

..HOUSEHOLD..

Sunday.

(Edward Roland Sill, in the new Household Edition of his Poems.)

Not a dread cavern, hoar with damp and mold,
Where I must creep, and in the dark and cold,
Offer some awful incense at a shrine
That hath no more divine
Than that 'tis far from life, and stern, and old;

But a bright hilltop in the breezy air,
Full of the morning freshness high and clear,
Where I may climb and drink the pure, new day,
And see where winds away
The path that God would send me, shining fair.

Life's Opportunities.

(S. V. Dubois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

Mary ran eagerly to the window, as she heard the wheels of the buggy, and reached there just in time to see father lift dear old Grandma Stubbins carefully out. 'Here she is now, mother,' she cried, 'and she has brought two bags and a box full of things, so I think she must be going to stay all the spring.'

'Hush child, don't get so excited, but run out and greet her; don't you see I have my hands all covered with dough?'

But Mary was out of the house before Mrs. Brown had finished, and had thrown her arms about Grandma Stubbins, fairly lifting her from the ground.

'You are here for good now, are you not, grandma?' she cried.

Grandma's wrinkled face was beaming with smiles. 'I hope it is for good, dear,' she said, 'but where is your mother?'

'Waiting for a chance to say, "how do you do, grandma,"' said a voice at her elbow. 'But when any one claims relationship to the whole country, it is little wonder my turn is a long time coming.'

'Now, child, don't go to talking so, but help with these things. Bless me, where are they anyway?'

'Oh, grandma, look, father is taking them, he looks like Santa Claus at Christmas time.' Then taking the old lady by the arm, they led her into the house.

'It beats me,' she said, 'how comfortable this chair is. Why the whole country around seems full of comfortable chairs, built for women of my size.'

'But you didn't always sit about in comfortable chairs, grandma,' said Mrs. Brown, as she laid her hand tenderly on the bent shoulder.

ECZEMA CURABLE? PROVEN!

Attorney at Moline, Ill., Convinced by Oil of Wintergreen Compound.

There is nothing that will convince a lawyer except evidence.

Now, here is some rather startling evidence of a simple home cure for eczema which convinced one lawyer, F. C. Entriiken, attorney at Moline, Ill. He tells how oil of wintergreen compound mixed with thymol and glycerine, as in D.D.D. Prescription, cured him in thirty days after thirty-two years of suffering.

'For 32 years,' writes Attorney Entriiken, 'I was troubled with eczema, scabs all over my face, body and head. I could run a hair brush over my body and the floor would be covered with scales enough to fill a basket. I tried everything—salves, internal medicine, X-Ray—all without result.'

'Just a month ago I was induced to try D.D.D. Prescription. The itch was relieved instantly; so I continued. It is just a month now and I am completely cured. I have not a particle of itch, and the scales have dropped off.'

'I can only say again, CURE DISCOVERED. I am now starting all eczema sufferers on the right track.'

For free sample bottle write to The D.D.D. Laboratory, Department N.M., 23 Jordan street, Toronto. For sale by all druggists.

'Not while I could work, child, I never wanted to slight any of life's opportunities.'

'You see, when I was a child,' she continued, 'I was an only sister, and any girl with seven brothers has plenty of chances for service, if she's a mind to. Mother used to say to me, "Polly, you've a chance to mould these young minds," for I was the eldest. I thought it powerful hard work sometimes, but I never stopped trying. "You are imprinting yourself upon their minds," mother said. Then I took to examining myself more closely, to see of what sort of stuff I was made. Jack gave me the most trouble. Mother said he was so much like me, was the reason for it. But, bless me, child, he turned out to be a godly man, and years ago went to his eternal reward. So, there is not one mite of use worrying over things, they all come out right in the end.'

'Tell us about the time the horse ran away with you, grandma.'

'As if I hadn't told you a dozen times, dearie. It was Sunday afternoon, and as it had been raining, and the roads were muddy, father said Jack should gear old Billy, and take us all to Sunday-school. Perhaps you do not know what it means to ride in an open waggon with seven boys and with an old horse that went by fits and jumps. Jack sat front and drove, I was on the seat beside him, holding little Frankie, and the other five piled in the back of the waggon. "Now, don't hurry the horse, Jack," was father's parting injunction, "you know his failing if you do."'

'But Jack thought he was quite a man, and after we turned the curve in the road, he let the lines fall heavily on Billy's back. "Get up, there," he said. And Billy got up, kicking his heels and jumping over a crossway, sending two of the children out of the back of the waggon, and throwing the rest of us flat on our backs. Frankie began to cry, and I began to scold Jack, who was laughing fit to crack his sides. The children crawled in again, and we straightened ourselves out, but Billy was in no humor to be governed, and Jack could not do one thing with him. I was laughing myself in less time than it takes me to tell you, to see the antics of that old horse. The road was hardly broad enough for him, and he had us splashed with mud from top to toe. The six children and I walked to Sunday-school, and a sorry sight we must have presented. I remember it was a little late when we got there, and the superintendent looked at us as much as to say, "You are not in keeping with the place or day." It was the last time I ever rode behind Billy with Jack; fact is, father sold him the next year to a man whose horse had to do a great deal of standing around, and I always thought Billy must have fitted the bill admirably well.'

Grandma was never happier than when she was living over the days of the past, and wherever she went, those who loved her listened again and again to her reminiscences.

It was Mrs. Brown who spoke now.

'Life still has its opportunities, for you, Grandma Stubbins.'

'Yes, thank God, and they shall never cease, until the last breath goes from my body. Why, child, every day comes to us filled with its measure of good, and always, in quiet ways, we may be doing heroic things for Christ. I don't know how it may seem to you, Catherine, but I have often found it is in simple, quiet things that the most heroism is found. The trouble with too many of us is, we let life's opportunities all slip from us, and then bemoan our fate.'

'You are better than medicine, grandma,' said Mrs. Brown, as she set her bread nearer the warm stove. 'No wonder people like to have you visit them, you always bring a breath of God's own sunshine with you.'

'Where is that child gone now? Look, grandma, she is gathering those tea roses for your room; she said yesterday, "If only they last till Grandma Stubbins can get a sight of them, I'll ask no more." Yes, grandma, you are blessed, indeed, in that you are a blessing to all about you.'

For a Convalescent.

A favorite and satisfying breakfast for a convalescent is a single, rather thick slice of Boston brown bread, steamed to be moist and warm, and covered with thick cream.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



FASHIONABLE WAISTS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

2736.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist, with shoulder yoke.—This is a charming model for Viyella flannel, flannelette, or striped linen, and is quite simple in construction, if the directions on the pattern are carefully followed. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

2744.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist.—This pattern may be developed to advantage in any of the washable materials, such as heavy linen, Indian-head cotton, Madras, or Victoria lawn. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

2722.—Ladies' waist, in Directoire style.—Closing at front and having girde and body lining.—An excellent and fashionable model for the waist of broadcloth, Venetian cloth, challis or flannel with a chemisette of all-over lace. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

2726.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist, closing at front.—This model is a very simple and serviceable one for the waist of Victoria or Persian lawn, challis or linen. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

2732.—Ladies' jumper shirt-waist, closing at back and having a separate guimpe.—The jumper waist may be made of silk voile, wool batiste or in fact any material the wearer wishes, and worn over a guimpe of silk, mesaline or linen, of the same or a contrasting shade according to the material used for the waist portion. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No., size, name of pattern, as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

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