

Epitaph.
I wear my heart out, and an lone,
While round cold crag and sullen stone
Moan clangs and echoes press.
Death's touch is kindly, men have proved:
Her death is hard to souls who love—
They pass out in distress.
God loves in heaven, I make no doubt,
But only saints can do without.
The passions hot thrill
Of hearts that seek not clay or clod;
And I am human, O my God,
And have a human will.
We bled in those happy days
Of summer life and pastoral ways.
Apart from face of friend
Our pulses beat too quick to keep
Our measure, waking or asleep—
Why look unto the end?
We knied too closely for our calm—
Hushings that fate's key palm
Crept slowly in betwixt
Our warm red lips, and crossed the smile
That shone within our eyes the while,
With sad salt tears united.
Fate has not stripped us, I am spent
After the race; too faintly run
The currents of my blood,
Draughts drunk at love's hot, seething
spring
Has scorched my heart to withering—
Root, leaflet, branch and bud.
Now must love's pulses beat no more,
Dull be the nerves that thrilled of yore,
Life shrinks to its last bound;
Spent is the passion, spent the storm,
Oh God to cold hearts graves grow warm;
Gather me under ground.
A new friend for the quiet dead,
Quiet as they—no speech, no tread,
See! pleasant shows the sod,
Starred with white daisies on the green;
Who rests below sleep well, I ween,
So they but sleep with God."
Halifax.

The Voice of the Woman.

By MISS EMMA J. CUMMINGS.

There is so much work at home that interests me, I really cannot pay much attention to foreign fields. To tell you the truth, I am not interested in missions, they are too far off. Such was my reply one stormy evening to the patient collector, who for half an hour had been trying to arouse my sluggish sympathies for the benighted peoples and earnest workers across the seas. She left me and I returned to my crazy chair and glowing fire wondering why she need have disturbed me in my reading, and told me so many disagreeable things. I preferred pleasant thoughts, or if I must go outside of those, it suited me far better to breathe a gentle sigh over the loss of an Evangelist than to seriously consider the needs of other lands, and sympathize with the degraded wretches who after all, were incapable of such depth of feeling as my delicate self. But the disagreeable items so gratuitously bestowed by my caller partook of her persistence and I tried in vain to dismiss them from my mind, until I finally left my book and fire, saying, pettishly, "I'll see if a good night's sleep will restore my balance." But in my dreams the thoughts pursued me, and the monotonous drip of rain from the eaves resolved itself into the steady tread of feet, and I seemed to be standing on a high platform with a wondrously fair woman, whose stern eyes fastened accusingly on me made me quail, while a seemingly endless procession of women approached us. As they came near I saw that they were divided into companies. The first division stopped in front of the platform and looked earnestly at me. They were small and dark-skinned, dressed in white jackets and striped skirts, while many hued scarfs gave the brilliancy of the tropics to the scene. I was about to ask my companion, despite her austere look, who they were, when one of them pointed at me and said with intense scorn: "Women of Siam, behold this woman! She claims to love the Saviour who made her what she is; she says she is grateful to him for her sheltered, petted life, but she has no interest in us. We are taught that our very existence is a curse for misdeeds in some former state. The happiest are sold to be one of many wives, the most wretched are gambled away as slaves by our own mothers. We are brought up in profanity, in lying, in brawls, in filth. For us is no heaven, only a dreary hope of purchasing from our gods merit that shall secure for us a happier state in our next transmigration; but she is not interested in us. Degraded, ignorant, despised at home, she too despises us and calls herself a follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene. He cares for us, and commands his children to bring us good tidings, but this child of his grudges a single

half hour to hear of our needs; she even refuses us her prayers because she is not interested in missions." Overwhelmed by this sudden address, I glanced at my companion, only to cower before her piercing eyes fixed so severely upon me. But the procession moved on, and in another division stood before me. They were gaily dressed, but the eyes beneath the white veils were very sad. With mournful mien and voice, one of them spoke: "Syrian women, here stands one who was welcomed at her birth, who has had many advantages, who claims the great Allah of America as her own, whose hope of heaven is bright. She says her Allah cares for all and she is like him, but she is not interested in us. When we were born forty days of mourning were observed. Our Allah has no care for us. We are only women; we may never enter a mosque; our brightest hope is a paradise by ourselves to be gained by obedience to our husbands. They must ignore us abroad, at home they beat us. We reckon ourselves as the wild beasts. We are deceitful, proane, debased, but how can we be any better, if they who know a more excellent way have no interest even to listen to our story, or to send us help?" With a dreary sigh, which was echoed by all, she led the way and they passed on. For very shame I hid my face, but was constrained to look up, as they tottered towards me a vast company, whose crippled feet proclaimed them from the Chinese Empire. The almond eyes of the leader fastened on me, as she said: "Your parents rejoiced once, because God had given them a daughter; your welfare has been consulted in everything; nature was not interfered with, and your feet will carry you whithersoever you will; education has been freely yours; evil has been carefully eradicated, and to-day you pride yourself on your keen sense of right and wrong. Our parents were disgraced by our birth; if they had murdered us no one would have interfered. We were crippled from childhood; our education was confined to lessons of obedience to fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons; beyond our own doors we are forbidden to be known, either for good or evil. Unable to read, ranked by our most advanced thinkers with the monkeys and parrots, what wonder if we are superstitious, depraved, and vicious? O, American women, who hath made us to differ, and by what right are you not interested in us?" Before I could have spoken, if I had desired, they had passed forward and their place was filled with short robust figures, clad in mantles of tanned skin, leather petticoats and short, beaded aprons. Beads of all varieties, buttons, buckles, and rings of iron and copper decorated their stout figures in many fantastic ways. They marched entirely around the platform slowly scanning me, before any one spoke; then the leader said: "Free to come or go; no terror in her life, at liberty to marry or not, certain of protection from any abuse, surely, sisters, this is a favored woman. We of Africa are chattels. We must marry whom our fathers choose and be one of many wives. If he commands us not to stand upright before him, henceforth we must crawl in his presence, on pain of cruel punishment. If he favors one of us in disfigurement or death awaits her from her jealous companions; unless he favors us he beats or kills us as he chooses with none to interfere; we are his, body and soul. Unmarried we form the estate of our father or brother, to be divided at his death among the heirs. But this woman is not interested in us; she cares not that to us is promised no heaven that is equal to what she now enjoys; we are to far off. O, God of America, are we too far off for thee to care? Is there no help for us? Is thy child a true representative of thee?" A cold terror was setting upon me and I looked for some escape from the place, but even as I looked, before me were flashing jewels, rich silks, and costly apparel. With eyes as bright as her jewels a woman cried, passionately: "Would you like to know our story? We were born in far-off India. We were all married before we were three years old. We were taken to our husband's home to be slaves to his mother, to cook his food

and send it to him, awaiting outside our portion from whatever he might leave. In sickness, no physician must see or touch us; we are taken out and laid by the Ganges, the sight of whose holy waters is to cleanse our sins. After death the same sacred stream will receive our ashes. Forbidden to sew or read, our only occupation is to quarrel with our associate wives, and so we live with no purpose and die with no hope. But we are the favored ones in fair India; ours is the enviable lot; you shall see our unhappy sisters, to whose condition we may be reduced at any moment." She waved her hand and her followers fell back, leaving a space before me which was immediately filled by the most sorrowful figures that had yet appeared. Here were no jewels, nor silks, but scanty cotton garments, uncombed hair, and eyes heavy with woe. Their spokesman stepped forward and tremblingly said: "We are widows. When our husbands died our ornaments were stripped from us and we became slaves to all about us. We may never change our condition, but must live on, sleeping on the floor with but a mat beneath us, eating but one scant meal a day, fasting twenty-four hours once a fortnight, eating apart from others, forbidden even to see others happy. We must have no society, and no one must show us a kindness. Blows and curses are our portion, and death our only release." As her voice ceased she, too, waived her followers back, and instantly my platform was surrounded by little girls, the oldest under six. Such drawn, pitiful, wan faces I hope never to see again. They lifted pleading hands and raised beseeching eyes to mine, as they begged: "O, Christian lady, pray your God for us. We are widows already, and this woe is ours for life. Look at the petted children of your land, think of the curly heads you love and the laughing eyes in your homes. Look at our tired feet and bruised arms and remember how tenderly you hold the tiny hands and guide the dainty feet of your darlings. We beg you, spare one thought, utter one little prayer, for us, for we number eighty thousand under six years old." Eighty thousand pairs of eyes looked wistfully into mine for a minute; but suddenly a voice said, "It is useless; her Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' but she is not interested." The faint hope died in their faces and all they vanished. Noting the tears on my face the fair one at my side asked, "Need I do more to interest you in missions?" "You?" I stammered. "Who are you?" "I am your conscience," she replied, "and I stand here to tell you that your vision of to-night is no disordered dream. I have brought truth to your door, shall it knock in vain? I gave you an elevated position, for you are above the sisters whom you have seen, but the platform that raises you is the Rock Christ Jesus. Will you be content to stand there alone, or have you at last interest to spare for the nations low in the dust at the feet of Allah and Bramah? Will you help them up, or will you choose to hear your Redeemer say to you, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these; ye did it not to me?'" For all answer I fell on my knees, and conscience left me satisfied to have brought me to my God, knowing that she could trust my waking with him. To a pitiful Saviour I confessed all my pride and indifference, and he forgave me; then I slept sweetly and refreshingly. The next morning I hastened to the house of my friend, the collector, took back my heartless words of the night before, and gave her double the amount she had asked. That morning was the beginning of a new life to me, for I promised my Saviour that henceforth his cause should be mine, and that I would give to the women of other lands as freely as I have received from him. And I pray God to keep me from ever again being so fast asleep as I was the night I was asked to contribute to Foreign Missions.—*Zions Advocate.*

—Medicine is not generally as nice as plumb cake, but it often does far more good, and is what you really need.—*Rev. Joseph Corbett, D. D.*

Our English Letter.
No such profound stirring of the national feeling has occurred in the life of the present generation, as now agitates England in connection with the fall of Khartoum and the probable fate of Gordon. And it is the personal question which intensifies the interest in the public disaster. No man has taken such a powerful hold of the national affections as Gordon, since the days of Nelson; the heroism of both men is indisputable; they both possessed genius; they have both brought honour to their country by their great public services; but Gordon's name possesses an element of interest which is unhappily wanting in that of Nelson; he is not only a soldier but a Christian. Notwithstanding some fantastic ideas which he appears to hold on some religious subjects, his childlike simplicity of faith, his unquestionable love of his Saviour, his chivalrous devotion to duty, his utter negation of self, all show him to be, beyond all controversy, a Christian of the highest type. This, it is, which has irresistibly seized upon the imagination even of worldly and irreligious men, and which has drawn out a universal and profound expression of sorrow for his probable fate, such as no man of the present generation has witnessed.

A Storm at Sea—The Rescue.

"Mother, will you let me go?" A terrible storm was sweeping along the wild coast of North Devonshire. The Dymouth life-boat is prepared to make its way to a foreign vessel which, at some distance from the land, is showing signs of dire distress. The life-boat crew is complete, with the exception of one man. Young Will Carew, Dymouth fisher lad and expert sailor, is offering to fill the vacant place. At first he bends down gently to a woman, who stands beside him on the dreary shore, and it is his clear brave voice that we hear above the raging of the storm.

"Mother, will you let me go?" The mother has been a widow only six short months. Her husband was a fisherman; he put out one bright day last spring, for the last time, in a fishing boat, upon a delusively calm sea. A sudden squall came on; broken fragments of the boat were seen next morning on the beach, but the fisherman returned no more to home and love. And now the son asks permission to brave the horrors of the sea, which his father found so pitiless.

A fierce, passionate refusal arises to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly toward the distressed vessel; she thinks of the many loved lives in jeopardy within it; thinks, with a sudden pang of agonized pity, of many, dear homes in peril of bereavement; she turns to her boy, and her voice is calm and courageous as his own:

"Go, my son. And may God Almighty go with you, and bring you safe back to your mother's heart." Hurriedly she leaves the beach, hurriedly seeks her desolate home and alone she wrestles with the pain of her old sorrow and her new fear. Morning dawns again. Sullenly the waves are tossing their haughty heads, but the sea's worst fury is over at last. A gallant vessel has gone down upon the waters, but the Dymouth life-boat has nobly fulfilled its noble task, and all hands on board the vessel have been saved.

Why does Will Carew linger in hesitation outside his mother's door? Bravest of the brave he has shown himself throughout the night. Why does he shrink from the proud welcome that awaits him from the heart nearest to his own?

Besides him stands a tall, worn man; a man whom he has rescued from a watery grave. Around the two through Dymouth villages; many hands are thrust toward the man in happy recognition.

A fearful storm had overtaken him upon the sea one day, not many months ago. He was observed and saved by a foreign vessel. The vessel was outwound bound. Away from home, from wife and kindred, the man was forced to sail; and by wife and kindred he was mourned as dead. He arrived at the vessel's destined port, only to set sail again with the first ship bound for England. Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a wild storm was raging on land and sea, and once more the man stood face to face with a terrible death. Help came in his need; help, God-sent, God-directed. Exeter Hall, as you may readily imagine, was densely packed, and the interest evoked can only be described as thrilling. All the young men were of course received with enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome; but when Mr. Studd stood up to speak, there was such an overwhelming and continued outburst of applause, that his face was quite overcome, and covering his eyes with his hands remained silent until the demonstrations had subsided. A very interesting feature of the meeting was the presence of a party of forty undergraduates from Cambridge who had some up to take farewell of their fellow students before their departure to China. One of the party, as spokesman for the rest, in bidding adieu to the outgoing missionaries, expressed a hope

that some of them would ere long follow their good example. Surely Mr. Moody must rejoice, when he reads the account of this remarkable meeting, that such blessed results have flowed from his mission to the University of Cambridge.

Exeter Hall has been the scene of many remarkable gatherings in the days that are past, but it has never witnessed a more stirring scene than that of last week, nor more fraught with hopeful promise for the future. 10th Feb., 1885. VIATOR.

Those best acquainted with the condition of the laboring classes in Russia assert that a state of things prevails there precisely similar to that which existed in France on the eve of the great revolution. What with starvation wages, excessive taxation and overwork the great mass of the people are in such a plight that their life is little better than a prolonged martyrdom and in their blind desperate hatred of the evils they endure they are ready to overthrow every institution of society, even if they themselves should perish in the ruins. The highest wages paid to factory operatives are \$3.75 a week; but this is something exceptional. Those engaged in the cotton mill, earn from \$1.25 to \$2.25 a week; in the boot factories from \$1.25 to \$2. The working day consists of thirteen hours in Summer, fifteen in Winter, two hours being deducted for meals, and if a man comes to work an hour late he forfeits a day's pay; if more than an hour, three days. Five-sixths of the factory operatives in the district of Moscow sleep in vermin infested garrets in damp and gloomy corners of stables and in the filthiest of filthy cabins. In the Summer when the weather permits, they sleep in the open air. No provision is made for ventilation in most of the factories and the result is an excessive mortality.

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