The Fireside.

A CHANGED MAN.

"It's nothing, Mrs. Redmond—nothing to be alarmed about," said the doctor.

"But isn't it in his heart?" anxiously asked the little woman, to whose white face her own heart seemed to have forgotten to send any color.

"Oh, no. Or, rather, the heart is involved a little, but only by way of sympathy. The real trouble is in his —somewhere else,"—and he could not bring himself to say "stomach." "What did he eat for dinner?"

"Some roast pork and veal; and I don't think it agreed with him."

"Yes. Its nothing at all alarming."

"Oh, I m so glad!"

Groaning James Redmond, lying prone on the spotless counterpane, heard every word the doctor said. The doctor intended he should. The groaning decreased.

"James, dear," said his wife smoothing his pillow, 'the doctor says you will soon be better. It isn't your heart at all."

"It feels like it," was the feeble response. But the groaning quite stopped. "It feels as if it was the valve of my heart. Sometimes it just flutters and then seems to stop altogether."

"The heart has several valves," said the doctor, dryly, "and every one of yours is sound. Here swallow this. I think it will help you. You may have a few more twinges—nothing serious. If you could get another hour's sleep, you would fell better."

Ten minutes afterward James Redmond was sound asleep, just as the doctor prognosticated, and then happened something that the doctor had not prognosticated at all, A second attack of that dreadful palpitation came on. He could not catch his breath. He saw his gentle little wife sitting there so calmly by the window with her sewing; but he could not cry out, and cold drops gathered on his brow. His heart gave one bound, then all was still. Was this death?

But not for one moment did he lose consciousness—that was the singular part of it. His mental powers seemed keener than ever, even when his heart stopped beating and his useless struggle for breath was at an end.

He felt darkness dropping down over him. The form of his wife grew dim, and then was swallowed up altogether in it. But as it disappeared other forms grew slowly up. One, two, three, four, five—there they stood, one at each corner of the bed and one bending over him. They shone out in their own light, mistly at first, then with sharp clearness.

"Angels, of course," thought James, and through his mind there floated a line or two of an old song:

"There are angels hovering round,
To carry my spirit home!"

Somehow he did not greet them with quite the gush of enthusiasm and joy that he thought would fill his soul when the "angels gathered round." He gazed at them curiously, and noticed almost with terror that the one at the side had his hand on his heart. Was his heart disease—for he knew now that it was heart disease that had killed him, in spite of the doctor—was it going to follow him into heaven?

Suddenly this angel withdrew his hand, saying to the others:

"It's over now, take him to the examining room."

The four angels at the corners of the bed laid hold of the prostrate man, swept him instantly off the bed and away. The one at his side flew before the party. James Redmond could see nothing but the luminous figures around him, but he felt himself going through limitless distances, away and up. His bearers uttered no word, and their gleaming white wings made no sound as they swept along through utter, awful stillness.

They came at last to a large room, whose walls, furniture, everything gleamed with the same soft, penetrating light. They laid him down on a long narrow table, and all gathered about it. Five of them—no, six, for James Redmond himself joined them. How it was he did not know, but there he lay on the table, and yet there he stood by the side of the table waiting with eager interest to see what was next. What could be the matter with the James Redmond on the table, that they all gazed so intently at his heart?

Suddenly, with a deft movement, the fifth angel took his heart quite out of the body, and laid it before him on the table. It did not hurt—it was hardly a surprise to the James Redmond looking on. The angel held a pearly rod in his hand, and with it now gently lifted one of the little white valves.

"What does it mean?" he whispered to his neighbor, an angel whose benevolent countenance seemed to invite the question.

"We are commissioned by the King to try the hearts of those who apply for admission into the city," was the soft response. "Hush!"

"This praying valve works pretty well," said the examining angel; moving it up and down. "Ah, here's a little hitch. What's the matter?" ?

"Can't be anything serious the matter," James Redmond spoke right out. I always have family prayers, and as for the prayer meetings, I used to go whenever I—ouch!"

For the examiner pushed a little harder, and James Redmond felt a twitch of pain in the place where his heart used to be.

"It's connected with something wrong," said the angel. "Ah, there it goes. It has finely yielded. There, that works all right. I think that will pass."

The examiner now selected some instruments of the clearest crystal, and turning the heart a little to one side, began a careful search for something.

"We always examine the loving valve next," whispered the neighboring angel,, and all relapsed into an anxious silence.

"Oh, I hope there won't be any trouble here," exclaimed one, involuntarily, "for he that loveth not, knoweth not God."

"Atrophied! Dried up for lack of use, I fear," said the examiner.

James Redmond's blood ran cold in his veins—at least, he felt as if it did. He leaned forward, and his eyes started from their sockets in his frenzied gaze.

"Surely he loved a little—his wife his child!" said another. "And all love is of God."

The examner took a large microscope from the case, and another five minutes' search discovered the missing valve.

"Ah, here it is," said he.

And they drew a great breath of relief.

"It works easily—what there is of it," said he, moving it most delicately with a crystal rod.

Every time it worked back and forth James experienced a most delightful thrill in the cardiac region. It was the same sensation that he had felt years ago on earth when he was first converted. It all came back to him now—how his affections had gone out to everybody, even the faraway heathen; and how ne had sung:

"Oh, that the world might taste and see
The wonders of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

"I wish it were larger," said he, half smiling, half mournful, to his neighbor.

"Ah, that's what makes heaven," was the soft answer, "That and seeing Jesus."

The examiner now carefully selected some rods and pincers of burnished gold.

"For the giving valve," whispered the neighbor into James's ear.

James fairly felt the pallor creeping up to his lips, and the sickness of deadly apprehension came over him.

The angel found the valve without any trouble. Small it was, and oh, so tightly closed! It required all the force he could exert with those strong little pincers to force it open for the first time, and as he did so a cry of absolute agony burst from the lips of the pale mortal at his side. The pain was something terrible. The angels did not seem to hear him. They looked at each other with significant nods.

"The root of the trouble," exclaimed one.

"Yes, for you know that the love of money is the root of all kinds of evil," replied another.

"And that was the reason for the hitch in the praying valve."

"And the smallness of the loving valve."

"What shall we do with him? He can't go in to see the King."

"No, never!"

And the very silence seemed to echo it—"Never, never, never!"

"Oh, hear me, hear me!" cried James Redmond, in agony. "Do let me speak for myself. I did give some. I—"

The angels all turned and looked at him. Oh, such a sad look, worse than sternness!

"What did you give?" said the examiner, slowly.

"I gave two guineas every year to the chapel funds."

"And what else?"

"I went to the tea-meetings and took my wife. They always cost me something."

"And what to foreign missions?"

James Redmond was silent. He had given nothing.

"And what to home missions?"

Silence still.

Allen's Lung Balsam

The best Cough Medicine.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon its safety depends one's life. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM contains no opium in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of Croup, Colds, deep-seated Coughs.

Try it now, and be convinced.

Kidney Disorders

Are no respecter of persons.

People in every walk of life are troubled

Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly.

A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble.

Check it in time by taking

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

"THE GREAT KIDNEY SPECIFIC."

They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles from Backache to Bright's Disease.

50c. a box or 3 for $1.25 all dealers or

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., Toronto, Ont.

"And what to the poor?"

Silence still.

"And all these years your income has been large."

"Why, James, James! What's the matter? Are you worse?"

It was his wife calling him. The angels were gone, and there he lay on his own bed at home—a changed man from that hour.

His boy Charles thinks father must believe in Christianity, he works so hard and gives so much to spread it. Charles has begun to go to church again. James Redmond supports the church work at home and the missions abroad liberally, and always makes a special offering on the anniversary of the day which he speaks of as the day he went to judgment.—*Christian Globe.*

* * *

Mamma, in a tone of weariness savoring of despair, asked Katherine, aged 3, to bring an apron left on another floor. The little girl did her errand promptly and then followed this dialogue:

"What made you cry—'cause you forgot your apron, mamma?"

"Why, I didn't cry, Katherine."

"But you sniveled."

"No, mamma didn't snivel."

"Well, you didn't talk sunshiny, anyway."

* * *

It Is An Elixir of Life.— Since forgotten time men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is an Elixir, before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended, so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism, and all bodily pains.