THE SOUL ON WINGS.

MRS. SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace"—
Thus a tired woman sings
Toiling in her lowly place
At a task beyond her strength,
Daily growing in its length.

'Twas a hymn her mother sang
In the old home long ago,
When the "transitory things"
Once did fret and wear her so;
Now "in seats prepared above,"
Rests she in God's peace and love.

Broken threads and stitches dropped—
Oh, if she could "haste away!"
'Tis the tension that's too tight;
She must loosen it and stay
Till the seams that are begun
All are finished, one by one.

Yes, her "soul is born of God;"
For she "longs to see His face;"
Weary now, but by-and-by
Hopes "to rest in his embrace;"
With new courage, loud she sings,
"Rise, *my soul*, and stretch thy wings."

"Pilgrims fix not here their home"—
Oh, how fast the needle plies!
"Soon the Saviour will return"
All "triumphant in the skies."
What a flood of sunshine streams
Through the window on those seams!

Now the wheel turns easily;
Conquered "transitory things,"
For the singer's soul has found
It can "rise and stretch its wings
Toward heaven, its native place,"
And may "rest in His embrace."

Selected Serial.

ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER IX.

A HOMELY DAY.

Heated, annoyed, and almost too tired to eat, Mirabel sat down to her own plain feast. But the cooler mood, satisfying of the "inner man," and youth triumphed; and after the satisfied children had run away again, the two girls recounted their mishaps, and laughed until the tears came.

"Now for one more look at that terrible bread," Mirabel said at last, rising. "It is like Banquo's ghost, it will not down. I would like to know what is to be done with it, Paula? It is running all over the shelf; nearly half of it must have gone already. What will Mrs. Dame say?"

In her distress, she brought out one of the loaves, and, placing it on the table in the shed-room, the two regarded it ruefully. The loaf had risen as high above the tin as its equilibrium could sustain it, and then spread over the outside and out on the shelf. They stooped over it, patting its surface, that yielded like fluffy down to their touch.

Mirabel's head was bent over it, and she was half-petulant. "What are we going to do with it, anyway?" she asked, with some of her feeling manifest in her tone.

"Well, I should think as much!" a voice exclaimed at her back, and the sisters started up quickly. A girl—Mirabel saw at once that it was Mercy Task—stood in the low door-way.

"I beg your pardon," she said, coming in then; "I wanted a sleeve-pattern of Mrs. Dame, and I didn't think of finding you out here. What's the matter?

"That is what we would like to know."

"Where is Mrs. Dame?"

"Gone down to Berwick."

"Oh!" taking the situation in at once. "Why, it's too light already."

"How can we help that?"

"I will see to it," and the new-comer rinsed her hands quickly at the spout, found some soda and the moulding-board, turned the loaves out together, pricked them all over with the dissolved soda, kneaded them down, and laid them back in their several tins.

"That is all right now," she said. "Let a fire music is among his tins; then have your oven hot at first, and let the heat die off as it bakes. It will be ready to go in in an hour."

"Thank you, very much," Mirabel said. "I think you are Teddy Dame's teacher?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Now that the need of her was over she was growing shy.

"Can I help you any about your sleeve-pattern?" Mirabel asked. "I am not as helpless in everything as in bread-making."

Mercy glanced at the daintily fitting sleeve of the other. "I could not make one like that."

"Why not? I have a pattern I can cut by, my sister Paula, and you are not much larger. You can take it and send it back at your leisure," and she brought the pattern and explained its mysteries. Then the teacher hastened away.

"Mrs. Dame will smile at her housekeepers, I fear," Mirabel said at the door.

Mercy turned back quickly. "I will not tell her," she returned, "nor anyone else, never fear. I do not believe in gossip, myself."

"I like that girl," Mirabel said, greatly relieved.

"She looks as though she wanted something all the time," Paula answered.

"Now, dear, you must rest," her sister said, decidedly; "you will be tired out."

"But I want to wipe the dishes for you."

"I will iron now, while the fire is hot. The dishes can wait. You must lie down for a while."

But it was very hard, sober work now, in the heat; too hard for much connected thought, but fruitful in suggestions. The flies buzzed in the mid-day silence. The bread came out a delicate brown. Paula came back less tired but with an aching head. The ironing was finished, the dishes put away finally; but there were many last steps before the ordering was complete and ready for Mrs. Dame's return. It seemed to Mirabel that there was no end to it all.

"Do you suppose, sister, that Mrs. Dame gets so tired *every* day?" Paula asked once.

"She does more than we have done together," was the answer.

"I know, and then she has it all to go over again to-morrow, and ever so many more to-morrows," gravely.

It was nearly five o'clock before she was at liberty to bathe the last traces of kitchen crock and "smudges" from her hands, slip out of her equally abused morning-dress, and drop down in a large rocker by the window to nurse three burned fingers, the aching mementoes of the day's victories.

"The real mistress will come soon, I trust," she answered to Paula's question,—

"Indade, missis, and what will I do nixt?" and then fell fast asleep in the high-backed chair.

Paula went out and kept the children away, and her nap lasted until broken by the shrill, clear tones of the tall clock in the corner striking six.

"What has become of Mrs. Dame!" she exclaimed, with a wonder if they could all possibly get along without her much longer.

The children came in hungry, of course, but were satisfied with cups of bread and milk. The men brought in the foaming pails of milk, strained it and set it away, and still no Mrs. Dame.

"If you will just give us a bowl and spoon for the milk and a bit of bread, miss, that will do us," one of them said, in his pleasant Irish brogue.

Mirabel gave the things requested, added a whole loaf of bread and a plate of doughnuts, and they went away satisfied.

Then the little family gathered out on the stoop to watch for the tardy comers. The last lingering reflection of sunslight paled in varying colors to a faint gray on the highest mountain-points, then quite died away. The soft gloaming darkened and into it the stars twinkled faintly. On the grassy slope across the road glow worms shone with a steady light, tiny lamps dotting the long grass, and just above, hundreds of restless fireflies, with ever shifting wings, made a wave of tremulous brightness. Down in the mill pond a fine chorus of frogs were giving an open-air concert. "Ka chug! ka chug!" said the leader, in a heavy bass, and all the others joined in. Then a heavy splash in the water told of some larger animal, starting out perhaps like another Leander. Somewhere on the hills a member of the village "band" was practising with his "horn," and, through the stillness and the distance, the notes floated to their ears as pleasant melody. Once in a while a voice far off would rouse a gentle echo. Tardy cows tinkled their bells out of the protecting woods.

"It is a pastoral," Mirabel said, softly, to herself, "a dream of rest." "A thought of God," a stranger had said once in her hearing, when she had stood in such an uplifted stillness among the green heights of a Swiss summer. And was it His thought any more there than here? Things were becoming plain. The "life" is in the truth always. And the truth is always waiting for an asking soul.

"Tell us stories, Miss Vane do," begged practical Teddy, when it became too dusky for further catching of toads or snails.

Then Mirabel told stories and sang simple ballads to an appreciative audience, until she had tired herself, if not them, and the last frog had retired envious and disgusted.

But Neddy, who was a nervous child, began to imagine unheard of evils, and to cry lustily for his absent parents. He had to be soothed and quieted, and finally laid to sleep on the dining-room lounge. Nina crept up in Mirabel's lap and was soon lost in sleep also, and Teddy, finding life monotonous, took the other end of the lounge and followed their examples. The two sisters sat alone in the sweet stillness, and the "thought of God" was around and within them.

"Sister," said Paula, at last, "I don't believe I shall ever blame Mrs. Dame so much again when she is cross. I shall think how tired she is, and how hard it is to go right along when one is tired and aches so. I had never thought before but that she liked to iron and wash dishes and pick currants and such things."

"I am very glad, though," Mirabel said, after a little pause, "that Mrs. Dame left us, and that I have had to-day's experience."

"Why, sister? I thought you were very tired."

"So I am; but a night of sleep will cure that, and the lessons I have learned will stay by me."

"Do you mean how to make bread?" Paula asked, shyly.

"No," Mirabel answered, laughing; "I am afraid I have not gone very far in that line." Then she took the younger sister's hand closely in her own—and Mirabel's hand-clasp was a restful one. "No, little sister; I mean that I realize to-night, as never before, how very useless my life really is, and how ignorant I am of things every woman ought to know."

"No you are not!" indignantly. "What?"

"There is sickness and trouble everywhere," Mirabel went on, "and what do I know of any use at such a time?"

"Are you going to learn to make bread, then?"

"Why not? I want to learn something. I have thought a good many times since, Paula, of one question that Ma'lame Merril asked me the other day."

"What?"

"If there was any reason why I should be of no real use in the world because I am not obliged to be for want of money."

"But papa and mamma have never wanted you to work," urged Paula.

"It is not the work of hands, little sister; It's my heart and sympathy. Don't you see? You and I understand Mrs. Dame's trials to-night better, and we have more patience with her and can help her better. Paula, I feel as though I had heard the chord given, and it had suggested some harmony. Something to put into life and to get out it."

Again there was silence, and again Paula broke it with a timid question:—

"Sister, I was reading the other day ——; do you suppose this was one of the cups of cold water?" but Mirabel shook her head, laughing.

"Not a bit of it, on my part. Nothing, at least, unless it was doing up the dinner dishes in the late afternoon: that was a trial. The rest was natural ambition and pride. It always will be, I expect, with me. But I think you did better, little sister," softly.

"No, I thought it would be splendid to have a kitchen all to ourselves and do as we liked. And it was nice, and you didn't let me get tired as you did. But, Mirabel," thoughtfully, "It doesn't say any thing about how we feel when we give it. Perhaps He knew we'd be tired sometimes, and not want to very much."

"Perhaps so."

"I'm glad He didn't say we'd got to feel happy about it always. I know I could not do that. I think maybe He was tired Himself when He said it, and knew that."

Blessed little comforter! who had learned of Him through the faithful Christian nurse given to watch through the weary weeks of sickness of the past winter.

For this older girl felt every word. All her life long she had got to contend with the ambitious nature and strong will given to her. She would never forget self easily in the most sacred places; never, probably, lay any offering on the altar without this savor. She would be hopeless if it were not that He understood her. How glad she was to-night. Glad, as never before. Near in that hour as never before. "Thank Him!"

Over the stony hill and down to the gate rattled a spring-wagon. Even before it stopped, Mrs. Dame's shrill voice was heard, calling out:—

"Are you all there, and all right?"

"Every one of us, and all right," Mirabel returned, feeling ready to embrace both the late comers in her relief and delight.

"I declare I'm clean tuckered out," Mrs. Dame exclaimed, as she jumped over the wheel and hurried up the walk, untying her bonnet-strings; "how have you got along? I've been nigh worried to death. Well, Teddy, why didn't you go off to bed like a man? I'll just change my dress, Miss Vane, and then tend to things. Have you had any supper yet?"

"Long ago."

"Myron said you would, but I didn't know. I'll just do up the dinner-dishes, then."

"They were all done in a proper time Mrs. Dame."

"No; I told you not to touch those," but there was a sigh of relief after all. "I'd had a right nice time if it hadn't been for worrying about leaving things so at sixes and sevens at home. And then when we was coming about two miles out of Berwick, the nigh sorrel up and threw a shoe. She's drefful tender-footed, and Myron didn't dare drive her over the stones like that, so we went on to a blacksmith's shop about a mile further, and Jake wa'nt to home. He'd gone to a funeral up the branch. His first wife's brother-in-law's mother had died of pneumony, aged eighty-five. So we went into her mother's,—Jake's present wife's I mean,—and heard all about her sickness and death. But it was three mortal hours before Jake came, only I was having a good visit. When we did start, though, we came straight through," and the housekeeper bustled off to look in every room and cupboard, as though her jaunt had been a journey of years.

She found the bars of smooth clothes, too, of course, and thanked them, the girls, that is, but they hardly knew whether she was pleased or not.

Some can never learn to give thanks gracefully; not even to God.

Quiet and sleep settled down on the low mountain house at last; and, outside, the quiet and darkness brooded over all and the great heart of Love watched and waited.

CHAPTER X.

UPLIFTED.

"I'm thankful for nothing, so much as I am that I live to home this morning," was Mrs. Dame's decided remark, after she had faithfully attended to the wants of her family at the breakfast-table, and seen all "well started."

"You don't care to go to town, then, again to-day?" questioned Mirabel.

"Care? Horses couldn't draw me. Don't eat so fast, Teddy. Time won't run away so fast but you can catch it."

"Didn't you enjoy yesterday?" asked Paula.

"In the time of it I did, but I'm dreful glad 'ta'n't to-day. Coming home after a good time, I guess, is about the best part of anything. And seems to me I never was so glad before. When I got out in my own kitchen this morning, and heard that water running, and skimmed the thick yellow cream off four pans of milk, I thought 'home's home,' and it's the best place of any after all. 'Hanging round' and I wa'n't never made to go together long at a time. Myron wanted to know how I'd like to move down there to live; but I guess I've been too long in one nest now to want to flit. Let the young ones go," with a glance at the boys; "but I guess this is as good a place to have one's funeral from as any. It does one good to go away occasional, a day at a time."

But she enjoyed bringing out her purchases and "bargains," and showing them. The longed-for blue cap with its tassel,—"large enough for two years," as she fitted it on Teddy. The cheap, dark print for comfortables; a better grade for a dress; a whole "piece" of cheap handkerchiefs, and so on. And Mirabel found herself more interested than she had been sometimes in her mamma's most elaborate and extravagant outlays.

"How far a little money will go, will it not?" Paula said, reflectively, after the two girls were back in their own rooms. "Did you ever think of it before, Mirabel?"

"I don't think I ever realized how much pleasure a small sum could give," was the answer.

"I wonder if we do just right?" was Paula's next remark.

"No; I do not think I have," emphatically.

"There must be some law about it," went on the younger.

"I suppose Madame Merril would say," returned Mirabel, "that there was a law for me just as much as for Mrs. Dame, and that I ought to find it out. I never have troubled myself about it. Papa seemed to have plenty; and I have spent it right and left—foolishly enough sometimes."

"One of those dresses was for Mrs. Dame's sister, and some of the handkerchiefs. I heard Teddy say that that uncle drank too much cider, and his mother gave them lots," said Paula. "Everybody gives but just me," in a grieved tone.

"You are always giving kind words, Paula; that is worth more than you know."

"Do you suppose, Mirabel, that Mrs. Dame would let me sew for her?" Paula asked, presently.

"Sew for her?"

"Yes, help on those comfortables."

"Why, I don't suppose she is in immediate need of those."

"No, but she always likes every thing 'done up' so," Paula returned shrewdly, "that she will be in a hurry with them."

"Of course she will. Go and ask her, Paula."

"No, you go," and Mirabel went.

"I would like to learn how to make a comfortable," she urged to Mrs. Dame's decided refusal.

"Nothing to learn, that," but Mirabel prevailed at last, and the long breaths were torn off.

"I don't want any seams puckered up on a machine, and I haven't got any machine if I did," was Mrs. Dame's remark as to that point. "I fancy the Lord made fingers for sewing, on women folks at least. I don't take to new-fangled notions, myself. I've got cotton in the house already," she called after her, "so we can tie it most any afternoon, and then I'll bind it off of an evening. I shall feel relieved to get one of those off my mind."

Mirabel went back smiling. "Chance for all your cups of cold water, Paula, now. Get your thimble and proceed to business."

Paula obeyed, with one longing look down to the green roof of their arbor. Two days away from her beloved haunt.

"I am afraid, my dear," Mirabel went on, "that, to speak literally, you will need the cups of cold water for yourself before this task is done. There is, really, nothing *but* heat in the air this morning. The deadest of calms. And my mood is in sympathy with it. If moods were only allowable in this region."

(*To be continued.*)

Enormous Fortunes.

Notwithstanding the enormous fortunes accumulated through the use of printer's ink, large sums of money are annually wasted in ineffectual and unremunerative advertising.

The merits of a really valuable commodity properly portrayed in the columns of an influential and widely read newspaper, like the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, will speedily become generally known and appreciated, while the returns reaped by the advertiser will more than justify the amount expended.

Clearness, attractiveness, brevity and sincerity must characterize any announcement intended to catch the public eye, and appeal to public confidence. An advertisement inserted in a London journal a few days ago, brought instant and multitudinous replies, accompanied by an almost unlimited supply of bank notes, simply because it touched the chord of nature which makes all mankind akin. Its simple pathos and self-evident truthfulness appealed to every heart.

The advertiser sought for a lost relative, and, giving his name, said: "I am ill and friendless. My last half crown is expended in paying for this advertisement. Write me at"—(giving the address). As already stated, nearly every one who read the announcement hastened to relieve the necessities of the sufferer.

Thus it is with a really meritorious commodity or preparation; if its virtues be properly and truthfully set forth in the public press, its success is prompt and certain.

On the other hand, the public is quick, and unerring to detect deception and charlatanry; and, accordingly no amount of "puffery" will force a vile nostrum into public esteem and patronage.

Valuable medicines like Warner's Safe Remedies, carry their own best commendation in their power to *cure* the particular diseases for which they are a specific.

They require no labored panegyric to convince the people of their power and efficacy, for they have been tried and found perfect.

A jolly Englishman, now a clergyman in this country, shortly after his marriage to a country girl in old England, was walking with her on the streets of Liverpool, when suddenly a large donkey stepped up on the pavement in front of them. Mr. B., stopped, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "My dear, is that any relative of yours?" "Oh, yes," she said, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "but only since my marriage." Subject dropped.

She Couldn't Understand It.

"What in the world has happened to you since the last time I saw you?" asked one lady of another when they met on the street the other day; "I can't understand it. Then you were pale, haggard and low-spirited, and I remember you said that you hardly cared whether you lived or died. To-day you look ever so much younger, and it is very evident from your beaming face that your low spirits have taken flight." "Yes, indeed," was the reply; "and shall I tell you what drove them away? It was Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was a martyr to functional derangement until I began taking the 'Prescription.' Now I am as well as I ever was in my life. No woman who suffers as I did, ought to let an hour pass before procuring this wonderful remedy."

— The *Western Christian Advocate* says: "Chicago has high license, and nine saloons on one square. It looks as though, if the license was a little higher, there wouldn't be anything else but saloons in that block."

"Ayer's Medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."—F. L. Morris, M. D., Brooklyn, N.Y.

—Learning English.—A Frenchman having received the photograph of a lady, asked a friend what was customary under the circumstances. "Compliment it," replied the friend. "Tell her its beauty is very rare." "I beg to make zee acknowlemong, madame," he said to her at the next meeting. "Zee beauty of madame is vair scarce."

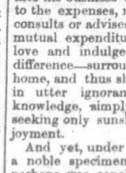
No greater triumph in medicine or chemistry has been recorded than Hall's Hair Renewer to revivify and restore gray hair to the color of youth.

Ignorance of Girls.

If a girl never hears a word about economy from her birth, and is conscious that to secure the means to gratify her slightest wish she needs only to stretch out her hands and they will be abundantly filled, how can one expect after marriage that she can have the faintest knowledge of the duties that must belong to her in the care of her household? She has never been called upon to know anything about her own expenses. What she fancied she wanted she bought without a thought that it might be well to learn whether she could afford the money. How money came, how it was always ready for her when she asked, were questions she had never been taught that she ought to ask and understand the answer. As far as any teaching she has ever received, she might imagine that money grew in the woods, and her father had it gathered for her as wanted—and of course her husband would do the same. No education before marriage ever taught her anything more rational.

With such a girlhood, free from every thought save that of her own personal gratification, what reason can there be for surprise if she makes many mistakes—well for her if they are not irremediable. Duty was something never mentioned to her when a girl. After marriage her husband gives her no insight into his business affairs, no cautions as to the expenses, never talks to her or consults or advises with her about their mutual expenditures. The same cruel love and indulgence—or it may be in difference—surrounds her in her new home, and thus she continues to be left in utter ignorance of all practical knowledge, simply a toy, a butterfly seeking only sunshine and personal enjoyment.

And yet, under proper training, what a noble specimen of womanhood she, perhaps, was capable of being made!—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.*



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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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(This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP,

ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.

BY ITS FAITHFUL USE

CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED

When other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

Recommended by PHYSICIANS, MINISTERS, AND NURSES, in fact, by everybody who has given it a good trial. *It never fails to bring relief.*

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It is harmless to the Most Delicate Child

It contains no OPIUM in any form.

PRICE 25c, 50c AND $1.00 PER BOTTLE.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited), *General Agents, MONTREAL.*

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Note.—This favorite medicine is put up in oval bottles holding three ounces each, with the name blown in the glass, and the name of the inventor, S. R. Campbell, in red ink across the face of the label. Beware of imitations, refuse all substitutes, and you will not be disappointed.

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With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

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THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

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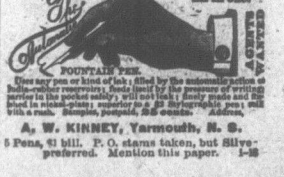

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