HEART-WARMERS---LETTERS.

BY PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Among the life joys sweet st,
That thrill the waiting heart,
Are letters from the loved ones,
Who of ourselves are part.
And in the dear friend's letter
The thought that is most sweet,
O'er which we love to linger,
The tender strain repeat,

Are the fond words, "I love you,"
Which never lose their charm,
That come to longing spirits,
Like voice of soothing psalm.
We knew the dear one loved us,
But sweet is Love's refrain:
The happy tears are rising,
To read these words again.

"All day I have been thinking
So tenderly of thee,
Thanking our heavenly Father
Who gave such friend to me."
So much we need to comfort,
So oft we feel alone—
Heart-warmers are such letters.
From the loved friends—our own.

We need the tender love-words,
As we need sunshine-flowers.
To warm, to thrill with gladness,
These yearning hearts of ours.
Then let them oft be spoken,
Written yet o'er and o'er.
"Tell me the old, sweet story,"
I've heard so oft before.

CASTE.

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

Not the caste in heathen countries, nor even the caste in the community, but the caste in the church, for alas! it is all too true it is in the church.

Wellington, after his great victory at Waterloo, upon a certain Sabbath visited a country church. A seat had been reserved for this guest of honor. By some blunder a poor cripple sat him down in the reserved seat. A sharp reproof was given the cripple, but Wellington said: No, we are all alike here! This should be the spirit in the church members—all alike. But no; Mrs. A—will not recognize Mrs. B—, not even with a nod. Why should she? Mr. A—is a leading man in the business world while Mr. B—is only an ordinary man as to business. Mrs. A—forgets that Mrs. B—is as earnest a Christian as is found in the church. She does not know or care about the truth that Mrs. B—has had hard work to get off to church with all the family cares pressing upon her. She is a sister in the church, but caste must be observed.

St. James, in his Epistle, speaks of this very thing. He says: My brethren have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. He then described Mrs. A—and Mrs. B—as the rich and poor in the church.

A friend told us that on a certain Sabbath her pastor urged his people to show more sociability when they met on the Sabbath, urged them to show more love to one another. She, fired with this exhortation, determined to at once try to act upon it. Coming face to face with an acquaintance in the aisle she cordially extended her hand. How much do you think I received in return? exclaimed this dear Christian woman. Why, just three fingers! Ah, doubtless caste was at work; the one woman was wealthy, the other in very moderate circumstances. As the great Wellington said, we are all equal before the Lord and there should be a constant showing out of a spirit of love in the church, if that church is to be a truly successful one. And especially should caste be thrown out as something entirely forbidden.

The cordial hand grasp and the kindly word, those are often a drawing cord and even a winner of souls. A married couple went into a (to them) new neighborhood. The wife was in poor health, but the husband, though not a church member, sought at once for a church such as he preferred. There were two of that kind in the locality. The first Sabbath he attended one of these. The stranger received but little attention. Scarcely any notice was taken of the fact that he was a stranger, only as avoidance was a mark. Upon the following Sabbath the man of whom we speak attended the other church. Here one and another greeted him. He was introduced to the pastor, who spoke at once of calling upon him, and he was assured of his welcome. He came away greatly impressed with his warm welcome, and exclaimed to his wife: That is the church of my choice.

The one church was as glad of accessions as the other, but they failed to show courtesy to the stranger.

Let us throw away caste in the church as belonging to heathendom. I would not dare to slight the lowliest Christian, for he or she may be a better courtier of the King than myself, and so stand higher in His esteem.

In the time of a revival of religion in a large church two lowly ones (colored) became greatly moved. They were Christians, but they now longed to live better than ever before. Under the new impetus they went into a church meeting consequent upon the revival. Converts were individually welcomed, Christians spoke of their desires to do better than in the past, earnest prayers were offered, songs of praise were sung, and it was what we term a good meeting; but there was one great lack. What was it? Why, this: The two lowly ones were entirely overlooked. No one spoke to them or seemed to care for them; and as they went their way one said to the other: We are only two poor colored women. Disappointed, disheartened discouraged, they went onward.

It probably was thoughtlessness that made them overlooked, but if it had been realized that they were princesses of the greatest of all courts they doubtless would have received the needed attention. The lowly of the church need the kindly notice. Let us give it.—Chris. Intelligence.

THE WANT OF SYMPATHY IN THE HOME.

[The following letter received at The Guardian Office, speaks for itself. It is dated and signed, but does not tell the author's residence. We have no knowledge of any particular person to whom it applies. It asks for sermons from our ministers against selfishness in the home, but is itself so good a sermon on the subject that we give it publication as it is. It bears the marks of genuine sorrow, and presents in vivid outline a character that should be won by love to a better way.—Editor.]

I am in a dilemma, and I appeal to the columns of The Guardian, and to the ministers at large, for advice. If our ministers would preach a sermon on the subject, so near to my heart, it is this: The want of Sympathy in the Home. For instance, my husband is a devout Methodist, Bible-class teacher, member of the Quarterly Board, strictly punctual on Sabbath day services, never absent, still there is no more sympathy in his nature than in the curbstones. Though married for twenty years he has never once shown me or our children the first token of sympathy. Why, my very heart aches for a word of encouragement, and even our family look on father as a sort of menace to every pleasure. He is so grave, so reserved, so severely good, that really his influence is for evil instead of for good. I have five children, three sons and two daughters. The boys he treats with all the severity of a superior, and keeps them at arm's length. I feel an estrangement is growing between us as a family, father hard and unloving, children growing careless, father don't care for them, boys chafing to get off; my heart is breaking, and I am perishing spiritually, while my husband is a professing Christian, and to all outward appearance is a consistent member. Though he lives up to the church rules, he seems to be lost in himself—dead to all else—appetite is about the only thing he grows anxious about—if that is well catered to he will pull through. This may be a widespreading subject, for I believe it is the home life that affects the whole religious world. A man or woman who lives so narrow is a stumbling-block to any society. I grow eloquent on the subject because I have suffered all but death for twenty years. My husband's selfish nature refusing to let the goodness, or rather the light, shine out of his life. Why dear Guardian, I have, as a wife, had great suffering, reverse of fortune, loss of friends and near relatives. Oh, while my heart ached, longed for even one word of sympathy, I never had the pleasure of hearing him say, I am sorry for you. While I wept and sorrowed by his side, he looked on with stolid indifference. I often feel that something terrible will happen us as a family. This is the only hope I have now—that our own good minister will surprise us by a soul-stirring sermon on the home life. My prayer and fervent hope is, that God may, in his all-wise power, permit the chain of selfishness to be broken in many a home. The home life is the strongest factor that helps to make the nation, and the nation's sin brings disastrous results.

A GRIEVOUS FAULT.

If there is one thing more than another that brings a woman down to a level of actual coarseness and vulgarity, it is the habit of complaining about her husband to others. If there is anything that would justify a husband in rising up in open rebellion, is to have to endure the humiliation of hearing himself thus complained of. The writer has the misfortune to know one or two women of this type, and it goes without saying that they are adherents to the belief that marriage is a failure. The angel of peace hovers not over their hearthstones, and the spirit of discontent broods over their homes.

It is in this exasperating and inexcusable strain that I have heard these unwise wives discourse:

"I'd be so glad if my husband were like other men, but he isn't. He never thinks as I think and he never wants to do as I do. I often think of how glad I'd be if he were like Mr. M—or Mr. K—, but he isn't. If I want to go to the country he will be sure to want to go to the seashore. When I feel like going to the theatre he wants to stay at home, and when I stay at home he wants to go. We never agree about anything. He is so different from any other men in nearly all respects."

It seems to me that the world should judge lightly the misdeeds of a man living in an environment like this. He would be a high type of Christian manhood who could steadily "keep sweet" under this strain. What agonies of shame and humiliation he must endure if his sensibilities are at all acute; and how difficult it must be for him to hold his peace and at the same time maintain his self respect! Sometimes it is shame, sometimes it is self-respect, sometimes it is pride that helps him to keep silent—that noble pride that enables men and women to hide their own hurts and conceal their own sorrows rather than to reproach those whom they love or have loved.

Happily for mankind, this type of complaining womanhood is not common. Most wives are wisely silent regarding the failings of their husbands, and are quick to resent any reference to them by others. It is a kind of loyalty to each other that every wife and every husband should try to cultivate.—Gentlewoman.

ONE WOMAN'S REGRET

An aged lady in Palmyra, N. Y., weeps bitterly over an experience in her early girlhood. She might have saved America from the curse of Mormonism by winning Joseph Smith to Christ in his boyhood. It is a remarkable story, which is fully vouched for by one who heard her relate it, and who knows her to be unimpeachably truthful.

In her town their lived a family of very poor and godless people named Smith. She passed their home occasionally, and was deeply moved to invite them to Sunday-school and to church services. But being excessively timid, she sought the superintendent, and urged him to visit the Smiths. He replied that they were a worthless lot, of no account; no use to bother with them.

Next she tried to interest the pastor, but he, too, declined to waste any time on such people. Repeating her entreaties to both pastor and superintendent, and they doing nothing, she gave up, though with heart burnings and reproaches of conscience.

Oh, if I had only undertaken it myself with God's help! I feel sure I could have gotten Joe, little Joe Smith, to attend the Sunday-school, and probably to become a Christian.

Joseph Smith saved in boyhood! Who can calculate the meaning of that victory to American Christianity? With his marvellous genius in religious leadership, his power in organizing his indefatigable push, he might have become an earlier Moody, or Francis Clark, or Henry Drummond. Instead of erecting one of the most stubborn barriers to the progress of righteousness, he might have led to some of its grandest victories.

Only God can know what the timid woman missed accomplishing. But there are other ragged, barefooted boys in your town, other families as unpromising. Who will take them for Christ? Who will capture that energetic, irrepressible boy for the church and the kingdom.

He may or may not become a man of power like Joseph Smith. It is enough that he is the purchase of Christ's blood and an immortal soul. Save the boy and you save a life as well as a soul. What a life it may be, who can tell?—Christian Standard.

MISS WILLARD'S CONVERSION

During a severe illness Miss Willard had decided that, in event of her recovery, she would give herself to God. What followed she has related in these words:

That winter we had revival services in the old Methodist church at Evanston. Dr. (now Bishop) Foster was president of the university, and his sermons, with those of Drs. Dempster, Bannister, and others, deeply stirred my heart. I had convalesced slowly and spent several weeks at Forest home, so these meetings seemed to be my first public opportunity of declaring my new allegiance. The very earliest invitation to go forward, kneel at the altar, and be prayed for, was heeded by me. Waiting for no one, counseling with no one I went along the aisle with my heart beating so loud that I thought I could see as well as hear it beat as I moved forward. One of the most timid, shrinking, and sensitive of natures, what it meant to me to go forward thus, with my student friends gazing upon me, can never be told. I had been as skeptical, and prayers (of which I then spoke lightly) had been asked for me in the church the year before. For fourteen nights in succession I thus knelt at the altar, expecting some utter transformation—some portion of heaven to be placed in my inmost heart, as I have seen the box of valuables placed in the corner-stone of a building and firmly set, plastered over, and fixed in its place forever. This is what I determined must be done, and was loath to give it up. I prayed and agonized, but what I sought did not occur.

One night, when I returned to my room baffled, weary, and discouraged, and knelt beside my bed, it came to me quietly that this was not the way; that my conversion my turning about, my religious experience (religare, to bind again) had reached its crisis on that summer night when I said Yes to God. A quiet certitude of this pervaded my consciousness, and the next night I told the public congregation so, gave my name to the church as a probationer, and after holding this relation for a year—waiting for my sister Mary, who joined later, to pass her six-months' probation—I was baptized and joined the church May 5, 1861, in full connection.—Michigan Advocate.

A STILL SMALL VOICE.

Conscience, in its healthy state, is the most restless part of the human makeup. Like the true prince in the story, it cannot sleep if the slightest pressure weighs upon it.

Eighteen years ago a woman boarded a train on the Wisconsin Central Railroad. She was going to a neighboring town, and carried in her pocket a mileage book with which to pay her fare.

For some reason the conductor was hurried, as he went through the car, and the new-comer escaped his glance. Involuntarily, a temptation came to her. She sat still and said nothing. At the next station she got off the train owing the company sixteen cents.

At first she laughed over the matter, but as time went on, it began to look more serious. She was fundamentally a good woman. The community respected and liked her. Her life was blameless and she was charitable to the unfortunate; but the trival secret debt remained upon her mind.

Last Summer she determined to be what every one supposed her to be—perfectly honest. She wrote a letter to the Wisconsin Central Railroad Company and told the whole story. She enclosed sixteen two cent stamps, which paid her debt and the interest upon it for eighteen years, and, more than all, she was brave and true enough to sign her name to the letter.

The company recognized her courage, and a few days later she received from them a note expressing their high appreciation of it.—Youth's Companion.

FINDING GOD WITHIN.—The man who finds not God in his own heart will find him nowhere, and he who finds him there will find him everywhere. The reason why men are so often disappointed in their search for God is that they do not look for him first of all where he should chiefly be sought—in the manifestations he makes of himself in their own minds and hearts. They suffer noises of the world to drown the still, small voice that never ceases to plead with them to keep in the path of righteousness and peace.—David Swing.

THERE IS NO UNCERTAINTY about Pyny-Pectoral. It cures your cough quickly. All bronchial affections give way to it. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Difficulties give way to diligence," and disease germs and blood humors disappear when Hood's Sarsaparilla is faithfully taken.

With but little care and no trouble, the beard and mustache can be kept a un form brown or black color by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

It's a nice thing to use—Haygard's Yellow Oil. The skin it won't stain and the clothing it won't spoil. For lumbers Stiff Joints, gives relief from all pain. If you use it but once, you will use it again.

TAKE TIME.—Take time to brethe a morning prayer asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for his glory during the day.

Take time to read a few verses from God's word each day.

Take time to be pleasant. A bright smile and a pleasant word fall like sunbeams upon the hearts of those around us.

Take time to be polite. A gentle I thank you, If you please, Excuse me, etc., even to an inferior, is no compromise of dignity.

Take time to be patient with children. Patience and kindness will open a way for good influence over almost any child you may come in contact with.

Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect gray hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.—Christian Observer.

The opinions of a child may be of no value, but they are at least honest.

It is when we are willing to go down ourselves that Christ is lifted up.—Ram's Horn.

Better stop that cough now with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup than let it run on to end perhaps in Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption. It's a wonderful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds when others fail.

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FEMALE MAIL.

That sounds more contradictory than it is, when attention is called to its being a description of the largest mail received by any man in the United States exclusively from women. This "female mail" is received by Dr. R. V. Pierce, the celebrated specialist in women's diseases, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is only fair to say that it is not the man that women write to, but the doctor. One of the remarkable features of this correspondence is that years after a cure has been effected, grateful women continue to write to Dr. Pierce, being thankful for health and for the kind and fatherly advice, which was blended with the physician's counsel, and which was so helpful in preserving the health when regained.

The offer of a free consultation by letter is extended by Dr. Pierce to every sick and ailing woman. Every letter received is read in private, answered in private and its contents treated as a sacred confidence. To exclude any third party from the correspondence, all answers are mailed in a plain envelope, bearing upon it no printing or advertising whatever. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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MARITIME MANAGER.

I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, so I could not work, and was always very constipated as years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I ha been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning a and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regu have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headach commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many co Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any o condition I was and I would not be without them at any honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since la fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

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