ONLY A WOMAN.

She was only a woman, with a woman's heart, Who patiently, lovingly, in paths apart From the great world, with its tumult and

Wrought out the duties of mother and wife. She sought neither wealth nor titles of fame. But, unselfishly, lived each day as it came. Unassuming and modest her name was not known:

But her power was felt by its pureness alone. No toll for her loved ones she deemed too se

She shared every sorrow, she calmed every fear.

She brightened each joy, she lessened each Duality. And no one in need of her sought her in vain. Though heart was oft weary, she asked no re

prieve. So long as for others she good might achieve. She made of her home a blissful retreat For world-wearied husband and children's tired feet.

Her face was not beautiful, save with the grace Which a beautiful soul can fail not to trace Hands girlish and white grew blue-veined and

But in labors of love they had sanctified been; Steps bounding and joyous grew feeble and slow.

But they never had faltered through weal or through woe. Inselfish, pure, womanly, noble and true.

Her life held a grandeur which only God knew.

Long years passed away, then a village bell And kisses, unanswered, were pressed on lips Hands, wearied at last, were folded for aye,

Damp locks were put back from a forehead of Then a new grave was made 'neath flowers on And the mother's heart lay all pulseless and

No marble vault there, no monument tall, But old and young said: "She cared for us

Her love was her life; to its altar she brought All her beauty of soul and the power of thought. As woman, wife, mother, she did what she

To further the weal of earth's grand brother-No nodding of plumes, nor of trappings so gay,

Poid of honor or fame, as they laid her away. But the deeds of her life were borne up above And the angels of God sang an anthem of love -Alice D. Jones, in Womankind.

GEORGE BROWN'S WIFE.

The Story of Her Marriage by a Defeated Rival

So they're married at last, are they? got to say is, I wouldn't have thrown myself at a man's head, and acted the He took her to ride that evening, way she did, not if I never had an offer in my life. Oh, yes: I know he thinks she's everything perfect, now, of! But he'll find out the difference before long, or I'll lose my guess.

Then how was it she happened to be working for me? Well, my cousin time and blushing bright red whenever dreadfully angry, and not believe a recommended her, in the first place. he caught her at it; hinting how fond word of it," she whimpered. "But She'd been sewing in her shop for a she was of riding, and what a lovely really it seems to be true. Miss Jewett write to me. Of course, 'twould be an being so surprised when he came into isn't her real name at all. And-oh, accommodation to the girl. And I the room-it was all put on, of course, Bessie, how could you deceive us so! thought as long as I needed somebody but he couldn't tell it. As for Mrs. You know how pleased I've been to see to help, and here was a chance to get a Johnson, she was one of those kind of George take such a fancy to you, and city dressmaker for what I'd have to women who can't see farther than never minded at all about you being pay a country one, I might as well their own nose. I remember of saying poor, and now-" have her. Good nature always was my as much to Betsey Sellers the first day with any sentimental nonsense. I called her Betsey every time.) Not but what she understood sewing well enough; bu there's other ways of de- any sense of humor. ceiving people besides shirking. And

Pretty? No. At any rate, I never took much stock in her looks. A slim, little, white-faced thing she was, with big blue eyes and red hair-auburn, I suppose they'll call it now-and somehow or other, I suspected everything wa'n't right with her from the very first. It wa'n't so much her shy, ladylike ways that set me against her as it her feet and never saying a word when a customer came into the shop. Anybody with half an eye could see it wa'n't natural. And then there was her dislike to tell anything about herself. Which, to my notion, showed that her past life wa'n't anything she was proud of. If she had been, you would have heard enough about it Oh, I suspected from the very first she wa'n't what she pretended to be! But aslong as she done her work well, and could cut by eye, I considered it my duty to let well enough alone, and not be prying. As I said before, being too good-natured is a fault

of mine, and I'm willing to own it.

Betsey Sellers had been working for me about four weeks when I got that note from Mrs. Johnson, saying we were both wanted to sew a week or two at her house. They'd always had their dressmaking done in the city before, but between you and me, I wa'n't so much surprised as I might have been. George Brown and I were old school friends. You aidn't know that? We went to school together down to the in the same classes. We're-well, very near of an age; but girls always are more forward than boys. I believe 'twas the last year I went, and he'd just begun; but he managed to see a good deal of me for all of that. And his coming home from the west to settle down, a rich bache or, and his sister sending off for me before he'd been in her house a week, made it seem rather pointed. Don't you think so? As for that story well she was hired on that account, I never believed a word of it. I suppose not to make her conduct appear quite

against another, and everyone that to-morrow.' knows me will say the same thing; but I declare to you, Mis' Jones, we hadn't in a minute. been in the house an hour before she begun to attract his attention. Sat about her folks before, and commenced to talk of her only brother, who thought of going west for his difference with you, as long as you're health. Wouldn't he tell her all about so satisfied with the match. But since California? Was the climate as nice as I've got a letter from my cousin saying they said? Did he think her brother she can't find out anything what she would be contented to live out there? done before she come to work for her; And a dozen other questions like that, and that, from something one of the when she hadn't any more interest in girls who was a great friend of hers let the answers than the man in the moon. fall accidentally, she's confident Sel-But it kept him busy talking to her, and that was all she cared about And to take risk of having her work for that wa'n't the end of it! Awhile after- me.' wards, when something was said about singing, she answered him up as if she | would startle her. The Browns always was the only person in the room; though I'm sure I had my mouth ably because they hadn't any to boast all open to reply, and everyone has of themselves. always told me my voice should be in. Said she used to sing someof women she is, without two ideas of her own. And common politeness that is what the letter said?" wouldn't let him do any less than to stand there by her when she sung. Such songs! About lovers and sweethearts, one calling on Douglas to come back to her, and another telling how she was weary of rowing-just about the same, to my mind, as asking a man in plain English to marry her. It was plain enough to disgust anybody, and hind her back, when I commenced to I am so disappointed! If George had talk and laugh as if there was no such

thing going on, you'd have thought he

was of the same opinion.

some general remark about the seem as if I could face them alone." weather, and I helped him out by askbeen away so long and seen so many different faces he was not quite sure son crying, and the look I gave her. he remembered, Miss Impertinence chipped in with some remark how long then, of course, he had to talk to her. anything?" to invite me and was too bashful to the harder and didn't auswer. correct his mistake; and so it went on. Jones; enough to fill a book. Of her matter?" casting shy glances at him during meal ways do feel sorry for people without whether you tell it or not."

before I get through you'll sgree with ing hoodwinked by that designing thought of such infatuation; and Miss creature, I wrote to Cousin Ann. She Sellers turned around to me, her eyes answered in three days, and after I'd sparkling like diamonds. read the letter I made up my mind that, out of common charity, I ought to let she said. "You wished to disgrace me-Mrs. Johnson know what I thought in- to undermine the confidence of the only stead of keeping quiet any longer. friends I have in the place. But I am Betsey had beguiled George into taking glad to say that you have not succeedwas that fashion of looking down at her to ride that evening, so we two ed. I did change my name. Not bewere alone together; and I'm not the cause I was ashamed of it. But we

> a thing. getting rather too fond of Betsey Sel- low, and so, when I obtained a position lers. Don't you think so?"

She opened her eyes, "I think he mother's. It-" seems attracted toward her," she said, with about as distant an air as if she kerchief. had been Queen Victoria instead of a had the luck to marry rich. "I don't know but what it is for his own good."

her that I remembered who she used to be), "do you mean to say that you are willing your brother should marry a silly chit not more than half his age, and without a penny in the world? A man like him, who could have anybody,

almost!" "As for that, Miss Jewett," she answered, "since you are interested in the matter. I may as well tell you that I would much rather have him marry a little red schoolhouse. No, we wa'n't pretty, ladylike girl like Miss Sellers than some quarrelsome old maid. My greatest fear was that he would be entrapped by some one twice his age, who could work on his sympathies by pretending to have gone to school with

him." Did you ever? Thought she was hitting me, I s'p'ose! I can tell her one thing, I wouldn't be as anxious as some to marry into a family where the mother went out to work. But I reabout Mrs. Johnson's cousin having membered Ann's letter in my pocket, Betsey do some work and liking her so and knew it wouldn't take long to set

"An old schoolmate would stand a they had to start something like that, chance of being respectable," said I. ble benefit to farmers and gardeners; "While, as for Betsy Sellers-well, of each creature is estimated to devour so bad, seeing she made out to marry course it's none of my business; only I every season fifty-seven times its weight riedly "-Tit-Bits think it my duty to tell you that I've of insects.

sheviff that he was not certain of Ms having been removed. The robbery is turning me-

Set her cap? I should think so! Pm learned things about her that will not the kind of person to say a word make me dismiss her from my employ

She came down from her bigh heels

"Oh," she cried, "I beg your pardon for speaking in that way, Miss Jewett! down the very first evening, when I'd You know how anxious I am about her hardly known her to open her mouth on my brother's account. What is it you have heard?"

"Well, it probably won't make any lers isn't her real name, I'm not willing

I knew that hint about her name were terrible fond of good blood. Prob-

"Oh. dear!" she sobbed, hunting for cultivated. But she chipped right her handkerchief. "Changed her name! Then some of her family must have successful preacher in Scotland. times at home, though she hadn't done something disgraceful. Or it may done so for a long time. Of course he be herself. I wouldn't have cared a bit had to urge her after that; and so did about her being poor, if she only came his sister-one of them soft, silly kind of good family, but-'confident Sellers is not her real name?' Are you sure

"You can read it yourself," I told

She did, from beginning to end, and cried a little more when she saw there wa'n't the least ground for thinking 1

"But you really musta't be angry with me for seeming so suspicious," she said. "She was such a pretty-appearif you'd seen the look he gave me be- ing girl it don't seen - Oh, dear, dear, got to fall in love with a poor girl I don't see why it couldn't have been one like the Courtneys or the Jacobs. They The very next morning, I believe it haven't a cent in the world, people say, was, George came into the room where but they go in the very best society, we were sewing and commenced to get and would be such a help to George up a conversation with me; at least, I Though I'm sure I thought Miss Selknew from his manner that was what lers- There, they are coming now. he came for, though he only n.ade Please stay, Miss Jewett. It don't

Of course I was willing to oblige the ing if it didn't make him think of some poor thing, so I waited, and in they of the days when he and I went to came. He looked big and handsome. school together. But just as he was and as if his mother might have been a answering, in a rather embarrassed Jacob herself, for the matter of blood; way-I've always thought he was too and she with her cheeks as red as anxious for my good opinion to be roses, her eyes drooping, and a half quite at ease with me-that he had smile on her lips. But she stopped quick enough when she saw Mrs. John-

"Have you had bad news?" she asked, looking frightened. "Is any-Married last Wednesday! Well, all I've back those school days seemed; and thing the matter? Have-have I done belongs to Ambroise Thomas, composer

though I've always thought he meant the window. Mrs. Johnson cried a lit-

"Speak, Clara!" shouted her brother, there's things I could tell you, Mis' in the name of common sense is the age.

"I-oh, George, I know you'll be

"Clara, will you stop?" shouted her worst fault; I've suffered a great deal we came, and just hinting that if we brother, turning the color of a piece of from it in my life, and it's likely I al- didn't work quite so steady when she scarlet cloth. "I believe, Miss Sellers," ways will. But I must say right here, was out of the room there was no harm he stammered, turning to her, "that it Mis' Jones, that never, never, did I get done. I meant it for a joke, and it is-a-hardly necessary to say that so shamefully taken in as I did when I only goes to prove what people have whatever communication these ladies N. Y. Herald. hired Betsey Sellers to work for me. always said about my good nature car- may have to make will not make ("Bessie" was what she liked to be rying me away. But she straightened the slightest difference in the feeling called, but I wa'n't going to put up herself up, looked sober and "hoped of-a-respect I have for you. If she would never abuse anyone's confi- you have changed your name, and-adence in that way." Poor thing! I al- I'm sure you have a good reason for it,

He wa'n't a very fluent speaker. As I said before, Mrs. Johnson never (Poor man! Blood will tell, and of could see anything that wa'n't right in course it couldn't be expected.) But front of her eyes, so as soon as I no- his meaning was plain enough. I gave ticed how she and her brotl er were be- a little sniff, I couldn't help it, at the

"It is you I have to thank for this," kind to waste my words talking around | were very poor; some of us girls must earn our own living. I would not "Maybe you haven't noticed it," said have minded for myself, but it nurt I, "but it seems to me Mr. Brown is papa to have the old name brought so in a dressmaker's shop I took my

Mrs. Johnson had dropped her hand-

"Old name!" she cried. "Then it may girl who worked in the shop until she be all right, after all. Who are you?" "I am Bessie Courtney, And, oh, Mrs. Johnson," the tears coming into "Clara Brown," said I (just to remind her eyes all at once, "I meant to tell you this very evening. I did, indeed. You have all been so kind to me

that-" But I didn't wait to hear the rest. It wa'n't anything I was particularly interested in, and I'd other things on my mind. Of course what I'd done was only out of good nature, and there is some might think I deserved thanks for it, as long as my intentions were all right. But I knew they wouldn't look at it in that way, and I left the

house the very next morning. And now he's married her! I hadn't a doubt but what he would when they found out who she was; and I dare say the deceitful minx planned the whole thing just to get acquainted with him. But it shows what her ideas are. A Courtney, who can trace her ancestors attraction."-Atlanta Constitution. straight back to kings and queens, to take up with a man whose mother worked out! Not but what George Brown was a thousand times too good Newspaper.

-Frogs and toads are of inestima-

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Anna W. Williams, whose profile graces the silver dollar, is the teacher of kindergarten philosopby in the Philadelphia Normal school. She is also a lecturer of considerable popularity, and has written many papers on Froebel and his doctrines.

-Mr. Munro Ferguson, according to a Scotch newspaper, said that after prodding Mr. Gladstone on the subject, the ex-premier said: "My dear sir, I might as well undertake to replace the first man in the garden of Eden as to carry home rule for Scotland."

-Only one man in the history of the senate, Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, served longer than Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, who has been a member of that body nearly thirty years. Benton was elected October 2, 1820, and retired March 4, 1851.

-Thomas Carlyle once told a young college graduate in the presence of Gen. J. G. Wilson, "better continue at the plow all your days than depend on the writing of history for a living." He abandoned literature and is now a

-Thomas H. Benton, for thirty years United States senator from Missouri, would not allow the word "Hon." to be prefixed to the pamphlet copies of his speeches which he sent to his constituents and other persons. "The title page reads, "Speech of Mr. Benton, of Missouri."

-Dr. Addison Hills, the "father of the Lake Shore railway," who fills the office of assistant to the president, has just completed his eighty-seventh birthday anniversary, the Railway Times says: He is hale and hearty, and performs his duties with his old-time regularity and punctuality.

-Dan Beard, the artist, probably did not work his single-tax sympathies into the illustrations to Mr. Astor's new book. He distributed them plentifully through his illustrations to Mark Twain's "Yankees at the Court of King Arthur," and Mark wrote to the artist, saying: "I was netting for fireflies and caught a comet.'

-Lewis Morris, one of the most skillful versifiers and accomplished literary students of England, says: "There never was better poetry than now, since Shakespeare. It is a stupid and ignorant ery that poetry is dead. It is not dead, and can not die so long as human nature, limited in knowledge, is always reaching onwards toward the unseen."

-Although Verdi is eighty, he is not the patriarch of musical composers, as many people think him. That honor of "Mignon" and "Hamlet," who was I turned my back and looked out of born in 1811, and is consequently three years the senior of Verdi. Anber lived to be eighty-nine, and Mr. Thomas is so well preserved a veteran that there he is," but "What he said is true." He Men always was easy to be made fools I'm not the kind of person to talk, or taking hold of her shoulder. "What is a prospect of his reaching that great

-Frank Savers, of Wavnesburg, Pa., has found some valuable letters in his bis very kindness an affront; his right old garret. One of them is dated Phil- hand stretched out to raise the fallen adelphia, Pa., October 8, 1777, and ad- accomplishes less, if it must be withdressed to George Washington. It was drawn, now and then, to steal behind month, and the quickest fitter they moonlight night, whenever there was has written to her cousin about it, and written by Jacob Duche, who was evi- his back, grasp his own left hand, and had. And when Ann found she wanted the least chance of his inviting her; she says they can't find anything what dently a minister in the church of En- shake hands with himself on his own a place in the country, and wouldn't and letting her hair down one day, she did before she came there, and that gland, and who in this letter declines most desirable goodness. "Let not thy stay anywhere else, 'twas natural to under pretense of a headache, and then one of the girls has let out that Sellers | the chaplainey of the continental congress, to which he had been appointed doeth." by Gen. Washington.

HUMOROUS.

town this! At every corner a creditor awaits a fellow."-Fliegende Blatter.

-Prescilla-"Don't you wish you were old Van Bullion's wife?" Prunella "No: but I wish I was his widow."-

fee this morning, Mr. Linton?" Mr. Linton-"Yes, I have, and it has proved an alibi."-Brooklyn Life.

-"How is Dykins getting on with the farm he bought?" "Pretty well. He tells me he saved money on it last year." "How?" "Let it to another man."-Tit-Bits.

-Howard-"Who is that girl that numbles so frightfully to whom you introduced me?" Hewitt-"That's Miss Hankinson, the teacher of voice culture."-N. Y. World.

-Indignant Constituent-"Sir, you have proven false to your principles.' Great Statesman-"Nothing of the sort. I merely wore them out and got a new set."-Indianapolis Journal.

-German Police Ordinance.-"From the beginning of darkness every vehicle must have a lighted lantern. Darkness begins when the street lamps are lighted."-Fliegende Blatter.

-She-"Kiss me again." He-"My dear, I've just kissed you seventeen times in seventeon seconds." She (reproachfully)-"Harold, you love another!"-Philadelphia Record.

-Mrs. Kidder-"I had a close call today, dear." Kidder (anxiously)-"W-what was it?" Mrs. Kidder (complacentiy)-"Woman next door came in to see me."-Buffalo Courier.

-Disturbing the Peace.-Judge-"What's the charge against the prisoner?" Officer-"Disturbing the peace, your honor." Judge-"What was he doing?" Officer-"Singing 'After the

Ball "-- Detroit Free Press. -"Josiar," said Mrs. Corntossel, who had been reading a chapter on art in her weekly paper, "what do you reckon a 'lav figure' is?" "A lay figure? I dunno-onless may be it happens to be the price o' eggs."-Washington Star.

-Wife-"What do you men have at the club that you haven't at home which makes the club so much more attractive?" Husband-"My dear, it is what we haven't at the club that we have at home which constitutes all the

-Aurelia (anxiously)-"Have you seen George this evening, papa? He promised to call." Papa-"Yes, he did call, and I entertained him for an hour for her.-Pauline Phelps, in Leslie's before you came down stairs." Aurelia-"You entertained him, papa?" Papa-"Yes. I gave him a list of all the new dresses you had last year, and the cost of each. I never saw a man more interested, yet he left very hur-

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

MOTHER'S HYMNS.

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is ended: The singer sleeps at last; While I sit gazing at her arm-chair vacant.

And think of days long past. The room still echoes with the old-time music As singing soft and low. Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's consolation

She rocks her to and fro. Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph. Or loud-toned trumpet's call,

Bidding the people prostrate fall before Him, "And crown Him Lord of all." And tender notes, filled with melodious rap-

ture. That leaned upon His word, Rose in those strains of solemn, deep affection. "I love Thy Kingdom, Lord."

Safe hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages," She bade forewell to fear, Sure that her Lord would always gently lead She read her "title clear."

Joyful she saw "from Greenland's icy mountains. The Gospel flag unfurled;

And knew by faith "the morning light was breaking Over a sinful world. "There is a fountain: " how the tones trium-

phant Rose in victorious strains! "Filled with that precious blood, for all the

Drawn from Immanuel's veins " Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since

Safe in God's fostering love. She joins with rapture in the blissful chorus Of those bright choirs above. There, where no tears are known, no pain or

folded.

sorrow. Safe beyond Jordan's roll. The lover of her soul.

A SELF-OPINIONED MAN.

-Boston Transcript.

"Let Not Thy Left Hand Know What Thy Right Hand Doeth.'

man does which exalts, but what man would do." Power, therefore, which THE CHARITY THAT COVERETH. decreases in the one, increases in the other-the power to do what needs to be done in the world. The ambitious man in public life, who is always calculating about the efforts of his speeches on his reputation, has no such degree of influence as the man who advocates the right and is devoted in the interests of his country without regard to his own fortunes. One can not make as good a speech if he thinks of his own reputation. The eloquent man does not say to himself, as he goes on: "How eloquent I am!" The instant he grows self-conscious he ceases to be eloquent. True eloouence has an abandon to it. The hearers think not of the man, but of the truth, and say, not "How eloquent who, doing a kindness, is saying to himself: "That is most kind of me." has a patronizing manner which makes left hand know what thy right hand

So we may consider it either way; as to character, which degenerates if one has a low and easy standard, and becomes fine and pure if one has a high -Dangerous City.-"A nice sort of a standard; or as to service, which is least efficient if one is self-satisfied, but it is most effective if one is humble and self-forgetful, and these two-character and service-are one. "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble." He resists the proud, not -Landlady-"Have yor tried the cof- necessarily by bringing calamities upon them, by casting the mighty down from their seats, but by the very tendency of the proud, self-satisfied one to degenerate. He gives grace to the humble because He can-because they are teachable, aspiring, obedient to His will, ready to do His work. God can not help one who is satisfied with himself, he will do better by and by unless he nor can anyone else. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than and better service do not come by of him." If we have a high chance. They are the result of thoughtideal of the Christ-like quality, if ful and earnest effort. We grow as we we are ever struggling upwards, God go.-United Presbyterian. helps us. He makes every circumstance, pursuit and experience help us. Our very buffeting will make us stronger. He will make all things work together for our good. He judges us not by what we are, but by what we aspire to be. So let every one of us take as his own these noble words of a very great humble man: "I count not myself vet to have apprehended, but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the a Christlike spirit. high calling of God in Christ Jesus."-Prof. George Harris, in Watchman.

AIDED BY A FRIEND.

An Incident in the Life of a City Mission.

A woman, engaged in missionary work among the poor of Chicago, found a pitiable case of distress. While passing through the hallway of a tenement-house, she heard sobbing and moaning. Knocking at a door and entering a room she found a starving woman dangerously ill, with a child in was to destroy his property. her arms and no attendant.

It was a harrowing instance of human woe. Husband and wife had come from England to America, and had made a fair living for several years. Then the man's hearth failed, and the wife had exhausted their savings in

nursing and finally burying him. With the baby in her arms she could death stared her in the face. She was and join it. tempted to think that except for the child the sooner life was ended the bet- South Sea Islander as long as you won't

It was easy to give medicine and food house. and to restore the woman's health. It was hard to find work for her. She was a skilled lace-maker, having throats, and then wonder why they learned the trade when a girl in the old will not join the church. country.

which was taught by the woman. It themselves to death

was a temporary expedient for providing her with a little money until she could find something else to do. Incidentally it enabled the missionary, who joined the class, to become proficient in the art.

Subsequently the missionary was employed among the Indians of the northwest. She was a practical woman, not content with religious instruction alone, and found the work depressing because there was no industrial employment suited to Indian women. Her health and spirits failing, she

went to Japan, where the marvelous skill of the native lace-makers passed under her observation. Like a flash came the thought: "That is what the Indian women can

do. Why did I not think of my poor Chicago lace-maker's trade when I was working among them?"

She was so deeply impressed with this thought that she returned to New York, enlisted the support of the missionary boards, and went to the Indian reservation to teach what she had learned from the woman whom she once rescued.

The experiment proved highly successful, for the Indian women had a natural aptitude for lace-making and soon learned to do the most delicate work. The system was extended to many reservations, to the credit of the missionary-Miss Carter-whose own story has here been repeated.

The forlorn lace-maker in Chicago, starving and dying, seemed to have little potentiality for usefulness in the world; and the missionary's call at the tenement house was a trivial incident, an insignificant deed of kindnes, which

gave no promise of large results. But nothing is so small or feeble as to be lost in the moral economy of God's universe. The lace-maker's talent and the missionary's humane impulse were little things that passed without observation; but out of them was evolved a system of industrial education for Indian women, the full results of which only Omniscience can A modern poet says: "It is not what know .- Youth's Companion.

The Character of True Friendship Illus-

trated by a Parable I am sure it is impossible for us to over-estimate the chemistry of influence, the strong power of persons over persons. The closest vision of a man is not always the most helpful vision; nay, you are sure to find some blemish, some flaw, some stain, some evil, and often, quite unexpectedly, in that very trait that had attracted you to your friend; he is not so true, not so pure, not so noble. And when you become sure of that, your own growth into truth, purity and nobleness, so far as his influence is concerned, cease. It is just here that one may show the most beautiful of all the graces of friendship -generosity, forgiveness, carefulness, charity. I have met a beautiful parable. "Dear moss," said the old thatch, "I am so old, so patched, so ragged, really I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little. You will hide my infirmities, and through your love and sympathy no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me." "I come," said the moss; and it crept up and over and in and out, till every flaw was hidden and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and the old thatch looked glorions in its glorious rays. "How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried one. "How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried another. "Ah!" said the old thatch, "rather let them say: 'How beautiful is the love of the moss,' which spreads itself and covers all my

"Chances" for Doing Good.

faults, and keeps the knowledge of

them all to herself, by her own grace

casting over me a beautiful garb of

freshness and verdure." In every true

friendship there must be much of the

charity that covereth, concealing

where it can not help the human frailty

and imperfection .- Dr. Wayland Hoyt,

No one has any right to suppose that is prompt to seize upon means and plans for doing better. Better living

PITHY SAYINGS.

Sharp Blasts Heard and Re-Echoed from the Ram's Horn. Time in an island of Eternity. Long prayers shorten devotion.

A godly life is a living prayer that will never end. All that God requires of any of us is

our prayerful best. The rest of Christ is only for those who are tired of sin. God's work should always be done in

The best aim to have in this life is to aim for Heaven.

The devil always leads the man who hesitates about doing right. When we are living to do good we

can depend on God and angels to help. Every man has as much right to kill himself as he has to live a useless life. The man who votes to sustain a

wrong is helping the devil, whether he knows it or not. The devil was more anxious to destroy Job's influence for good than he

God never calls anybody to a work that can be done with head and hands without any help from the heart. The devil will not care who does the

preaching, so long as his plans are adopted for raising the money to run the church. No church is ever made a bit strong-

er by having an unrepentant sinner not find employment. Starvation and with a pocket full of money walk up

> speak to the man who lives in the next There are parents who let their chil-

It won't do any good to pray for the

dren read books about pirates and cut-If the whole truth could be known

The missionary interested Chicago about the goodness of God, some of the ladies, and formed a lace-making class, stillest people in the world would shout