THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. ROSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

FIELD-MARSHAL FRITZ.

The Haggardmaster's Story.

[illegible]

IN DISGUISE.

[illegible]

And then the positions were gotten—Mrs. Parsons arranging one on the pit of the stomach, and she herself binding them on the soles of his feet and the back of the ankles, upon his wrists, and the back of his neck, and the dose, coming to deputy William for another pair and so off. Having thus approached the matter instead of [illegible] a big hot for the heavy groaning, which had a frightful sound as it rattled through the house.

"I don't know how to do anything else," said Mrs. Rose. "All the dry mustard is used up. The poor man, and his family utterly ignorant of where he is, and wondering and looking out for him all night! Not a letter or anything about him to tell his name, did you say, Stout? Well, all we can do now is to wait."

"I must say, Rose," said her sister May, "I think you were three times not to let William get into the waggon, and drive this person to the first tavern. How do you know he is not a fiend—on the house for an indefinite time?"

"Nonsense!" said Rose, rocking herself in all the comfortment of duty done. "I should have felt as blood to my head if I had done any differently."

"And a sickness," resumed May, "that may last for much as he for he can be moved, and perhaps death and burial for, after all, and the house full of gloom, and the carpets spoiled, and—"

"And," said Sarah, "all for an individual no one knows anything about."

"He may be an angel in disguise," said Rose, looking up earnestly.

And then everybody laughed enough to make the sweeper, if anything could have waked him.

"I am sure I don't see what you're laughing at," she said, indignantly. "I appeal to you, Mr. Stout, if it would be a pretty escape for him, if he were in a tavern, at which case it he would be likely to have, and all the expense."

"And nobody knows Who he is—or to [illegible] he belongs," said Mary, who seemed disorderly of an aspect to hand or, "is risk out to the [illegible]."

"What an idea, Mary!" [illegible]

"Well, I think you [illegible] Tom, [illegible] "Mr. Stout, [illegible] Rose."

"Hush!" said Rose, the tears and smile and dimples sparkling together. "Hush, perhaps, you had best take the silver spoons," continued Tom, with grave eyes and seriousness.

"Precisely what I say," cried grandmother. "And I shan't sleep a wink to night with a person like that in the house. Who can tell but what he is counterfeiting."

"Counterfeiting?" replied Rose, indignantly.

"Yes, counterfeiting, grandma, now, to rise in the middle of the night and cut our throats in our beds."

"Why should he do that?" said Rose, seriously. "I will let all the dry rising down stairs and let him make off with it and leave us safe."

"All the silver down-stairs!" cried the elder lady. "The silver that I inherit d from my great grandmother, heirloom in my family for almost two hundred years! It was good enough for me to use all my life, but I suppose you want some new. Not a spoon of it do you leave down-stairs. Rose, you take the silver to your own room and take the consequences of it afterward."

"Mother, mother," said Tom.

"As for my part," continued the mother, disregarding his voice, "I am going over to Louisa's, where they don't give tramps the best room in the house. And you may wait upon me, Tom. Driven out of my own son's house by the wants and sufferings of his daughter-in-law!" And grandmother hoisted about for a shawl and hood, and actually set out for Louisa's.

"Oh!" cried Rose, sitting down again, the better to cry for tears. "Was ever anybody so unlucky? Here, just doing a commonly Christian act, means a row in the family. I should like to be mistress of my own house for one day and night just to see how it would feel! But my sisters, and my sisters-in-law, my mother and my mother-in-law, my husband—"

"And your husband-in-law," said Tom, stopping and looking her up.

"It's all the husband I have," sobbed Mrs. Rose. "And if he's going to turn against me because I've taken in a poor wayfaring—"

"'A poor wayfaring man of God,'" sang Sarah, full of music and. "Come, now, Rose, if you don't put on the same pro—you'll have a hysteric, and be carried off to bed, and never have the pleasure of seeing your wayfarer revive." And, soothed by Tom, and vexed by the girls, Rose put on the compress, and went to see it her charge could swallow a little beef extract, while Tom sauntered into the reception-room to lift the man's eyelid, and observe whether its pupil contracted before light, something which, if he came to any conclusion he did not announce it, as he sauntered out again.

"I'm afraid it's of no use, poor fellow," said his sister Sarah, as the hall-receptacle of beef extract succumbed no action. "Now, Rose, you're all tired out with your efforts, and excitement, and serious and things, and you go to bed, and I'll sit in here and call you if—if—you know—if anything happens."

"Well, I guess I shall leave you alone down here all night with a dying man!" said Rose. "We won't either of us sit up. We've done our share. I'll give Stout a dollar, and he shall sit up. Now, Tom, let us have some oysters and a glass of sherry; we need it. It seems a little too bad, though, for us to be merry-making, and that poor soul in there just passing through the awful gates!"

All the same, they did so. "A perfect old man of the sea it is to be," said her sister May, "if you go on so about him." And they had some hot soup and sherry and oysters; and Stout took a big armchair for the night, prepared to go sound asleep as soon as the bedroom doors closed, and by eleven o'clock feeling they had done all they could for the chance of the doctor, the latter abandoned themselves to dreams.

It was a little past the first of the small hours, Stout thought, when he was unnerved from his own innocent [illegible] a strange sound, or rather a sound of silence, and for a moment his flesh crept. The dying man was sitting up in bed, and was staring fixedly at his neck, his wrists, his ankles, the soles of his feet, and was talking to himself, as Stout expressed it. Like a house afire.

"Detrimental where've I got to?" he muttered. "Have I died? And is this—"

"No, it ain't," said Stout.

"Well, then, I'm learning up slow. I tell you!" said the stranger, tearing away at his mustard plasters. "Here's the back of my neck a second ruined under my wrists are blistered, my feet feel as if they'd been walking on red-hot gridirons! If this ain't thermometers—"

"It's a place called Blossombank," said Stout, "owned by the Evanses, where you were taken in."

"An! does for," groaned the man. "How in time am I going to walk on these feet? They are a solid blister. How came I here, anyway?" he roared.

Stout got up and shut the door, and leisurely told him, enjoying his sketch of his little neighbor, Mrs. Rose, and the display of the rest of the family.

"Drunk, by gracious!" said the patient. "Who'd have thought a quart of cider would do all that? But you never can tell what cider on top of clams will do. I remember that, young man. Especially when it is seven years old. I guess there was a little stone fence in that cider."

"A little," said Stout, dryly. "At least I thought so when we brought you in."

"Anybody but a twaddling one fool would make let me alone. However, good Samaritan sort of people here, I reckon," said he, tugging at his last bandage.

"Sort of now at it," said Stout. "Good plain folks, that sort of thing. Outgrown of which they had just about been grateful little five."

"I'm a fool and just about how grateful I am," said the stranger, "setting aside a drop of liberal in my body. I'm grateful! I'm full crazed to set free to that old I reckon of a Rebecca. What did I get up at, I'd like to know?"

"Old cider, sir. Take Epsom, you know, and do let the world's name, Mrs. Rose."

"If not I'm a liberal man, I'm a liberal man," said the stranger. "Tell you what, young man, I'm a liberal man. You have carried the right and the brave principle of hospitality to the stranger within your gates. Sir, after a pause, "And dollars to wine, in my value of a—[illegible]. And what shall I do for the man who has carried me home? That's what I want to get right at it."

"Assist," said Stout.

"Put up my horses."

"Assign."

"Look here. I suppose for fifty cents you'd go out and put my horse in, and fetch me a clean shirt? Curse the luck! I should think I'd been a risk of upon a bed of a [illegible]. That's a Christian fellow! Here. Pen and ink round here? he asked, gazing about. "I'll leave you a note to tell 'em what I think of their to bring the skin off the soles of my feet, and you give it to 'em in the morning."

"I don't want to be hunting Mrs. Rose's feelings," said Stout. "We kind of like the Evanses."

"You do as you're bid, and no questions asked. You don't get fifty cents every day for that. There!" And he flung down the pen he had been using, and left a folded paper in Stout's hand. And then Stout put his shoulder under the old grandfather's arms, and helped him through the dining-room and passages and kitchens, and out the back door and into his waggon, hitched in the horse, took the fifty-cent piece, bade the stranger good-night, and returned and laid the folded paper at what he judged ought to be Mrs. Rose's place at the breakfast table, where Mandy, with her customary expression, had laid overnight, after clearing off the fragments of the previous banquet.

It was at the prep of day that Mrs. Rose, throwing on her wrapper, thrust her feet into her Dolly's slippers, and crept down-stairs. Her eyes were but half open, but they sprang wider at the vision of the reception-room. Stout's chair was empty, the cot was empty, the bed-clothes were tossed aside, the carpet was strewn with dried mustard plasters and torn bandages and pins and rags—because the reception-room for an instant she stood about her, and then sprang for the back door, if was open, the yard was empty. She flitted the door, and ran back through the dining-room in bewildering over the alteration of the dining parlor, and her eyes fell on the folded paper, and she passed.

Do you think Mrs. Rose would feel, that she should not know what that paper meant when she broke it open? Had she not figured to herself a thousand times how such a paper would look when they ship came in? The apparition that flashed through Sarah's room and Mary's room, and would have liked to run over to Louisa's and startle grandmother, and the wound up proceedings in her own room, was flashing in a legal document confirming out: "And he was an Angel in Disguise! and I said so! and what do you think, sister? Tom! oh, Tom! it was no mere guess, and it is discharged!" And that poor was the man that held it, and he had exceeded of the whole thing, and was his thanks, too—think of it! And, sir, can you call that anything else than an angel?"

"An Angel!" said Tom, presently, when she had her breath again, and the rapture was temporarily stilled. "Certainly not, Mrs. Rose, and in spite of my great wife I must admit, were means in angels at."—*Harper's Monthly Bazar.*

A Treat in Store for Charlie.

Two young ladies entered a cigar store and one of them said thoughtlessly:

"Have you any choice cigars, sir? I want them for a present."

"Yes, Miss," replied the tobacconist, "we have any choice you like from a cent a piece up."

"I think I will take some of the cheapest ones, then, if they are choice. I had no idea that choice cigars were so cheap. Won't Charlie be delighted!" she said to her companion as they left the store. "Poor boy! He is so fond of a choice cigar, and they will taste all the better," she added, with a little blush, "for having come from me."—*N. Y. Times.*

—A New York barber claims to have accomplished the unprecedented feat of shaving seventy-five men in one hour and twenty-two minutes.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

NOT FOR SALE.

We were going to sell the horse today—
Sandy I don't know this reason why;
Where I died him, we kissed and cried, gently,
He stood in the yard beside my chair.

I had to mention—"Dad, poor boy
Going to die for a couple of days"—
And put his head upon my knee, Dolly—"Well, sir
Kiss them."
And they gave a new gold ring.

[illegible]

"Why, Ruth, [illegible] never went abroad—and her little cousin Nellie, who had just come from Maine. You're twelve and I'm ten, and I'm sure just lots of it. I'd give them your head."

"Hush!" interrupted Ruth. "Did you ever feel an earthquake?"

"No, have you?"

"Lots of them. Most every year there was a quaking time," said Ruth.

"It's lying," remarked Nellie, "you want to see them, and I want to feel an earth quake. I wish I was in San Francisco, I do. Can you shake them?"

"You bet—yes," said Ruth. "It's done with every thing."

"People just run to the doors, and wonder and wonder and wonder, and the two laughed merrily over it, though at a pain.

"If the earth came down like snowballs," said Ross.

"We make snow-balls," continued Nellie, "and throw them out of each other, and have every a much fun. The trees shake superbly, and have tops, and the posts so hard we can't mind the rods. It gives a hard crossing. Pop shows we have opened the doughnut dies with that so we can't to improve hot warm.

"I should think you'd freeze," said Ruth. "Come to me we are having freezing cold weather here."

"Sometimes at home the girls and boys set fires lighting, but we must always keep up our warm. Now you tell me about earthquakes, Ruth."

"Oh, the first earthquake and your heart jumps into your mouth, and before it comes out, it is all over and folks begin to ask the door to let Ruth.

"Did you ever scream, Ruth, when you felt it?"

"I'll tell you about one that happened to years ago," answered Ruth. "I went to the Denman school, where I go now. As many as eight hundred girls attend it. The school house is very large, three stories and a mansard roof. My room was on the lower floor in the rear.

"One morning I was studying away, and happening to look up I saw the girls rushing pell-mell out of the door, screaming and crying. I didn't know what the trouble was, but I put my book down and ran too. Teachers in front entrance, and there was Miss Steele, a real pretty little teacher, drive the girls back. As I didn't know what I wanted to go out for I went back, and everything seemed just like a dream. When everything was quiet my teacher, Miss Small, stood up by her desk and said:

"'The girls who did not leave their seats will arise.'

"Four girls arose.

"'Class will report ten extra credits. Those who did not leave the room will arise.'

"Ten stood up.

"'Five extra.'

"And there I lost all those extra, when I didn't feel the earthquake, and didn't feel angry, and only went with the crowd. I told mamma about it when I got home, and she said I might go to my room and stay there, for disobedience, any rate leave my seat, as I might go hurt or hurt some one else in the crush.

"About a month after I felt the old school shake, and I know it was an earthquake. It was nearer than before, and I never saw such excitement in my life. I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs, but I just held on to my desk and thought of cotton. Celia Blunt sat opposite me. She was the distressed girl I ever saw, and she put her arms about my neck and cried.

"'Save me! oh, save me!'

"I wanted to shake her, but I was afraid to let go that desk, because I might go. I like the seat and love those children. When the girls came to their senses Miss Small said:

"'You may now resume your studying.'

"And not a single word about excuse. I wanted to cry. I was so disappointed. I'm glad I held on, because Nellie Noble was hurt by the girls running over her, but I didn't know it then."

"You, Ruth, I would think you'd have screamed," remarked Nelli; "but, then, you were real brave, you know."

Ruth walked to the window, complaining of the cold, and quickly stilled.

"O Nellie, see all those little white things coming down!"

"It's snow, dear; snow, snow, snow."

And the two cousins made a bound for the door, and would have gone out bareheaded and tippy-toed, if not called back by Ruth's mamma. It was actually snowing in San Francisco for the first time.

"Isn't it too bad that it's Sunday?" said Nelli; "we can't have any fun."

"We can go to Sunday-school through the snow," observed Ruth.

"And I'll give you a sleigh-ride in the big rocking-chair," said Ruth's papa.

The children were well wrapped and placed in the chair. The church was but two blocks away, and the snow was three inches deep, so they enjoyed quite a little sleigh-ride. Just as they reached the church steps, Mr. Chase slipped, and the little girls were tipped out, but they were not hurt, and went into Sunday-school smiling.

It continued to snow until late in the afternoon, and Ruth felt quite elated on having seen a real snow-storm. And when night fell and Ruth were awakened from their sleep by a rumbling noise, and their bed moving. Nell started up in alarm, but Ruth quieted her, telling her it was only an earthquake, and that they were safe.—*Laura E. Ross, in Exchange.*

A QUEER PARTNERSHIP.

House-Building Cooperation Between a Bird and a Spider.

As most of my young readers are doubtless well aware, there is continual warfare between the insects and the birds, the latter finding in the former their natural food. Knowing this, any exception we may find to the rule must seem very remarkable, especially when it is a bird and a spider on terms of the closest friendship and actually partners in house-building. The bird is the purple sun-bird named by naturalists Nectarinia Asiatica. It is common in many parts of India, where it flits among the trees in gorgeous garbs of deep purple-blue, flashing green, gold and yellow.

At the nest-building time, the sun-bird searches the woods until it finds the large shining web of a certain kind of spider. This it proceeds forthwith to appropriate without further ceremony, though we can well imagine that there has been some understanding between Master Spider & Sun-bird.

The web is generally spun between two stout limbs, and upon this web the bird begins to place all sorts of rubbish, such as bits of grass or fiber, and pieces of paper and cloth picked up or stolen from some neighboring camp. At first the spider might be somewhat astonished at the capacity of its net for catching such strange flies. But outwardness enough as fast as the bird places them, up to upon the web, the spider swings them with its silk, spinning industriously and weaving its treed as much as possible. Finally, when the nest-rule have accumulated until they reach the limbs they are fastened to it, and bound over and over, and by the bird and afterward by the spider. Now the nest begins to assume a definite shape, its appearance like a bottle, a doubler a dome the grass and twigs being generally wound round and in by the bird and then covered by the silk of the spider, both bird and spider working backwards, until they have made a perfect dome-shaped nest hanging in the midst of the web, partly supported by it and partly hanging from the limb. In some nests an entrance is left at the bottom, but usually it is at one side, near the upper end, with a little platform or awning left out over it to the bird to keep out the rain.

The next would now naturally be a very conspicuous object, but the spider's work is not yet done. It continues to spin its silken web around the nest, carrying the threads from one part to another, inward and outward, forward and back, until finally, after spinning miles and miles of silk, the nest is completely hidden behind a screen of web.

Here for days the partners live, the spider resting its spinning on the outside, and the sun-bird sitting for its eggs and young within. In this queer partnership the spider is, evidently, not the lower, as it seems to gains peace and protection from the sight of its feathered friend.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

A Pleasant Game.

A pleasant game for a party of young people to entertain themselves at an informal gathering is for them to try and distinguish each other by seeing the eyes alone.

Pin a shawl across the doorway about five feet from the floor. Cut two holes in a large sheet of wrapping-paper, or a newspaper will answer the same purpose, which will show the eyes distinctly, but will not expose any other part of the face.

If any one present possesses a talent for drawing, the paper, which is to serve as a mask, could be further decorated with a mouth and nose put on with a brush dipped in India ink. This would add to the grotesque appearance which the shawl, surmounted by the mask, will present. Eyebrows might also be painted.

When the paper is pinned above the shawl, the company should be divided into two parties, one to remain in the room as spectators and guessers, the other to go "back and the screen" (otherwise the shawl) as performers. If there are over a half-dozen of the latter, a line should be formed, the one at the head stands to hold the mask so that his eyes are distinctly seen by those in the room, and another of the performers asks: "Who is the owner?"

If a correct response is given, the performers change their hands. The one who has taken his turn goes to the foot of the line, and number two takes his place behind the screen. After a time the parties change places, and the fun is renewed.—*Harper's Young People.*

How a French Girl Lost Her Reason.

Lotteries are now so much in vogue in France that no sooner is one drawn than several fresh ones are started. The drawing of the prizes may be conducted of some enjoyment, pleasurable or otherwise, on the mind of ticket-holders, but it appears from a recent very sad case of sudden insanity that the disappointment at not winning a prize is sometimes too much for weak minds. The case in question is that of a young woman of humble station, earning her living in Paris. She had bought a ticket, chiefly owing to the Decorative Art Lottery, recently drawn, and this flimsy scrap of paper she was sanguine enough to believe would prove the foundation of her fortune. When the list of the winning numbers was published, it was eagerly scanned by the poor girl, who for some days afterward remained in a dreaming state of mind, for the castles in the air she had been building on the strength of a dream, or supposed ticket, which had led her to choose a certain number, had vanished. Subsequently she lost her reason completely, and leaving her home, rushed wildly through the streets waving the unfortunate ticket in her hand, shouting that it was the winning number, and that the big prize had been stolen from her. The police had to interfere and take her to the station, whence it is likely she will have to be transferred to an asylum for the insane.—*London Standard.*

—Snakes are so numerous and poisonous in Southern Australia that remedies for the cure of snake-bites are always in great demand.

—But little is known how to prevent grape mildew—plant varieties that are not liable to it.

RELIGIOUS READING.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

"Give us our daily bread."
Christ to our night we come;
We, wanting in our want, we pray,
Poor, we to Thee, our Wealth, Health,
O Thou a poor humanity!
Owning our weakness and our need, we pray,
"Give us our daily bread."

"Give us our daily bread."
Thy promises we plead,
Not by our merits, but our alms,
Bring each his appetite to feed,
Bring with his own.
Our Father, Thou! Thy wasting children, we
"Give us our daily bread."

"Give us our daily bread."
We ask no future good,
No, not a morrow care we take,
We know Thou for our food;
We cower to Thee for wealth,
As day by day we simply handed come,
"Give us our daily bread."

"Give us our daily bread."
Not bread alone, dear Lord,
But our soul hunger fill,
Give faith to hope, love to weep,
To give strength to do Thy will,
Remembering all our weakness, all our need,
"Give us our daily bread."

—Mrs. Harriet B. Rice, in Union Signal.

Sunday-School Lessons.

[illegible]

COSSETS.

Weaklings Who Are Unreasonable in Their Demands for Attention, and Who Think More Highly of Themselves Than They Ought to Think.

Every New England farmer knows what a "cosset" is. It is some pet creature, lamb or calf, which, without a mother, has been taken in hand to be raised by artificial means. The result is that it becomes subject to an amount of fondling and coddling which takes away from it any natural character for sturdiness which it might otherwise have had. Now there are a goodly number of Christians who appear to this idea. They are cossets. They seem to be the sickly lambs without an amount of fondling and petting which proclaims them to be weaklings and keeps them so. We are constantly meeting across them and they give us no little care and anxiety, and cause the whole flock to be the common. But they are not worth the trouble. If they can not live and get on with the rest of the flock, they might as well die and have done with them.

Third. They are a class who move into a new church and for a week, two, or more, go from one church to another, and try different churches. You meet them and welcome them. A few days or weeks you can only see them in your congregation. Presently you miss them. They may have passed out of your world and in the hurry of numerous pastoral cares and work, you forget them. Presently you hear of or from them, and are told that they left or ceased to go to your church because you did not pay any attention to them. It is true that they never made themselves known to you. They did not call upon you, or even wait at the conclusion of some Sabbath or week evening service, and tell you whether they were or that they were thinking of uniting with your church. On the contrary, they waited a few Sabbaths to see if they were to be noticed and made much of, and finding that they were not (and mainly because of their own neglect in letting any one know that they belong to the household of faith), they took their departure for some other church, setting forth that yours was a cold and formal one, which "paid no attention to strangers." Now the question arises in our minds whether they ever thought of coming to church or among a people for the purpose of worship or work. Upon the whole, we must conclude that they came only to be petted and made much of. They are thinking of themselves and not of the Lord and His work. If they may be petted and made much of they will come among you, but if they can not be put on the list of "cossets" they will go elsewhere. The fact is they are weaklings and "think more highly of themselves than they ought to think." Our conviction is that downright, out and out Christians, especially if they are strangers, will at once make themselves known when they come into a strange city and church, and put themselves in the way of fellowship, work and acquaintance. There are such, and they never find any trouble in making acquaintance or being noticed. What right, either on grounds of fellowship or reason, has a stranger to suppose that a pastor and a whole church will at once recognize him as the Lord's and run after him when he has taken not the least pains to make himself known as such? Nay, what right, on any principle of consecration or recognized obligation, has any Christ as to make his or her active participation in the work or worship of God dependent upon any amount of petting and cosseting? And yet there are a multitude who can only be kept at even a moderate participation in church fellowship or work by an amount of petting and attention that scarce any least pastor or people can give, or care to give.

Second. The comest Christian is found in the flock. They seem to have been born weaklings, and they are only kept alive by the most assiduous petting and coddling. Of course, they were known at the time of their entering the Church, either by confession or by letter. For a while they came to church and prayer-meeting, but presently you missed them, and went and looked them up. You found that they had lost their interest, because "nobody seemed to care anything for them." The members had not called upon them; everybody did not rush up to them and shake hands with them every time they entered church or prayer-room. Indeed, they tell you that the pastor even passed them on the street, and did not speak to them. Of course, they never offered to shake hands with or speak to any one themselves, and if the pastor failed to recognize them on the street, it was not their place to recognize the pastor. That is not what they came into the church for. They came in to be cosseted and made much of, and not being so treated, they have now taken to staying at home, and pouting like spoiled children. That they have any covenant obligations to serve the Lord, whether others do or not, never has entered into their heads, much less their hearts. Perhaps you find out that they have been ill for a few days or weeks, and neither the pastor nor any of the members have called to inquire how they were. Of course they never sent word to the pastor that they were ill and would like to see him, nor did any one else have word of that fact but the doctor; nevertheless, they quietly assumed that it is the pastor's business to know when people are sick, and go and pet them awhile. The truth is, they are cossets, and can only live by being petted, and, so to speak, "coaxed to bank." Then they have discovered that the pastor has visited some family oftener than he has visited them. It is and that they want any spiritual help, but only they don't want the pastor to pay more attention to somebody else than he does to them. They are cossets, and nothing more. Year in and year out they are no help to the pastor and of no use to the church. They are but a burden, a vexation, a sing and a hindrance taking up the pastor's time by their unreasonable complaints and fault-finding to no purpose. It is a question whether they are Christians at all. The probability is that they are only sentimentalists and selfish lovers of themselves, looking out for a place or a church in which they may be made much of. May the Lord convert them!—*N. Y. Independent.*

PATIENCE.

There Can Be No Joyful or Happy Christian Experience Without Its Exercise.

In the Greek of the New Testament two different words are used repeatedly and sometimes interchangeably to describe this distinctively Christian grace, each of them being translated into our English version—patience. The primal sense of the one is endurance, perseverance, permanent continuance, a steady bearing up under the trials and afflictions of life. This idea is correctly given in Rom. ii. 7, where St. Paul says: "God will give eternal life to them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and honor and immortality." The other Greek word indicates the state of mind or feeling with which the toils and trials of life are borne, and is about equivalent to magnanimity, forbearance, fortitude, slowness to anger, great-heartedness. In our English version this second word for patience is sometimes rendered long suffering or forbearance, as when the Apostle Peter says: "The long suffering of our Lord is salvation." (2 Peter iii. 15). St. Paul sets before us the true ideal of this great-hearted virtue when he says: "Be patient toward all men, not rendering evil for evil, nay, nay, but following that which is good both among yourselves and to all men." The Epistle of James, which may indeed be called a treatise on patience and good works, sets before us the same exalted ideal of holy living, when it says: "Be patient, then, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction and of patience. Behold we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." (1 Thes. v. 14; James v. 7-11).

There are two aspects or conditions of human life, in each of which we need to let patience have her perfect work. In fact, under each of them alike there can be no joyful or happy Christian experience without it. First, we need its continual presence, as a sustaining principle, under the manifold trials, afflictions, disappointments, bereavements and sorrows of life. What is a man to do who has never learned to be patient, when the day of calamity comes, when the fierce storms of adversity beat upon his habitation and his heart? Soon or late these must come to every human heart. There is no exemption from these trials. With many they are the daily experience of life. To all they must come at some time. How are we to meet them? How is any troubled soul of man to bear up under such burdens, except in the exercise of that calm, serene, heroic patience which is learned in the school of Christ? Here it is, and here only, that the believing soul has heard that voice which stills the tempest of all human passion, and cries: "My son, despise not then the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art reproved of Him. For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

Then, again, patience, as a working principle, is needed in all the toils of business, in all the calls of duty, in all the changes, and the work of daily life. The husbandman must plow the ground and sow the seed in the patience of hope; he must wait for the early and the latter rain, nor can he reap in joy till he has long and patiently waited for the harvest. And precisely so is it in all spiritual work, in all Christian toil. Indeed, all true, successful Christian work is conditioned on patience, and is never fully crowned except by the grace of patience.—*Interior.*

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

—Nature teaches even the meanest capacity that there is a God.—*Pendleton.*

—Good things may be used for evil purposes. The kiss of Judas was a sign for the betrayal of his Master.—*St. Boniface.*

—Money is only thus far a standard of value; that which it can measure is perishable, that which it can not is immortal.—*Bowes.*

—The younger members of the church are very apt to follow the example of the older. Are you teaching them to be ready for every good word and work, or to be behind, slow, halting, shirking, stingy, narrow, worldly-minded, doing little or nothing for Christ, complaining, selfish, worthless? What does your example teach them?—*Baptist Reflector.*

—Believe in something. Preach what you believe. Then practice what you preach. These are the three essential characteristics of an aggressive evangelism. Looking over the world of sects one can see that those which have this spirit are the ones which prosper and succeed. Mere negative belief and negative preaching produce of themselves only a negative religious life, and are granted a growth which can only be called negative. The faith that works and wins is a positive faith.—*Chicago Standard.*

—To make "The Man I Am" one with "The Man I Might Have Been" is the great end of our lives. It was for this that we were created. To have accomplished this is success; to have missed it is failure. Hell itself is but the measure of disparity between "The Man I Might Have Been" and "The Man I Am." To behold, with a vision too late illuminated, the glowing course which might have been pursued, which God intended should be pursued, and to compare it with the path which was chosen and with fatal patience and persistence pursued, will be the sad despairing lot of many a soul. The course may be thorny; it may be dark; but it is the only course of real happiness and success.—*National Baptist.*