Our Minister's Sermon.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peter and Johnston they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow,
But I notice he didn't open his mouth,
Not once after that to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat,
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
And now I've come to the fellers
Who have lost their showers by usin their friends
As sort of moral umbrellas.
Go home, says he, and find your faults,
Instead of huntin your brother's;
Go home, says he, and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others.

My wife, she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots of smilin,
And lots of lookin at our pew,
Let out my blood a-boilin.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin a little bitter;
I'll tell him when the meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that sort of a critter.

—Selected.

Kathleen.

THE STORY OT AN IRISH GIRL.

Kathleen, is it possible that you are crying again? Did I not tell you that I should discharge you if I found you indulging in this foolish whimpering any more?

Poor Kathleen O'Neill had been dusting the elegantly furnished drawing room, and she stood before an exquisite little painting of one of the blue, sparkling Irish lakes, set in gold-green shores, with a sky beyond like liquid amber—stood, with her apron to her eyes, and her ruddy cheeks deluged in tears.

I couldn't help it, ma'm, she sobbed, but it puts me in mind of home.

Home! scornfully echoed Mrs. Arnott. Your home! A shanty in a bog. It isn't likely that you ever saw such a spot as that!

Deed did I then, ma'am, answered Kathleen, and many a time. For we lived just beyant them same green shores, when——

There, then, that will do, said Mrs. Arnott, coldly I don't care about any reminiscences.

Kathleen did not understand the five-syllabled word, but her quick nature comprehended the bitter, sarcastic tone. The tears were frozen in their fount—the scarlet spots glowed in either cheek.

She looks down on me as if I were a dog! Kathleen thought to herself. And sure it's the same flesh and blood God has given to both of us. How should she like it, I wonder, if it was her in a strange land, and never a kind word spoken to her! Oh, if I could but see the old mother, and little Honora, and Teddy, that's but a baby yet! But the wide blue sea rolls between us, and it's all alone I am!

Poor Kathleen! The sense of desolation came upon her with a sickening power just then, as she stood before the picture of the sweet Irish lake, with the wet splashes on her cheek; and Mrs. Arnott's cold, hard voice yet sounding in her ears.

It's a great trial to be obliged to do with these wild, untutored Irish.

Kathleen was just bringing up the tray, and Mrs. Arnott's words sounded distinctly in her ears, as she paused on the top step to get breath.

Of course, my dear, said Mrs. Tudor Audley, sympa[illegible] They're bad, thoroug[illegible]matically bad, the whole lot of 'em. I'd send them all back to their native country if it lay in my power.

I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea, said Mrs. Arnott, sharply, and then perhaps we should have a chance to employ Swedish or Chinese, or somebody that would at least earn their bread. Is that you, Kathleen? Why don't you bring the ice-water in at once, instead of standing dawdling there?

Kathleen obeyed, but the dreary, homesick feeling that thrilled through all her pulses can scarcely be described.

If I was only at home again, she thought, in bonny Ireland, where the poorest and the meanest have a kind word for each other! They scorn and hate me here; and sure I've tried to do my best, but the lady has got a heart of stone, and even the little childher in the nursery, with their French maid, make game of Irish Kathleen.

And the lonely exile wept herself to sleep upon her solitary pillow that night. It was a mere closet of a room, without either light or ventilation, that she occupied. Mrs. Arnott thought any place was good enough for Kathleen O'Neill; the bed was hard and insufficiently provided with clothing, but as Mrs. Arnott carelessly observed, it was, no doubt, a great deal better than what she had been used to at home. And she had just paid Messrs. Isaacson & Co. a thousand dollars apiece for draping her drawing room windows with lace and brocatel—so, of course, there was nothing left for such a trifle as the comfort of her servants.

Is Kathleen sick, mamma? little Julian Arnott asked one day; she cries so much, and she looks so white!

Mr. Arnott, a stout-built, good-hearted man, of forty or thereabouts, glanced up from his newspaper.

What does the child mean, Lucretia? he asked of his wife. I hope you look a little after your girls.

Of course I do, said Mrs. Arnott, sharply. Kathleen is only moping. She's a silent, sullen thing, at best, and I shall discharge her next month. Natalie has a cousin who wants the place.

Has she any friends in this country—Kathleen, I mean?

Not that I know of.

Seems to me I wouldn't discharge her, then. It would be rather hard, unless she has actually been guilty of some fault.

Mrs. Arnott bit her lip.

Gentlemen understand nothing of the management of a household, said she, tartly. These girls haven't our sensitive natures either; they are quite used to knocking around the world. Are you going down town now?

Yes.

I wish you'd stop and ask Dr. Hart to stop here this morning. Little Clarence is feverish.

Anything serious?

I hope not, the mother answered; but I always like to take these things in time.

Dr. Hart looked grave over Clarence's little crib; he involuntarily uttered the name of a malignant type of fever just then raging in the city.

I wish you had sent for me before, said he; but I fear it is too late to secure the exemption of your two other little ones But with constant care I think we may save the little fellow. You have a good nurse?

An excellent one. I can trust Natalie as I would myself.

You are fortunate, said the doctor.

He had scarcely closed the door behind him, when Natalie came to her mistress.

My month expires to-morrow, madame—will you pay me my wages and let me take my departure at once?

But, Natalie, the baby is sick—

Natalie shrugged her shoulders.

One's first duty is to one's self, madame. I would not risk the infection for twice you pay me.

And Natalie packed her trunk and departed without even coming into the nursery to bid little Clarence good-bye.

The cook was the next to give warning. Matilda, the laundress, took herself off without any such preliminary ceremony.

I know what the fever, is said she. And missus can't expect we're going to lose our lives for a bit of money.

I'm going too, said the seamstress. Mrs. Arnott wouldn't have lifted her finger if we'd all been dying, and I believe in doing to others as they do to me.

And almost before she knew it, the stricken mother was left all alone by the bedside of her suffering babe. Neighbors crossed on the other side of the street, like priest and Levite of old; friends contented themselves by sending to inquire; even hired nurses avoided the malignant fever.

Is there no one to help me? she moaned, wringing her white jeweled hands together. Have all pity and [illegible] womanly sympathy [illegible]

She turned at some fancied sound—Kathleen O'Neill was at her side, busied in arranging the table.

I thought you, too, had gone, Kathleen, she cried out.

Sure, ma'am, what should I be going for? asked Kathleen, simply, and the bits of childher sick, and you in sore trouble? I nursed the little brothers and sisters through the faver at home, and I know just what needs to be done.

And she took little Clarence in her arms, with a soft tenderness that went to the mother's heart.

Are you not afraid, Kathleen?

What should I be afraid of, ma'am? Isn't the good God's sky over us all, whether it's the green banks of Ireland or the church in this great confusin' city? Oh, ma'm, don't fear. He'll not take the bonny baby from us.

All Mrs Arnott's children had the fever—last of all, she was prostrated by it—and Kathleen watched over every one, faithful, true and tender.

Kathleen, Mrs. Arnott said, incoherently, the first day that she sat up, with the Irish girl carefully arranging pillows about her wasted form, Oh, Kathleen, I don't deserve this.

Sure, ma'am, if we all had our deserts in this world, it's a sorry place it would be, I'm thinkin', laughed Kathleen.

But Kathleen, I was so cruel to you—so heartless!

We won't talk of it, ma'am, dear, said Kathleen, evasively.

But say just once that you forgive me? pleaded the lady, once so haughty.

I forgive you, ma'am—as free as the sunshine! Kathleen answered, softly.

And you'll stay with me always and be my friend, Kathleen.

And Mrs. Arnott put up her lips to kiss Irish Kathleen's fresh, cool cheeks.

The years that have passed since then have made men and woman of the little people that Kathleen nursed through the fever; and strangers who visit in Mrs. Arnott's house, scarcely know what to make of the plump, comely, middle-aged woman who moves about the house, apparently as much at home in it as the mistress herself—who is always consulted about everything and trusted with all secrets.

Is she a housekeeper, or a servant, or a relation? some one once asked. And Mrs. Arnott replied:

She is my true and trusted friend, Kathleen O'Neill.—Journal and Messenger.

The Only Way.

What shall I do to get rid of the load of sin on my heart? asked a Hindu of a Brahmin.

How long have you felt it? asked the Brahmin.

For many years. It began to press heavily when I was yet young; and now, in my older years, is almost crushing my soul. Is there no help no hope?

Yes certainly. But how did you get it?

I cannot tell, except that years ago my sins began to trouble me, and the trouble has grown with every new sin. The load is so heavy now that it almost overwhelms me. Can I find a place where it will be removed?

Yes, many places.

Tell me of one, and of the nearest, that I may go at once, for it seems that I must die if relief does not come soon. And if I die, must my soul bear this load forever?

My poor friend, I am glad that I can tell you a way to be rid at once and forever of that load. Go to the river Ganges; wash in its sacred waters, and your sins will disappear your burden be gone forever. Then come back and tell me.

O, thank you Thank you! I shall be only too glad, when the burden is gone, to come back and show you my gratitude.

Some days later the poor sinner returned, disappointed, sad and burdened heavier than ever. When asked if he had bathed in the Ganges, and with what results, the man answered:

I entered the sacred water and washed my whole body from head to foot, but found no relief. Again I entered the river and bathed more thoroughly than before, but in vain. For a short time I sat weeping on the bank, and was asked by a stranger why I mourned. When he knew, he advised me to plunge into the water again, and remain beneath the surface until exhausted. Obeying, I remained under until death was near, hoping thus to destroy sin, but it was useless. The burden was heavier when I came out than when I entered, and has grown ever since. It will crush me unless relief be gained soon. Can you direct me to a better place? Is there something, no matter how difficult, that I can do? If you will only tell me I will do it, and forever after thank you for your wisdom and kindness.

Yours is no doubt a very, an unusually heavy load, and cannot be removed by the ordinary means. There is another, a far better, but much more trying and painful way; and a way that cannot fail. It is so severe and painful that only men of great courage and determination dare try it. Are you willing to endure great suffering that you may be rid of that load?

O sir, tell me what it is, and I will try at once. It cannot give worse suffering than I endure now. And shall I fear to endure the torture of an hour, a day, a year, if I may be rid of this overwhelming load and agony for a lifetime—no, an eternity?

Are you willing to swing for hours in the air with an iron hook thrust into your back, and holding you before the gaze of thousands?

Willing, yes; and glad to do that or anything else. But will that save me? Will that take away my load of sin?

Without doubt it will, if you can endure the suffering.

It is but a question between a few hours and agony of an eternity. I will go at once. When my load is gone I will return to thank you

With an iron hook thrust into his back, the poor wretch hung for hours from a pole swung in the air, and patiently hoped thus to gain pardon and peace to his soul. People looked on and wondered. They praised his courage, and declared that he would some day be one of the holiest of men; and that through this sacrifice and suffering he would win an untold amount of merit with the gods.

But when the poor creature was lowered, and the hook removed from the bleeding mangled muscles of his back, the old burden remained; and the pain of soul was greater than that of his wounded and torn body. People little thought his groans were because of sin rather than bodily suffering.

Weak and exhausted, he set out again for the Brahmin's home, but before reaching it saw a torn piece of paper in his path. Picking it up he read among others these words:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

He stopped, read again and again the precious truth. What did it mean? Who is Jesus Christ? Who his Father? How could he get that blood applied to his soul? Would it give relief? He had tried other things in vain; would not this prove as helpless? Where could he learn more?

Taking the scrap of paper to a foreigner who happened to be a missionary, he soon learned all he wished to know. And, what was far more to him, he found Jesus Christ; and when the blood was applied, the poor man found pardon, peace and joy such as he had never dreamed of before. Instead of the overwhelming load, he was nearly overwhelmed with delight. He could hardly keep from shouting his joy and telling everyone he met what Jesus had done for him.

One day the happy soul sought the Brahmin. With face glowing, and heart full, he met his former adviser and was gladly welcomed.

Ah, you have come, and you took my advice and found it good, I see. Is the load all gone?

Yes, all, and forever. I am so thankful. I never was so happy before in my life, and the joy grows as days past.

Yet it was a painful remedy

O, you mean the hook? Yes, I did try it, and that load was heavier than ever. No, not the hook. That gave agony, but no relief. I have found something better. It took all my sin away. It is the only thing that can do it. It is the only way. After telling about the piece of paper and the missionary, he repeated: It's the only way; the only way. The missionary told me of the blood of Jesus. I went to Him, and His blood washed all my sins away. The Ganges will not do it; the hook will not do it. Nothing but the blood of Jesus will. It is the only way. It is the only way.—Presbyterian.

Ask God daily to make you a missionary Christian.

Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

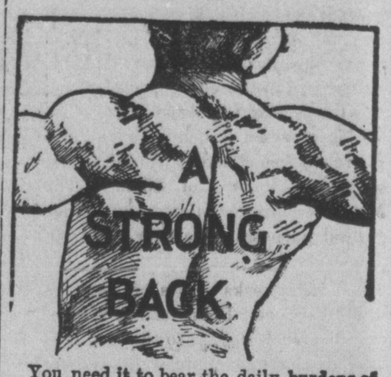
Neglect of the hair often destroys its vitality and natural hue, and causes it to fall out. Before it is too late, apply Hall's Hair Renewer, a sure remedy.

A Complete Medicine Chest.

Taken internally or applied externally Yellow Oil is equally efficacious. It cures Croup, Quinsy, Sore Chest, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Caked Breasts, Stiff Joints and dozens of other complaints. No household should be without it. It costs only 25c., and is a whole medicine chest in itself.

Write Well and Be Right.

A well-known musician, who writes a very illegible hand, once sent an unusually hopeless scrawl to a friend. The latter studied it a minute, gave it up in despair, and then sat down and wrote in reply, "I shall be most happy to dine with you to-morrow at six. Kindest regards to your wife. Yours, etc" In less than half an-hour his friend appeared, breathless, at his door. There's some misunderstanding, said he, anxiously. I wrote you a note asking if you could play the piano part of the trio at Brown's recital, and here you've sent me an acceptance of a dinner invitation. I'm sorry, but I didn't invite you to dinner! Well, returned the other, blandly. I didn't suppose you'd really sent me an invitation to dinner. But I couldn't read a word of your note, and in that case hereafter I mean always to take it for granted that you're asking me to dine. For one of his correspondents, at least, the offender now writes legibly.—San Francisco Argonaut.



You need it to bear the daily burdens of life. If your back's weak—Doan's Kidney Pills will strengthen it. If it pains and aches—Doan's Kidney Pills will cure it. No experiment in taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured hundreds of weak, aching backs long before other kidney pills were dreamed of.

MR. JAMES ROW, Belleville, Ont., suffered for nine years with terrible pain in the back, rheumatic pains, and pains in the bladder. He spent $300 doctoring, but got little relief. Doan's Kidney Pills have completely cured him, banished the back pains, and all the other pains and aches.

A Fatal Spider-Web.

When a fly accidentally gets caught in a spider's web, the spider goes calmly about the work of securing his prey. He doesn't hurry particularly. He takes his time and binds first the fly's feet, and then his wings and his entire body.

That is the way with the dread enemy of mankind—consumption. It has a web—the web of trivial disorders neglected. When a man heedlessly stumbles into that web, consumption first attacks his stomach, then his blood, then his lungs, then every organ in his body. Many doctors assert that when a man is once in this deadly web there is no escape. That is a mistake. Thousands have testified to their recovery from this disease by the use of the right remedy. Many of their letters, together with their names, addresses and photographs, appear in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The remedy that saved them was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures the conditions that lead up to it. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and germ-ejector. Druggists sell it.

"Your 'Favorite Prescription' cured my little girl, seven years old, of St. Vitus's dance," writes Mrs. A. E. Loomis, of Walnut Grove, Redwood Co., Minn. "She could not feed herself, nor talk. That was fifteen years ago. I have always had great faith in your medicines ever since. I had a terrible cough, and my friends thought I had consumption. I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it cured my cough, and now I do my housework. I have always praised your medicine and would like to have your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I enclose stamps."

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