

ity. Once an individual as he was passing along the streets of London was accosted by a stranger with the question, "Did you ever thank God for the use of your reason?" No, was the reply." Well do it quickly, rejoined the stranger, for I have lost mine." For years after reading the account of the above occurrence the writer says, "I have no recollection of ever kneeling in prayer without rendering distinct and express thanks to the Father of mercy for the continuance of this inestimable blessing." We have only to glance over the circle of our friends and acquaintances during the past twelve months if we wish to discover a noble theme of thanksgiving. How many whom we have known have been tossing through weary days and sleepless nights on beds of pain, enduring weakness and suffering so intense that their nearest and dearest craved for them the kindly kiss of death. And yet there is often more thankfulness in the hearts of these tried ones for a few moments respite from pain, than there is in ours for years of perfect health and prosperity. It is from the depths that the sweetest songs of faith, hope and thanksgiving ascend. There may be others who have met with reverses and who have known the terrible strain of pecuniary embarrassment, yet through it all, perchance, they have been led to a deeper and firmer trust in the Shepherd Lord who has promised that his children shall not want any good thing.

We can remember other homes, too, where there has been a great sorrow. We have watched them move about with noiseless tread and bated breath, awaiting the coming of a wretched unwelcome visitor; then there came a presence and a solemn stillness, and their house was left unto them desolate.

Allowing our thoughts a wider range what tragedies, accidents, devastating storms and destructive fires we have read of in the daily press. Why should all these things befall other people and not us? Certainly not because we are less deserving of them than they. When we consider this should we not reverently bow our heads and give thanks at the remembrance of His mercies.

Another blessing for which we should be truly grateful is this broad and lovely land in which we live, with its wide area and rapidly increasing trade and population; its magnificent scenery and undeveloped resources. A land of fruitful fields and unfailing supplies of water; blessed with civil and religious freedom, where woman, under the benignant sway of her gracious Majesty, has probably risen to a higher plane, intellectually and socially, than at any previous period. Here we have peace and plenty, a healthful climate and the highest educational advantages. Surely other less favored nations can point to us and say, "Happy the people that are in such a state."

We learn much by contrast, so we will now strive to further cultivate a spirit of thankfulness by leaving our pleasant homes and travelling with our troops to the Transvaal. There we find Boer mothers bending over their dead and "refusing to be comforted, because they are not." In England there are sleepless wives spending long days and nights in agony and suspense, haunting the war office in search of news and scanning the death lists with white, drawn faces. We have heard the tramp of hurrying feet, but it was some other person's boy who was going to the front. While others have sorrowed, we have built bon-fires and shouted of victory. Had we lived in India, or East Africa we would not have been enjoying a vacation or tiring of what many in the world would deem delicacies. We

would not even have fared as well as the meanest mendicant on our streets. We would be stretching out withered hands for a small portion of rice or grain, our skins would be "black as an oven because of the terrible famine" and plague, we would be shuddering at the sound of scavengers devouring their human prey. We dare not contemplate what our fate might have been had we been among the daughters of unhappy Armenia exposed to the lust and tyranny of the treacherous Turk. Our condition could not have been much improved in China. As tiny infants our sufferings would have been unsupportable because of the cruel custom of foot-binding. We are told that little children there are given opium to deaden the pain and make them sleep, even then they cry aloud in the night so that a Chinese mother sleeps with a big stick beside her in order to get up and beat the wee thing into silence. How different, thank God, are our earliest recollections of a mother. Infanticide there is so common that some twenty years ago not more than 20 or 30 per cent. of the girls born were permitted to live. "A Chinese father does not count his girls as children when half a dozen daughters are running about his house. The married women work hard and have to pay their husbands for their keep, as well as to find the men in clothing and other things." Then turning to India we see a saddening sight, 21,000,000 widows, and thousands of them under nine years of age. The lot of a Hindoo widow, often a mere girl, is still sickening in its cruelty, in spite of all the efforts of the British Government and missionaries. For one thing she has no more than a single meal a day, and that very scanty, and often she is compelled to fast entirely. Divested of her jewels and clad in the coarsest garb, the poor child, for such she often is, is subjected to the hardest kind of drudgery and ill-treatment, little wonder that so many of them end their tragic and miserable existence by suicide. It would be interesting to study the religious and social life of the women of many other countries but time will not permit. As we acquire a more perfect knowledge of them, we quickly come to the conclusion that there are no women on the face of the globe who have as many or as great reasons for thanksgiving as the daughters of our own fair Canada.

Lastly, in order that our Thank-offering meeting may be profitable in the highest sense, viz., spiritually, we must individually and collectively entreat the presence of the Holy Spirit in His Triune person at our meeting. We need His presence; without it our meeting will be a failure. He is wondering if the Ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will invite Him, if they expect to meet Him there. It is only to those who are looking for Him and who believe He will accept the invitation that He will reveal Himself. So if anyone comes and goes away from the meeting next month without realizing the Spirit's presence and power, it is because they have either failed to invite Him, or because they do not believe in His promised presence; for He is given to everyone according to the measure of their faith.

A tramp rang a doctor's door-bell, in Hamilton recently, and asked the pretty woman who opened the door if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would kindly give away. "I'm the doctor," said the smiling young woman, and the tramp nearly fainted.

## Slow Starvation

### The Condition of Those Afflicted With Indigestion.

**Fatulence, Sick Headache, Offensive Breath, Eructations, Irritability, and a Feeling of Weight on the Stomach are Among the Symptoms.**

Dyspepsia, or indigestion, as it is also frequently called, is one of the most serious ailments that afflicts mankind. When the stomach loses its craving for food, and the power to digest it, the person so afflicted is both mentally and physically in a condition of wretchedness. The symptoms of the disorder are manifold, and among them may be noted, a feeling of weight in the region of the stomach, sick headache, offensive breath, heartburn, a disagreeable taste in the mouth, irritability of temper, disturbed sleep, etc. The condition is in fact one of slow starvation of the blood, nerves and body, and on the first symptoms treatment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sought. Mr. William Birt, a well known blacksmith at Pisquid, P. E. I., is one who suffered for years, and relates his experience for the benefit of similar sufferers. Mr. Birt says: "For many years I was a victim of indigestion, accompanied by nervousness, palpitation of the heart and other distressing symptoms. My appetite was irregular, and what I ate felt like a weight in my stomach; this was accompanied by a feeling of stupor or sleepiness, and yet I rarely enjoyed a night's sound sleep. When I would retire a creeping sensation would come over me, with pains and fluttering around the heart, and then when I arose in the morning, I would feel as tired and fatigued as I did before I went to bed. It is needless to say that I was continually taking medicine, and tried, I think, almost everything recommended as a cure for the trouble. Occasionally I got temporary relief, but the trouble always came back, usually in a still more aggravated form. All this, of course, cost a great deal of money, and as the expenditure seemed useless I was very much discouraged. One day one of my neighbors, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit, advised me to try them, and I decided to do so thinking nevertheless, that it would be but another hopeless experiment. To my great gratification, however, I had only been using the pills a few weeks when I felt decidedly better, and things began to look brighter. I continued taking the pills for several months, with the result that my health was as good and my digestion better than it had ever been. One of the most flattering results of the treatment was my increase in weight from 125 pounds to 155 pounds. It is more than a year now since I discontinued the use of the pills and in that time I have not had the slightest return of the trouble. We always keep the pills in the house now, and my family have used them for other ailments with the same gratifying results."

These pills may be had from any dealer in medicine, or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

If we are rooted in duty, we shall grow, however slowly, to the full measure of the pattern designed in our creation.—Anon.