

## World of Missions.

### A Wounded Heart.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALTAN.

The day's work was over, and the tired doctor—a doctor in petticoats—had left the glaring streets of the Eastern town, the sights and sounds and smells that oppressed her, and had taken refuge in the Mission House, outside the city walls.

But hardly had she refreshed her weary body with the bath, and with fresh linen, before a new application was made for help, and one that she could not refuse.

The veiled woman who sought her in this unusual way was of a better class than those that crowded this doctor's dispensary, day after day; in fact she was the wife of a Coptic Bey, and evidently felt that she was lowering herself by asking help from a foreigner.

But what will not mother-love do? The little child she carried on her shoulder was blind!

"You really should not do anything more to-day, Jessie," said one of the missionaries; "tell this woman to come to the hospital to-morrow." But the doctor shook her head.

"It was to just such needy ones as these," she said softly, "that my Lord loved to give relief; perhaps she will let me speak to her of a Saviour."

The child was taken on her knee, and carefully and tenderly examined. "I think I can heal this disease of the eyes," the doctor said, "if you will promise to bring him every day to my hospital, and do for him exactly what I tell you."

"I cannot bring child here?" pleaded the woman.

"No," said the missionary positively, "I must have him at the hospital; I cannot do anything for him here."

The mother promised, and Doctor Blair waited for her to take her leave. But she sat on the mat, in the cool and pleasant sitting-room of the Mission Home. Presently she said, "You have not asked me for pay."

"No," said the doctor, "I do not take pay."

"Ah, you will ask a present, then."

"No, I do not want a present."

The woman looked puzzled. "Why then, should you cure my child? What is it to you that he does not see the happy sunshine, my poor little one?"

The missionary had found her opportunity. "I will show you," she said, "why I help you;" and taking up her Bible, she read in the eighteenth chapter of Luke, the

beautiful story of the blind man sitting by the wayside, whom Jesus healed. "Why did Jesus heal this stranger?" she asked her visitor.

Now the woman knew the name of Jesus, as Moslems do, and she said: "The Prophet Jesus loved men, even as our Lord Mahomet loved."

"Yes," said the missionary, "and far, far more; so much more that he died for all men, even for Mahomet, and for you and me. I love him for his great love, and for his death on the cross, and I so love you too, because he loves you, you and the little one. Good-bye and the love of Jesus rest upon you."

Day after day the anxious mother brought her blind child to the American hospital, and gradually the darkened vision began to return to the little eyes, and joy to the woman's heart.

Meanwhile, as she sat in the outer room with the child, waiting her turn, she listened to the story of Jesus as the missionaries told it day by day. Oh! a beautiful story it seemed to her heart—too beautiful for her to take to herself.

What is this dimly-lighted apartment, divided in two by a curtain, where we find forty women squatted on the floor in reverent silence? This is a Christian Church in Meloroi, and there are no men on the other side of the curtain to-night, for this is a woman's prayer meeting. Although it is an unusual thing for women to go out at night in Egypt, yet there are quite forty present, some carrying their babies on their shoulders.

They sit close together on the floor mat, and the missionary doctor, who alone has a chair, sits in the midst and leads the meeting. The women lead in prayer, making such petitions as show how close they have come to their new-found Saviour. Then the doctor asks one and another to speak of what Jesus has done for her; there are no set speeches, but the words seem to come from the heart, and go to the heart.

Presently a stranger raises her hand for permission to speak. She has never been to prayer-meeting before, but you will recognize her (even if you have not seen her unveiled) by the little child wearing bandages over his eyes. She tells of how she had hated the missionaries and their teaching, but was forced to seek them for healing for the child; and then adds with a beautiful simplicity: "The stranger's medicine healed my child, but her teaching has wounded my heart." And so she has come to ask for the prayers of the Lord Jesus' people, that she may find peace in trusting him as they have done.

### A SCOTTISH JOKE.

College boys are incorrigible practical jokers. A story comes from Scotland of an examiner at Edinburgh University who had made himself obnoxious by warning the students against putting their hats on his desk. The university in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a scarcity of cloakrooms, and in the excitement of examinations hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere.

The examiner announced one day that if he found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some wicked undergraduate slipped out of his seat, got the examiner's own hat and placed it on his desk. When the examiners re-entered the hall every eye was fixed on him. He observed the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot across

## In Danger of Anaemia.

ITS VICTIMS ARE DEFENCELESS  
WHEN DISEASE STRIKES—THE  
BLOOD SHOULD BE KEPT RICH  
AND PURE.

Anæmic people—people with watery blood—are without defence when disease threatens. The strongest weapon against disease is a plentiful supply of rich, red blood. A robust person may catch cold, but quickly throws it off. But a cold lingers with the anæmic one who suffers from headaches and dizziness, who cannot climb a stair without resting, whose heart flutters and palpitates wildly at the least exertion. Such people can only be saved by a new supply of rich, red blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that actually makes rich, red blood with every dose. Ordinary medicines only touch the symptoms of disease—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right straight to the root of the trouble and drive it out. That is why these pills have a larger sale than any other medicine in the world, and that is why thousands and thousands of people praise them so highly. Miss Florence G. Marryat, Chester, N. S., says:—"I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for several months and I am happy to say they have restored me to health after all other means had failed. I was suffering from anaemia in its most severe form. The least exertion would leave me breathless and worn out, I had no appetite and suffered greatly with nervous headaches. I was pale and seemed to be going into a decline. I had medical attendance but it did me no good. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in a few weeks I found they were helping me. I continued their use for several months, and am again enjoying good health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make every weak and ailing girl strong and healthy."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, but you should be careful to see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt write the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

his face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if this occurred again."

Then he took his penknife from his pocket, opened it and blandly cut the hat in pieces, amidst prolonged applause. What he said when he discovered that it was his own hat is not tellable.

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