

SOME SUMMER MORNING.

Some morning when the wind has set his
burles a-blowing.
I shall have gone away, perhaps, without the
flowers knowing.

IT CHANGED TWO LIVES.

A Pathetic Incident of Gen. Bragg's Retreat.

The 15th of December, 1863, was a sad day
to the confederate army, commanded by Gen. Bragg,
in winter quarters around Dalton, for on that day
thirteen men who at one time belonged to that
army had been sentenced to be shot.

She had soft, dreamy black eyes, and, when
excited, they were brighter than the dewdrop on the
rose.
I visited her home often and was always
welcomed with a sunny smile; but time passed rapidly
and soon orders came for us to prepare to march—the
very thing I dreaded.

SUGAR LEGISLATION.

How Republican Laws Have Robbed the People.
There has been so much republican misrepresentation
of the new sugar schedule and so much effort to
suppress the truth that it is no wonder that some are
surprised to find that the sugar schedule of the tariff reform bill
is a distinct and emphatic triumph for tariff reform.

M'KINLEY'S BRASS.

The Ohio Napoleon Charges Democrats with
Republican Methods.
Gov. McKinley, in his address at Barport,
recited the old story of the depression of business,
which occurred while his tariff law was in force and
began to give way as soon as it was repealed.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

THE GIFT OF SLEEP.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Pa. cxviii. 2.
He sees when their footsteps falter, when their
heart grows weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is falling, and
listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season, for the path-
way has grown too steep;
And folds in fair green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

A SUBLIME CONCEPTION.

The Disclosure of the Being and Character
of an Eternal, Holy and Gracious God.
The story of creation is sublime.
Glimpses of ancient monarchies furnish
dissolving views of vast human
power. Single characters, like Moses
and Paul, which approach the human
idea of nobleness, make wonderful
portraits. Matchless poetry, in which
a more than earthly light shines, speaks
here to mind and heart. But not
creation in all its sublimity, not ancient
empires in their grandeur and in their
tragic fall, not human characters
brilliant on the high places of power,
not charming passages of prose or
poetry, not triumphant songs, though
nations sing in rapture, constitute
the crowning glory of this Bible of
our fathers. The distinguishing
glory of our Bible, which spans
like a rainbow both Testaments, is the
disclosure of the being and character
of an eternal, holy and gracious God.
This conception is the most sublime,
the most thrilling, the most ennobling,
that occupies the thoughts of men.
By the aid of the sacred pages mind is
permitted to contemplate God, who made
the world, before whom angels veil
their faces, to whom darkness and
light are the same, who from everlasting
to everlasting is God, from whose
presence the wings of the morning are
vain to help us flee, who dwells in the
high and holy place, and also within
the humble heart of man. Clouds and
darkness to human eyes are about Him;
but through the rifts in the veil some
beams of light dart to tell us how
brilliant yet to see face to face.

kill me by violence. You didn't burn
my house over my head, or rob me of
my clothing, but you did just as bad.
You tried to kill me by neglect. You
are not the thief who wounded me, and
robbed me, and stripped me of my raiment,
and departed, leaving me half dead;
but you are the priest and the Levite,
who saw me dying in my blood, but
had no compassion upon me, and passed
coldly by on the other side. You gave
me no word of cheer, and made no
sacrifices in my behalf, and it is not
through anything that you have done
that I am still alive. You thought it
was going to cost you too much to be
a friend to the friendless. You thought
I was a poor man, without friends or
influence, so you drew your robes closely
about you, and got as far away from
me as you could. Had you known me
to be a prince of great power and
riches, how quickly you would have
run to pick me up. Depart from me,
ye small souled and vile in heart. I
know you not. I gave you a chance to
manifest your true nature, and what
manner of spirit was king in your
heart, and you have done it. There is
no mansion in Heaven for you. Go to
the place prepared for the devil and
his angels." The man who rejects
Christ in spirit shuts the kingdom of
God entirely out of his heart.—Ram's Horn.

TO BE FILLED BY GOD.

Some Bright Bits of Truth Taken from
the Ram's Horn.
A lie is a blank cartridge fired at
God.
The devil gets an army when he gets
a child.
No one can neglect the poor and be
true to Christ.
God's place for a Christian is where
he is needed most.
Dust on the Bible generally means
that its owner is asleep.
Whenever the Bible is read prayerfully
it is read carefully.
Those who lead children ought to
keep very close to Christ.
The only sins God can blot out are
the ones we bring to Him.
How quick some people backslide
when their income is doubled.
Nothing frightens the devil more
than hearing a good man pray.
Wherever you find peace you will find
it to be the result of trust.
A poor man's all weighs as much with
God as a rich man's millions.
Only God can tell how far the devil
is driven back when a child is saved.
The man who loves his neighbor as
himself, is doing all he can to help God
to own the earth.
It is a dangerous day for a Christian
when he begins to think that he has
more religion than his pastor.
Many a man talks too much in church
who tries to make a boy do a man's
work.
It will be found that some of the best-
known people in Heaven filled very ob-
scure places while on earth.
The devil will consent to your keep-
ing nine of the commandments if you
are willing to break the tenth.
Be a faithful Christian yourself, and
you will make it that much easier for
somebody else to be one.
Before the devil can get a man to
steal he has to first persuade him that
he has a good motive for doing it.
One reason why more mountains are
not being moved by faith, is that so
few people are willing to begin with
mole hills.
No matter what a man may say in
church, you know what kind of religion
he has when you know what kind of
company he keeps.
The size of the sea never troubles a
fish until he gets into a net. So, some
men are never troubled by conscience
until they get caught in the meshes of
the law.
The hope of immortality will never
desert the breasts of men so long
as the warm lips of surviving love kiss
the cold lips of the dead. "They sin
who tell us love can die."