have redeemed them. At least half of them are in the presidency of Madras; and in and about the city of Madras they form one quarter of the population.

The Pariahs are socially and industrially below the Sudras, who are the lowest caste. The Pariahs are of no caste at all, and have no place in the social and religious scheme. They are nominally free, but only nominally. The law compels them to live in separate hovels outside the boundaries of villages. They cannot carry on trade or agriculture, and can only perform the most laborious, unpleasant and menial services.

The state of the Pariahs is practically that of the chandala, of whom it is said, in the Hindu law of custom, that he 'shall not dwell within town; his sole wealth must be in dogs and asses; his clothes must consist of the mantles of deceased persons; and his dishes must be broken pots.'

The Pariahs are prohibited from drinking at the public fountains; the upper castes—even including the poor and hard-worked and often starved Sudra—believe that they contaminate the water. As the fountains generally contain the only public or accessible water within a considerable radius, this is a terrible hardship to the Pariahs, who are often obliged to go several miles to get water, which then is very likely stagnant and unwholesome. The result is that disease is bred among them, which sometimes infects the whole population.

This gives the Pariahs a grievance which they fancy may compel the government of India to listen to their story of distress. In a general way, it is no doubt true that the English rulers of India would help the Pariahs if they could; but they are unable to govern the vast population of that empire without acceding to the social arrangements and religious notions of the people.

Nevertheless, there is no Indian law of custom against teaching Pariahs, and the English have established three hundred primary schools for the benefit of their children.

It is not clear, however, in what way education will help a people who are not allowed to live in villages, or travel with other people, or drink the water they drink, or engage in any trade or business. An educated outcaste would be a very unhappy outcaste indeed.

As matters are, the Pariahs are not—at least, when they can obtain food—an unhappy people. They are said to be very laborious in their menial way, frugal, pleasure loving, and capable of performing much hard work.

With regard to their diet; they have at least one privilege not possessed by Indians who belong to the caste; they can eat anything. A Sudra or an upper caste man may starve before he may eat beef; porter house steaks placed before him three times a day, during the famine, would not save him from starvation.

The members of the Hindu castes suffer from the great famine as the result of other inherited notions besides the one that compels them to eat only certain foods. They are restrained by superstitious fear from leaving their homes and travelling to the relief centres. The Indian government distributes great quantities of rice, but it cannot carry it around to all the people, and if their strange scruples prevent them from congregating at certain centres, they must die.

Here, too, the Pariah profits by his outcaste condition; he may go anywhere he can. He that has no caste is at least beyond the fear of losing it.

### Wives Who Make Their Husbands Fortunate.

It is unhappily rare to find in the life-records of successful men anything like adequate justice to the wives who by their sympathy and encouragement have done so much to make great careers possible; and yet there are comparatively few men of note who do not ungrudgingly pay a high tribute to the helpfulness of their wives.

Few men have more gracefully accorded this credit to their wives than Charles Kingsley, the great preacher and writer, who professed to owe to his wife everything good that he had ever done, and whose tender worship of her was, perhaps the most beautiful thing in a beautiful life.

'People talk,' he wrote to his wife, 'of

love ending at the altar. Fools! I sit at the window all morning, thinking of nothing but home. I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life.'

On one occasion, when a friend who was dining at the rectory was speaking in high praise of his latest work, Kingsley said, 'Please do not say that to me. I am only the hand; there' (pointing to his wife) 'is my inspiration.'

It was one of the best features of Lord Beaconsfield that he was always as generous in his praises of his wife as he was chivalrous in his attentions to her; and this, although she had, in the words of an unkind critic, neither 'birth, brains, nor beauty' to win a man's homage.

Still, the 'eccentric widow' was the most slavishly devoted of wives, and cherished and cared for her 'Dizzy' as if he were the rarest jewel on earth. It was her devotion and her money that made a great career not only possible but easy for her ambitious husband.

A touching proof of her self-oblivation was when, while accompanying her husband to the House of Commons on the eve of a great speech, her hand was jammed in the carriage door. Although she was suffering intense pain, the brave woman said nothing of the accident for fear that it might disturb her husband and it was only when 'Dizzy' (as she loved to call him) was safe in the House that her control failed her, and she fainted away.

Bismarck was sustained through a crowded and ambitious life by the devotion of his wife, and vowed that he 'would rather share a peasant's hut with her than rule the world with another.'

There has seldom been a more ideally happy married life than that of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, whose joint existence was a poem of sustained beauty. Chivalry on his part and adoration on hers marked their last years together as much as the days when she penned her 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' in his honor, and he wooed her on a bed of pain. How they mutually inspired each other the world knows to its profit, for without the other, each life-record would have been sadly incomplete.

Keble had a wife who was almost as delicate as Mrs. Browning, and she equally was her husband's strength. He deferred to her in everything, and she was not only the inspiration of his life, but, in his own words, 'his conscience, his memory, and his common sense.'

Perhaps no man ever had a more devoted and helpful wife than Mr. Gladstone, or ever recognised her help in a more chivalrous way. From the far-away day sixty years ago when he led her to the altar, to the last sad parting, Mrs. Gladstone lived in and for her husband; and he paid many a touching tribute to the care she took of him, and the courage with which she inspired him.

There has rarely been anything more pathetically beautiful than the way in which the late Mr. Fawcett, the blind statesman, leaned on his wife, both physically and morally. She was his chief counsellor, and he generously admitted that her political judgment was sounder than his own, and that she had saved him from many a political pitfall, if not worse.

Cobden used to say that he owed any success he had achieved in life to his wife, the 'ignorant Welsh girl,' whom his friends looked on with so much suspicion as an unsuitable helpmate for him. The union, 'begun in romance and indiscretion,' was cemented by a long life of mutual sorrow and struggle, through which Mrs. Cobden's bright spirit buoyed her husband into success.

But the list of helpful wives is almost as long as the list of successful men. The old stories are being re-enacted today in every field of man's endeavour. Lord Salisbury owes more than the world knows to his wife, who has been his guardian angel since the days when they wrote together for the press in a Strand by-street. Sir William Harcourt found a fortune of helpfulness in Motley's gifted daughter; Mr. Chamberlain has a spur to his ambition in the 'Puritan maiden' he married eleven years ago; and what nobler or more devoted wives have men ever had than the Queen, the ex-Empress Frederick and the loving and ill-fated 'Princess Alice'?

### Strange Ways of Saving Life.

One of the chief features in connection with the recent disaster to the Channel steamer *Stella* was the curious method in which one of the passengers saved his life through an inflated football tied about his waist acting as a lifebuoy. This, however, is not nearly so unique as most people imagine.

Some years ago a similar catastrophe overtook a steamer plying between Bristol and Jersey, which struck on some rocks off the Scilly Isles and speedily went to pieces. On board was an old lady who had been

bedridden for a number of years, and who



## Don't use

an imitation—especially imitations of Pearl-line. Many are dangerous. And dangerous washing powders can never be cheap—no matter how little you pay for them. Peddlers and untrustworthy grocers will tell you the stuff they offer is "Pearline," "same as," "as good as," "made in the same factory," etc. It's false.

Pearline is the standard washing compound; never peddled; gives no prizes; simply stands on its merits as the best, safest, and most economical.

**Millions Use Pearl-line**

was going to St. Helier to spend her remaining days. Naturally, the journey presented great difficulties to a person in her condition, and in order that the fatigue might be lessened somewhat, she was provided with an air-tight bed, which regulated to a certain extent the oscillations of the vessel.

When the steamer struck, of course the old lady thought her last hour had arrived, but great was her surprise when it went to pieces to find herself floating out to sea on the air bed. In a short time she was picked up, which had it not been air tight would have left her no alternative but to have gone to the bottom.

The *Barcarolle*, a French merchant vessel, set out from Brest en route for Boston some years since with no other than a cargo of bees. The insects were stored in wicker hives similar to those with which we familiar in this country, fires being kept burning in the hold throughout the journey for the purpose of stupefying them. When nearing Boston the ship struck in one of the numerous small islands in the vicinity and although it was broad daylight a fog prevented the signals of distress being seen.

Quickly the steamer began to break up, and as it did so the hives of bees began to float out and cover the water; the struggling insects, too much overcome by the fumes, allowed themselves to be drowned, and were swept away by the waves. Soon it became apparent that those who wished to be saved must jump overboard and swim for the rocks. Those uninitiated in the art of swimming were given life-belts, and followed their more fortunate brethren in their endeavours to reach terra firma.

Then a new difficulty presented itself; there were not enough belts, so it looked as if some would have to perish, when a bright idea struck one of those who had already plunged into the water. Swimming to one of the hives floating about everywhere, he turned it over and got inside.

The experiment proving successful, others followed his example, and soon the strange sight was seen of inverted beehives containing human freight moving slowly through the grey mist. Occasionally one upset, and loss of life frequently followed, but there is no doubt that had it not been for the hives many of those in the fatal vessel would not have been alive today to tell the tale.

A similar case is also to be found in the annals of maritime history, but in this instance hen coops took the place of hives. The cargo consisted of hens, ducks, and geese, penned in coops, and when the ship foundered many of these floated about, such of the poultry as could swim making good their escape. Some of the passengers got astride the coops, and were thus kept from the fury of the waves, many saving their lives thereby.

A curious story comes from America, which, if true, certainly deserves a place in this article. Two liners collided in a fog, one of which speedily began to founder. All the women and children were put into the boats, and the remainder furnished with life belts. Whilst the vessel was sinking a passenger who possessed a cork leg took it off and tied it round him, then plunged into the water. After battling with the waves for some time, aided by his curious life preserver, he was picked up by the other vessel. As he could not swim, he never regretted having lost a limb in the Civil War and having had a cork one substituted.

### A Lesson in Humility.

Fine as is the point of the hypodermic injector, by which an anodyne is thrown in to the circulation of a sleepless man, it is not so sharp or penetrating as the suggestion of the gentle wife upon making her husband a better man.

'Isn't it curious, Cynthia,' the colonel said to Mrs. Calliper, 'how sometimes the current of our lives is deflected by the most trivial incidents? Now there was Philetus Goblinton you remember what a vain, consequential man he was? But all that was changed by just the slightest thing in the world.'

'He went one Sunday to a church where

he had never been before, and where he was quite unknown. As usual, he made toward the middle aisle, where, at home, he was accustomed to sit; but the man that met him led him, not down the middle aisle, but along the back of the pews and down a side aisle, and gave him a seat pretty well back.

'That was a crusher for Philetus. Here was a man evidently a person of some account, who with the unprejudiced eyes of a total stranger had sized him up as a man of side aisle importance.

'Could it be that his friends and acquaintances really so regarded him? It set him thinking, and the result you see in the modest thoughtful Philetus Goblinton of to-day.'

Jason, dear,' said Mrs. Calliper, 'don't you suppose it would be a good thing for you to go to a strange church once in awhile?'

### READ HER OWN DOOM.

A Woman (Physician's) Fatal Look Into the Kye-piece of a Microscope.

'Yes, I will look,' said Dr. Mary Hawes, as she stood before the keenly polished microscope one day last week in the laboratory of the City Hospital, Cincinnati.

There was one little drop of sputum on the glass slide. To put her eye to the microscope meant to this delicate young woman, who had long since consecrated herself to science, the story of her life—or death. She had labored tirelessly in the consumptive ward and her own symptoms became suddenly startling. Bacteriology was her specialty; she had passed upon countless cases of tuberculosis without an error. She had by her experiments and diagnosis answered the question of life or death for hundreds of consumptive patients.

Then came her own weakness, pallor, fever, cough and pain. She had resolved to test her own case for herself. The drop of sputum was as carefully adjusted on the slide as if it had been for the humblest patient. The light was just right, the lenses were adjusted—it only meant a look to tell whether she was doomed or not.

She looked. There was no tremor of her hands, no sudden pallor of her face when her eye left the eye-piece. Instead she asked the first physician who dropped in to look, too.

'Bacilli tuberculosis,' said he, coolly, thinking it only the examination for a patient in one of the hospital wards.

Another interne happened into the laboratory.

'Look at this,' said Miss Hawes, offering him the microscope.

'Tuberculosis,' said the second expert, laconically, ready to hurry away to his duties.

'This is my own case,' said Miss Hawes. 'I shall resign at once and go to Denver.'

Then only did the doctors realize the young woman's nerve. It had been left for her to diagnose her own case. She knew what she had seen through the microscope, and she simply wished for confirmation. She has now left for the dry air of Colorado in her fight with the scourge that has killed more men and women than all the cannons of all the armies of the world. She is perfectly calm about it and will study her case in the hope of saving her own life; if she does not she will try to leave valuable ideas to posterity for the guidance of physicians in fighting the malady.

Miss Hawes is a physician who was graduated with honors from Laura Memorial College. She stood among her competitors for a place in the City Hospital as interne, and won. She spent her time with the consumptives. She contracted her ailment there.

Every physician in Cincinnati hopes she will recover. Dr. McKee contracted the disease a year ago, and was cut off in his prime. Dr. Beeson, who succeeded him in the tuberculosis ward, was warned in time and went to Mexico before it was too late.

### There is Really

no room in four lines of print to set forth the danger of letting a cough "get well of itself." Take no chances of that sort. Use Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm. 25c; all druggists.