WELL MATCHED.

He was a flirt, and she was a flirt. Too clever by half, you see, For each one thought The other was caught, And both were faacy free.

He made a mark on his meerschaum pipe. That all his victims enrolled; She cur a nick On her blue fan's stick. That a tale of conquest told.

His number was only twenty-nine. And hers was thirty and three, Yet both still swore Had they met affinity.

He was blinded by glimmering gold. But not by her golden hair, And she confessed She was muct impressed To find him a millionaire.

The God of Love waxed mightily wroth, For tired and bored was he "Dull and stupid," Cried little Cupid, "Is mere cupidity."

They played the prettiest comedy. Till the gay season went, Then in dismay, They found one day, That neither had a cent. -Dorothy Chapin, in Truth.

MRS. DECK'S NEW LEAF.

How Tommy's Sickness Taught His Mother a Lesson.

Mrs. Deck was troubled about many things. She craved the newest fashion in sleeves, not only for herself, but for her little girls, and wanted to have every sort of dish and silver appliance fancy has invented to clutter the table. and enrich the shopkeepers. She belonged to two missionary societies, and to the musical and literary clubs, and she delighted in giving dainty aftermoon teas, and little dinners. Mr. Deck often said, with smiling pride, there was nothing slow about Sally, and then he would give an odd little sigh as if he unconsciously regretted his Sally's ability to keep up with life's procession. But no one noted that sigh, unless it was little Tommy, whose quick ears and sharp eyes noticed everything.

Tommy was so often called an awful boy, it is probable he had his faults. To sail on a mud puddle on a bubbing bit of board, he would scour the little city over, and if there was a ticklish job of tree climbing necessary to the rescue of some fellow's kite, Tommy was always the boy to undertake it. He would tuck nails in the pockets of his Sunday clothes, and drive them into impossible places with the potato masher, if no other hammer was available, and the times he had flooded the house from the bathroom and given himself the croup and twisted his ankles skating could not be counted. even told tiny fibs when by so doing he could have saved himself unpleasant punishment. Tommy's eyes were big, and the sort of gray that often looked black. His hair was brown and as thick on his head as it could be without being solid, and over his nose was a thick sprinkling of freekles. The little boys all Tommy, and se did the cats and dogs, and so did Miss Bramball, his teacher, though he was stupid in number work. But his sisters usually spoke of him as "a little plague," and his mamma, without being aware of it, felt him to be a great hindrance to everything she wanted to do. If she was practicing a sonata, he would break in upon the adagio by beginning to sing "After the Ball," to the best of his ability. He had no voice whatever. Or, he would, beset by some demon of unrest, steal to the stairway and take that opportunity to slide down the baluster rail, and leave upon it atchings drawn by his buttons. If she were studying a page of Browning, or trying to write an essay upon art, it did seem as if Tommy always chose the moment that would disturb her most to play wild Indian with a select party of friends, just under the window. So it fell out that by degrees Tommy fell more and more to the charge of Molly, the nurse, and consoled himself when in trouble by visiting the Tuckers, who lived just around the corner in a brown house. Mrs. Tucker somehow kept bread in the mouths of her brood of six by washing; and what she called "days' works." At night they gathered about her, and the one lamp, and in all Shoreleigh there was not a happier group. She was busy at something always, patching usually, but it was wonderful the amount of work she could get through with swarmed upon by six pairs of arms, and talked to by cix eager tongues.

The literary club was going to held its annual banguet at Mrs. Deck's, and that lady determined to make the occ..sion one long to be rement red. "There may be costlier ones by and by, when Shoreleigh is a great city," she told Mr. Deck, "but there shall not be B prettier one."

"Well," assented Mr. Deck, "so it! don't cost too dear, Sally, I've nething to say. I do not mean in dollars, for you are always sensible about spendang them, but yourself. You spend yourself too lavishly sometimes." Mrs. Deck only laughed at this, and went off to the florists' and spent the whole morning deciding whether she would have roses or chrysanthemnes

for decoration. "Chrysanthemums is newer, mum," said Mr. Higgs, rubbing his hands together so they rustled. "An' you gits great wariety. Take this 'ere white. tryin' ter put off gittin' down ter busi-Looks like a big dahlia, an' this 'ere white again ere like a mop o' 'air a a heap ab diff'rence. No good comes ob droppin' back from a gal's face, an' teachin' er boy his rifmetic fam a policy this 'ere one again is piled up like a lot slip. Er big glass di'mun shirt stud o' thin-sliced cabbages, an' this one an't got no magnifyin' powers. Hit's again are like a sunflower for its effect am ter make de man dat shapes, an' pink an' white, or orange, stan's behin' it look mighty small. or-then again all lavender pink, or all | Some men's fin's hit mighty hand ter gold color is 'andsome. Roses nin't think sense an' talk politics simultuwhat you can call old, but they ain't ously. Don't gib too much 'tention ter no ways new, though I ain't one as is fancy 'complishments. Er man gits too ready to force my opinion. Ladies erhead much faster by plain walkin'

While Mrs. Deck listened to Mr. Higgs. Tommy was busy far away Tuener, for it was Saturday, and when killed per annum, while only four are he went home Mollie was too busy fin- injured.

ishing her new dress to note that his feet and legs were wet It ached in Tommy's head the next morning when he got up, but he did not think to tell anyone about it. His mamma had been too busy thinking of her part in had learned his Sunday-school lesson. He had an old-fashioned teacher, had Tommy, and had to commit six verses to memory each week. For quiet he retired behind the curtains in the bow window, and no one thought of the redness of his face when he came out. But when at dinner he ate little of his | chicken, and said he was too sleepy to off for Dr. Sanders.

tor had felt of Tommy's pulse, and looked at his tongue and his breast.

told anything of which he did not feel very sure. "There's a good deal of in Bagdad."

claiming: "Smallpox!"

"Yes, but I suppose he has not been

"Have you been over to Bagdad?" de-

manded Mr. Deck of Tommy. "Yes, sir," replied Tommy, unfalteringly. "I went yesterday morning with Harry Tucker. We wanted to see the thing old Uncle Lijah Blake's made. Lijah said he'd whittle me one for two nickels."

tor. Then he looked at Tommy's vaccination spot. "It never took good, you know," said

all right, but Tommy's was contrary." Now, if anyone can have the heart to hold a rose over a hot fire and soe it quickly shrivel and wilt, he can have some idea of what befell Tomay Deck within the next week. He did not ly demanded the cause of his friend's have the smallpox, but something nearly as bad, scarlet fever, and after that first day he knew no one. He clung, however, closely to his mother, whom he took to be Mrs. Tucker, and he wrung her heart by imploring her not to go away. "I like you as," he would whisper, buskily. "I 'spect I'd like and my fortune at her feet." Mr. Damamma, if I could get a chance to get acquainted with her. But she's swful busy, and I guess she don't like boys as well as girls. I forget and rumple her bangs and her frills and I But Tommy never told lies. He never to forget about the forks and spoons. good grace, relinquished his purpose But you're so cozy to have 'round, Mrs. Tucker, and please do tell me that story about the wild bear of county

> Clare again." Unluckily, Mrs. Tucker herself was kept close at home with her bay Harry Nelson in his reckless infatuation." pox, so the story of the wild bear could owed personally to this determined not be repeated. Plenty of other stories | friend was frequently proved in after invalid. Her fame was purchased at a were, however, and dust gathered in years. Removing to London, Davison bitterly high price. the pretty parlors, and the spring bon- became a navy agent and banker, and nets came, and still Mrs. Deck thought | commissariat contractor, in all of of nothing but Tommy. But at last which positions Nelson's great influthere came a day, and what a happy day it was, when he knew her, and old Dr. Sanders announced that, if he did | ate a regard in the heart of one of not eatch cold, and if he did not have the dropsy, or half a dozen other complications, be would soon mend and be about again. To look at Tommy was joined him in England, where they a sorry spectacle. His hair had grown so thin it looked like the wirv seed vessels of wood moss, and stuck straight up, dry and dead. His cheeks were thin, and his fingers were skinny, and, for that matter, the whole of his body was peeling. He trembled when he tried to sit up, and he wanted to do a thousand things he could not, and if he had never really been an awful boy, he became one during the weeks of his convalescence. But it was his mother who read to him, played dominoes with him, and taught him to use his paint brushes. All things end, even unhapthe whole house sweet, and whitewash and paint and scouring had purified Tommy's sick room, and Tommy himself was allowed to go out on sunny days, Mrs. Deck scared him and surprised his sisters and Mr. Deck by the declaration that she was going to turn over a new leaf. Tommy, with quick turning the hose on you, you old billy remembrance of the days before his illness, broke out impetuously: "O mamma, don't! Just go on."

amount to. The parlors are the pleasantest rooms in the house, and I have ful introduction to the incident ier. taken down everything in them that of his wheeling the baby carriage, can be easily spiled, or broken, so we am going to stop making frills of any sort, fancy cakes, fancy frocks fer baker's wagon, spinning around the ord. girls, and adl sorts of things that taken great deal of care and time, so we can have leisure for more stories and study driving tack, found the carriage still together."

"Good," eried Tonmy. "That'll be a love your home club, Mamma Deck, won't it, your new leaf?"-Elizabeth Cummings, in Interior.

Philosophy from Foggy Bottom. Er man dat kin tell whether he's tired er jes' lazy has judicial qualification dat fits him nacherly fur deroun' askin' foh advice, de chance is *bout seventeen ter tree dat he's jes' ness. De school dat you l'arns in makes knows what they has and what they dan he kin by turnin' somersaults --Washington Star.

-The railroads of Holland are the sailing a mud puddle lake with Harry safest. There is only one passenger NELSON'S CANADIAN LOVE.

A Beautiful Girl for Whom He Decided to Desert His Ship. The attempt to wreck the Nelson monument in Montreal has drawn the the coming entertainment to ask if he attention of many writers to the visit of the hero of Trafalgar to Canada. It was in 1782 that duty brought him to Quebec. He was then in his twentyfourth year, and had but recently returned from the frigid region of the Baltic, where he had commanded the Albemarle frigate, twenty-four guns. He arrived at Bic in July, and in due course at Quebec. There he remained wait for his pie, his father discovered for some weeks, when he departed on that Tommy was a sick boy, and sent a cruise along the American coast and returned to Quebec on September 17. "Is it something contagious? Will I The sickness of his crew compeled him have to give up having the banquet to remain at Quebec for some time, and here?" asked Mrs. Deck, when the doc- it was not until October 14 that he was able to take his final departure from the St. Lawrence. It was during this "The symptoms are rather obscure, interval that there occurred one just now," said the doctor, who never of the most romantic incidents of his life. The story was related by Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, the wellscarlet fever about and measles, and known historian and proprietor of the I'm bound to say there's smallpox over Annual Register. Mr. Morgan says that Nelson fell a victim to the charms Mrs. Deck threw up her hands, ex- of Miss Mary Simpson, the daughter of over in that region. It may be simply sixteen at the time of Nelson's visit, a slight stomach trouble. Children, and is reputed to have possessed not especially of a nervous, sanguine tem- only "marvelous beauty," but likewise perament, are liable to fever for slight mental gifts of a higher order. She novels, has an abominable chirography, cendency over the head and heart of the young first captain, and also of others, including the estimable gentleman who subsequently became her husband, Col. Robert Matthews, long the military secretary in Canada to It's a man sawing wood and goes by Lord Dorchester and other governors, wind like a paper windmill. Ungle and for some years previous to his death holding the post of governor of Chelsea hospital. The climax of Nel-"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the doc- son's infatuation is thus related:

"When the Albemarle on October 14 was ready for sea, Capt. Nelson had taken his leave and had gone down to Tommy's mamma. "The girls' were the river to the place where the men-ofwar usually anchored, but the next morning, as Alexander Davison was walking on the beach, he saw Nelson coming back in his boat. On reaching the landing place the former anxiousreturn. 'Walk up to your house,' Nelson replied, 'and you shall be made acquainted with the cause.' He then said: I find it utterly impossible to leave this place without again waiting on her whose society has so much added to its chaus and laying myself vison earnestly remonstrated with him on the consequences of so rash a step. A severe altercation ensued, but Mr. Davison's firmness at length prevailed with Nelson, who, with no very and suffered himself to be led back to his boat. It is perhaps useless now to speculate on what would have been the consequences had not Mr. Davison's friendly counsel prevailed with ence was exerted in his favor. Of the fair Quebecer, who inspired so passion-Britain's most illustrious sons, the record shows that, yielding at length to Coi. Matthews' ardent proposals, she were married. There in London she continued to reside for the remainder of her days, enjoying in amplest measure the respect and esteem of all. She survived her early admirer many years. her death occurring in London not before she had reached her seventieth year .- N. Y. Post.

OVER THE VERGE OF FUN.

The Young Son of the Learned Man Is a Bit Too Bumorous at Times. Stories about the little son of a

learned college professor are making their way into print all over the counpy things, and after sulphur had made try, and are evidently regarded as

> One relates how, when he was just big enough to carry the nozzle of a lawn hose, an eminent and beloved citizen passing along said, kindly: 'What are you doing, my little man?" and the 'little innocent replied: "I'm goat!" and straightway drove the stream into the eld gentleman's face. Another starts off by saving that "This corner, just missed running down the baby. A few minutes later the baker, in the street, the boy placidly awaiting developments, "See here." said the Hallo. baker, "if you don't roll that baby out of the street, he'll be run over." "Will he?" said the boy, contentedly, "Well, that's what I put it there for.

Perhaps we are behind the times, and do not quite comprehend the scope and character of true humor, but these aneccotes seem more like contributions s'preme bench. When er man goes in evidence of original sin and total depractity than matters for passing laughter. That child needs the wisest and kindest and firmest handling to save him from worse things. Had the baby been run over and killed, where would have gone the amusing qualities of the

anecdote -Springfield Republican. boing His Best.

"Hello, Threeshelle," said Bunko. "Didn't know you were here. Taking

in the town?" hat-pin from the headgear of a lady who was passing, "but I'm not letting anything escape me."-Chicago Record.

-She-"Isn't Maude a striking girl?" He-"Yes, but have you met her father?"-N. Y. Ledger

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-President Diaz of Menico looks more like a country storekeeper than he does like the president of a republic. He is low of stature, small head, retreating forehead, short crisp hair, high cheek bones, and sallow face. His manner, however, is fascination itself.

-Secretary Lamont is still the most exclusive member of the cabinet, and he is even more exclusive than he was at first. It is almost impossible to get a chance to see him at his office, and many men have spent several days in a vain attempt to get even a glimpse of him. And, besides, he is in the city less than any other member of the

-Secretary Lamar was once taken to task by a lady at Bar Harbor who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah, judge," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me; I met you here two years ago." "Remember you, madam?" was his quick reply, with one of his courtly bows; "why, I've been trying ever since to forget you." And she laughingly exclaimed: "O, go away, you dear, delightful old south-

ern humbug!" -It is a singular fact that while a a Quebec merchant, in which city she great many distinguished and promiwas born in 1766 or 1767. She was about nent persons write fine, clear hands, most literary people have very indifferent penmanship. Julien Gordon, who has written so many graceful society seems to have acquired a complete as- inelegant, hard to decipher and with no particular aim or idea, judging from the formation of the letters. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's writing is like that of an ignorant child, the letters badly formed, staggering and ugly.

> -In connection with Count Tolstoi's last book a remarkable copyright dispute has been occupying the attention rubbish, they stopped and listened. It of lawyers, publishers and authors in is a well-known fact that sound pene-England. As is well known, the Rus- trates long distances in the body of the sian philanthropist not only declines earth. As they put their ears to the to receive any financial return for his works, but even to avail himself of any faint sound of human voices was heard. copyright protection for them. The Overjoyed to find their comrades still royalties which should be his, to give alive, the men were about to utter a the copyright refused by Tolstoi, and prosecute each other for every in- into song. fringement thereof. Meanwhile the

-Louisa M. Alcott began her literary to this sublime death-song. career by writing sensational stories of love and adveilture for a cheap Boston paper. She was paid five dollars apiece ence," and for many years her literary each miner's grimy face. work brought her such meager returns support. Hospital sketches first brought by.' her before the public prominently, and

HUMOROUS.

-Tagleigh-"That girl in the play flid the dude to perfection." "Who was thought it the engineer's-the sacred the dude?"-Hallo.

-Judge-'Do you know anything favorable about the prisoner?" Wit- above the horrors of the scene: ness-"He ran away wid me ould woman, yeranner!"

-Tommy-"Paw, what is a morel right?" Mr. Figg-"It generally means a right to dedge around the law."-Indianapolis Journal.

-"I would not recall the passed," says the fellow who had successfully disposed of a counterfeit silver dollar. -Yonkers Statesman.

-"I think Chappie and his sister look very much alike." 'Oh, do you? never thought she looked the least bit effeminate."-Inter-Ocean.

-Tommy-"Paw, what is a bragis not afraid to tell his real opinion of himself."-Indianapolis Journal. -"Your son takes a great interest

in your business, doesn't he?" said the ness of their position became manifriend. 'No; only six per cent; the same as I do."-Washington Star.

-Tackit-"Why do the mathematicians make x represent the unknown quantity?" Lackit-"Because it stands for ten dollars."-Washington News.

-Jillson says the appearance of the average printing-office towel would in-"Well, perhaps that's what it will terrible infant has his own notion dicate that it had been used to wipe about baby brothers"-which is a play- the face of the earth.-Buffalo Cour-

-Professor-"How long should a with his brother in it, into the middle man's legs be in proportion to his can enjoy them every evening, and I of the street, and leaving it there body?" Mr. Lowstand-"Long enough while he went back to the sidewalk. A to reach the ground, sir."-Yale Rec-

-Judge-"Why did you commit a second theft after you had just been acquitted of a first charge?" Prisoner So that I could pay my lawyer."-

-"If, as the Bible says, 'all flesh is fluence of Christian song. grass," said the star boarder at the Philacelphia Record.

think it so strange that a woman to live by!"-Youth's Companion. would-" Husband-"That's what I think, and I hope, my dear, that you'll have an opportunity to show people you're not that kind of a wife."-Inter-

-The Great Unheard-Of .- "Gold mining," remarked the enthusiastic boomer. "is what pays its followers glorious returns. Why, gentlemen," and his voice took the fine oratorical turn of a "Well, I can't say that I'm taking in man with a few claims to seil, "I know the whole town," said Threeshelle, 28 a man who made a hundred thousand he deftly extracted a gold-enameled dollars in a month." "Ugh," grunted an old fellow who looked as if he had been there, 'what about the hundred thousand who didn't?" and the question seemed to cast a chill over the subsequent proceedings. - Detroit Free

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

LAID ASIDE.

My Master, at Thy call 'twas sweet To follow Thee with eager feet; Amidst the toiling throng to take The lowliest place for Thy dear sake: To seek Thy lost o'er mountains cold And help them homeward to the fold.

But oh! 'tis hard to wait and pine, To still this restless heart of mine; To watch the conflict, and to be No wrestler in the ranks for Thee-A broken vessel laid aside-The longing left, the strength denied

Help me, O Master, to attain conquest, in this hour of pain, With folded hands to meet Thy will Unmurmuring, and trust Theestill .-To watch and wait till sufferings cease, And patience triumphs into peace.

I was so eager in the throng. So hopeful, and I felt so strong. As though Thy hand commissioned me A leader in Thy cause to be. This lesson of Thy love I need, To teach me I am weak indeed.

Soon must these eyes have ceased to weep; These hands be folded, pale, in sleep; The burden dropped, the cross laid down, Perhaps to lift a starless crown What matters, Master, if we meet, Where I can kneel and kiss Thy feet. -Rev. W. Houghton, in Chicago Advance.

POWER OF MUSIC.

The Music by Which It Is a Help and a Strength to Live. A little while ago there was one of

tombed.

After the rescuing party had been at work many hours clearing away the ground in breathless expectancy, a strength until they resolved themselves

From the depths of the earth, from Thee." Reverently the rescuers listened

This hymn was followed by another -stronger in tone: "Jesus, Lover of for these effusions, but, as she said in at each other in the dim light of the her journal, "sewing is a safer depend- lamps. Tears were trickling down

"Now, boys," said the foreman, raisshe could not afford to trust it as a ing bis pick, "that's the music to work

Some time ago a railroad disaster ocher success dated from these fugitive curred-even more horrible than the papers, which she did not think much usual tragedy of this kind-and the she was a strong, healthy young wom. The heat was so great that no one were being slowly burned to death. This awful fact was not announced by oaths or by frantic cries for help, but by the chords of a hymn that reached the stricken crowd.

Started by a masculine voice-some song was taken up by another, and then another, until the chorus swelled

E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me-

Soon one voice dropped away, and then another, and then the third, so that the agonized bystanders knew the very moment when the sufferers had passed into unconsciousness.

One of the most beautiful examples of the power of Christian song occurred at the fall of the Pemberton mills in Lawrence, Mass., many years ago. Suddenly, without warning, in the afternoon of a January day, the mill collapsed. It was filled with operatives. The ruins caught fire. Over eighty people were entrapped among gart?" Mr. Figg-"He is a man who the beams and girders, and were crushed, suffocated, or burned to death.

After the first cries for help, and the first wails of agony, when the hopelessfest to them, the doomed girls began to sing. Hymn after hymn rose from their parched throats. Voice after voice broke and was silenced. "Shall we gather at the river?" "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," rose distinctly above the roar of the flames. Thus the poor girls sang their way into death, by the sacred words that they had sung at church and Sunday-school. at home and among their looms.

The power of a Christian hymn has in human life. It is almost impossible to overestimate it. Literature and art and oratory influence the emotions and and inspires us. But in the trying good and not to evil .- F. W. Robertson. crisis of life-in temptation, or misfortune, or sickness, or sorrow, or even forted and helped by the sustaining in-

Many a boy, in his first battle with breakfast table yesterday, "this steak the evil of the world, has been morally must be the kind of stuff those tough arrested and saved from ruin, by the children, keep yourselves from idols." Mexican hammocks are made of."- accident of hearing in a critical moment the strains of some dear old hymn, -"I have just been reading of a woman often sung in Sunday-school, or with who selected a wife for her husband mothers and sisters on a Sunday night when she was on her death-bed. I in the dear old home. "That is music

YAUE OPPORTUNITIES.

Time Enough for the Longest Duty, But None for the Shortest Sin.

It is truly humiliating to see how enormous a proportion of the world's activity is spent upon the mere repair fulness. When the physician has reck- newed for you day by day. The thing oned all the diseases and sufferings he for us to long for is the goodness, not witnesses which involve any element the glory.-Frederic W. Farrar. out of sight; when the 'labor has been -United Presbyterian.

weighed, which is occasioned wholly by broken promises, and disappointed expectations, and interrupted contracts. how much, think you, would remain to constitute the real productive and progressive work of mankind, compensative of no artificial evil, but fulfilling the appointed Providential good? If every posture of things were seized by the faithful conscience at the right moment, and no crises were lost, who will venture to say what sorrows would be saved, what complications would be unraveled, or even what interval would be left between the Heaven we hope for

and the earth we live in?

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Nor must we forget that while objects around us perpetually change, we ourselves do not stand still. We also are subjects of transient and evanescent states, bringing with them their several obligations, and carrying away their fruits of tranquillity or of reproach. Each present conviction, each secret suggestion of duty, constitutes a distinct and separate call of God, which can never be slighted without the certainty of its total departure or its fainter return. The spontaneous movement of the heart can then only be replaced by the strivings of a heavy and reluctant will, with twice the work, and only half the strength. The different feeling of to-morrow is destined to a different work, and can not be diverted to accomplish the task which was due to-day. And to the power which is not wisely spent must those colliery accidents which make a be wildly wasted. Our true opportusensitive person almost shrink from nities come but once; they are suffithe sight of burning coal. This time cient, but not redundant; and we have the shaft of the Dolcath mine in Corn-time enough for the longest duty, wall collapsed, and eight men were en- but not for the shortest sin.-James Martineau.

A STEP FORWARD.

A Corporation's Eminently Practical Tribute to God's Day of Rest.

The Eric railway has ordered all trains, save those carrying mails and perishable goods, to cease on Sunday. The change affects eight thousand emploves, ninety per cent, of whom will be free on Sunday. These, who are them to the needy if he wish, swell in- shout of encouragement, when the paid by the trip and may earn less stead the pockets of publishers, who, foreman put his finger to his lips with money in a mouth, approve the new in consequence, battle for a monopoly a warning gesture, for the sounds from order. The superintendent says that privilege. They obtain for themselves the imprisoned miners increased in a man who labors seven days a week can not do as good work as he who labors only six days. We know of another railway superintendent who will Russian poor are poorer through the the darkness and dispair, there came not employ a man if he has the least shortsightedness of their would-be the strains of "Nearer my God, to scruple about Sunday work, since that scruple may affect the quality of his work on all days. The former official is the philosopher, and will superintend the best work, in the aggregate. my soul." The rescuing party looked | The agitation of "Sunday rest" for all workers is increasing. God's law is best for even those who reject that law. When all railways follow this beneficent example, mankind will be rewarded, if only as to their ears. The din in the world will be diminished wonderfully. No one can rest "clear through" when all is stirring, and the whole world seems to be in a whirl. Motion of herself. Before these were written cars, piled up on each other, took fire. is contagious, and universal rushing forward begets the physical panic that an, and after the hospital experience, could approach the wreck. Then it murders sleep and rest. Now let these who was sick with the dreaded small- That Nelson did not forget what he the dangerous illness and privations was learned that several people, hope- released railway men worship God and which she suffered she was a constant lessly pinned between broken timbers, enter fully into best of rest.-N. W. Christian Advocate.

There are two ways of appraising one's self-if such a proceeding were in itself profitable. One says: "I weep over a drama, music lifts me up, I can not contemplate the sorrows of my fellows without agony." Another says: I will act my part now; I will quench this evil passion; with my own hand I will draw out this neighbor from his slough of despond; I will do this kind deed to this very enemy." Better do good than feel good .- S. S. Times.

Self-Made Men. Men are greatly self-made. It is our own action in the past which has molded character. It is as we have vielded to good or evil impulses that virtue or vice has found development. Our actions have begotten and fostered habits, and each month and year has contributed to make them more fixed. -Christian Inquirer.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

-A man's conduct is an unspoken sermon.-Henri Frederic Ameil.

-It is not hard to please God when we devote our whole time to it - Ram's Horn.

-The place for a man is the place where he is doing his level best.-Chicago Interior. -The man who is willing to serve

on a committee of one, is a host in himself.-United Presbyterian. -To fill the hour and leave no crevice for repentance or approval-that is

happiness.-Emerson. -Prayer is the soul's communion been one of the great beneficent forces | with God. It is what we get by the

soul that makes us rich. -Beecher. -The only question we ask is thiswhether God is guiding the race or not? conduct of men. Noble poetry haunts If He guides it, then it is on its way to

-There are two freedoms-the false, where one is free to do what he likes. death-myriads of souls have been com- and the true, where he is free to do what he ought.-Kingsley.

> -Could the Apostle John return to earth would he not as emphatically as ever say to Christian people: "Little Wealth, success, office are all idols in this day, and not a few Christians are in danger of worshiping them.-Christian Inquirer.

-Doubts are a good deal like vermin: They are good things to consume the musty superstitions and decayed theologies that lumber up the soul; but if allowed to multiply they will eat up everything you have.-Chicago

Standard. -Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come. of evils occasioned by human unfaith- the opportunity for good deeds is re-

of guilt; when the lawyer has counted -Faith trials, which come through the suits brought to him by fraud, in- troubles, or prosperity, or temptation, justice and cupidity; when th trades- or in some other way, never leave us man has told how much of the cost he as they find us. One man is made betincurs in looking up the debts which ter and stronger and more useful by else would not be paid, or watching them; another is weakened, and his inthe servants who can not be trusted fluence for good lessened or destroyed.

rates consequently there was not seneate odor in performe-"Lilac and was