Kissing The Rod.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone!
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And quit our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Just An Everyday Saint.

BY HELEN A. WALKER.

Wait, Tommy; that button must be sewed on your jacket.

But I'll be late for school, mother.

No, you will not be late; give me your jacket and you amuse baby one minute; you know our clock is a little fast.

Tommy took baby Ben to the window and called his attention to a passing "bow-wow" while the button was being fastened in place.

Why, mamma, it's raining; I'll have to carry an umbrella to school, won't I?

Is it raining? said Mrs. Chubb anxiously.

Yes, indeed, see the drops on the window. But I'll take that broken umbrella, and then if anything happens it won't make any difference.

Tommy was conscious that his umbrella was liable to accidents, and how could it be otherwise when it was sure to be used as an offensive and defensive weapon in his friendly skirmishes with other boys?

Here's your jacket, my boy; now get your umbrella and scamper off to school.

Mrs. Chubb stood at the window and watched him as he joined Bill Blake, who was also on his way to school.

Tommy, she called; he looked back. Tommy, you may bring Billy home to dinner with you

All right, mother; good for you.

It was wash day, and that invitation increased Mrs. Chubb's work a little, for she was her own cook on wash-days. But, she said to herself, he needs a good dinner and he shall have it. I must hunt up some warm clothes for him, too; poor little fellow, he shall have that overcoat Tommy has laid aside, and I do believe I can mend the sleeves before time to get dinner.

The overcoat was brought, with a roll of pieces, and the mending went on, with occasional interruptions, for baby Ben must receive a bright smile once in a while, and a little help, too, in his small endeavors at block-house building

The coat being finished, and the baby tucked away for his nap, Mrs. Chubb hastened to the kitchen and busied herself in preparing dinner.

After dinner the overcoat was given to Billy, and he buttoned himself up in it with great delight.

Thank ye, Mis' Chubb, ever so much; mother said I'd just have to run to keep warm this winter, 'cause she couldn't afford to buy me an overcoat, an' now she'll see me come a walkin' in with an overcoat on.

Well, I'm glad you like it, Billy; just put this roll of pieces in the pocket, so your mother can have them to mend with if needed. I'm glad I knew of a good little boy to have that coat; it ought to be proud of having kept two good boys warm, said Mrs Chubb, as she started the children off to school, each with a nice red apple in his pocket.

Hooray for us, Billy, said Tommy; that means you're one good boy and I'm another.

The next day Mrs. Chubb called on Billy's mother, a poor widow who worked hard to provide for her little family.

Mrs. Blake, she said, I would like to have Billy take his dinners with us during this term of school; you know we live nearer the schoolhouse than you do, and he can always be there in time. She did not add that the boy would be sure of a good, hearty meal, but Mrs. Blake thought of that and appreciated the kindness.

It is very good of you, Mrs. Chubb, and Billy will say so, too. I know it will be some trouble to you.

No, not trouble; I shall be glad to do it. You know we busy housekeeping mothers can not reach out very far, or do very great things for the dear Master, but we can improve our little wayside opportunities. But good bye now, for I must look in on Mrs. Paley a few minutes before going home. Don't forget to tell Billy.

Mrs. Chubb found Mrs. Paley where everybody found her, and where she had spent many years, in her own room on a couch.

How good you are to come, said the invalid, I thought it was about time for a visit from you.

I like to come here, answered Mrs. Chubb cheerily, because I always find you at home.

Yes, you find me at home, said Mrs. Paley, wearly, but do you know home sometimes seems to me like a prison?

Such a pretty room as this can not surely seem like a prison, said Mrs. Chubb, with a smile; only see the pretty, bright carpet, lovely pictures, nice furniture and two windows through which you have glimpses of God's beautiful world outside.

Yes, a beautiful world, but you remember Mrs. Browning says: "Two little tears suffice to cover all."

Ah! but the beauty is there just the same, and God is God; floods of tears cannot wash away that blessed truth.

Then Mrs. Chubb chatted about various matters, little incidents in her own home life; told some quaint sayings of baby Ben, and gave a sketch of the pastor's prayer-meeting talk the night before.

Mrs. Paley listened with interest, and the weary look faded from her face.

Now, good-bye, dear, said Mrs. Chubb; I see Miss Vail just passing, and I want to speak with her. Be of good courage, and with a promise to come again as soon as she could, Mrs. Chubb quietly closed Mrs. Paley's door behind her, and quickly overtook the lady with whom she wished to speak

How do you do Miss Vail? and then, as she hesitated, I am Mrs. Chubb; you remember we spoke together at church last Sunday.

Oh, yes, I do remember, but I was not expecting to meet any one I knew.

I am so glad to see you continued Mrs. Chubb, for I wished to remind you of our church tea Friday evening. You will like to go, I am sure.

I do not know that I care to Mrs. Chubb, I am so much of a stranger yet.

Yes, you are a stranger, but we are going to take you in and make you feel at home among us. You will soon make acquaintances. I am glad you handed in your church letter so soon after coming among us.

I like the pastor very much.

I am sure you do; wasn't that a good sermon he gave us last Sunday? Now, Miss Vail, I will call for you Friday evening, Mr. Chubb can not go to the tea, and I shall be so glad of your company. Miss Vail's consent to accompany her was given, and they parted at the next corner.

When Billy came home from school that afternoon his mother told him about Mrs. Chubb's invitation. He was greatly pleased, and searched through his limited vocabulary for words to express his feelings:

Mother, Mis' Chubb's a brick; she's a pressed brick, that's what she is.

Yes, Billy, or perhaps she's a saint.

Mebbe; not the kind with a long white dress and a shiny ring round her head, though; but just a kind of everyday saint.

She's the kind we read of in the Bible, Billy.

Where?

You'll see when we have our reading to night.

They read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew from the thirty-first to the forty-first verse.

Yes mother, I see, said Billy.—The Herald and Presbyter.

How to Have a Happy Home.

Home,—one of the sweetest of words. Here is where life begins, and for the most part ends. Life takes its character from the home. The words "home" and "heaven" are often found together. They stand practically for the same thing, in one case on earth, in the other in the world above. To merit its name it must be happy. Ruskin defines its true nature as "the place of peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division." He calls it "a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods, before whose face none may come but those whom they can receive with love.

1. The first condition of a happy home is a reverent, devout, loving recognition of God. He is its architect. An ideal home without a family altar is inconceivable. Family life should center about the Bible, be sweetened by daily song, be hallowed by joyous, reverent prayer. Oh, the sweetness, the sunshine, the melody, the unity of such a home. Its love is the outcome of divine love. Only thus can natural affection be ennobled, sanctified, and made abiding.

2. Unselfishness. Christian love forbids thoughtlessness and disregard of others. Courtesy and ceaseless kindness must habitually control speech and action. "Be kindly affectioned one toward another" is the counsel of Scripture. The spirit that blesses and beautifies the home is gentle, patient, forbearing, thoughtful, dutiful, affectionate.

3. Culture must be added to grace. Grace itself demands it. Books, music, pictures, a high grade of periodical literature, and all that refines, ennobles, and educates must be coveted, and as resources permit, secured. Much of the world's money is squandered on outside pleasure that brings no profit, but rather, by creating a spirit of restlessness, disorganizes the home which is the only permanent source of virtue and joy. The encroachments of modern society and public amusements are a portentous menace to the well being of mankind.

4. Pleasure. It is a tremendous impeachment of family life and of stability of character when a household can find no satisfying amusements within the bounds of its own circle. Parents must play with their children, provide them games. Children well trained find more delight in the companionship of parents, brothers, and sisters in sport than in that of the outside world. A family circle, happy in itself, listening to reading about a table well loaded with good literature, enjoying or uniting in music and song, full of glee over some wholesome game, rich enough in character and life to have resources in itself, and not dependent for diversion and amusement upon the questionable and superficial pleasures ministered by those not seeking our highest good—such a home is a joy to childhood, an inspiration to manhood, a boon or a blessed memory to old age.—The Telescope.

The Model Husband.

I am a model husband. My wife couldn't lay her hands on another like me in a fortnight. When the baby cries at night, I get up and fix him and put him back to sleep. We have been married three years and we have the sweetest little baby boy in the world. I never cause my wife any trouble. When she is all tired and worn out, I just say, Come, now, old sweetheart, go lie down and let me finish this job. We have a great number of little dresses for Wendel and I know where they are kept and how to get at them.

My wife's father is a well to do farmer, and I like my wife's mother. I never see any other woman who can walk a little better than my wife, or who looks just a little sweeter. I wouldn't marry the best woman on earth unless I thought she filled the bill for perfection, from my standpoint of judgment. I thought my wife did—and she does. When she gets a biscuit turned over a few times between her hands and puts it in the pan, I know the biscuits are going to be exactly right. No doubt about it. We have no drip coffee pot, but she makes the blessedest drip coffee you ever saw, and has the commonest kind of an old tin coffee pot. She has a majestic bearing, too. Her feet set just exactly as a perfect woman's feet set. Her head could be carried no better if she tried for a hundred years.

When I want to find out if anything is right or not, I just get it before her mind and figure on her judgment. She hits it every time. Don't ask me how she does it. There is no spittoon around the house. I know where the peg for my hat is and every time I take it off in the house I hang it on this peg. My coat has a peg, too, and there is where my coat is found when not on my back. There is no club on earth like my wife and Wendel. She is the "outside guard" and the "inside guard:" She is the light in the east and the intellect in the west. She is my bright and morning star. She can smell a loose button a hundred yards, and she has a way of noticing the little specks on my coat lapel, as she used to before we were married. She loves me and Wendel. I don't find anybody that suits me half as well as she does, sweet and gentle from morning till night. When I want to be cross, she won't let me. When I get cold-hearted and the last speck of brotherly love is oozing out of me, just one touch of her presence stops that disposition. All in all, my wife is O. K., and I am a model husband.—Erastus Plokey.

"Lady" or "Woman?"

"Woman" is the nobler word. Many of the best women abominate "lady," and consider it as equivocal in meaning as "female." It was a decided advance when the cars and ferryboats substituted "men" and "women" for "ladies" and "gentlemen" on their signs. Now in a book called Collections and Recollections is this: The house surgeon of a London hospital was attending to the injuries of a poor woman whose arms had been severely bitten. When he was dressing the wound he said, I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit. This is too small for a horse bite, and too large for a dog's. O, sir; replied the patient, it was not an animal; it was another lady.

Why Don't You Say Something?

Not long ago a little girl came crying to her mother, and holding out a bruised arm. The mother gave the child only a passing glance, and turned again to her occupation, whereupon the little one said, through its tears, Mamma, why don't you say something?

Well, what do you want me to say? was the somewhat impatient query.

You might say you are sorry, or Oh, that's too bad! said the little one.

The words struck a tender chord in my heart as I thought of the great yearning of so many souls as voiced by the childish lips, You might say you are sorry. How many there are whose hearts would beat a little more hopefully, and whose eyes would moisten sympathetically, if only you would say you are sorry. There is, perhaps, more than one in whose life you have, though inadvertantly, planted a poisoned dart, and the longed-for word that you are sorry, or its too bad, would bring a ray of sunshine into the heart, and cause a new song to spring from lips attuned to joy instead of bitterness.

There is a sick one lying in a darkened room, and often he has turned his face to the wall as in the depths of his anguish he has borne his burden alone. The glory of heaven will light up the gloom of that chamber if only you will stand by the bedside, and while the love of Jesus throbs in your heart you hold the fever-burned hand and whisper: I am sorry. "I was sick, and ye visited me."

Wondrous is the influence of saying something. You see so many who need the word of counsel, encouragement, or kindly warning, and they need it from you. Then, why don't you say something? Think what remorse would seize your soul if, standing by a careless boy's dying bed, he should look up into your face, and say: If you only had said something when you saw me going blindly into the temptation which wrought my ruin, this hour might mean hope instead of despair.

Let no fear of scorn or jeer seal your lips when your heart prompts you to speak the thing your judgment tells you is needed. Speak it, and trust God for the result. Speak it in love and in the name of our Lord, and all will be right.—Chris. Standard.

Prayer.

Prayer should be—

1. Yielding. "Not as I will, but as thou wilt" (Matt. 26: 39).
2. Persistent. "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint" (Luke 18: 1).
3. Sincere. "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do" (Matt. 6: 7).
4. Constant. "Pray without ceasing" (I. Thes. 5: 17).
5. Effectual. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (Jas. 5: 16).—Golden Rule.

It is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God, for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The use of Hall's Hair Renewer promotes the growth of the hair, and restores its natural color and beauty, frees the scalp of dandruff, tetter, and all impurities.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Grand Remedy for Coughs.

"I have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and found it a grand remedy for coughs and colds, and highly recommend it." O. M DOHERTY, Camilla, Ont.

A man of irregular habits will find one of Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders taken in the morning clear his head, steady his nerves and put him in shape for his day's work. Price 10c. and 25c.

Worth Thinking About.

A daily paper in this city recently published the following incident. A stylishly-dressed young lady one day discovered a small boy in the act of breaking the eggs in a bird's nest. She reprovingly said: You naughty boy, what will the poor mother-bird think when she finds that her eggs are destroyed? The boy looked up and replied: Oh, she won't care; she's on your hat. This is probably the invention of some paragrapher, but it is a very pointed narrative. We commend it to our bird-wearing lady readers. It is worth studying.

He only is good who shows himself grateful for all benefits that he receives even for the least.

There is no use in breaking our hearts against eternal laws. Try to burst through them, and we are in prison. Live within their precincts, and we have the freedom of heaven and earth time and eternity are at our service.—Selected.

A HEALTHY WOMAN.



Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kidneys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs! Backache, lame back, headaches, listlessness, all signs of kidney trouble, are almost universal.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Tone and regulate the kidneys and help them to throw off the poisons from the system.

Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 200, Dresden, Ont., says: "For years I suffered from dropsical trouble which caused me much distress. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them at Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen condition, but by the time I had finished the first box I could do this without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no hesitancy in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for any Kidney or Dropsical trouble."

Price 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25, all Druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



Was there ever a women in the wide world who did not yearn to be the mother of a bright faced, happy, healthy, laughing, rollicking child? If there ever was such a woman, she was a bad one, and while there are many thoroughly bad men, there are very few thoroughly bad women.

It was God's and Nature's intention that every woman should be the mother of healthy children. Tens of thousands of women defeat this beneficent design by their ignorance and neglect. They suffer from weakness and disease in a womanly way, and take no measures, or the wrong measures, to remedy it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of this description. It acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs that are the threshold of human life. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous and virile. It heals ulceration, allays inflammation, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It banishes the trials of the period of impending maternity and makes baby's entry to the world easy and almost painless. It does away with the dangers of motherhood and shortens the period of weakness and lassitude. It insures the little newcomer's health and a bountiful supply of nourishment. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into happy, healthy wives and mothers. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. A dealer is not a physician, and has no right to suggest a substitute for the prescription of an eminent specialist like Dr. Pierce.

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