

Only a Ministers Wife.

She was only a minister's wife.
Hard-working and brave and true;
Not aspiring to wonderful deeds,
But willing the small to do.
Patient and kind and gentle,
Filling her humble place,
Bearing and toiling and suffering,
All with a cheerful face.

She was ready to share the burden,
Most willing to do her part;
Gave loving service unto the church,
A ministry from the heart;
And now she has gone from among us,
To leave us duty's call:
But her faith, like a benediction,
Is resting upon us all.

Though the minister from the pulpit
May speak with power and grace,
Yet the minister's wife in the pew
Fills just as noble a place:
She may minister of the things of God,
And souls to the Master lead,
She may preach a sermon from the pew
If consistent in life and deed.
—Gertrude Barton, in Herald and Presby-
ter.

Being An Invalid.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Invalidism, as a habit, resembles other vices. It is not consciously contracted; it steals upon the spirit by degrees, and one's power of resistance are not summoned to fight it until it is so safely established as to have already undermined them. No one of sane mind deliberately sets out to be an invalid any more than to be a drunkard; yet many persons of undoubted sanity become habitual drunkards; and the ranks of hysteria and valetudinarianism are recruited in the same unthinking way. With fifty doctors treading on each other's toes in every place where ten would be too many, and the hospitals vying with each other in producing an even larger annual crop of trained nurses, the opportunities and temptations of invalidism are nowadays alarmingly multiplied. The clinical thermometer lends its aid, and can be bought in the department store, side by side with countless drugs for every ill that flesh can imagine itself heir too, so that hypochondria is now within the reach of the masses.

Once on the downward path the rest is easy. We all know what a crop of symptoms the healthiest frame can produce, when the mind of the owner is once thoroughly aroused on the subject. Headache, dizziness, palpitations, and so on, can be attained by the most inexperienced, and are symptoms of almost everything. Given two of them, the sufferer has practically his or her pick of diseases. If one doctor refuses to prescribe, there are a dozen others to turn to. Can one altogether blame the doctor who writes a soothing prescription for such a case on the far-away chance that there really may be something developing after all? Of course, an honest physician will not aid in making a chronic malade imagine, if he can help it. The doctor, in one case within the writer's knowledge, who made large profits out of a rich hysterical patient for three years, indulging her fancy that she was dying daily, and allowing her to issue death-bed directions, and gather weeping friends around her bedside upon half-a-dozen occasions, richly deserved, no doubt, the horse whipping threatened by the irate family when at last, a celebrated specialist from the distant metropolis was called in, and pronounced the patient's health entirely sound. But did not the patient deserve punishment, too, especially as she clung desperately to her accustomed symptoms, and refused to get well for months?

Surgery, in its wonderful modern developments, has something to answer for in this line. It is so easy to perform a minor operation in these days, that the risk to the nerves of even an ordinarily fanciful person is hardly taken into account. The fact that convalescence often becomes sidetracked into chronic invalidism is not considered, and yet it is a real fact. Two cases of such operations recur to the memory. In one of these, the patient, within only a few weeks afterward, was suddenly obliged to nurse, through a desperate illness, an aged and very eccentric mother who would not so much as allow any one else to approach her bedside. Every one remonstrated but the filial affection of the daughter took up the burden, and it proved none the worse for her in the end. In contrast to her complete recovery was the history of the second case, wherein no such necessity for exertion occurred, but where the patient, after two years, is still the sort of invalid whose doctor is telephoned for to drop in about twice a week, and who keeps the whole family and an extra maid besides in constant attendance upon her needs. The two cases were almost identical in the beginning, except that the second patient had the advantage in greater physical strength and fewer cares. She lacked how-

ever, the supreme advantage of an eccentric parent on the verge of death,—an advantage which, of course, cannot be often enjoyed. Luck of means, however, has checked many incipient invalids, and is a common blessing whose value in this direction is great, though usually unappreciated. To be an invalid with no one to wait upon one, no money for doctor's fees, and no delicacies of diet, requires real illness, not the counterfeit habit of it.

Perhaps the possibilities of the counterfeit, however, and the extent of its prevalence were never fully realized until Christian Science came along and found cases in every town that responded at once. Invalids of good and regular standing whom no doctor could cure, (even if he were presumptuous enough to try to) and whose ailments range from heart trouble to cancer or defied diagnosis altogether, suddenly were brought to recognize that their faith in their diseases was vain, and that, if they could only believe it they had no ailments at all. People who are just sliding into valetudinarianism were brought up with a jerk. No wonder that the new cult succeeded, and spread like wildfire. It filled the minds of its converts with falsehoods and absurdities, of course; but it drove out symptoms, and invalidism without symptoms is a thing of naught. Compound fractures, lost limbs, and death, are not affected by the new doctrines; but the chronic invalid and Mrs. Eddy are born for each other, so to speak. She is the Keesley cure of the hysterical patient.

Perhaps it seems unkind to speak thus of those who enjoy poor health. But unless an invalid does enjoy the situation, permanent valetudinarianism hardly ever exists. Many people are chronically ill, but never become invalids in the ordinary sense of the term. They do their work, conceal their symptoms as far as possible, and call the doctor in only when it cannot be helped. Diseases that would set up half a dozen invalids in business are thus often found walking the streets, and meekly playing second fiddle to the duties of the day. When we consider how few of the world's greatest workers have been men of fine health or physique, from St. Paul to Napoleon, and from Epicurus to Pope, we will have less indulgence for our own ailments, small and large, than ever. Stevenson's example and precept will occur to all of us who have admired the spirit of this sick man who would not be an invalid, in the face of fate, but was the very apostle of health instead. Like the Old Guard, he died, but never surrendered. Most invalids surrender,—and never die!—The Interior.

In Memory Of The Baker.

For some months a family, the poorest of the poor, lived on a miserable street in New York, in an almost starved condition. The eldest boy, a lad of fourteen, sold papers; but the income from this uncertain and petty trade barely paid the rent of the cramped and cheerless quarters in which the six children and their mother lived.

In the neighborhood was a Jewish baker who made a living by the hardest and most unremitting toil. He was poor, but his religion taught him to love his fellow-creatures. He heard of the distress near him; here were poorer people than himself, and he caused one of the children to come once a day and take a loaf of bread. This charity, meaning so much to the baker, became for months almost the only means of life that this poverty-stricken Christian family had.

But one day John, the little father of his five brothers and sisters, struck a job, as the phrase goes among boys. Pretty soon the family moved in another tenement where once a day the sun glanced in at one window. John was doing very well, and his family, although still poor enough, were happier than they had been for years; but he could not forget the baker and the kindness he had shown them when they were starving.

All one week John was very thoughtful. At last, one evening, he said to his mother:

Mother, I want to put a thought before you. I've had it in mind some time, and I can't help thinking it's a duty.

You know how the baker helped us out. Now, there's that family across the street, where the old man has just died. There's six children in that family, just like us, and not a mouthful for 'em to eat. Can't we take one of 'em in? I could give up a little earlier and go to bed a little later, and work a little harder. But if you don't want to do it, I won't say any more.

The boy stopped and looked at his mother. Their struggle was hard enough as it was. They could scarcely live, and if John lost his place they would be worse off than

ever. What a risk to undertake to feed another mouth!

What do you want to do this for? I asked the mother, softly.

John looked away. Well, he said, just on account of what the baker did for us.

All right, John, said his mother; for the sake of the baker we will take the child in.

An act of kindness sows its own seed, and its harvests repeat themselves somewhere and sometime, if not in direct return. The joy of imitation, as well as the duty of gratitude, will pass on the first giver's good deed after he has forgotten it. The Master's blessings to us leave us in debt to His poor. Freely ye have received, freely give. —Youth's Companion.

Shut Out From Home.

It was a very silly thing to do, but I did it, and I had to take the consequences. In the first place, I was all alone in the house, my family being at the seashore. In the second place, I had on neither my coat nor my vest. In the third place, the postman rang the front-door bell, and after ten minutes or so I went out on the porch to see what he left in the mail box for me. And in the fourth place, I gave the front door a little swing, and it shut behind me with a bang.

I knew in a minute what I had done. The spring lock was down, my keys were all in my vest pocket and I was locked out.

The mail instantly lost all its interest for me. The problem was, how could I get back into my own house? Every window was fast, as I well knew. But hold! There were the windows of the summer kitchen. I went around the house managed to open the blinds, from the outside, propped up a settee against the side of the house and climbed in. With the air of a conqueror I was about to enter my summarily abandoned castle when I discovered—what I might as well have remembered—that the door of the kitchen—the regular kitchen—was locked, and I might as well be on the porch again.

Out doors once more, I skirmished around till I found a heavy grape trellis, which I propped against the porch roof, knowing that the upstairs windows were open. I climbed up the trellis, and looked longingly over the roof toward the open window; but the trellis was too short and the roof was too slippery with last night's rain to allow me safely to pull myself up on it.

Well, what next? I plodded through the wet grass to a neighbor's, and, somewhat scantily attired, rang the front door-bell.

When the lady of the house appeared I asked her help in burglarizing my own house. Inwardly amused I doubt not, but outwardly very sympathetic, she took me down cellar, and I hauled out a long step-ladder which I carried off in high delight. I found that, by standing on the top step, I could manage to pull myself up into one of the second-story windows.

How good it seemed to be home once more! How enjoyable was each familiar object! I had been gone half an hour; it seemed an age. I felt like a returned prodigal; I did indeed.

As I carried home the step-ladder, and as I put the grape trellis and settee back in their places, and as I removed from my trousers the evidences of their attacks on the porch roof, I had time to think of a few things. As, for instance, easy it is to shut one's self out of one's home. As easy as that swing of the door. Just a cross word will do it. Just a mean suspicion will answer. Just one bit of injustice, or one act of selfishness. The door slams behind you. You rattle fiercely at it, but the latch is down. Sullenly, angrily, you try this way and that way to get in. It is your own house. You can peep through the windows and see all the dear household objects. There is the pleasant book you just laid down. This is the couch from which you arose only an hour ago. There are even the rest of your clothes. But all the delights and comforts of your home are shut away from you by that instant's wrong doing as thoroughly as if you had flung yourself into another planet. Like a thief you are compelled to climb up some other way. With soul-bruises and spirit-toil you slowly win back again what you have lost, and you are at home again. But how much better it would have been not to have slammed that door!—The Christian Endeavor World.

A Tiny Helper.

I have been reading an account of a little bird, related by Dr. Livingston, that forms a strong attachment to the rhinoceros. Its claws are of such a structure as to enable it to cling to any part of the great brute's body, whose callous hide does not suffer any inconvenience from their sharpness.

Sometimes it may be seen perched on his back, and at other times clinging like graceful pendants to his flapping ears. This little creature performs many kind offices for its huge protegee. It preys upon the insects and vermin that infest his skin and which his stiff clumsiness does not permit him to dislodge for himself. Then, being a heavy sleeper, and a dull observer when most awake, he is watched over by this sharp-sighted and wakeful little guardian, and apprised of the approach of all dangers or foes. And so faithfully does it fulfill its trust that the huntsman can rarely come within gunshot before the bird, by darting upward and uttering a thrilling cry, gives the signal for his charge to make tracks with all speed.

I thought, when I read it, that we should not despise the day of small things. If a weak little bird can be of such use to any creature, what cannot a boy or girl do who has the willing heart and ready hand! Oh, that all were enlisted heart and hand in temperance work. —Banner.

The Deaf Church-Goer.

Why did he come to service every Sunday, that old man, of whom every one knew that he was totally deaf? Was it mere habit? Was it to see the people? Was it mere curiosity? Oh, no! The old man with the quiet solemn face looked neither right nor left. His eyes were generally turned upwards, as if he saw something lovely there, as if he were conversing with a friend who was bringing him good tidings and to whom he sent up thanks in return. Of course, this spiritual joy was not always expressed by his looks; sometimes he sat in his place with drooping head, as if very tired.

On one occasion a friend came to him and wrote the following question on a slip of paper: Do not the services fatigue you greatly, as you are not able to understand anything?

Sometimes, yes; but, nevertheless, I should not like to miss one. I attend for three reasons: First, because I can express my reverence towards God by my presence in his house; secondly, I can worship him in spirit, even if my ear does not catch anything of the sermon—in spirit I can sing with the congregation by repeating the hymns I learned in my childhood; thirdly, even a deaf church-goer, if he is faithful in heart, may influence another to attend services regularly.

The Lesson In Elocution.

The queer thing, about the people who boast of always speaking their minds, said the merry girl, is that they nearly always have such very disagreeable minds to speak. Did you ever hear anyone preface a compliment, a commendation, or anything gracious or pleasant, by saying, I always must speak my mind?

When anyone begins that way, I wonder whether it is my conduct my friends, or my last new gown, that is coming up for adverse criticism. Of course if it is some of your relatives or acquaintances who have the habit you can only be as resigned and respectful as possible, but I had a school-fellow, a girl no older than myself, who had exactly the same kind of a mind. She had confronted me with it on several occasions and so, one day she began, You know I must speak—I interrupted her.

Must you? Well, then, I've just come from the elocution class and I'll tell you what the professor said: Never speak anything until you have studied it and feel sure that it is worth speaking, that you are the person to do it properly, and that it will suit your audience.

She looked at me full a minute without a word, but the professor's rule worked so like a charm that I've often wished since that all persons with minds they must speak could take lessons in elocutions. —The Young Woman.

AT ALL TIMES OF YEAR Pain-Killer will be found a useful household remedy. Cures cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is a popular preparation in one bottle and colors evenly a brown or black. Any person can easily apply it at home.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

THE OLD MOTHER.—A friend said the other day that she had heard of a lady, almost eighty, whose children paid her board in a very luxurious house, but very seldom did more than send her a weekly remittance. They were too busy or too careless or too far away to bring to mother the delight of their personal presence, and they left her, often for weeks, without a cent in her purse.

She would be glad, my friend found out, to do odds and ends of sewing, darn stockings, see to mending, hem tablecloths and napkins, and undertake work usually given to younger eyes and hands. If she could only have the sewing she loved and earn a little money for her trifling expenses, postage stamps, car fare, etc.

The children most not know it; they would be hurt, said the poor old mother. As the children were well to-do, one's heart burned with resentment at their indifference and cruelty. —Christian Intelligencer.

LIGHT AND DARK.

Day and night, sunshine and shadow are not more different from each other than a healthful from a sickly woman. The healthful woman carries light and sunshine with her wherever she goes.



The woman who suffers from ill-health casts a shadow on her own happiness and the happiness of others. She cannot help it. Those who suffer cannot smile and sing.

Ill-health in woman is generally traceable to disease of the delicate womanly organism. Many women have been restored to happiness by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

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The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" does so to gain the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. His profit is your loss, therefore accept no substitute.

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