

# A PAINTER'S WIFE.

W. W. FENN.

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She often sat to Williot; he liked her expression and the Italian tone in her color. Moreover, he grew interested in her from certain words and hints she let fall. She was a devout Catholic, but admitted she had not always been so.

One day Williot led her on step by step to tell her story, and how she had become devout. They were discussing matrimony in the abstract, and she appeared so conversant with the law between man and wife that he asked her how she knew it.

"How did I come to know the law?" said she. "Well, because you see I was brought up behind the scenes—born in the property room of a provincial theater, and educated to emerge gracefully from pantomime pies or gigantic rosebuds as a diminutive fairy. With this refined birth and training I learned many things not generally imparted to children. At any rate, very early I knew that a man could legally chastise his wife, so long as he never struck her with a stick thicker than your little finger. I knew this, I say, because I heard it explained by the lawyers when my father was sent to jail for having beaten my mother with something a good deal thicker than the prescribed dimensions permitted."

Williot smiled and suggested that that edifying spectacle had apparently not deterred her from taking a husband herself.

"No," she answered, "and I was only seventeen when I did marry."

"How did that come about?"

"Because I was a self-willed young fool, and I thought I loved the other self-willed young fool, who was our assistant scene painter. I was playing general utility in the theater, and he was painting general utility, as you might call it."

"Did you love him then?" interposed Williot.

"Yes, I say so, but I got to hate him as well. Love and hate seemed ever to go hand in hand with me all through. First one was uppermost, then the other. A contradictory, violent-tempered young wretch I was. I never tried to control my passions—I'd never been taught. My mother always said I never had a heart; perhaps she was right."

"Tell me, why did you hate your husband?"

"Because I found he had a stronger will than I had, and because he grew to be more savage and morose as he got on in his profession, oddly enough. Because, too, he was as artful as he was handsome; and he knew the law better than my father. He never struck me with a stick at all, thick or thin, but once, and that once settled the business, but I shall come to that presently. Yes, he was a clever fellow, too, in his art. He gave up scene-painting and painted pictures instead that sold at high prices. He used to make me sit as his model often, and I hated that more than anything. You may wonder that I didn't run away from him long before I did. The truth is I was afraid of him. He covered the very life out of me. At one time he made a lot of money, but he couldn't keep it, and finally we had to go abroad to avoid creditors."

"We went to Rome, and lived there several years. In those days an artist could live there very cheaply, as we did, but still he got into debt again, and for months he was afraid to show himself by daylight. You can guess how we carried on, and if you can't it won't matter, and so, as I've told you so much, I'll come to that last scene between us, which, as I say, settled the business. I seemed to be quick at languages, and picked up a good smattering of Italian, and being still pretty he made me sit as a model for other painters in order sometimes to get food. He even went so far, and I didn't mind, as to make me go and wait in the Piazza di Spagna, on hire with the native models. At first they were inclined to resent Sig. Inglese's intrusion on their domain, but they were good-natured people, and put up with me after awhile."

"He was in hiding at that time, and I had to go to and from home with the greatest care, so as not to betray our whereabouts. My training on the stage, and then as a model, made me pretty nimble at disguises and wearing strange dresses, and when I went on hire to the piazza."

"We lived in a curious half-ruined place, part of what had once been the chapel of a Benedictine monastery. We hired it of a kindly old monk for a song, but no one else lived in the building—we were there quite alone. I forget exactly where it was, but it was outside the city, on the edge of the Campagna. We had a small room where he painted, with part of it divided by a curtain where we slept. At the foot of the short stone stair leading up to this apartment from the outer door, another stone stair led down to a sort of vault or crypt, lighted up by a barred window. At the end of this were the remains of a little shrine, with a dilapidated figure of the Virgin, and on one side, against the wall, a stone bench. It was what he called a picturesque bit, and he made a study of it."

"About this time—it was Christmas—a notorious brigand chief had been captured, and was brought to Rome, secured hand and foot, amidst tremendous excitement. It gave my husband an idea for a subject: 'The Wounded Brigand in Hiding.' He depicted the man lying with head bound up, etc., in this crypt, with the wife kneeling

before the shrine with up-stretched arms and clasped hands in the attitude of supplication. The background was all there to his hand without stirring out of doors, and I, of course, had to sit or kneel as the praying wife. Without exception it was the most trying, trying attitude I had ever assumed. My knees and back lost all sensation, and the uplifted arms simply seemed to go dead after half an hour. Why didn't I rest? you will ask. Because I daren't till he gave me leave. The crosses of our fortunes had turned him into a regular savage, and he was at his worst while painting this picture. For hours he kept me kneeling there day after day. Once I grew faint, but luckily just then he said 'You can rest,' so he didn't know it. Another time when my hands and arms were all pins and needles, I pleaded for a pause. He refused it. I went on. Then I couldn't help saying a little. He swore at me. I steadied myself. At last, without any warning or will of mine, my arms dropped on my lap, and I fell forward, my chin on the altar. With a big oath he rose furious.

"You've ruined my work, you devil!" he cried, "just at a most critical point, when I was finishing your left hand. Up again instantly or I'll be the death of you," and he roughly placed me in the old attitude.

"Ten minutes later the same thing happened. I couldn't help it. Again he rose, and this time he struck me violently across the back and shoulders with his mahl stick, which was no thicker than his finger. This was the first time he'd ever struck me—badly as he'd behaved, and it was the last. I never loved him after that. No, kind heaven never gave me the chance, for after the blow I did faint, and when I recovered I was lying where I fell. He had not even lifted me from the ground. No, but he had stretched himself at full length upon the stone bench, and was sound asleep.

"Escape was my first thought—revenge the second—and as I stood up, the second overwhelmed the first. Noisily I crept to where lay, amidst many studio properties, the brigand's poignard. Often I had dreamt of this, and had seen it glitter in my hand, but in the dreams opportunity was wanting. Now, both were realities. I would use them mercilessly. Night was coming on. I could escape under its cover. Whither to fly, or how to live afterwards, I gave these things no thought as I stood with the weapon raised above his naked throat. Did I lack courage? No, sincerely no. What, then, made me suddenly pause and listen? Footsteps? Yes, faint and distant on the road, running near our abode. Alone, they would not have deterred me, but above them rose upon the stillness a chant—a chant from some religious procession, pilgrims probably, passing towards the city to do homage at the shrine of the Holy Bambino in



"I CREEPT TO WHERE HE LAY."

the church of Ara Coeli, for was it not Christmas Eve? The sounds came nearer. Full, strong, melodious—deeply impressive.

"Stranger that I had ever been to religion and its emotions, it was odd how, when I came to Rome, a faint suggestion of something akin to them had gradually stolen into my being. I think the music in the churches did it, and many times I would have gone in to listen, perhaps to pray, had I known how, and had I dared. My husband was a seoffer.

"The singers approached until I could almost hear some of the Latin words. It seemed miraculous even to myself that they should affect me as they were doing. I strained my ears to catch the prayer. Strange it would have been at any moment that it should have so fascinated me, but now most of all strange when my blood was red-hot with fury and passion; and when revenge for all my wrongs was lying within my grasp! Was it intercession from above, an intercession for his life? It struck me so at the moment! Only later did I see, perhaps, that it was an intercession on my behalf also, but at the time I never thought of this, and I spared him. I paused no longer. Turning my back resolutely on the temptation, I stole away up the stairs, softly, softly under the stars now beginning to twinkle in their myriads. I followed the procession, and mixed amongst the little crowd of villagers also following.

"That night I sought the old monk, our padrone, and told him my story. He was moved, and said the Blessed Virgin had performed a miracle and had taken me to her bosom, heretic though I was, for she saw in me a soul to be saved. I now know he was right.

"By his aid I concealed myself from my husband, but there was no need to do so long. The saints, their names praised, had yet another blessing in store for me. They had not only rescued me from the commission of a dreadful crime but they spared me its necessity. Three days later the good old monk went to our rooms, and found—yes! found—my husband still stretched as in sleep upon the stone bench as I left him, but he was in the sleep from which there is no waking.

"The story is still cited as a miracle, and, although it is a long time since it happened, the few good Catholics amongst the painters still use me by preference as their model on its account."

## OVER-JUMPED BY A LION.

The Man Saved His Life and the Beast Missed a Meal.

As to grizzly bears," said a Montana man one evening, recently, "as to grizzly bears, we've got plenty of 'em left in our country, but unless you are looking for them you might travel the trails and byways for five years and not get sight of old Ephraim. As big and savage as they are they avoid mankind when it's possible. I've heard 'em moving off in the thickets many a time as I rode along a wild trail, but in fifteen years I have had a fair sight of only one, and he was anxious to get away."

"How about the mountain lion?" was asked.

"Ah; you've struck quite another field now," he replied. "The mountain lion of the far west is not a lion at all, you probably know, but is the beast known in the east as the panther. I think, however, the western panther is larger and fiercer. At any rate, all things considered, I'd prefer to face a grizzly."

"Ever had any experience?"

"Yes, just one, and it makes my hair stand on end to think of it. I'm half-owner of a good, big herd of steers, but I wouldn't go through that experience again for a thousand of the fattest, juiciest steers ever rounded up in the cattle country. You want to hear about it, but it's no use to get out your book and pencil. My experience was very brief, and there are no names and dates to put down. Look on the map some day and find Flat Head lake. Between it and the Rocky mountains is a beautiful valley thirty miles wide. I've wintered cattle in there and had them come out as fat as butter in the spring."

"Yes, go on."

"One spring, eight or ten years ago, I was driving in some 'strays' from the foothills. When cattle begin to shed their coats they like to get into the timber and rub themselves. About ten o'clock in the forenoon I was riding along an Indian trail on the slope of a hill. It was in the timber, with lots of brush covering the ground. I saw cattle tracks on the trail, and had no thought for anything else. My mustang was on the walk and I was taking it easy in the saddle, when I was suddenly jumped out of my boots. Something screamed in my ear, and out of the corner of my eye I saw something in the air. No doubt I ducked, but it was instant. In the same breath there was a great crash in the top of a brush to my right and below me, and just as my mustang started on a wild run I made out what the object was."

"A mountain lion, sir?"

"Yes, and a whopping big one, and the snarl, growls and screams he uttered lifted me in my stirrups. He landed in that bush on his back, with his legs sticking up like posts, but I don't reckon it took him over five seconds to turn right-side up. He may have started to follow me, though he was more apt to slink away, but the mustang would have given him a hard race. He was wild with fright, and the way he did smoke along that trail and get down into the valley would have made a jack-rabbit wonder how the wings were fastened on. I held on and let him go. As a matter of fact, he wasn't going fast enough for me."

"The lion had jumped for you."

"He had, my boy. I went up and figured it out afterward. The beast had crouched on a big rock eighteen feet above me and about twenty-four feet above the trail. Just how close he came to me I can't say, but I'm certain that he brushed my hat as he passed over. The duck probably saved my life. If he had struck me with the momentum of such a spring I'd have been carried out of the saddle into the bushes. The cuss was lying low for beef or deer, but when I came along he thought he had a better thing. As he missed me he turned over in the air, and as I told you, he landed wrong-side up. I don't know how mountain lions feel about such things, but I've always had the idea that this fellow went off kicking himself over the way he got left. He had overjumped a good dinner and couldn't blame anybody but himself."—Detroit Free Press.

**Flint and Tinder Still Used.**

Although the match has long since supplanted the tinder box, thousands of the antiquated light producers are still made. Adventurers often take a flint and tinder box with them on trips, knowing from experience that if slower than a match it is certainly surer, and in addition to the demand this creates, there are back country regions in Europe where the match is comparatively unknown, even now. Then again the white man with his usual ultra-sensitiveness does not see any harm in shipping tinder boxes, and even the oldest kinds of gun flints to the savages of Africa, who derive sincere delight from using them, especially as the traders are careful to explain that the one is an improvement on the match and the other a great stride toward perfection in firearms.—Chicago Herald.

**A Terrible Kick.**

"Please sir," said the bell boy to a Texas hotel clerk, "number 40 says there ain't no towels in his room."

"Tell him to use one of the window curtains."

"He says, too, there ain't no pillows."

"Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head."

"And he wants a pitcher of water."

"Suffering Cyrus! But he is the worst klicker I ever struck in my life. Carry him up the horse pail."

"He wants to know if he can have a light."

"Here, confound him! Give him this lantern and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'll have it fried on only one side or turned over!"—Alex. Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

**Popular Productions.**

"I'm not much of a literary man myself," said the cashier of the big publishing house, filling out another check, "and yet my writings are more sought after than those of any other man about the establishment."—Chicago Tribune.

## A COLLEGE-BRED FARMER.

He Thinks that Work in the Fields is the Ideal Existence.

William Henry Bishop, on an article on "Hunting an Abandoned Farm in Upper New England," describes the delightful home of a literary man and his family on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee. The house was simplicity itself, he says, rather a camp than a villa, and it purposely held as little as possible to give a housekeeper any uneasiness.

A son of the family above adverted to was settled about as far from Center Harbor, down Lake Asquam, as was his father from it on Lake Winnepesaukee. His pastures rose steeply to the bold crag of Red Hill, in front of him lay long slender islands, like black streamers at anchor, and across the lake rose upon the view Black Mountain, Whiteface, Rattlesnake hill, and Chocorua, varying all their tones with the passing hours. The young proprietor was a college man, and had pursued for awhile some city occupation; but he had taken to farming out of pure love of it, and not the worst severities of winter had been able to daunt him. He hoed with his men in planting time, pitched hay with them in haying time, and lugged his own heavy buckets of sap through the snow in early spring, in maple-sugar time. It was a vindication of the ideal, a testimony to the world of actual, hard physical labor, which, for us, despite the disparagement of the indolent and the maledictions of the working man—who gets something too much of it—is most desirable, a beautiful, beneficent thing. We please to marvel when a city person goes off heartily into the country, and yet the following paradox is true, namely, that it is city people who are precisely the best-fitted for the country. Your average denizen of the country has no appreciation of natural scenery, never raises his eyes to notice it, scarce knows that it exists; thus he suffers all the disadvantages of the country without its principal compensation.—Century.

## JOINED IN THE LAUGH.

A Bow-legged Admiral Who Was Misunderstood by a Bulldog.

"Sailors, like horsemen, have a tendency to become bow-legged," said Capt. S. Wooden, an ex-navy officer, recently. "I once saw an old admiral, whose long sea service had given his legs a decided outward curvature, have a singular adventure with a bulldog that was a pet aboard ship. The sailors had taken great pains with the dog's education and taught him a number of tricks. One of his most frequent exploits was to jump through the aperture made by the man holding one of his feet against the other knee. It was a trick that the dog seemed to take great delight in performing. One day the admiral came on board the ship on a visit of inspection, and while standing on deck conversing with some of the officers was spied by the dog. The admiral's bow-legs seemed to strike the dog as affording the best chance for a running leap he had seen in many a day. Suddenly he made a rush and leapt like a whirlwind through the tempting gap. In astonishment at what had passed beneath him, the admiral turned quickly around to see what was the cause. The dog took this action as a signal for an "encore" and jumped again, barking furiously all the time as a means of showing how much he enjoyed the sport. The bewildered face of the admiral was too much for the gravity of the spectators, and, forgetting the respect due to rank they broke into a hearty roar, in which, after he understood the situation, they were joined by the admiral himself."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Cruelty to a Lion.

A lion tamer was brought into court by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of London on the charge of "cruelly beating, ill treating and torturing a certain animal, to-wit, a lion." Lions were in a cage wherein a woman executed a serpentine dance, and were whipped and irritated to a state of bad temper to make them sufficiently wild to gratify the vulgar taste of the public. The prosecution alleged that the lion, being dependent on man for food and sustenance and under his dominion, could not be regarded as fera nature. The lion tamer hustled the lions about with a whip and a pole, in order to give an excitement to the lady's dance. The judgment of the court was, that the lion could not be made into a domestic animal within the meaning of the act, and the lion tamer was discharged.—Chicago Times.

## By Merest Chance.

It was a narrow escape.

The strong man shuddered and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. "Good heavens!" he said; "another moment and then—"

It was several moments before he recovered sufficiently to resume his task. For once again he had come within an ace of dipping the muddle brush in the ink.—Truth.

—During the thirteen years in which Dr. William Pepper served as provost of the university of Pennsylvania, he has not only declined a salary, but has given the university for a twenty thousand to thirty thousand dollars a year besides his time. He says the university is strong enough now for him to retire, and he has resigned. A gift of fifty thousand dollars accompanied his resignation. The board of trustees have decided to confer upon him the degree of LL. D., and to erect a statue of him on a suitable site.

"Poor man!" exclaimed the sympathetic woman. "Have you really tried to get employment?" "Yes, m," replied Maudering Mike. "And without success?" "Intirely." For three solid days I've tramped the streets trying ter git work fer me nine-year-old brother, and hain't even got so much ez an encouragin' word."—Washington Star.

"Don't you think Miss Biggs has a peachy complexion?" She—"I'd not thought of it before, but she has a kind of frost-bitten look."—Inver-Ocean.

## FOR SUNDAY READING.

"FOR MINE OWN SAKE."

"For my name's sake will I defer mine anger. For mine own sake, even for mine own sake, will I do it."—Isaiah xlviii, 9-11.

"For my name's sake will I defer mine anger," said the King.

For His name's sake, for His own sake, still unflinching.

In His kindly patience, He Doth silent wait, and silent watch, This Lord and King of men.

"For my name's sake, for mine own sake!" Oh wise and subtle speech, That leadeth us, that sheveth us.

The height that we might reach: That height of heights, where Love enthroned, Reigns sovereign of the soul.

And, amidst the impulse and the will With sure and sweet control.

For our own sake, for our soul's sake, Like Him we may defer.

The scathe of even righteous wrath, The tumult and the stir Of angry judgments as they rise.

And, silently and still, Keep watch and word with Him to guide The impulse and the will.

—Nora Perry, in Youth's Companion.

## BITS OF WISDOM.

Short Hints of Truth for Thoughtful Consideration.

Some time ago I was asked to write a short article on the difficult subject of "How to Be Happy, Though Poor;" and when I set about it, I could not think of anything better than to hand the applicant a bundle of maxims—the following, for instance, which carry their own application:

"Good education is the foundation of happiness."

"A contented mind is a continual feast."

"Content is the true philosopher's stone."

"Poverty is a self-instructing virtue."

"Out of debt, out of danger."

"A penny a day is a groat a year."

"Envy can not see; ignorance can not judge."

"Labor brings pleasure; idleness pain."

"Idleness is the parent of want and shame."

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

These wise axioms call for little comment.

Get knowledge; cultivate a contented spirit; keep out of debt; even if your income is small, try each day to save a little "against a rainy day;" don't worry at trifles; don't envy; there are thousands rolling in luxury who would gladly exchange places with you. Poverty has its advantages; be industrious; be economical; be cheerful.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says of Henry Thoreau: "He chose to be rich by making his wants few and supplying them himself." His food for eight months while building his house at a cost of only sixty-one dollars and ninety-nine and a quarter cents, stood him at just eight dollars and seventy-four cents, one dollar and a fraction a month. "I have," said Thoreau, "made a satisfactory dinner—satisfactory on several accounts—simply off a dish of parsley which I gathered in my cornfield, boiled and salted; and pray what more can a reasonable man desire, in peaceful times, in ordinary noons than a sufficient number of ears of green sweet corn boiled with additional salt!"

As a matter of course, self-denial is one of the cardinal virtues which must be constantly practiced; and none, rich or poor, can be truly happy who is not honest.

Mrs. Browning says: "To live in the midst of beautiful surroundings—that is happiness."

As good an illustration of the question as any may be found in the life of a poor Quaker family, whose principal means of support consisted of what they were by industry and frugality enabled to realize from a small garden spot, always noted for its thrift and neatness. A friend one day asked him how it was they always appeared to be so happy and contented? He answered that he had three wells to which he went daily for sustenance and support. Expressing his surprise, his friend earnestly inquired what they were called? "Their names," said the Quaker, "are prayer, faith and content."—Hon. Horatio King, in Christian Work.

## A COMPETENT SCHOOLMASTER.

The Knowledge Acquired from Tribulation Not a Mere Theory.

Trouble is the heritage of man. The great and good, the wise man and the saint, form no exception to the rule. In this world trouble is no accident; men are born to it. Trouble inheres in our constitution and in our material and social misadjustments. It is in the ordination of Providence as well as in human ignorance and perversity. If some troubles could be escaped, others are inevitable; we can not go around them nor flee from them; nothing remains but to bite our lips and endure them.

But though hard to endure, troubles are designed to be helpful to us. We have no other such schoolmaster, so competent and devoted to our interest. If he comes with a rod and a severe countenance, he has stores of wisdom and is apt to teach. Whatever else may slip from our minds, the lessons of wisdom are likely to remain. They are burnt in. They make indelible impressions of the most salutary character. What is best in us has usually come to the surface and taken form through some trouble. The instruction was expensive, but more precious than gold or rubies. The knowledge we thus acquire is not mere theory; it touches the deepest realities of human life. No chastening is for the present joyous; the peaceable fruits of righteousness are not yet. But in God's time the fruits appear, justifying the Divine order. God's school for character-building is trial. He puts a man in the furnace; the wood, hay and stubble are burned away, while the precious qualities remain in enduring beauty and strength.

In trouble God is our refuge and help. In many troubles nobody else can help. In temptation, sickness and death we appeal to friends and physicians in vain. Our resource in such hours is in God, who is able to deliver us. Even if

our troubles be due to our own folly, God will look in compassion upon us when we turn to Him. He waits with the tender heart of a parent to help us in the midst of our folly as well as our misfortune. Bring to Him your trouble, and see how He will lift your burden. But He will not lift it until you let go of it.—Zion's Herald.

## HIS FIRST SERMON.

An Incident Taken from the Life of Charles Jewett.

Charles Jewett, who became a physician and one of the most zealous temperance workers of our century, was noted, even when a boy, for his unfailing energy and good nature. At an early age he was apprenticed to a farmer, and worked cheerfully on, through long days and weary nights.

Before he was fifteen years old, he at one time tended coal pits fourteen nights in succession and worked at haying all day. Yet no word of complaint ever escaped his lips.

He had a distinct gift in speech and song-making, and when he was but fourteen years old he delivered his maiden lecture. The men who were employed with him in the coal-pits often found the monotony of their evenings very wearisome, and one night when they were looking about for something to interest them, some remark was made about a large beech stump near by.

"Capital pulpit!" said one. "It only needs a preacher, and we could run a service."

"And here are Bible and hymn-book," said another, who chanced to have a small copy of each in his pocket.

"Who'll preach?" cried the first speaker.

"Charley!" answered several voices.

"Yes, Charley!" was the cry.

Charley hesitated, but was forced to respond, and he mounted the stump, with the resolve that those scoffing men should not be entertained in quite the manner they had anticipated.

He read a hymn, with marked pathos and power, and a few of the men joined in singing it. He announced his text in the words: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Then, availing himself of his home training in the Scriptures and the catechism, he proceeded to explain the passage, and to adapt its meaning to the every-day life of his hearers. The men were at first surprised; then deeply moved.

He preached for fifteen or twenty minutes, and when he concluded, the men soberly bade one another good-night and went each his own way. The occurrence was not forgotten, and a different air seemed to linger about the camp from that time when a joke had been turned into an exhortation.—Youth's Companion.

## PAST HISTORY RETOLD.

No Concordance Needed for the Poor Man's Sacred Volume.

Afflictions do not spring out of the dust; do not be impatient with them; we need something to soften this hard life. O, if it were all buying, selling, getting gain, outrunning one another in a race for wealth, in which the racers take no time to record themselves, there would be no gardens on the face of the earth, no places consecrated to floral beauty, no houses built for music, no churches set up for prayer. But affliction helps to keep us right; affliction helps to bring us to our knees. Poverty says: "Think, fool, think."

Affliction opens the Bible at the right places. If you, strong man, with the radiant face and full pocket, were to open the Bible, it would open upside down and at nothing. But you, broken-hearted mother; your child of sickness; your orphan and lonely one, your Bible falls open always at the right place. Give me your family Bible and I will tell your history. The Bible of the strong, prosperous, rich man, 'tis like himself, well kept—too well. Hand me yours, man of the broken heart, and the tear-stained cheeks, and the reddened eye, and the furrowed brow. Ah! all marks and thumbing notes and turnings down and marginal notes and pencil indications—thirty-third Psalm, fourth of Isaiah, a hundred places in Jeremiah, including the Lamentations—why, I need no concordance to this Bible if I want to seek out the promises. I see your guest has been sorrow, and the hospitality you have offered him has been patience. If you would know the value of the Bible in the house consult those who have needed it most, and abide by their sweet reply.—Joseph Parker, D. D.

## CONDENSED WISDOM.

Notes From the Ram's Horn Well Worth a Second Thought.

God puts our greatest duties nearest to us.

Heaven finds a new joy every time a sinner repents.

God never had an enemy who was not the bitter foe of man.

It is foolishness to try to reason about what we can not know.

If the devil had to work without a mask he would never leave the pit.

Christ's rest is best enjoyed by those who are trying to give rest to somebody else.

Many a man has become a lover of the Bible by hearing some infidel talk against it.

When the devil can't go to church himself he always sends a hypocrite.

God never asks anybody to bear more than one kind of trouble at a time.

The only safe foundation upon which to build for eternity is faith in God.

The Bible teaches that the way we treat the poor is the test of our loyalty to Christ.

The hardest thing the devil ever tried to do was to starve a good man to death.

God stands pledged to supply the man with bread who will trust in Him and do his best.

There is a great deal of preaching that never turns anybody toward God, because it does not come from the heart.

When some men get religion the very next bone they give to their dogs will have more meat on it.