

## OVERWORKED WOMEN.

Here is a woman who from dawn till dark is busy with the actual work of a household, with its cooking, sweeping, dusting, mending, and general muddle and toil. There is never one working consecutive hour in which she can, without a sense of neglected duties, rest absolutely. She spends day after day in the seclusion of home without anything sparkling and merry to inspire her, with no very ennobling thoughts, except in the direction of religion, and her religion is too often a compound of ascetic self-denial and sentimental fervor, rather than of high principle and holy love. When she is unequal to the performance of her tasks, she takes tea, and as her nerves become more diseased, more tea. With neuralgic pain often seizing her in the beginning of that slow decline which saps the life and happiness of so many of our women before they reach middle age, she is irritable. Little trials cause her torture, and as she sees herself constantly falling below her ideal, she loses heart, thinks herself a miserable sinner, and very likely doubts her claim to the name Christian. Doubtless she will gain spiritual help by praying, but she had better confess to a physician than to a clergyman. She does not bear petty crosses with unfailing sweetness, and perhaps says many a hasty word of which she repents, only to repeat the fault again and again, despite her prayers and struggles. What ails her is not temper, but tiredness, and tea, and too hot rooms, and a lack of variety and cheer in her life. Doubtless God could keep one in a holy and patient frame of mind who constantly violated every law of health, but there is not the least warrant for believing that He ever did or ever will do so, because if human suffering means anything, it means that we are to learn by it, not only spiritual truths, but that the soul and body are like yoked oxen—if one lies down the other must, or be sorely cramped. No delusion is more common than that illness is conducive to saintliness. The most devout Christian will have the nightmare if he eats half a mince pie before going to bed, and a crusty temper next morning, and his spiritual agonies will not save him in the future, unless he adds to his faith knowledge.—Woman's Journal.

## "NOT ANGELS."

A group of ladies (all mothers) were sitting on the shady piazza of a quiet summer cottage where they were sojourning. Under the trees in the pleasant big yard in front of them their children were playing happily. The latter had their dolls and were playing "keep house" in a most delightful way. They were having afternoon teas, luncheons, and they were far enough away to really be by themselves—as far as not being under constant surveillance, and yet near enough for necessary watchful care. It was noticed that, occasionally, the two little daughters of one of the most charming of mothers disagreed over trifles and were not reprimanded by her. One day someone remarked of the two sisters:

"Helen and Isabel do not always agree, do they?"

Their mother smiled.

"No," said she, "they do not—not why should they? They are not angels, only children."

"And don't you believe in correcting them?"

"Certainly I do—when occasion demands correction, but I know they dearly love each other, and I've found out that some little differences invariably right themselves without interference on my part. An actual wrong I would not, of course, countenance for one moment, but it seems wise to me to let a slight gust of irritation pass over without any fault-finding on my part."—Christian Intelligence.

To be able to bear our own troubles is the secret of our ability to help those who are troubled.

## SLEEPING OUTDOORS.

Occasionally we find a person who has the night-air mania, and shuts his sleeping room up tight at night to keep in the day air that has been stored there, thinking in this way to avoid the breathing of night air in the night. If you go out early in the morning, unless the weather is insufferably warm, you will see many houses with the sleeping room windows practically closed, showing that the people are trying to avoid breathing night air.

Happily this superstition is passing away. Even in the cold weather there is a steadily increasing number of people who believe in open windows and plenty of fresh night air for sleeping purposes. There is also an increased number of people who have come to appreciate the advantages of sleeping outdoors, securing the night air benefit to its full limit. Some construct shacks that are open on all sides, some build bedrooms that are open on three sides, some sleep on the balcony or on the verandah. All find it necessary to accommodate themselves to conditions as they find them. The opportunity for outdoor sleeping has been made more easy by the construction of hammocks that are in the form of a suspended bed, with a solid substantial frame sustaining the mattress. These may be set up wherever one wishes to, and by the use of mosquito netting, which is easily adjusted, keeping out all the flying insects, one can have the benefit of absolute outdoor sleeping. The great benefit coming from this will be realized after a few nights of experience in the feeling of restfulness that will be experienced in the morning after a night of this delightful sleep. Now is the time to inaugurate this. Get the outdoor habit fixed before the weather becomes cold enough to frighten you out of it; then the battle will come in trying to give it up. Many a life has been prolonged simply by sleeping outdoors.

## IN A HOT WAY.

Being a fellow guest with a minister on a cold morning I was getting ready to shave. "What are you going to try to take a cold shave?" asked I.

"Yes," I replied, "but I'm going to do it in a hot way."

The idea interested him, that of doing a cold thing in a hot way. And it is worth thinking about.

Getting out of bed on a cold morning is often dreaded. But get right out at once, not stopping to think about it, and it is not so bad.

A teacher told me how she lost her patience and how altogether disagreeable she found her work. A mother told me how she loved her pupils, how she was trying to exert over them the very best possible influence, and how delightful her work was. She thanked the Lord for it, for the opportunity to do good.

The pupils of the two were about alike. The difference was in the way in which the two teachers did their work. So it is all over the world. One is grumbling about his work; another, having the same kind, is telling how he enjoys his.

One mother, with one child, is "burdened to death with work," but I saw one with eight the other day, and she was so cheery and thankful that she had the love-burden. All, even to the infant, were at church with her. Her burden seemed, not eight times heavier, but eight times lighter, than that of her who had but one child.

One pastor is "worked to death—doing two men's work—people are stingy, unappreciative—a hard place—going to get another place as soon as possible." Another pastor has "the best people in the world—never had a better work—want to end my days right here."

Got a cold job? Do it in a hot way. Warm it up with enthusiasm and love. —Snap Shots from a Passing Preacher, in Cumberland Presbyterian.

HOT WEATHER MONTHS  
KILL LITTLE CHILDREN.

If you want to keep your children rosy, healthy, and full of life during the hot weather months, give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents deadly summer complaints by cleansing the stomach and bowels; or it cures the trouble promptly if it comes on unexpectedly.

The mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as if she had a doctor in the home. Mrs. C. C. Roe, Georgetown, Ont., says:—"I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a great help to baby during the hot summer months. I have used them for summer troubles and am much pleased with the result." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## HOW THE FEVER WAS CURED.

By Louise M. Oglevee.

John and Jennie had the "tattling fever," and really it was the most distressing disease that they had ever had. Instead of being bad for a few days, or even weeks, like the whooping-cough or the measles, and then going away, it just stayed right along, and grew worse and worse all the time. Of course the children were not happy when they had it, and nobody else around them could be happy either, and father and mother tried many remedies, but none of them seemed to do any good, until they thought of the one that I am going to tell you about.

When father came home from the office that night mother met him at the door, exclaiming, "Oh, father, what do you think the children did? Jenny broke a saucer and John tore a hole in his coat."

"Such little things to tell father about," whispered Jenny indignantly, to which John retorted promptly, "No littler than some you told mother about me today," and Jenny had nothing more to say.

At the supper table father remarked "I had to walk upstairs to my office this morning. I rang and rang, but the elevator boy didn't pay any attention."

"The grocery boy left the gate open this morning, and so did the peddler that was here," complained mother.

"There was a big man on the street when I was coming home, and he bumped into me and nearly knocked my hat off," said father.

"John didn't come for nearly ten minutes when I called him at lunch time," said mother, "and Jenny had company, and didn't help me any all the afternoon."

And so it went on. No merry talking at supper, no pleasant hour spent together afterward, for if father or mother spoke it was to tattle about somebody. Jenny and John played quietly by themselves, wondering what could be making father and mother talk like that.

Presently John, who was painting with his water-colors, accidentally touched Jenny's dress with his brush. "Oh, mother," she began, and then stopped suddenly.

"Excuse me, please," said John.

"I will," said Jenny.

A few minutes later Jenny happened to touch John's arm, making him make a crooked line. "Mother," he began, "Jenny—" and then he stopped, too.

"Excuse me, please," begged Jenny, and then they both laughed.

When father was going upstairs to bed he said to mother, "If we have to keep up this tattling until the children are cured I hope they will be cured pretty soon, for one evening has been about as much of it as I can stand."

"They're cured now," called a voice from the children's room, and another voice added, "We're tired of it, too, and we'll stop it if you will."

"All right, it's a bargain," said father heartily. And everybody rejoiced to be rid of the disagreeable tattling fever.