

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Stern check art thou for all the joys of earth,
 Since careless joy alone is not man's blessing;
 The fires consuming may have heavenly birth,
 And seeming ill be greater good possessing;
 Thou teachest whom thou meet'st at every turn,
 To make the best of every joy and sorrow,
 And thus thy lesson, if we would but learn,
 Brings store of peace against new hopes to-morrow.
 How vain to rail, though every frail endeavor
 For pleasure sought evades our fondest care;
 Still live for other good—hope on forever!
 Life must with joy some sorrows always share—
 Then Disappointment, were it not for thee,
 Joy would grow stale, and good might evil be!

—Boston Transcript.

When the Tribune Came

ONE bright winter morning John and Dorcas Larkin were sitting in their cozy room, looking out upon the Common and the Public Garden. In spite of their comfortable surroundings, the old people did not wear an expression of perfect contentment. To be sure, they were proud of their son, who had left the little village among the Green Mountains twenty years ago, and had won for himself so large a place in the great city. But they found it hard to accustom themselves to city ways after their long and simple country life.

Suddenly the postman's ring resounded through the house. The old people started up expectantly.

"It's Saturday morning," said John, "and we ought to get the Tribune."

Quick footsteps drummed on the stairs, the door burst open, and young John Larkin swung into the room.

"Papers!" he shouted. "Riverdale Tribune! Full account of Nehemiah Smith's new henhouse! Death of Dr. Wetherbee's faithful old horse! Paper!"

The old gentleman was equal to the occasion. He held out a peppermint to his grandson, and the boy jerked the paper from under his arm as if it were in the middle of a bundle of fifty, and banged out of the room.

"That boy's full of catnip, ain't he?" said John.

"He's a good deal like his grandfather," said Dorcas.

"Sho, now!" exclaimed the delighted old man, as he took his chair and



"WELL, I AM BEAT OUT!"

placed it near his wife. "Now you read the news to me. Read the Riverdale column first."

Dorcas adjusted her spectacles, took the paper and began:

"Norman Stannard starts to-morrow for Boston, where he enters upon a lucrative position in the well-known establishment of Brooks & Fenderson."

"Yes, sir-ee!" exclaimed the old man. "The city folks have to send up into the country when they want a good clerk. Time and again I used to see the Boston drummers watching Norman pretty close when he was trading with customers, and I told Bennett he couldn't expect to keep such a salesman forever. Well, well, I shall look Norman up right away, and we can invite him over here once in a while."

"So we can," agreed Dorcas, eagerly, "and it will seem like home to have one of the Riverdale young folks round, won't it?" Then she read on: "Last Sunday morning, when Janitor Jones undertook to ring the church bell, it was found to be cracked and the tone destroyed. A subscription has already been started for the purpose of buying a new bell."

"That's too bad!" said John. "That bell has called us to meeting a good many years. I remember when it was first hung in the old church. It used to make the shivers run down my back when it tolled for anyone that had died. But that custom stopped a good while ago, and I believe the last time the bell tolled it was for a man who wasn't dead at all."

"Why, how was that?" asked Dorcas. "I don't seem to remember about it."

"It was for old Daddy Dodge," explained John. "You know what a fiery old fellow he was. Well, it seems that the old man had a bill to pay to Lawyer Pease on a certain

day, and the lawyer would at him about every time they met. This made the old man wrathful, and one day he took off his hat, the way he always did when he got mad, and his hair stood up like a feather duster all over his head, and he shook his old bell crown at the lawyer and stomped his foot and hollered out: "You mean old money-grabber! You needn't borrow any trouble about my not bein' there! If I ain't there by 12 o'clock noon, you may know that I am dead, and you can have the bell tolled for me."

"But something did happen so that he was delayed on the road, and the minute it was 12 o'clock the lawyer went and ordered the bell tolled for old Daddy Dodge. Pretty soon the old man came along, and wanted to know who the bell was tolling for. When he found out he was madder than a hatter, and threatened to sue Pease, and all manner of things."

"My goodness me!" exclaimed Dorcas, as she glanced at the next item. "Just listen to this," and she read:

"Last Friday afternoon James Ray and Mrs. Emeline Riggs were married at the home of the bride. Rev. T. H. Ayer tied the knot. We extend sincere congratulations."

John Larkin smote his knee with a tremendous blow, leaned back in his chair and laughed without restraint.

"Well, I am beat out!" he said. "I never expected that would come to pass, although I did my best to help it along. Once, after James had been looking across the church at Emeline all through sermon time for nigh on to three years, I says to him, 'James,' says I, 'the Widow Riggs is just as nice and pretty a woman as goes to church, but you had better be moving if you want to get her or somebody else will get ahead of you.'"

"Well, he got red as a beet, and he opened his lips once or twice, but not a word could he say. Time and again I have seen him come down the street, all dressed up in his best clothes, and he'd go as far as Emeline's gate, and then he too scared to go in, and turn round and go home. How do you suppose James ever mustered up the courage to pop the question, Dorcas?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Dorcas, "but perhaps this next item may have something to do with it," and she read:

"A good many people around here have lost money lately by the collapse of the Rocky Mountain Investment Company. Moral: Invest your money nearer home."

"That's it! That's it!" exclaimed John, with a beaming face. "That's James Ray all over. He knew that Emeline had all her money in that company, and when she lost it all and was likely to suffer, he puts his bashfulness into his pocket and steps right up and faces the music. Now he's got him a good wife, and I hope they'll put him in deacon right away."

"There's been a fire," said Dorcas. "Fire? Where?" and John bent forward with strained attention while Dorcas read:

"Last Wednesday afternoon about 4 o'clock a fire broke out in the upper story of Green's block on Main street. The fire was pretty well started before it was discovered. Fire company No. 2 was promptly on the scene of action, and soon had two full streams on the blaze from the hydrant in front of Alvey's drug store. Company No. 1 connected with the hydrant by the hay scales, and turned on two more streams. In half an hour the fire was under control, and in an hour it was practically out. Before the first stream of water was turned on it looked as if the block would surely go, but the work of the firemen was excellent, with Chief Engineer Dan Bryan in charge."

Before Dorcas finished reading about the fire John had risen from his chair and was pacing excitedly round the room.

"The boys did well, and no mistake!" he cried. "But all they have to do nowadays to get a head of water is just to connect with the hydrants, and then it staggers two men to hold the nozzle. It was tough work fighting fire when I was captain of the old Eagle fire engine."

"Don't you remember, Dorcas, when

Barton's block burned on that same spot one winter night thirty years ago? Land of Gideon! It was cold when that factory bell begun to dong, dong, dong, fast as the watchman could jerk the rope. The boys turned out prompt, hollering fire and dressing themselves on the way to the engine house. The old Eagle squeaked and squawked over the snow, but we dragged her up in front of the mill in short order.

"Suction hose!" says I, and the boys sprang to and put it down into the flume; but big Ben Martin slipped and fell head foremost into the water. They pulled him right out by the heels, but in a second his clothes froze on him stiff, and all he could do was to tumble into the boiler room of the mill and stay there.

"Man the brakes!" says I, and in less than half a jiffy thirty-six big men stood ready for the word.

"All ready!" came a shout from the hosemen.

"Who's got the nozzle?" I says, as I jumped up on the engine.

"Jim Ray and your boy Ezra," says old Enoch Marsh, out of his frozen beard.

"Just at that instant there came an explosion. The flat roof of the building heaved up, and the black smoke and fire poured out. My heart gave a terrible jump. Inside I said: 'Lord, take care of the boys!' but I sung out with all vengeance:

"Let her have it, boys! Now!"

"Down went the brakes, and the good old Eagle turned up clear and strong—ca-bunk, ca-bunk, ca-bunk, ca-bunk!—and I tell you it was music to me when the water began to splutter from the nozzle and swish into the fire. We couldn't save the block, but by working hard all night we kept the fire from spreading and saved the village."

"Well, John," said Dorcas, in mild reproach, "I don't think you need to make so much noise and go through all the motions. Folks will think there's a lot of children in here, instead of an old man of seventy-five."

"Oh, well, Dorcas, I guess there's no harm done," said John, somewhat abashed. "It sort of stirs me up when I get to talking about old times, but hereafter I will endeavor to keep the peace. Why don't you read on?" he asked, after a pause.

"Why—a—" Dorcas began, slowly, "this next item is partly about you and me," and she read:

"Last evening, at a special meeting of the church, James Ray was unanimously elected deacon, to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of Deacon John Larkin. The following minute was also adopted:

"We desire to express our high appreciation of the long and faithful service rendered to this church by Deacon John Larkin and his wife. We miss their wise counsel and their willing service, but we hold them in loving remembrance in all our hearts."

John sniffed suspiciously, and felt for his handkerchief, which he could not find. "They don't forget us up there in the old church, do they, Dorcas?" he said. "I want you should be sure and cut that piece out, so that we can keep it, and I'm going to get Ezra to write for an extra copy to send out West to Brother Nathan's folks. I'm real glad they put James in deacon, and I shouldn't wonder a mite if the women put in Emeline to head the Home Benevolent Society, should you? Why, Dorcas," said the old man, tenderly, "what are you crying about?"

Dorcas handed him the Tribune and pointed to the last item of Riverdale news, where he read:

"On Thursday afternoon, just at sunset, Mrs. James Baldwin, familiarly and lovingly known as 'Aunt Jim,' passed away after a brief illness. Her funeral will be held to-morrow afternoon at the church. A further notice of her long and useful life will appear next week."

John let the paper fall and clasped the hand of Dorcas in his own, and she looked up at him with a happy smile, although her cheeks were still wet with tears.

"It is only for a little while, Dorcas," he said, gently.

"I know it, John," she said.

Hand in hand the aged couple sat in silence, and every trace of discontent and unrest had passed from their shining faces.—Youth's Companion.

A Label.

"I see by the county paper," said the visitor, "that James Jones, the prosperous druggist of your town, is visiting—"

"I see that, too, an' it's a label," returned the native, with some heat.

"Why, isn't he really your druggist?"

"Yes, but this town's too healthy for him to be prosperous."—Philadelphia Press.

Easy.

"All these towns along this coast," chuckled Admiral Togo, "are nuts for us."

"Yes," replied one of his junior officers, "and some o' them don't even have to be shelled."—Philadelphia Press.

If many a so-called great man could come back to earth and glance over his own biography undoubtedly it would surprise him more than any one else.



MEN SHOULD GO TO CHURCH.

By Rev. Andrew Hageman.
 Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.—Psalms xevi., 6.

We love the places, the persons, the things possessing these great qualities—strength and beauty.

The best strength and choicest beauty in the world—the strength of consecrated Christian purpose, the beauty of Christlike character—are found in the sanctuary and service of God. The responsibilities of living in this world of sin are so great, the obligations resting upon those whose chief end of existence is to glorify God are so vital, that men who are true to themselves and their better natures cannot, dare not attempt to get along without God nor without the inspirations promised in his appointed places.

What are the results to be expected in our lives if we are faithful to God in the use of his appointed places and means of grace negatively? It will always be a great trial and disappointment when hindered in any way from attendance. This was David's expressed experience: "My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." But positively we are to expect as a result of our being in touch with the strength and beauty of God's house, and of our obtaining somewhat of these gifts and graces in our own character, that sin will lose much of its charm and hold upon us.

When the love of Christ increases in our lives every fascination of evil grows less. Christ stated the undeniable in nature as well as in grace when he declared no man can serve two masters. No heart can vow and hold its allegiance to two kingdoms in deadly opposition. By grasping in thought and desire the strength and beauty to be found in his sanctuary, men by a law which is as immutable as God himself lose their hold and fondness for everything which is sinful. The keener and the truer this conception of God is, the deeper will be the sense of sin and the more thorough the work of grace in purifying our hearts and lives.

Again, we are relieved from all the embarrassment in which we may find ourselves in the providences of God by setting our heart's desires on the strength and beauty to be found in his house.

David declares, when baffled and taunted, by the fact of the apparent prosperity of the wicked and the continued sufferings of the righteous, "When I went into the sanctuary of God then understood I their end."

He learned there "who stand in slippery places," and also the awful fact that "their steps in due time shall slide."

He discovered as a fact of faithfulness that "God holds the righteous by the right hand," guides them with his counsel and afterward receives them into his glory." There is no other explanation to the inequality of rewards and punishments in this life; to the apparent unequal distribution of this world's goods; to the sufferings, and trials, and burdens, and losses, and crosses which some have to bear while others go free, than that which is to be found in the revelations of God to us in his sanctuary. There and there only comes to us an explanation which is both strong and beautiful—delightfully satisfying to the soul of the renewed man.

A final result of discovering and appropriating this strength and beauty of the sanctuary is that it puts a song of gratitude in our mouths which will last through an eternity, and which has in it the sweetest notes of praise that can ever be sung on earth or in heaven. John in his description of heaven declares how we who are redeemed by Christ shall stand nearest the throne, closer than the angels who never sinned and therefore cannot know by experience the power of redeeming grace.

Only from such creatures as you and I are, only from sin stained and grace redeemed men and women, can come this sweetest, deepest, personal cry of praise, "Thou, O Christ, hast redeemed us by Thy blood."

What strength and beauty, therefore, there are in these days and within our reach to be discovered and appropriated in the Sabbath services and sanctuaries of God!

How definite, how distinct should be our errand! To discover and to receive the strength and beauty of God. How our faces ought to shine, as we return, with the reflected glory and beauty of God.

Touched with such a baptism of power we ought to go forth each Sabbath day girded with force and consistency of Christian life, which is simply irresistible, which nothing human can bind or restrain from speaking forth the truth of God, declaring exultantly:

CHRISTIAN HAPPINESS.

By Rev. W. J. McKittrick.
 "Love suffereth long, and is kind."

I. Cor. xiii., 4.

The roots of love are buried in selfishness. Nobody can love anybody or anything until he gets out of himself. Any other conception of the contents of this immense world is a degradation, and a shaving down of its divine meaning. Melodrama in life and in literature has strung along its rows of gew-gaws, and balls of red fire, and tinsel it with spangles of flashing little stars that have no legitimate place in its neighborhood.

The two things from which it is remotest at the foundation are often foolishly poured into it on the surface, and they are passion and self-interest. Love is unacquainted with either of them. Both of them are centered in and draw their nourishment from that region of our human nature that knows least and cares least about the divine altruisms of grace.

Passion is a moral sickness. When it is weak it is the weakness of a baby. When it is strong it is the strength of the devil. It never rises to any supernatural altitude. It creeps and crawls along the lower levels of our personality and feeds itself on the hot heaths of the desert, or the malarial poisons of the swamp.

Passion burns us and greed dries us because neither of them stretches its roots down to the depths where the waters of life are. In the attempt to drive our lives into peace we break them into pieces. When love comes there is a new horizon and a new flush of color, and the light that never was on sea or land. We die and we rise again. Old things pass away before the expulsive power of a new affection under the blessedly destructive breath of a new spirit.

Then we get hold of the key of life. Then we are strong. Then we see its glory glowing around us, and we hear the choirs of another heaven chanting their great Te Deum over our souls.

Love is stronger than death, because it is stronger than life.

Vanity is sensitive. It cries before it is hurt.

Pride is always ready for a clash, and foams and tosses in a cataract of unloosened greed.

Envy runs into vice and crime at a gallop.

What is it that makes a man stand as still as a rock and let storm after storm of freezing hail pour into his bosom without bringing a curse to his lips, and without sending despair into his soul? What will enable him to endure uncomplainingly the woes of isolation, where there is no comradeship for him save the roar of the storm? What is it that will make him dumb with the dumbness of a red Indian at the stake when calumnies are piling their fagots about his feet? It is love, the love that suffers long, that can live on a crumb of hope, that can live and grow without hope at all, that keeps a woman clinging to her son when she sees him careening down toward hell, that ties a child to a father when that father is beating it with blows, and staggering into a drunkard's grave, the love that is mightier than anything that is born of man, because it is born of God, and is clothed, and shielded and armored with the all-prevailing, all-conquering power of God.

The victory is given to us through Christ, and Christ is given to us through the love of God, and the love of God is given to us because God is love.

Short Meter Sermons.

Aspiration always seeks service.

Looking is the parent of longing.

The aimless life cannot be the endless life.

There is no comfort where no compassion is.

A ready-made religion is sure to be a misfit.

The preacher who is all blow deals sin no blows.

They who put pleasure first are the last to find it.

The higher life is not found on the pedestal of pride.

When a lightweight is lifted up he is sure to be blown away.

Finding flaws in the sermon is easier than following it, any day.

There is no promise of pardon for confessing the sins of others.

The top of the cauldron is more likely to be scum than cream.