

Woman's Work.

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O. C. W. B. M.

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Programme for October Meeting of Auxiliaries.

HEATHEN WOMEN; CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

- 1—Hymn. "There's much we can do if we work with a will."
2—Scripture. Romans xv. 1-20.
3—Prayer.
4—Roll call, answered by verse of Scripture.
5—Reading of minutes.
6—Business.
7—Hymn. "Onward, Christian, though the region."
8—Scriptures to be read and commented upon by different members. Ps. ii. 8; 2 Cor. v. 17; Rom. xvi. 2; 2 Cor. viii. 9.
9—"To the work, to the work."

"Heathens Women!" How various and how hideous are the pictures called forth by these two words.

Let us look at some of the reasons for this. While some of you fond mothers in Christian lands are, with loving friends, admiring a girl baby, think of some poor wretch in far-off China, breaking the frail tie that binds her little daughter to this world, and sometimes her mother's heart, because girls don't pay. And why? Because the Light of the Gospel has not dispelled the darkness of that land.

And you tenderly cherished daughters, whose mothers and fathers fondly sympathize with and try to ward off as long as possible your love and marriage, think of the child of such tender years, that a great many of you have not been sent to school at the same age, being forced to marry a boy or man whom she in nearly all cases has never before seen, and being from that time not loved by her husband, but a slave to him and his family.

And you widows, who rejoiced in loving sympathy of your heavenly Father, your Elder Brother, your earthly friends, cannot realize the misery of those who, when burned upon the funeral pyre of their husbands, were much more mercifully treated than now, when they are spared to live out their lives in cruel and degrading service to the families of their departed husbands.

Think of these things, together with the dreary monotony of an ignorant secluded existence such as the high caste women drag out, and the abject slavery of those of the lower classes; and when comparing them with your fuller life, thank God for the privilege of loving and serving him, and of living in a land where the influence of his word and work are felt.

But do not stop here. Add to your energy in mission work, particularly prayer and direct personal work, for heathens are at our doors.

The work being done among heathen women, we are frequently told by their own writers, who would be the last to admit it, is doing more than anything else to undermine the heathen systems of religion, and will more quickly than anything else purify the lives of these nations.

A fact to be remembered is, that women only can reach the women in many of these lands. So, then, let us, fully realizing our great blessings and their great need, "Cast all our care upon him who careth for us," and lay hold of the promises left us, and in a few years "Christian women" shall include all women. L. E. C.

Take, Therefore, No Thought for the Morrow.

In our way of looking at things, this would seem to be a very improvident and shiftless way of doing, and no doubt you will think what inefficient and incapable housekeepers, wives and mothers we would make, did we take no thought for the morrow. But just here we make a great mistake, for in taking too much thought for to-morrow, we are often unfitted for the cares and trials of that to-morrow when it comes.

I heard our esteemed Hugh McDiarmid say, in one of his discourses delivered at Everton a few years ago, that the correct rendering of this passage was, "Take therefore no anxious thought for to-morrow." And it is just this anxious thought for the morrow, and for whole years of to-morrows, that makes our courage ooze away, and in a great measure spoils all our to-days.

Every one has trials peculiarly their own. Your trials may not be mine, and mine may not be some other person's, but certain cares and burdens follow certain surroundings, certain states of health, and certain positions in life, just as surely as our shadows follow us when we walk with our faces toward the sun. But the trouble is that we so often allow the shadow to get ahead of us, and then grope on weary and discouraged in its dim light.

Have you not often, my sisters, found yourselves looking away on, on the road you must travel? portioning out to yourselves five, or ten, or fifteen years, and as you look along the way, you see the thing which at present is hard to bear growing still harder to be borne; the present burden growing still heavier; the frail body growing still weaker, and the disappointment and sorrow darkening and deepening, till your very hearts grow faint as you look, and you are all but crushed beneath the load.

And we reach out and gather up and scrape together all the ill of those approaching years, ills that may never come nigh us till we make a mountain of them, and then we start out on what should be a bright and hopeful morning of to-day, to climb our dismal mountain of to-morrows, and at night we lie dejectedly down to a troubled and uneasy rest, to rise unrefreshed in the morning and again to start wearily up our mountain, looking with dim eyes at all the brightness and pleasantness of to-day.

It is quite natural, and almost impossible not to look past to-day, but in looking we need to exercise more faith, and to say, the Lord knows best what is good for me, and if he does not see fit to remove the burden, he can make us better able to carry it if we are only willing to take the help he offers, and to "Cast all our care upon him, believing that he careth for us." We seem to forget the invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It is the attempt to carry all our cares ourselves that makes the road through life hard to travel, instead of casting them on one who is always near us and ever ready to help all who have confidence in him. We must surely believe this when he tells us that the very hairs of our head are all numbered.

Out of the million ages of time which God holds in his hand, he sends us just one day at a time. Cannot we then live that one day improvingly, cheerfully, hopefully and faithfully, and trust him for all the "to-morrows?" W. A. S.

Dr. T. A. Sloum's OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Tightness of the Chest—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

A Glengarry Miracle.

MR. JAMES SANDS' WONDERFUL RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

AFTER THREE YEARS OF PARALYSIS, INSENSIBILITY AND USELESSNESS, HE TELLS THE TALE OF HIS RECOVERY AND RENEWED WORK IN THE WORLD—HIS STORY AS TOLD A FREE PRESS REPORTER.

Ottawa Free Press.

The town of Alexandria, some 55 miles south of the city of Ottawa, on the Canada Atlantic Railway, has been completely astonished, recently, at the marvellous experience of a young man, who, after having been bedridden for nearly twelve months, and his case pronounced incurable by Montreal and Alexandria doctors, is now restored to complete health and strength.

Mr. James Sands is a young teamster, well known and extremely popular throughout the country side, and his illness and wonderful recovery have been—indeed still are—the chief topics in the town and neighborhood. The story of his miraculous cure having reached Ottawa, a member of 'The Free Press' staff journeyed to Alexandria and sought out Mr. Sands for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the statements made regarding his recovery. Mr. Sands is a slimly-built, but wiry-looking young man of about 32 years of age, and when met by the newspaper man the bloom of health was on his cheek and his whole frame showed signs of unimpaired vigor and vitality.

The newspaper man told Mr. Sands the object of his visit, and the latter expressed his perfect willingness to give all the facts connected with his case.

"I was," said Mr. Sands, "a complete wreck, given up by the doctors, but now I am well and strong again, and gaining strength every day. I was born in Lancaster in 1860, and up to three years ago I was always healthy and strong, living in the open air and being well known throughout the whole county of Glengarry. It was in the winter of 1888-9 that I first felt signs of incipient paralysis. I was then teamster for the sash and door factory here, and had been exposed to all kinds of weather. I then experienced violent twisting cramps in my right hand. I was in Cornwall that winter when the first stroke fell, and remained there for three days before I knew anybody at all. A medical man was called in, but could do nothing for me. After that I came home, and appeared to get all right for a time, but after a few days the old trouble began again, my hand continuing the twitching and cramping that had preceded the stroke. Up to twelve months ago these twitching fits were the only symptoms I suffered from. Then in August, 1891, when I was in Huntingdon village I sustained a second stroke, and remained unconscious for about seven hours. A doctor attended me and I recovered sufficiently to be brought home. After my return home the paralysis steadily gained on me, and I lost the use of my right arm and leg entirely; my right eye was distorted, and my tongue partially paralyzed. I was prescribed for by an Alexandria physician, whose treatment I carefully followed, but it had no effect. I still got steadily worse, and about a month before Christmas last I went to the English hospital at Montreal. Prof. Stuart and all the doctors came around me, as mine was a curious case, and the professor treated me. All the doctors could give me no satisfaction, and did not appear to understand my case. I questioned some of them, but they told me it was a hopeless case. I remained in the hospital a month, without the least improvement, and was then brought home, and remained in my bed till May day. I had constant medical advice, but continued to grow worse and worse. My right arm withered and I grew so weak and useless that I could not turn myself in bed. Meantime I had tried all sorts of patent medicines without the least effect. In May I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the papers, and said I would try them as a last resort. I had heard of the wonderful cures worked by Pink Pills, and told my folks to get me some. I had not taken them long when I found myself improving, and this determined me to continue their use. My strength gradually returned, the muscles of my arm and leg became invigorated and stronger, and I was able to sit up. I still continued taking the Pills and gaining strength, until at last I was able to

go about, and finally to return to my old place at the sash and door factory. I gave up the Pills for a while, but did not feel so well, so I again began their use. I now feel as well as ever, though perhaps not quite so strong as formerly. You can see my right arm which was withered is now all right," and Mr. Sands stretched out a muscular limb which would have done credit to a blacksmith. In reply to the reporter, Mr. Sands said he thought his trouble had been brought on through exposure to the weather. "I am completely satisfied," said he, "that it is entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I owe my wonderful restoration. Besides the medical treatment, I had tried electricity and patent medicines, both internal and external, but without the slightest avail. After beginning Pink Pills I began to mend, and they have made a new man of me."

The newspaper man then called on Messrs. Ostrom Bros. & Co., widely known druggists, and interviewed their representative, Mr. Smith, as to his knowledge of the case. Mr. Smith was fully conversant with the facts, and vouched for the story told by Mr. Sands, and further said that his hopeless case and remarkable recovery are known throughout Glengarry County. In reply to the query if many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold, Mr. Smith replied that the sale was remarkable, and that in his experience he had never handled a remedy that sold so well or gave such general satisfaction to those using them, as everywhere glowing reports are heard of the excellent results following their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that word is understood. They are the result of years of experience and careful investigation. They are not a purgative medicine, but act directly upon the blood and nerves, supplying those constituents required to enrich the former and stimulate and restore the latter.

For all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, or shattered nerves, they are an unfailing remedy. Such diseases as these speedily yield to their treatment. Locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous prostration, nervous headache, dyspepsia, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting irregularities and restoring the functions, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature. In fact, it may be said of them, "They come as a boon and a blessing to men, Restoring to health, life and vigor again."

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Literary Notes.

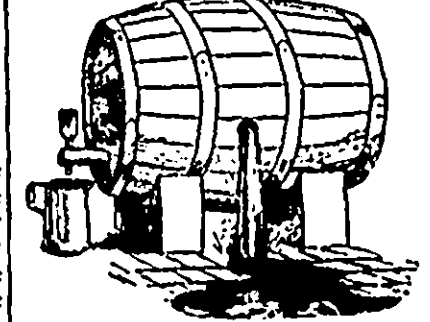
TO PUBLISHERS.—All books, tracts, pamphlets, magazines, etc., intended for notice or review in this department must be addressed to the Editor of THE CANADIAN EVANGELIST, 85 Wellington Street North, Hamilton, Ont.

THE CROWNING SIN OF THE AGE.

The Perversion of Marriage, by Brevard D. Sinclair; Scriptural Tract Repository, H. L. Hastings, No. 47 Cornhill, Boston Mass.; 94 pages; price, 50 cents.

This book was born, not made. No one was more surprised than the author at the profound impression the publication of the sermon created when abstracts from it appeared in the daily papers of Boston and New York. Although it produced a sensation, it was not in any sense intended to be a "sensational sermon." It was conceived out of a full heart bursting with indignation at a sin so prevalent that one must be conveniently blind not to see it; and a sin of such unblushing audacity, that it is becoming aggressive, and has its propagandists in the church

SAVING AT THE SPIGOT AND WASTING AT THE BUNGHOLE IS A POOR KIND OF ECONOMY



It is on a par with buying lots of rubbishy soap for little money. Poor soaps are the "bung-hole" through which time and labor are wasted, and by which the clothes and hands are ruined.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Closes the Avenues of Waste and Ruin, and by its lavishing properties, its wonderful cleansing powers and perfect purity, it saves Time & Labor, and brings Comfort & Satisfaction to all who use it.

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as well as in all ranks of society, who would inoculate others with this moral cancer and satanic gangrene.—Extract from Author's Preface.

This sentence from the sermon will explain the sin referred to: "The perversion of marriage and abortion is the prevailing sin of New England, and is fast becoming the national sin of America."

The book grew out of the sermon. Criticisms of all sorts were showered upon the preacher of the sermon; the major part of the book is taken up with them and the author's remarks thereon. There is reason to believe that not only in the United States, but also in Canada the reading of this book would be profitable.

THE ONLY PICTURE EVER PAINTED BY A PRESIDENT'S WIFE TO BE PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC.

It may not be known to everyone that Mrs. Benjamin Harrison is one of the best of American flower-painters. Since she has occupied her position of lady of the White House, however, her public duties have largely prevented the exercise of her artistic genius; but in that period she has found leisure to paint one of the loveliest representations of flower-life that ever came from an artist's brush—a magnificent group of orchids on a porcelain panel. With that broad and kindly spirit which has marked her career, she has presented this single production of her scant leisure to the public, and Demorest's Magazine has the honor of being the medium through which this painting is offered to the mothers, wives, and daughters of America, to whom it is lovingly dedicated.

There is no taint of politics in it: it is simply the tribute of a good woman's love for the women of her nation, superbly expressed in color and form,—the foremost woman of the Republic cementing, by means of her art, her sisterhood with all others of her sex in the land.

Mrs. Harrison's painting has been reproduced in the highest style of art, of the same size as the original (11 1/2 x 15 inches), and is an absolutely perfect counterpart, in every particular, to the faintest tint of color, and even to the peculiar texture of the porcelain.

With each copy of Demorest's Magazine for October one of these wonderful reproductions of "A White House Orchid," painted by the President's Wife, in the White House, from an orchid grown in the White House, is to be presented FREE.