

Martha and Mary.

Miss Marbury walked slowly along the box-bordered paths of her old garden, gathering the late roses.

With her arms full of the creamy blooms, she re-entered the quiet old house, that had been the home of the Marburys for generations, and where she and her sister, the last of their name, lived on a slender income that barely kept up the gentle traditions of their race.

As Miss Mary came in with her arms full of roses, Miss Martha was conscious of nerves stretched close to a snap.

'Oh, Patty dear, Miss Mary held out her fragrant burden, are they not lovely? and so many. You know dear mother planted them and they always seem to bring a sweet message from her, I will put some here in a vase on your desk to—'

'Oh, no, don't do it, move anything on my desk for heaven's sake,' said Miss Martha sharply. 'I am just getting these papers straight, Mary. I can't look or think of anything else now. These reports must go out at once. Unless we can get fifteen hundred dollars next month, work on the Children's Hospital must stop. And we cannot use the old house another winter. The roof leaks and the walls are damp, and it is altogether hopeless.'

'Oh, the poor little children,' said Miss Mary pitifully. 'Surely surely there are some people rich enough to help. I have twenty dollars I can give.'

'And wear the moth-eaten coat another winter?' said Miss Martha. 'No, indeed, I have had enough of your giving. You went shabby all last year keeping old Tony Williams out of the almshouse where he belonged.'

'Oh, Patty dear but it would have broken his poor old heart to go. It was the place for him as everybody agreed, when we had to turn him out of the Aged Home for smoking under the bed clothes,' said Miss Martha firmly. 'And if you had not helped those wretched Transions to pay their rent we might have held their beggarly children as delinquents.'

'Oh, but I found their mother praying to Santa Maria that she might keep her babies, Patty, and they have been good ever since you know.'

'No, I don't know,' answered Miss Martha tartly. 'I've given up the whole shifless lazy set, since they would not do as I wished, and I do hope you won't meddle in that blind, blundering, impractical way of yours any more.'

Miss Mary's pale face flushed a little over her nose, but she answered softly: 'I suppose I am impractical, Patty, but we can't be wise and clever as you. So I will go off with my flowers to church and pray for the hospital, it is all I can do.'

'Church today?' said Miss Martha. 'Oh, I quite forgot the Forty Hours! I was too tired with the meeting last night to get up to Mass this morning.'

'There will be confessions this evening said Miss Mary gently. 'Oh, I can't get off this evening, it will be quite impossible. These reports must be mailed at once. I am not like you, Mary. I simply cannot shirk, so run off to your prayers, dear if you will, and leave me to my work.'

And the little thorn prick in the words struck deep into Miss Mary's heart as she went off with her roses to lay at the Master's feet.

When she reached the vestibule of the church a touch was laid upon her arm, a woman stood beside her, a woman whose sagged cheek and hollow eyes were marked by the rich splendor of her garb.

'I have been watching you, she began abruptly, her voice husky and tremulous, watching you for the last ten minutes. My God, if I could pray—I I dared pray like you, but it has been twenty years—twenty years since I have given a thought to God—and now—I do not know how, say, I dare not kneel and ask his help. My child—my own darling was taken suddenly ill in our car, and we had to stop here. The doctor sent me from him they have him now—oh, God, now, under the knife. They told me to pray, to pray, I who have not prayed for years. Will you who know how to call on God, speak for me. Will you, a kind, you who are His friend to

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

'I was taken ill with kidney trouble and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued to use it, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her.' Mrs. THOMAS L. WALKER, Wallaceton, Ont.

'Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.'

'Spare my boy? Oh I will give all I thought, my wealth, my lands. I will go back to the Church I have left, to the faith I have forgotten, I will lead another life—if he is spared to me, Oh, pray for me in pity for my breaking mother heart. Pray to God who listens to prayers like yours, that He will save my boy.'

Gentle Miss Mary stood pale and startled. Never before had such a wild gust of human anguish swept into the sweet stillness of her maiden peace.

But it smote upon cords that woke into music full and deep.

'Come she said softly, 'we will go back to Our Lord's feet and pray for your boy.'

'Not I—not I—the strange recollection shuddering—I could not, I dare not after twenty prayerless, Godless years.'

'I will, said Miss Mary, tears of pity dimming her tender eyes. 'I will pray as you ask. But oh, God is so merciful—come ask for His mercy. He will hear a mother's prayer.'

'Not more, not mine, my lips could not shape one. I stood cold, dumb, despairing, and I could not speak one word I must go back now—back to my boy. This half hour will mean life or death to him. Life or death to me. Oh, pray for him, pray, pray, you who can.'

The words ended in a hoarse passionate sob—and the wretched mother was gone. Miss Mary turned back into the church and knelt again before the altar until the stroke of the bell in the tower told the half hour had passed.

Then she went home in the gathering twilight wondering pitifully what joy or anguish that half hour had brought.

'But of the strange meeting' the passionate, despairing outcry; the dark remorseful depths that had for a moment been bared to her gentle eyes, she said nothing—even to busy Martha.

Under the seal of a sacred silence she held what she felt to be a soul's unveiling—buried in her faithful, tender heart.

The reports had been scattered far and wide, but as yet there had been no response, though two weeks had passed since the final issue. The board was in despair—work in the Children's Hospital must cease. Miss Martha had worried herself into a sick headache, and was shut up in her darkened room—all to pieces, as her sympathizing friends declared—when the postman dropped a special delivery at the sisters door.

Miss Marbury read the superscription, in a bold dashing hand, that made gentle Miss Mary look at the envelope in wonder and doubt. She was by full six years rightly Miss Marbury, but this strange letter could not be for her. Yet with poor Martha so ill, and the letter of seeming importance, she surely might venture to open and read a communication that bore her name.

Dear friend of my dearest hour, ran the few brief lines within, 'your prayer was heard. I learned the name of the lady who put her roses on the altar from the old sexton of the church. I see that same name signed to a report, telling of the sore need of a Children's Hospital in your town. I send my check of \$1,500, the amount required, to you, to you my sweet faced saint, as a thank offering for what is beyond all thanks I will never forget you or your blessed prayer; sometimes remember me.

'ELM K. GRACE LANE.'

Miss Mary stood for a moment flushed tremulous, the letter, the check in her hand. Then she went up to Miss Martha in her darkened room.

'Here is a letter dear,' she said, 'a letter that has just come from a lady signing herself Elm Grace Lane. She says she has seen your report for the life of her son. She sends her check for \$1,500, Patty dear.'

'Fifteen hundred dollars!' gasped Miss Martha. 'Fifteen hundred dollars. All that we need. This is beyond all my hopes—Elm Grace Lane—I remember now, she is the rich Western woman whose son was operated upon by Dr. Morris some weeks ago. Mary Gwynne was telling

me something about it, but I was so dazed about other things that I scarcely heard. They were traveling in their private car and had to stop the boy was so ill.'

'And he got well?' asked Miss Mary eagerly.

'Oh, yes, he got well, though the doctor said it was a close call, for, a while he thought there was no hope, and his mother was almost frantic. I suppose Mary Gwynne sent her one of our reports, and she has given us fifteen hundred dollars. Fifteen hundred! Call a board meeting, Mary dear, at once. They will see that after all Martha Marbury has not worked in vain.'

And Miss Mary slipped the little note, that no one must see into the fold of her dress. There are some things, that neither boards nor busy Marthas understand—that are only learned by the quiet 'Mary's' kneeling at the Master's feet.—Mary T. Waggaman in Exchange.

The Young Woman's True Ornament.

The Christian young woman's true ornament is not found in dress. Beautiful clothes, judged in the light of faith, count for nothing. The Holy Spirit warns woman against vanity in dress: 'Women also in decent apparel: adorning themselves with modesty and sobriety, not with platted hair or gold, or pearls, or costly attire' (1 Tim. ii, 2, 9).

In the Old Testament, Almighty God threatens woman who dress vainly: 'In that day the Lord will take away the ornaments of shoes and little moons and chains and necklaces, and bracelets and bonnets, and jewels hanging on the forehead' (Is. iii, 18, 24).

The Fathers of the Church speak in a like manner. They tell us that excessive ornamentation is indicative of frivolity or lack of moral sense; and that women who consider dress of the first importance generally consider virtue of the least importance.

St. Chrysostom says: 'Those who go about in silk and purple can not honestly put on Christ. Those who are decked in gold and pearls have lost the chief ornament of the soul. Splendor of dress counts for nothing in the eyes of sensible people. No one who judges of things in the right way puts much confidence in fine clothes. Undue care of dress denotes an empty mind, which takes delight only in bright clothes. Besides, it is well known that some women spend all they have on clothes and finery, and lay nothing by for the day of need. Servants especially who dress too richly are objects of ridicule or pity rather than of admiration. Good clothes are not the best ornament for the Christian young woman; on the contrary pious girls consider it a disgrace to be dressed above their station in life. 'I abominate the sign of my pride and glory,' (Eph. vi, 16.)

'Your adorning let it be the hidden man of the heart.' Such is the Apostle's counsel; and indeed in the heart all true ornament is to be sought. 'All the glory of the king's daughter is within' (Ps. xiv, 14). This inward beauty consists in three things, the first of which is a peaceful spirit. St. Peter speaks of the incorruptibility of a quiet and meek spirit. What does this consist in? It consists in a spirit that does not pour itself out upon external frivolities, but always observes the rules of propriety and decorum. It is a spirit that does not delight in gossip and foolish conversation, and is willing to keep silent when it is proper to do so. It is a spirit that holds aloof from doubtful friendships, from dangerous companions and amusements. It is a spirit that loves the solitude of one's own room. How beautiful in the sight of heaven is a young woman that has this spirit of calm and quiet! Ask yourselves whether you have this ornament. 'Go out from among them, and be ye separated, saith the Lord. And I will receive you, and I will be a father to you, and you shall be My daughter' (2 Cor. vi, 17, 18). Seek solitude; do your work in such manner that you may have a time of quiet for yourselves. Set apart some place where you can find shelter from the storms of the world, and can calm down the agitation caused by the troubles and responsibilities that weigh upon you. In your intercourse with others be polite and kind to all, but avoid idle talking that may damage the reputation of others.—Rev. Joseph Schuen, in Sacred Heart Review.

'I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE, Lot 5, I. E. I.

'I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. H. B. WYNACHT, Bridgewater.

'Mrs. Sorapp—Whenever my husband and I get into an argument I send the children out of doors. Mrs. Rapp—That's right. Fresh air is a good deal better for the children than hot air.'

'Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia. A Sensible Merchant. Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

'Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Algy—I wrote her a poem in my new typewriter. It began, 'How like a flower your face is.' Bartie—What did you say? Algy—That wretched machine wrote it, 'How like flour your face is.'

'There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25cts.

'What success have you had with the portrait of your mother-in-law? Tremendous. It's such a striking likeness that my brother, when he came to look at it, instinctively put his cigar behind his back.'

'GAVE UP ALL HOPES OF EVER GETTING WELL. Mr. Jacob E. Herr, 111 Grange St., Stratford, Ont., writes:—'Ten years ago I suffered with a very peculiar disease. I would go to bed feeling as well as could be, and after sleeping for five hours I would wake with a severe pain in my back, then moving into my side and breast. The pain was so terrible I could not lie in my bed, and usually had to sit up until morning with a pillow propped up behind my back. With all my pain I would go to work, and after working up to about 10 o'clock the pain would leave me entirely. The same thing would happen the next night, and every night for two years. I tried four different doctors, but none of them did me any good. I tried a great many patent medicines, but all of no avail. I gave up all hopes of ever getting well. A friend persuaded me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I bought four boxes, and after using the first one I felt a change for the better, and after using three boxes I could sleep all night. The pain was gone, and I was completely cured. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.'

'Sometimes we become restless and impatient because we do not immediately see the result of our generosity. We seem to think that whatever aid we are able to give should work miracles before our eyes, and we are not content to believe that somewhere and somehow somebody's burden has been lightened because of our faith and generosity. Sooner or later, often when we least expect it, our deeds of kindness come back to us a thousandfold. They may not be repaid in substantial coin, they may not even bear the stamp of generosity, but they pour their blessings into our lives with rich and generous help us to understand the readjustment of our nature. It is a fine thing to be in a position to give freely and generously of those

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WITH DIARRHŒEA and VOMITING

If you are suddenly taken with Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, or Pains in the Stomach, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, or any Looseness of the Bowels, do not waste any time, but immediately procure a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and it will cure you in no time. Mrs. H. L. Steadman, Pleasant River, N.S., writes: 'A year ago this fall, my little boy was suddenly taken ill with diarrhœa and vomiting, and as our doctor is ten miles distant, it seemed as if I could not get help soon enough, but on going to the country store I purchased a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after the first dose could notice an improvement, and the next day the child was better and regained health. Since that time I always keep it on hand.'

Insist on being given "Dr. Fowler's," when you ask for it. Price 35c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

riches which after all, are only ours during our stewardship, but it is just as gratifying and just as ennobling to give proportionately of the more modest means which some of us command. We are not judged by what we give so much as by the manner in which we give it, and happy indeed, is he who is not afraid to give generously even of his small means. Our charity may not sound around the world, but they are heard by some poor sufferer close at hand, and what richer recompense can we ask?

Here is a story which Baron Douse, the celebrated Irish judge, once told in that exaggerated Irish 'brogue' which he loved to employ. 'I was down in Cork last month, holding assizes. On the first day when the jury came in, the officer of the court said: "Gentlemen of the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye please." And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock!"

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