How Miss Thankful Hope Figured in a Romance.

It seemed to be one of the ironies of Iste that her name should have been Miss Thankful Hope. Strangers smiled instinctively at the name when they first met her. For to them there was so little in her narrow life to be thankful for, and nothing to hope for. And yet to those of the limited number who grew to know Miss Thankful, the

name was after all quite appropriate. At number 404 Summerset avenue, the second-rate boarding-house, where she lived in room 14, second floor back, Miss Thankful was accepted year after year as one of the belongings of the you know," said Florence, happily. "I place; much as the hot water bags, for extra cold nights, and the dessert every Wednesday and Sunday were ac- ful, but mother says I may have a new cepted. Settled facts of the house of sash that will freshen it up. But, oh! so long standing that they were never questioned

She was a faded looking little woman of forty-five, whose plain face was only redeemed by a pair of smiling brown eyes. She was a day seamstress, and made enough to pay her board, and usually to keep herself suitably clothed.

It was a standing joke among the other boarders that no matter how disagreeable the day, Miss Thankful could always find something pleasant to be said about it. And no matter how unprepossessing the last new boarder, Miss Thankful's kind heart was sure to discover some exquse.

Other boarders came and went-"transients," Mrs. Simmons called them-but Miss Thankful stayed on.

For thirteen years she had been an inmate of the house, until now she felt that no place would be home to her but the tiny twelve by twelve room, where she had spent her evenings and her Sunday afternoons for so many years.

She had watched Florence, Mrs. Simmon's young daughter, grow up intowomanhood; and had shared her timid confidences and opinions about the different young men of the house. Confidences which Florence would never mother. There was something about Miss Thankful which invited confidence, and the two were warm friends.

It was a dull February evening; a slight snow was falling, and Miss Thankful hurried along toward home in the early dusk. The windows were lighted up, and presented a tempting array of millinery, dry goods, flowers and confectionery.

But Miss Thankful did not notice any of them until she turned into Bond street, and there she walked slower. coming to a standstill at last in front of Cooper & Cooper's large dey-goods house.

She smiled as she looked in at the window. "Yes," she said, softly, "it's there yet; I made sure it would be sold. So cheap, too; only a dollar and a half." She was gazing at a blue satin party bag, lined with delicate pink. One of those dainty French affairs which always catch a woman's eye, if she has any soul for pleasing effects. "I can't afford a new dress this year.

month put that out of the question. to bed and to sleep and so it does seem as if I could buy that bag if I want to. Only it would be silly-downright silly!" and she sighed

"I never had anything as pretty as that. Maybe that's why I seem to have have had the loveliest gift; what do you so set my heart on it. Even my dresses have always been brown or black; they last better."

"I've had a kind of a brown and black life, anyway. But there now, that sounds complainin', and I've no cause to complain. The Lord's been good to me and prospered me right along."

"Good evening, Miss Thankful." said a cheerful voice at her side. "Right nice window. Our trimmer beats any in town. Lots of pretty things, too,' he added, with the pardonable pride of a head clerk.

"Good evening, Mr. Jones," answered Miss Thankful. "Yes, I was just looking in at all the goods. I"-she hesitated-"was just noticing that blue satin bag, over there in the corner-

"Oh, yes, that party bag; pretty thing, and cheap, too. I know a good piece of satin when I see it Funny it was not sold to-day -will be to-morrow, likely."

Miss Thankful felt her desire to poszess the bag increasing.

"On your way home? Let me take your umbrella," and they walked on

together. Miss Thankful had a decided liking for this one of the boarders. Partly because he never forgot to show her the same courtesy that he would show to Florence or any younger woman. And this is very gratifying to a woman who has no claim to youth or beauty.

He was a timid young man, with a colorless mustache and drab hair, who talked with a jerk, but Miss Thankful always liked him.

When they reached the boardingbouse, she went very thoughtfully up to her room. Mr. Jones had discoursed most of the way upon the amiable qualities Florence possessed, all of which remarks she had heartily seconded. When she had lighted the gas she sat down with the thoughtful expression still on her face.

"I wonder," she said, "I do just wonder. But he would never under the shining sun have the courage to tell

her," and she smiled. "Mr. Jones; a name I do abominate! and Florence so pretty-and him with those colorless eyes, and that washed out hair! But then, he is just as kind as he can be, and I make no doubt would be a good provider."

The next night when Miss Thankful came into her room, she turned on both the gas jets-an unheard-of extravagance; she carried a small parcel done up in tissue paper, and before she stopped to take off her bonnet, she went over to the bed and "stied the

"It's a lot prattler than it was at the thing else, and I want to encourage store," she said, smiling at it where it him."-Detroit Free Press.

A BLUE SILK PARTY BAG. lay spread out on the white cover, in all the arrogance of assured beauty.

"Those pink rosettes are lovely; I'm silly as I can be, I know that well enough! That's why I asked Mr. Jones not to speak of my getting it. Maybe next summer I can have a lawn with a little blue sprig in it. This would go beautifully with that I don't think I'm too old for a lawn on a hot day; and I'm just glad I got it—so there!" Then she wrapped up the bag and put it away in her trunk

After supper Florence came up to visit her, and Miss Thankful was tempted to tell her all about it. But she was full of her own plans, and the

bag was not mentioned. "There is to be a party to-morrow evening at Mary Moor's. It's the 14th, am going, and wear my blue cloth dress; I've worn it a lot, Miss Thank-I wish, I do wish I could have a party bag that I saw down in Cooper's window. It was light blue, and lined with pink-such a beauty! I wish you had The McKinley Theory Based Upon a Disseen it. I can't have anything but the sash, though, and so there is no use in wishing."

"I did see it," said Miss Thankful, "and it was pretty. I sorter wished for it myself.

Florence laughed. "Oh, of course, you would not want it, but if you had seen it twenty years ago you might have," she said, with the serene thoughtlessness of youth.

Miss Thankful grew silent "Mr. Jones has asked me to go to evening service twice lately," she went on presently.

"I think he is about the best-looking young man here, don't you, Miss Thankful? He never talks much, but I suppose he thinks a great deal. I used to think he disliked me, he stammered so whenever I spoke to him; but I guess it was just because he didn't feel acquainted." And then followed a recital of Mr. Jones' sayings.

After she had gone Miss Thankful sat for a long, long time in front of the grate, with sad, dreamy eyes fixed on the fire. She was going over in her have thought of telling her practical mind a time twenty-five years before. "He was nothing like Mr. Jones,"

she said. "He was good looking, and so tall; but he was just as timid, and I acted as careless and as indifferent as I knew how. Girls are foolish creatures. He never got up courage to tell me. And then we moved away, and that was all. No other man ever looked at me, and I can't say as I wanted them to."

This looking back at one's youth has a tendency to make one feel old, if it lies twenty-five years behind one. When she was all ready for bed she

She undressed slowly. She felt old.

opened the trunk and took out the party bag. She opened the door and listened.

Everything was still in the dim hall. Florence's room was only a few doors away. Miss Thankful slipped noiselessly along, and when she reached the door she hung the ribbon over the knob, and as softly stole back.

She had put no card in the bagthere was no need. Florence would That three weeks I was sick last know who sent it. And then she went The next morning Florence knocked

at the door, almost before Miss Thankful was dressed, and came in with a flushed, happy face. "O Miss Thankful!" she cried, "I

think, that blue satin party bag!" "Of course Mr. Jones sent it. I asked him last night if it was sold yet and he grew just as red and stammered so; I know why now. Mother says I may keep it and I wrote him a letter of thanks this morning and put it under his plate. That was the easiest way of thanking him. He is having an early breakfast now, so I thought I would wait and go down with you this time." And she fluttered about the room in

happy excitement. Meanwhile Mr. Jones was in a very uncertain and puzzled state of bliss. The note had thanked him for his beautiful gift, but neglected to tell what the gift was.

He left the house without being able to get a glimpse of Florence.

At noon there was another tiny white missive under his door. But this, much to his disappointment, proved to be from Miss Thankful. "DEAR MR. JONES: Florence thinks you

sent that satin bag; it would be dreadful for her to know differently, after thanking you for it For her sake, please do not ever tell her that you did not. Your friend, "THANKFUL HOPE." Mr. Jones studied this note with smil-

ing eyes.

"For her sake," that clause gave him a quick thrill of pleasure. She would be sorry to find out then that it was not his gift.

He must answer Florence's note, and this was the result of half a dozen attempts. "DEAR MISS FLORENCE: That bag could

not hold the valentine I would like to give you "It is the biggest and homeliest valentine a young lady ever got. If you care to have me tell you about it, please carry the blue satin bag when you come down to dinner.

"EHASTUS JONES." He could hear Florence singing in her room, and he called the bell boy, and sent the note to her.

"There now," he said, when this had been accomplished; "if it had not been for Miss Thankful, I would never have had the grit to have sent that. And what's more, I believe Miss Thankful knew it. Bless her!

"If Florence does have that blue thing on her arm, I'll give Miss Thankful the very best black cloth dress that Cooper & Cooper have in the store."

And Miss Thankful got the dress -

Anna D. Gray, in Interior. -"Paw, is there any difference between a cold and a influenzy?" "If the doctor calls it a cold the bill is about four dollars. If he calls it influenza it's about eighteen dollars. The difference is fourteen dollars, my son."

-Her Kindness .- Father -"Why do you let that young man pay you such package. It was the blue satin party long calls?" Daughter - "Because, papa, everybody says he can't pay anyBENJAMIN'S RIDE.

Into the west rode Benjamin H., On his iron steed so fair, He rode all day and he rode all night To see what might be there

Into the west rode Benjamin H. And he trimmed his words with care, For the speeches he spake and the talks he

Said nothing of getting there. Into the west rode Benjamin H., And grandpa's hat went, too, But he kept it hid in a dark valise.

Into the west rode Benjamin H.,

Entirely out of view. Into the west rode Benjamin H., And Maj McKinley sighed; For he had some doubt of what might be The result of such a ride.

Into the west rode Benjamin H .. And Mr. T. B. Reed Scratched his dome of thought reflectively And gave the matter heed.

Some pointers for to get: He rode all day and he rode all night, And he hasn't "got there" yet

PROTECTION A FAILURE-

aster Producing System. It is interesting to note that while the United States is engaged in the attempt to shake off the incubus of the McKinley law, all Europe is in "an economic ferment," as some writer has phrased it. It is well known that all the principal nations of the continent have high protective tariffs. According to the doctrines which have dominated our legislation since 1861 they ought all to be happy.

On the contrary, they are all unhappy. France is giving another turn to the screw, showing that the tariff of 1891 has not brought about the blessings expected. Quite the reverse. The chamber of commerce at Marseilles declares that since its adoption there have been a constant reduction of commercial operations, a lack of new enterprises, a suppression of many that previously existed, that no new factories are building, that those burned down are not replaced, that the number of idle ships grows larger every day; in short, that there has been a change for the worse in foreign commerce, attended by a similar condition in agriculture and internal commerce. The remedy now proposed is a still higher tariff, another turn of the screw, an expedient certain to aggravate the evils now prevailing.

In Italy there is chaos. Uprisings have occurred to resist the outrageous taxes on the necessaries of life, and these have to be put down by military force. At the same time there is a deficiency in the revenue, and while it is proposed to reduce expenditures the proposed economies are admitted to be insufficient to avoid a deficit. New taxes are proposed, to be levied upon a people already exhausted by excessive taxation.

Fifteen years ago Germany entered upon the enterprise of making the people happy by protective taxes. This was largely in the interest of agriculture, which demanded to be shielded from the curse of cheap food. The system ran its usual course. It did not answer expectations, and its advocates said it was not high enough. So in 1885 rates were put up again. Two years later it was thought necessary to make a further increase.

These constantly augmenting imposts on the necessaries of life have caused great distress among the poor of Germany. But what effect have they had upon agriculture? For answer let us turn to the recent speech of Dr. Miquel, in the reichstag. He has been counted on in some quarters as an opopponent of the treaty with Russia, as he is known to be in sympathy with the agrarians. He said that the main task of the Prussian government for the next few years must be to devise effectual assistance for agriculture. In spite of this he favored the treaty. "In any case," he added, "the treaty can not render the condition of husbandry any worse than it is."

Such is the effect of fifteen years of high protection upon German agriculture. Even in the opinion of its warmest friends its condition cannot be any worse. This is but a repetition of the experience of the United States. We have had a continued demand for higher rates, and they have been advanced from time to time. The McKinley bill went to the extreme of high protection, and what is to-day the condition of our industries? According to the statements of the parties interested they were never worse. They are waiting for the repeal of the McKinley act that they may have a chance to revive.

It is alleged, of course, that business depression is due to the prospective reduction of the duties. To what then is it due in Italy, where there is a prospect of an increase? To what is it due in France, where an increase has just been made? There is no fear of tariff reform in France, but there is a | their fault - Detroit Free Press. paralysis of industry and trade. To what shall we attribute the depression in Germany, where agriculture, its chief beneficiary, is admitted to be in so desperate a condition that no commercial treaty can make it worse? The limit has been reached in putting up duties, both in Germany and the United States, but the expected blessings have refused to materialize.

There is a deep philosophy underlying this "economic ferment" that prevails in all protective countries. The theory of creating prosperity by high taxes is breaking down. Protection has been tried and found wanting -- Louisville Courier-Journal.

- Some of our republican contemporaries are reviewing the first year of President Cleveland's administration, and they rise from the task weeping for their unfortunate country. One achievement alone of Mr. Cleveland's first year of office justifies the people's faith in him and entitles him to the gratitude of his country. His sound statesmanship and inflexible resolution forced the repeal of the ruinous N. Y. Times.

The efforts of the republicans to put the administration in a hole con- tariff to six dollars will cause direct tinue to deposit their authors in an importation from China.-Kansas City awkward cavity.-Boston Herald.

A YEAR OF POWER.

Splendid Record Made by the Democracy Since March, 1893. One year ago the democrats assumed control of the national government after a total or partial exclusion from

power for over thirty years. They found the tariff taxes higher than at any previous period in the history of the government. They found a treasury deficiency impending where they had left a surplus. They found the free gold excess of nearly \$100,000,-000, turned over by President Cleveland four years before, scattered in foreign lands. They found the country on the verge of a monetary panic owing to the operations of a republican silver-purchas elaw. They found on the statute book the skeleton of an elections force law which the republicans had desperately endeavored to strengthen with federal bayonets at the polls.

What is the record of the year? The World has not shunned the duty of criticising the administration and the democrats in congress when the honor and welfare of the country required it. But in spite of blunders and delinquencies it is true and it deserves to be said that not in half a century before has the first year of a new administration and a new congress been so rich in important public services as has the year which has just ended.

The Sherman silver-purchase act has been repealed. So mischievous had this law, passed solely by republican votes, become that business men of all parties united in demanding its repeal. The firm attitude of the democratic administration secured an unconditional stoppage of silver purchases, and for the first time since the passage of the Bland act, in 1878, the currency of the country was relieved of the danger of debasement.

The elections law has been repealed. With it disappeared the last vestige of centralized coercion, the fruit of the war. Elections are hereafter to be free. The threat of 'a bayonet behind every ballot"-of the party in power doing, as Speaker Reed said the republican party intended to do, "its own registration, its own counting and its own certification"-is removed. This achievement alone is enough to have made the first year of the democratic restoration memorable.

A genuine tariff-reform bill has passed the house. The Wilson bill is the most scientific and just tariff measure that has passed either house of congress in thirty years. If enacted into law it will free the great body of the people from needlessly burdensome taxes, it will relieve our manufacturers from a hindering handicap, it will enlarge the activities and increase the rewards of labor. It executes the mandate of the people. It fulfills the oftrepeated pledge of the democratic par-

There has been a promising start in pension reform. The greatest source of extravagance and fraud in the entire federal system has been boldly and honestly attacked. The pension appropriation bill reported to the house is nearly \$15,000,000 less than the amount appropriated for the current fiscal

This is a record of which the democratic party has a right to be proud. despite the shortcomings and wronggoings in other directions.

As to the reverse side of the picture there is this to be said: Every mill that is closed was shut up under the operation of the McKinley fifty per cent. tariff. Every workingman that is unemployed is idle under the law that was framed ostensibly to "protect" him. Every dollar of increase in the public debt represents a dollar of the republican deficiency. Every lack in the treasury is due to the republican law which cut revenue by raising taxes. Every expedient to obtain gold to maintain the public credit is the necessary result of the net loss of gold to the country during the republican administration of over \$122,000,000. Every deficiency, increasing payment from the public treasury, bears the

sign manual of a republican president. That there are dangers ahead of the democratic party none will deny. But the record of its first year in power challenges comparison with any similar period in the history of the country.-

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

-The republican newspapers are now engaged in carrying next November's elections for their party. This is not the first time the republican party has attempted to anticipate the output of

the political incubator.-N. Y. World. --- It will disappoint the calamityhowlers of the g. o. p. to learn that the deficiency in the revenues of the government for the fiscal year is not to be so great as was anticipated. It should console them to reflect that it is not

-The more the matter of pensions is looked into the more apparent it becomes that the republicans ran the department as the main shaft in their huge political machine and that they are still utilizing it to the extent of their ability in that direction. - Detroit Free Press.

-- The democratic party has not only accomplished nearly all it promised to the people, but it has restored confidence by undoing some of the mischief done by its predecessors. And vet, in the face of all this, it is no uncommon thing to hear democrats talking of their party in an apologetic or pessimistic vein. Up to this time the democracy is all right, and we believe It will triumph over its enemies, both within and without -Baltimore News.

-The opium smugglers, or "cookers," as they are called, of British Cotumbia are raising a big purse for a crusade at Washington to have the high tariff retained on prepared opium. When the McKinley bill passed the smugglers succeeded in getting a twelve-dollar rate through which pracact that bore John Sherman's name tically put an end to honest importaand Benjamin Harrison's signature. - tion and brought the smugglers large profits. If the "cookers" are successful they will make a great deal of money, as a reduction of the Wilson

TO BLOSSOM, LORD, FOR THEE.

Within the dusky pew I knelt And breathed a rich perfume, For near at hand the altar steps Were banked with snowy bloom. And while the people's prayers arose Like incense sweet to God,

From underneath my drooping plumes I watched the lilies nod I gazed upon their golden hearts, Their perfet whiteness rare, Their slender stems of clearest green, And prayed a little prayer. Twas never found in any book,

Or said in any cell,

And from my soul it bubbled up

Like water from a well. "Dear Lord," I said, "when I am dead And done with grief and pain. If Thou from out the narrow grave Shouldst call me forth again To live once more, oh, let me then A spotless fily be, Within the church on Easter morn

To blossom, Lord, for Thee; -Minna Irving, in New England Magazine.

CHARACTER BUILDING. It Is More Than Gaining a Reputation,

and Is Always Going On.

We are very apt to confound character and reputation together as being one and the same thing, and many a boy is satisfied with earning a good reputation, when he is not equally anxious about having a good character. Reputation is truthfully defined as "what a person seems." The person tation may be the reflection of his character, but it is sorrowfully true that the reputation and the character of a boy may be wholly dissimilar. He may carefully conceal from the prove its utter instability.

Reputation is the shadow. Character now. is the real substance. If the character is carefully built all through a boy's warmer days, and the budding trees, life, reared with painstaking block by and the grass becoming green, and the block, each part of the structure being northward flight of the birds mean, firm and solid, there is but little dan- but this, that in a few weeks we shall ger that his reputation will not be be in the glory and brightness of sumequally good, but the reputation is not mer? We shall have cold and dark the thing to be principally desired. It days in April and early May, but sumis the character itself, to which we mer is surely coming, and we rejoice should look

If we make a candid confession of ken. our real desires, I fear that most of us would have to admit that it is the resurrection of our Lord. He was the reputation rather than the character "First-fruits" of them that slept. One for which we yearn. Not that we do not green blade of grass tells us of green all wish to deserve all the good that is fields, one early rose tells of the abunsaid about us, but the first thought in dance of June, one robin, who has found our hearts is that the good shall be his way northward tells of the multisaid, and the deserving it, is an after tude of feathered songters that will consideration.

some adverse circumstances, and leave which death has been conquered, and the character intact. A man's charac- | in which there is no sorrow, or crying, ter is like a lighthouse which stands or pain, or sin. He is the "First-fruit" out in the water steadfast and firm, no of the coming harvest. matter what alterations of sun and When we let such thoughts as these storm, of wind and calm, play up- linger in our hearts, something of the on it. If it had been reared as it joy and triumph of Christian faith should be, steadfastly and surely, come with them. nothing will be able to overthrow it, better use of "Easter" than just to and it will abide when all things earth- think what it means, and then carry ly will be stripped from us.

that is pure and true and good, is a that Christ's victory for us has given block laid in this foundation upon which we are to build in after years the fair structure which men will see and know as our character. If there is a weak place in it, that weak place will sometime be the ruin of the whole, and all that is strong and fair may topple over, because one of the foundation stones is imperfect and has not been securely laid.

Character is not something that can be built all at once-in a month or a year. Day by day we fashion it, slowly and almost unconsciously, and our building does not end until we reach the end of life. Every act, every thought and word has an influence upon the structure we are fashioning, and if we realized this as we should, we would be more careful of the little things we sometimes hold but lightly, forgetting that they have a vital influence. Nothing is little really. It is these small things in every-day life which are the most important, since they are noiselessly building a fabric that shall endure throughout eternity. Every-day life, with all its petty annoyances, its trials, its cares and perplexities, forms our opportunity for character building. It is not the great occasions of life that call for heroism, or other great qualities. No, these are occasions that show what our character is, and how it will stand the test of strain and temptation, but the character itself has been fashioned in those quiet hours when we did each little everyday duty that came to our hands faithfully and well, when we checked the impatient work, restrained the irritable speech, and wrought as well as we knew each little duty that was "ye nexte thynge" in our path.

Overcoming the little daily annovances that lie in our path help us to build up true heroism better than over- in which to explain Himself. coming the great trials which come to we had given up to these smaller trials, the devil to be prince of this world. we would not have been able to overcome the greater ones, but faithfulness in that which is least, strengthens us so that when a greater strain comes we can meet it as we did the smaller tests and overcome all difficulties and ob-

Our character building should have Christ as the foundation. If we build with a single eye to His glory, with His love filling our hearts and the desire to please Him ever present with us, owe need not fear that we shall build amiss. Each act will be full of love to Him, and anything that we do with His love an!mating it is sure to be right. We can not go astray when we take Him for

our example, our guide.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS, nothing has been too small to com sider worth doing well, and as unto Him and His glory, lays a broad, beautiful foundation upon which a symmetrical and strong character is reared that shall endure throughout eternity. It will be built to endure. Let us take heed how we build. It is a very pleasant thing to know that one's reputation is good, and that one has the love of one's fellows, but that should not be the first thing in our ambition. Let our desire be first of all that our character shall be strong and well built, so that it shall withstand the storms of temptation and prove to all who know us that we have taken Christ as the Corner Stone, the foundation which shall never be removed throughout all eternity .-Christian at Work.

LESSONS OF EASTER.

Christ Jesus the "First-fruit" of the Com ing Harvest.

"Easter," which celebrates the resurrection of our Lord, is a festival that more, perhaps, than any other expresses the joy of Christian faith. Christmas is an occasion of rejoicing. It celebrates the beginning of the divine life among men. But "Easter" celebrates its triumphant victory. It helps us to enter into the spirit of this great Christian festival, to stand in imagination in the company of the disciples after the crucifixion, and realize the sudden flood of light and joy that burst upon their hearts when they may be all that he seems and his repu- knew that Jesus had risen from the

dead But perhaps we gain a still brighter impression of the meaning of "Easter," when we ask ourselves what difference would it make to us if there had been eves of his neighbors all that is no Easter morning? A great many anwrong, and all that is inconsistent swers to that question will occur to us with his profession as a Christian, all. If there had been no Easter mornand therefore his reputation may be ing we should not have been certain, good, and his standing high as a Chris- as we are now, that there was an imtian, a citizen, a friend and head of a mortal life; we should not be certain, family. All this may he be, and yet as we now are, that Jesus was the Son his character be a worthless structure of God; we should have no reason at which shall fall as soon as the storms all for believing that we have a living of temptation beat upon it, and thus Saviour, who has conquered our enemies, and who loves and cares for us

In the outward world, what do these because the chains of winter are bro-

In the same way we rejoice in the soon be with us. So the resurrection A reputation may be destroyed by of Jesus tells us of a better life, in

into the tasks at school, into our home-We begin in childhood to lay the life, into our busines, and all our relafoundations of our characters. Every tions to other people, something of the deed that is well done, every action elevation of spirit and the joy of heart us.-Watchman.

FLYING SPARKS.

Truths in Brief from the Columns of the Ram's Horn. The lapse of years does not shorten

the future. God's love is something we can never

buy or lose.

Religion that is not used every day will not keep sweet. It will not take much envy in the heart to drive Christ clear out.

A lie a mile away is always trying to prove that it is the truth. You will soon become poor in earnest

if you try to keep all you get. It takes a good deal of grace to be a good Christian with a big income. No faithful worker for God ever complains that he does not get pay enough.

All sins promise to more than pay their way to begin with. As long as he knows that God is with him, why should any good man worry? God's angels never get very far away from the man who lives a life of faith.

there would probably be more fallen One reason why Job did not get entirely in the dark was because he kept

If angels had to live with some men,

looking up. No man can love his neighbor as himself until he first loves God with his whole heart.

One of the first privileges of every Christian is the right to live without Many a church member sponges his

preaching and pays full price for his cigars and tobacco. God does not want His sheep to live

on dry fodder, but a good many of His shepherds think so. The man of faith is willing that God shall take as much time as He wants

For the heart to consent that any us now and again in life's journey. If kind of a wrong shall live is a vote for

There is no bigger fool in the world than the man who is expecting to get to Heaven because his wife belongs to church. Many a man will tell you that the

church he belongs to is full of hypocrites the moment he finds out that he can't run it. Mark this: You do not attrack at-

tention in Heaven for your piety every time you buy a dish of ice cream to help the church. No Christian has any business to wear

a long face, as long as he can see somebody smiling who has less to be thankful for than he has.

God gave His Son to save the world, and some men who sit pretty well forward in church give twenty-five cents A consecrated life, one in which a year to help tell the beathen about it