

## Woman's Work.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY. --President, Mrs. S. M. Brown, Warton; Corresponding Secretary, Miss L. V. Rioch, 225 Maria street, Hamilton; Treas., Mrs. John Campbell, Erie Mills, St. Thomas.

This department is conducted by a committee, composed of Mrs. A. E. Trout, Owen Sound; Miss M. Oliphant, 565 King street, London; and Mrs. George Munro, North Barton Hall, Hamilton.

### Salutatory.

Many of the readers of THE DISCIPLE have, from time to time, expressed their appreciation of the Woman's Column. It is our aim and purpose that it shall still be pleasing and edifying to its readers. At our last annual meeting there seemed to be a disposition shown in all the departments of our work to go forward. At one of our business sessions, when discussing our future work and the funds we might count on through the year, a sister said: "Put the sum high, then work to reach it." Should we not carry that principle through all our work? While we are ready to acknowledge that the Woman's Column has been good and helpful in the past, we should aim to make it better in the future. With the help and co operation of our sisters, we can. Let every sister feel and say, "This is my page," and use it as such.

We will be pleased to get reports from auxiliaries, giving ways of making meetings interesting, and of securing new members, or anything else that may be of mutual interest to all. Such would help our page, and keep us more in touch and sympathy with one another. The letters need not be long—in fact, should not be, as our page is not large, and it is more desirable to have short items from a number than a long letter from one. We hope to hear from all the auxiliaries often. We expect, as we find space through the year, to give our readers articles from different sisters, bearing on the needs of our work.

In conclusion, we ask the earnest prayers of all our sisters for our united efforts in this country, and that "our page" may be a blessing to us all and a help in furthering the Master's kingdom. COM.

### Everywhere We Go.

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## Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Lediard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

### Day Dreams of the Future.

#### THE DREAMER.

#### CHAPTER IV.

In a small house next door there had lived a man and his wife for many years; and as the woman had for some time been confined to her bed, while her husband had scarcely strength enough to wait on her, they had become special objects of my wife's care and attention. Could she have been called there for any reason? With a heart sick with dread of, I knew not what, I started to see; and finding the door unfastened I entered, hoping to find my wife busy in some kindly ministrations for our aged neighbors, but to my astonishment the bed whereon the invalid had lain so long was empty, and the armchair near by was also unoccupied, while on the little table close by lay the old Bible, and on its open page were the spectacles placed as usual, as though the old man had expected to return. What could it mean? I left the house hurriedly, to try to solve the mystery, and then I noticed that every object was flooded with rosy light, sublime in its radiance, and I looked toward the eastern sky to see if the dawn was the cause, but while the first faint streaks of light were visible, they looked cold and colorless in the unearthly glow shining on all around. Then I looked up, and saw from whence the light shone: 'or in the sky hung a wondrous cloud, and seated on it was One, whom I knew then to be the coming Saviour; and then I knew what had become of my loved ones, for rising from the earth, in all directions were white-robed figures, floating upward until they reached that resplendent cloud. I stood entranced, unable to take my eyes from the wondrous sight, and still the crowd grew larger until all were gathered; and then higher and higher they all seemed to float until they vanished from my sight; the radiance faded out and I was alone. My wife and children, with all who loved the Saviour, whether living or dead, had gone to be with Him forever, and I was left behind. Human nature could stand no more, and I fell fainting to the earth.

How long I remained unconscious I never knew, but when I opened my eyes I was lying on my bed, and at first it seemed like a hideous dream. And I spoke, expecting to see the familiar face and hear the much loved

voice of my wife; but the sight of a stranger helped me to dispel the illusion and to realize the terrible truth; and the agony of this awakening was hard to bear. Anything I had ever suffered or imagined was as nothing to the grief and despair which seized upon me. I wept, and groaned, and prayed wild prayers for forgiveness and admittance, but with no avail. Only some words floated across my mind, terrible in their significance, "Depart from me; I never knew you." What made it harder still to bear was the realization that, deep down under the thick incrustation of worldliness, now shattered to pieces, I discovered that I really had a germ of real love for the Saviour after all. It had had no room to develop; no power to influence my life; and now I feared it was altogether too late. An additional discomfort was the feeling of shame that I must go out in the world, and own, by my presence there, how utterly hollow and valueless my profession and religion had been. But when, at last, I was forced to go abroad, I found I was not alone. Not all the members of churches were taken; and I was as astonished to meet some who were left behind as I was to miss some whose lives had been so quiet and unobtrusive that I had never thought of them as Christians at all. I was especially struck with this on the first Lord's day, when, from force of habit, I made my way to church, and then discovered how many seats were empty, and how many familiar faces were absent. The friends and associates of years had disappeared, and my loneliness grew deeper and heavier. My mind had been so busy with these sad discoveries that the minister had come in and taken his place without attracting my attention at first; but when I looked up I wondered if that could possibly be the popular young preacher who had ministered to this church for some months past. The abundant glossy hair had turned white, his face was haggard and worn, and his eyes cast down with shame and humiliation. He tried to speak, but only succeeded in faltering out a confession of his utter unworthiness and his resolve never to occupy that platform or any other again. My heart went out to him with the sympathy which suffering brings, and as he came down from the pulpit I met him and gave him my hand, which was taken with a silent grasp which spoke louder than words. I found afterwards that one other minister had been left in the town, but that he had not taken it to heart at all, and had thrown off all semblance of religion which, at best, had only been a cloak wherewith to hide his true character.

It was noteworthy that when the minister had gone, there was a larger percentage of missing members, which was exactly what might be expected. Of course, any further attempt at a religious service was out of the question, and the old-time Sabbath stillness was changed to noise and every kind of disturbance. The salt had been taken from the earth and general corruption had set in. All rule and authority was set aside, and all that pertained to Christianity was swept away. What a fearful place it became! And while this was the case in this remote place, what it must have been in the great centres of population I leave you to imagine. In the meantime there were a few others who were like-minded with me, our minister being one of the number, and a longing for sympathy drew us together, as well as the fact that we needed each other. "How were we to endure our lives?" and "What was yet in store for us?" became serious questions, the solution of which became the earnest endeavor of our lives.

(To be continued.)

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