

"No, not for anything."
 "Why on earth not?"
 "I don't think it is right," Stella answered quietly. "Dr. Lyon was speaking of it only the other day."

"O, the oracle has spoken; no wonder we obey," Lora said, wishing all the while from her inmost heart that she had acted as wisely and truly as her little sister.

Stella's face grew very troubled; but Miss Venables, who with all her nonsense was very feeling and good-natured, declared she should not be teased, and that as she grew older she would learn to decide for herself, even on such a weighty matter as the present.

Mr. Gower's interview was of short duration; and then both the elder girls attacked Captain Flamank, using all their eloquence to persuade him to follow their example—Lora, from the feeling that her own folly would appear greatly diminished by his partaking it; Miss Venables, from the desire to change the determination of a strong decided spirit; but both failed.

"I shall be safe in wearing Stella's colours for once," he said; and whether or not Captain Flamank noted the cloud that his words brought to the countenance of his betrothed, it would be difficult to say, only he changed the subject of conversation; and, Mr. Gower at the moment quickening his horse's pace, the rest of the party followed his example, and the Park was soon reached.

(To be continued.)

The Superiority

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to the tremendous amount of brain work and constant care used in its preparation. Try one bottle and you will be convinced of its superiority. It purifies the blood which, the source of health, cures dyspepsia, overcomes sick headaches and biliousness. It is just the medicine for you.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients.

What Christianity is.

Jesus Christ came down from Heaven to reveal to our finite understanding some of the hidden things of God; to "declare" them not only by His words, but by His works. The false religions of the world present, under this guise or that, some symbol of the Creator; but Christianity is the only form of religion which, possessing the true knowledge of the Living God, can impart it to mankind.

Guided by Christianity, we may know God; we may claim Him as our God for ever and ever; we may learn to understand His government of the universe, the nature of His rewards, the certainty of His punishments; and we may watch the unfolding of the great drama of life, which, with all its changes and chances, must ultimately lead to the triumph of Christianity and the salvation of the world, under the all-merciful, all-powerful guidance of God.

A Great Good Fortune.

Mr. C. Leonard, South Boston, Mass., writes: "I have suffered a great deal from dyspepsia the last five years; have tried about everything but with little benefit. Having the good fortune to hear of K. D. C., I thought I would try it; it worked wonders in my case, and I am now as well as ever. I earnestly recommend it to all those suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion. Try it and you will be convinced."

The Responsibilities of Life.

MARGARET I. STRODE.

What a vast amount of meaning is embodied in that one short word, Life. Its presence is everywhere apparent, from the giant oak that towers so majestically above us, to the smallest flower that lifts its head to receive the falling dew drop, and be kissed by the morning sun. In the air we breathe and the water we drink are myriads of living, breathing, creatures. "What is life?" Is it the only chief essential to our existence, the mere transit from the cradle to the grave? Ask

the Sage, and he will answer, "wisdom, knowledge and power." Seek the busy workman at his toil, whose brow is deeply furrowed by care; and his reply will be, "labour, never ceasing labour." Go ask the gay votary of fashion and pleasures; and for answer receive, "Life is vain, its pleasure deceitful." Behold the merry light-hearted school boy, with the fresh blood bounding through his veins, and he will tell you, "Life is hope, with promise of fruition." Question the Patriarch, whose head is white with the snow of many winters, and quick will come the response, "Life is what we make it." And thus we find that as a feeble infant, pure and sinless, we first inhale the breath of life, and for a short time are dependent upon the love and care of those who nurtured us, but in the years that follow it is ours to make or mar. I would like to speak to the young, so innocent and free from care during childhood's happy hours, and gently teach them to watch for the thorns that are hidden beneath the roses which bloom along life's highway.

To the youth just leaving the threshold of home to battle alone with the stern realities of life, as they gird on their armour, ready for the conflict, I ask them to consider well the course they are to pursue. One false step in the beginning has wrecked many a fair promise of the future, and filled thousands of ignoble graves. The world is all before you, but there are only two roads from which to choose. One of the ways is broad and short, and as far as the eye can reach the path seems strewn with bright hued flowers, the air is heavy with perfume and filled with the music of birds. In the distance stands a dark-eyed siren, beseeching you to come and join in the revelry, and partake of the banquet, where the choicest viands grace the board. You hesitate—then yield a willing captive, trusting in your own strength to taste of the cup of pleasure only for a short season, and then return, only to find when too late that the tempter's will is stronger than your own. The net is skilfully spread to catch the unwary feet. What at first was sweet to the taste will turn to wormwood and gall. The other way is narrow and long; pure and lovely are the flowers which bloom along its pathway, the air fragrant with a perfume which invigorates, but does not intoxicate, and the carol of the birds fall sweet and low upon the listening ear; instead of the bewitching siren (who is only the wily serpent in another form), you will find three faithful guides, faith, hope, and charity, to attend and guard you through trials and temptations—constant companions in sunshine and shadow, tempest and calm, leading you gently on to the haven of true rest, and the enjoyment of unalloyed happiness.

There are those who have reached the years of discretion, strong in their manhood's prime, shunning alike the pleasures of sin, and the "ways of the righteous," but selling their lives for what? Gold! Is all that is good and noble in their characters to be sacrificed upon such a base altar? As the years roll on their minds become calloused, having no time or thought for anything else save to worship at the shrine of mammon, but "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Christ tells us that "Life is more than meat," and was He not in "all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin?" It is a sad sight to witness the evening tide of one grown old in sin; the shadows of night are deepening without one ray of light to brighten the gloom, friendless and forsaken, a whole life wasted for time and eternity.

"Forenoon, and afternoon, and night
 Yea, that is life; make this forenoon sublime,
 This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
 And time is conquered, and thy crown is won."

How peaceful and serene the life of a true Christian! With what strength and courage he meets and bears the many trials and crosses! Firm and steadfast is the step that follows the "Master." There will be no terror depicted on that face as the last enemy, "Death," approaches; instead, the countenance beams with a sweet and holy joy, in the full assurance of a glorious resurrection, and the "crown of life eternal." Compare it with a life once stainless, now steeped in sin and uncleanness, with garments dyed in the blood of the victims he allured to ruin. Oh! the agony, the horror of relentless remorse, and the last

bitter wail of despair as the lost soul leaves its tenement of clay.

Is life so real, so earnest, that we grow careless, and thus delay to prepare for the lifetime of the soul, whose years are endless? Should we not at all times earnestly and prayerfully consider our ways?

Of what use are we making of the life entrusted to our care, and to what purpose are all our ends and aims directed? Will they be instrumental in bringing us safely to "the mansions of the blest," with God and His holy angels, or will they lead us into the "prison of the lost," with Satan and his adversaries? Perchance some wanderer from the fold, storm tossed and weary, may hear these words and call to memory a fond mother's tears and prayers for her wayward child, or a sister's love and tender pity for the erring one. If this one feeble effort should be the means of rescuing a fallen one from despondency and woe, oh! what joy to win a precious soul for Christ; but there is "rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

"Then choose at the onset, and write while you may,
 The record no hand can efface;
 Your name may be wreathed with a garland of bay,
 Or blotted with shame and disgrace."

K. D. C. Pills restore the bowels to healthy action.

Order of the Sisters of Bethany.

This society, composed of young women, has now been in existence nearly three years, and has been helpful to many. The Rule of Life is simple and definite. Each member pledges herself to try every day to learn something of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to try each day to do something for Jesus Christ, striving to catch something of the spirit of Mary of Bethany, and to imitate the faithful service of Martha. This rule has proved really helpful in bringing the members of the Order nearer to our Lord in their daily lives.

In *The Churchman* of last January a notice was given of this Order, and as a result several new chapters were formed, among these one in Windsor, Vt., one in New York city, and one in Amsterdam, N. Y. These chapters adopt their own methods of work under the Rule of Life. It is hoped that other groups of women or girls may be moved to organize such chapters. Further particulars will be very gladly furnished upon application to Miss Mary C. Crawford, General Secretary, O. S. O. B., 16 Essex street, Charlestown, Mass.

K. D. C. acts like magic on an overloaded stomach.

The Sense of Sin.

Thoughts of death and judgment awaken fear, and may lead to true repentance. The thunders of Mount Sinai can awe the most unthinking. But it is the Cross that shows the sinner his sin in a way to make him hate it. The love of God in Christ is the power that moves the heart of man to yield to the Divine influences. Dread of pain and loss may drive back from tempting sins; it is the thought of the pain and loss which sin laid on the Saviour, that breaks the hardness of the sinner's heart and wins him to holiness.

As holiness grows, so does the sense of sin deepen. As the heart is softened, sorrow for sin becomes more full of humility. As Christ is known and loved, there will be a higher aim in the life, and each failure in close, faithful following will be felt and mourned over. The world thinks lightly of sin. The careless disciple is not jealous for his Lord, and is content if he be free from glaring faults. It is those who prize most the grace that saves them, and the favour that fills them with lowly joy, who are aware of their shortcomings, and long to be less unworthy. Those who are forgiven, and are being cleansed from all unrighteousness, confess their sins most earnestly.

Purify the blood, tone the nerves, and give strength to the weakened organs and body by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

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