

Thoughts of Christ.

I journey through a desert drear and wild, Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled...

Thoughts of His love, root of every grace, Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place...

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears, The tale of love unfolded in those years...

Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze, And there behold its sad, yet healing, rays...

Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day In patient hope I watch and wait and pray...

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet, My thoughts and meditations are so sweet...

The New Minister's Wife.

"Well, how do you do, Mis' Bascom? I thought I'd just drop in, on my way home from the circle..."

"I declare, Mis' Stone, I felt too tired to stir out of the house. I've been up for three or four nights with Johnny, and I'm all wore out..."

"Well, you don't know what you've lost, Mis' Bascom. We had an excitin' election. You know we was to elect officers to-day..."

"I don't know, Mis' Stone, as I blame Mis' Hartwell one mite. She is president of the Missionary Society, secretary of the Ladies' Association..."

"Well, you can say what you've a mind to, Mis' Bascom. I think she is the most suitable person' and Mis' Hartwell had ought to taken it..."

"Well, now, Mis' Stone, I don't think we'd better begin by findin' fault with the minister's folks. Perhaps they are just the ones we need here..."

"I don't know as I've really said anything against 'em, and I don't mean to; but I can't help seein' when things don't go to suit me..."

"The day came at last when she had the doctor's permission to go out. Her first call was on Mrs. Bascom, her nearest neighbor..."

Why, Mis' Stone, you've no right to say so. You don't know anything about how it is, and this donation business you speak of is nothin' more nor less than a regular nuisance..."

"Well, good-night, we'll be over soon. Come again."

Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell had been in Brownsville six months when the annual meetings of the sewing circle occurred. Mr. Hartwell was thoroughly engaged in his work, and had come to this new field of labor filled with enthusiasm...

In time, those who had been inclined to find fault with her began to be aware that though she would not always work in their way, she had a very good way of her own. There chanced to be a good deal of sickness among the people not many months after Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell came to Brownsville...

Mrs. Stone now had ample time for thought, and saw that she had misjudged Mrs. Hartwell. What troubled her more was the fact that she had helped others to misjudge her also...

"The day came at last when she had the doctor's permission to go out. Her first call was on Mrs. Bascom, her nearest neighbor..."

"Well, Mis' Bascom, I've come over just as soon as I was able, to tell you I've changed, as you said perhaps I might."

"Why, Mis' Stone, I don't know what you mean, but I'm real glad to see you. You've been a pretty sick woman and no mistake. Why, one while I didn't think you'd get well."

"There was a pretty long time I didn't think myself I should, but thanks to God's goodness I have. Don't you remember, Mis' Bascom, how I come in here on my way...

from the annual meetin' of the sewing circle, and run on about Mis' Hartwell? And don't you know you told me to wait awhile, I might change my mind? Well, I have, I can tell you. There ain't a better woman alive to day than she is...

Here the poor woman broke down completely, but she soon recovered herself, and went on to say: I haven't lived as I ought to, but I'm going to try for something better now. I'm afraid I've been more of a professor than a possessor."

"Well, Mis' Stone, I guess you ain't the only one; we don't none of us do just right. I know I don't, anyway. I guess you are as good as the average."

"Now, Mis' Bascom, don't you go to tryin' to make me think too well of myself again. You'd ought to help me see myself as I am. You know I talk too much. I've said unkind things about folks, but I hope I'm through with that now, I don't know how I can ever thank Mis' Hartwell enough for what she has done for me..."

"Well, Mis' Stone, I tell you what, I guess you're in dead earnest. Folks generally are before the pocket-book is regenerated. I say, joy go with you! There is no doubt you can be a great help to the minister's folks, and in more ways than one, too..."

"Well, Mis' Bascom, I hope I may; I need it. At any rate I am goin' to try to do more and better work for the Master."

"That's good, Mis' Stone! You don't know how glad I am for you. Well, I'm much obliged, Mis' Bascom. Why, its gettin' late, ain't it, and I'm tired. I must go. Do run in."

"Yes, I will, and you come again. Good-bye."—Zion's Herald.

The Irreligious Woman.

A lady who has recently returned from a trip to Europe, and who enjoyed unusual opportunities while there for becoming acquainted with the private life of foreigners of high social standing, recently made these striking observations...

"I visited several houses while I was gone," she said, in which, in the midst of culture and refinement there was no religion. In all these the same characteristics were noticeable, but in one they were especially marked...

"I cannot tell you how painfully was impressed upon me during my stay in this household the awful lack which is produced by the absence of religion. There were no family prayers, no grace before meat, no Bibles upon the beautiful tables, no church-going on the Sabbath, no study of God's word..."

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path in search of he knew not what There was a feeling as though here were a flock without a shepherd One's heart ached to direct them to a Guide, a Helper, and, indeed, I said all that I could in courtesy say to meet what I felt to be their cruel need.

The tone of the conversation in this family, which was always bright and witty, was equally trying. It was cynical and pessimistic to the last degree, and full of flings and sacred things. But the most striking thing to me in this whole experience was not its effect upon my moral sense, though that was of course the most shocking. My whole aesthetic nature revolted at it. No doubt similar families abound on our own side of the Atlantic, but my lot here has always fallen among Christian people. Now I saw, as I never seen before, how ugly and unsymmetrical is a household without the love of God in it...

Two Epitaphs.

Remarkable are two epitaphs, the first of which is said to be upon a tombstone in the city of Sacramento: "Here is laid Daniel Borrow, who was born in Sorrow, and Borrowed little from Nature except his name and his love to mankind and hatred to redskins; who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot; who, through a long life, never killed his man except in self defence or by accident; and who, when he at last went under, beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in the saloon of Jeff Morris, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting Morrow."

The other, which belongs to a Nevada burying-place, is such a noteworthy achievement in this line that it may fitly conclude our compilation of a few of the curiosities of epitaph literature: "Sacredo the Memory of Hank Monk—the Whitest, Biggest-hearted, and Best-known Stage driver of the West; who was kind to All and Thought Ill of None. He Lived in a Strange Era, and was a Hero, and the Wheels of his Coach are now Ringing on Golden Streets.—Chambers's Journal."

ANGER—A boy down a sewer! About a year ago all Baltimore was electrified by the intelligence that a boy had been swept down one of our sewers; and when the body of the little fellow was found in the harbor, whither it had been carried, what sympathy was felt for the heart-broken father and mother. Ah! we feel deeply enough over so sad an occurrence, but what must the angels think of us when they see us profess such horror over an event of this kind, and yet calmly enduring the existence of more than three thousand moral sewers in our city—the saloons, which are sweeping boys by the thousands to destruction! The pity of a whole city is shown when one boy is swept into a street sewer, but none whatever for the thousands drowned and destroyed by drink! And a hundred thousand of us who live in this city call ourselves Christians.—Baltimore Methodist.

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Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery a trial. I did so with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and a third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored, and strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced."

NOTHING SO GOOD.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for a number of years, and find nothing so good for diarrhoea and sick stomach as it has proved itself to be.

MRS. D. A. WILSON, Ridley P. O. Ont.

A SURE RELIANCE. GENTLEMEN,—We have a family of seven children and have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past ten years in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaints. It never fails us and has saved many doctor's bills.

J. T. PARRISON, Granton, Ont.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation."

An Episcopal Rector. severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

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