

AN EGYPTIAN REBEL.

A Romance in the Land of the Sphinx.

The tents of the Egyptian army arose, white as snow, against a sky of ultramarine—below spread the white sand. Heat more intense could not be imagined. The air fairly quivered with it, and it had upon the eyes the blinding effect of the flashing of the mirror in the sun. It was not a time of battle.

The little army composed the military cordon with which Ismail Pasha protected the recently established agricultural districts on the borders of Abyssinia and the roads for traffic, which in 1866 had not long been opened.

The dearth of cotton, caused by the civil war of the United States, had given Ismail the idea of making Egypt a great cotton-growing country, and since then, railways, telegraphs and all manner of improvements have been introduced.

At the date of the story, great caravans of camels bore the products of the fields to the various markets, and no roaring, red-eyed steam monster had yet invaded the land of mystery, silence and the sphinx.

Everyone was languid. The officers, resting in their tents, the common soldiers squatting about at ease. A caravan on its way south had paused to eat and rest until night fell, and that great, golden thing, the moon of Egypt, should rise to light them on their way. Each man had said his prayers, and before praying, since water was not plentiful, had rubbed his hands with dust—which was counted to his credit just the same, by the recording angel of his paradise, who always makes allowances for circumstances. Now peace had fallen upon the hot world, where almost everybody slumbered.

In his tent, Capt. Ibin El-Warrakah was dreaming. His dreams carried him away from the tents, the soldiers and all his present surroundings. He was once more in the home of his Uncle Rizk—entertained as a beloved guest. He had seen his aunt, who was his mother's sister, even without the face veil. But she, having sent kind messages to his mother, and given him a present, had retired to the private rooms of the women, from which, now and then, came a silvery ripple of laughter, and words spoken in a voice that was the sweetest he had ever heard.

He knew it was that of his Cousin Fat-Meh. Fat-Meh had been a beautiful little girl. He had always remembered Fat-Meh affectionately. But now he could not ask to see her any more than if she had been the daughter of some stranger. He might not look upon a woman's face, even if she were his cousin. He bowed to custom, as the young man of this country does. But it came into his mind, now that little Fat-Meh, who had been as dear as a sister to him in those baby years, was veiled and hidden from him as from a stranger, that even old-established Egyptian customs might be carried too far.

He sat and ate the various dishes which the black slave offered to the guests. But all the while he thought of little Fat-Meh, and laid a plan by which at least to see her.

In Egypt, one is not obliged to sit at table until all the company have finished their meal. Each may rise when he is satisfied, say, "Praise be to God," wash his hands in the ewer which the servant holds for him before and after meals, dry them on the embroidered towel and retire from the company.

And so, as soon as he dared, Ibin did this, and saying that he wished once more to see the garden and pomegranate trees under which he had played in childhood, left the room.

Out into the garden he went and, standing where he could see the lattice windows above, began to sing a little rhyme that children sing when they play together, beating time with the palms. What more natural, when memories of youth returned with the sight of the garden where, before Fat-Meh had been able to walk alone, he had led her by her tiny hand—what more natural than that he should remember the rhyme and sing it again?

And while he sang, another voice, soft and low, took up the strain. Some one was singing behind the lattice of the window. He knew it was Fat-Meh. A little later he saw that the lattice was pushed softly open. A veiled face peeped forth, a hand was extended for a moment and a rose dropped. Above the veil he saw great eyes, like stars, bordered with kohl. Then, as if by accident, the veil dropped, and he saw his cousin Fat-Meh's face—the baby face become a woman's, and beautiful exceedingly.

It vanished. The window was closed. He picked up the rose and hid it in his bosom and returned to the house.

Before he left his uncle's abode, however, he had asked some questions and learned that Fat-Meh was already promised in marriage and that the meeting of relatives to settle the question of dowry would occur very soon.

It is not often that a young Egyptian sees a girl's face, and this one glimpse of his cousin's face remained in Ibin's heart as a kiss might in that of an Englishman. He was dreaming of her as a man entered the tent in haste and a voice called: "Captain—my captain!" and he looked up and saw a soldier beside him.

"Captain," this man said, saluting him, "a boy, who appears to be dying, asked to be brought to you. Will you see him?"

Ibin sprang to his feet and followed the man into the open air. There, supported by two other men, stood a beautiful, beardless boy, who lifted his eyes and looked into Ibin's face imploringly.

"Captain," he said, "I have something to tell you—something which no one must hear. Take me to your tent—take me quickly."

Without a word the captain opened his arms to receive the fainting form,

and, lifting it, bore it into his tent. The soldiers did not dare to follow, and, seeing they were not wanted, retired.

Softly as a mother bears her child Ibin laid his burden down upon the rugs spread in its shadow and knelt down beside it.

His heart was beating wildly. He trembled from head to foot. His eyes—the eyes of a lover, against which no woman ever yet disguised herself—had recognized his cousin Fat-Meh on the instant. Why she thus masqueraded he did not know, but she had asked for him and wild fancies filled his mind. Now as he knelt there he whispered:

"I know you! I know you, Fat-Meh! Tell me quickly what it is that ails you!"

"Oh, Cousin Ibin, it is a wound," the girl gasped—"here in my arm! I came with the new soldiers who came to-day. Two of them quarreled. One struck at the other. He sprang behind me and the blade entered my arm. I am dying! And, oh! it was so horrible to think of dying amongst strange men, and that they should know! And I knew that you would keep my secret. Hide me! Let no one know even after I am dead!"

"Have no fear. I will shield you with my life if necessary," said Ibin. "Here on your sleeve I see blood. Is it here?"

"Yes!" whispered the girl. On the instant Ibin ripped up the sleeve, and to his joy found a little wound, which had bled badly but not dangerously. When he bound it up and reassured her he covered her face and left her to rest and went out to tell his tale. The little soldier, he said, was not much hurt. He was a mere boy and fancied himself dying, and had asked for him that he might send a message to his parents. For the present he would care for him. Then he returned to his tent.

Fat-Meh was awake. Her great eyes turned upon him.

"Ibin," she said, "do I seem bold to you? I suppose so. But listen. I have been learning lessons. In Egypt women are slaves. They sell us as if we were birds. I, for instance, have a heart. I wish to marry one I love. And there came to our house an old woman, who told my parents that a rich man wished to marry me; and they said I must marry him. I prayed them not to give me to him. They laughed. The preparations were complete. The time had come. Do you blame me for running away? A few jewels bought the help of an old woman. While they were looking for a lost girl, a boy marched away with the soldiers."

"Oh, I would have done anything to escape that frightful man! See, I have even cut my long hair! Does it make me ugly? Do you think me bold and bad—very, very bad? I saw that you loved me when you looked up at me from the garden. But, if I have made you despise me, at least let me stay and be a little soldier, and see you now and then, and perhaps, wait on you sometimes. And when there is a battle, fight beside you. Only do not send me back to marry somebody. I hate. Pity me, even if you scorn me."

On this, Capt. Ibin El-Warrakah quite forgot Egyptian good manners, and took Fat-Meh's hand in his and held it against his heart, and told her that she was a rose, a nightingale and a dove, and he knitted this verse to her:

"Ya mihlah knafio min Allah
Wa shama ashik il-ah
Hobukum mek tooh min Allah.
Kaddarni i movla alajra."

Which might be very freely translated thus:

"Oh, beloved one! Since Allah has given us to each other, the love we feel is ordained by him. Therefore, let no one blame us for what was decreed in paradise."

But in spite of this bold speech and their brave hearts, matters might have ended badly for both had it not happened that the khedive elected to visit his soldiers that morning, mounted on a prancing horse, followed by other high dignitaries, mounted on other prancing horses, with music and clash and jingle and floating banners and great pomp and ceremony. And it so happened that Capt. Ibin El-Warrakah had of late accomplished certain doubtful deeds, and been reported favorably for them, so that when he begged for mercy, mercy was granted.

Like all the viziers and sultans in the "Arabian Nights Tales," the khedive was sentimental. He felt for true lovers. Therefore, having a right to do as he pleased, he declared that these lovers should be married, had the ceremony performed as soon as possible, bestowed his blessing and a dowry upon the bride, made the captain a colonel, and sent a message to the parents to the effect that they had better not let him hear them make any objections.

And this was all very lucky for little Fat-Meh, for Egyptian fathers make nothing of putting a daughter who has disgraced her family as completely as this little rebel had certainly done into a bag, along with a few lumps of lime, and having her quietly tossed into the nearest river. As it ended, we may suppose that she lived happily ever afterward.—Col. Howard Appleby, in N. Y. Ledger.

Weights a Candle's Flame.

Wonderful stories have been told concerning the extreme delicacy of the scales used by the mints at Philadelphia and London. That at the first-named place is said to tell the exact weight of a hair; the London wonder shows a difference in the weight of a card after a name has been written upon it. "The most accurate scale in the world" is now being discussed in England. It is so finely balanced that it shows the weight of a candle taper to be much less after the flame has been extinguished.

—He—"They are not on speaking terms, you know." She—"Why, they are dead in love with each other." He—"For that reason they don't speak; they just sit and gaze at one another."—Boston Transcript.

THEY WOULDN'T DO NOW.

Fire Engines Used by the Ancients Long Before the Air Chamber Was Invented.

History traces the use of fire engines to a very early date. The Romans certainly possessed them, as Pliny is witness. Apollodorus, too, architect to the Emperor Trajan, speaks of leather bags with pipes attached from which water was projected by squeezing the bags. A far more advanced fire engine, however, was used in Egypt.

Hero, of Alexandria, in a treatise on pneumatics, written about the year 150 B. C., describes a machine he calls "the siphon used in conflagrations." It consisted of two cylinders and pistons connected by a reciprocating beam which raised and lowered the pistons alternately. Thus, with the help of valves, which opened only toward the jet, the water was projected, but not in a continuous stream, as the pressure ceased after each stroke. The air chamber had yet to be invented.

To what extent Hero's engine was used we do not know. It is clear that unless several were brought into action simultaneously such machines would be almost useless. As far as the construction went, however, Hero's "siphon" was a great success, for, with the addition of air chamber, hoses and improvements in details, it has become the modern fire engine.

From the time of Hero to the year 1618 no progress worth recording seems to have been made, although at the latter period we learn that at the building of the city of Augsburg instruments for fires and water syringes are mentioned.

In 1657 a fire engine was used at Nuremberg almost identical with that of Hero. It had a water cistern and was drawn by two horses. Twenty-eight men were required to work it, and it threw a jet one inch in diameter eighty feet.

Late in the seventeenth century the air chamber and hose made their appearance. The latter, with the suction pipe, were invented by Van der Heide in 1670, while their use in connection with the air chamber was first recorded by Perrault in 1684.—Invention.

GLASS BETTER THAN SILVER.

But If Your Ware Is of the Latter, Follow These Directions.

Silverware is much more difficult to keep in order than glassware, especially in cold weather, when it is subjected to the blackening influence of the gas from stove or furnace. The wise housekeeper permits no article of silver that is not in frequent use to remain upon her sideboard and needlessly add to the labor of cleansing. The best receptacle for unused articles of silver is a bag of Canton flannel. This is made wide enough to accommodate the various articles, and is stitched to form narrow pockets with snub-like openings at the top, a tape being attached to each side at the center. In these pockets the pieces of silver are placed, each kind by itself; and the bag is then rolled, tied securely and put away in a drawer that is entirely free from dampness. When a certain article is wanted, a quick wipe with a piece of chamois will usually render it perfectly presentable.

Silver that is in daily use should be washed with very hot suds made with soap that contains nothing that will scratch the polished surfaces, and should then be well rinsed with hot, clear water, dried quickly and thoroughly with a soft cloth, and immediately rubbed vigorously with a soft, dry chamois. If the silver is treated thus whenever it is washed, it will remain bright for a long time without polishing.—Delineator.

A Sign of Mental Activity.

"Talking to one's self is generally considered a sign of a weak brain," said a doctor the other day, "but nothing could be a greater mistake. It is a sign of an extremely active brain. It may be a strong or a weak intellect, but the activity must be there to cause this peculiarity. If you will observe you will be astonished how many people you will meet on the street who are thinking aloud. The talking is done unconsciously. Often the people addicted to the habit, if you caused their attention to it, would aver that they never were guilty of such a thing. Some of the brightest men I have ever known do their thinking aloud without knowing it, and, on the other hand, some of the weakest individuals, mentally, whom I have met in my practice keep up a continuous conversation with themselves. So it would seem that a man who talks to himself must be one of two extremes, a wise man or a fool."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

He Could Stand It.

Mother—Miss Smithers, your school-mistress, tells me she's always being obliged to scold you, Johnnie. I'm so sorry to hear that.

Johnnie (considerately)—Oh, never mind, mother. It doesn't matter. I'm not one of those sensitive children, you know!—Brooklyn Life.

Labor.

Mrs. Kingley—Miss Twilling came this afternoon and brought her work with her.

Mrs. Bingo—Indeed! What was it?

Mrs. Kingley—A banjo.—Puck.

Didn't Fall Out.

Bessie—Did you have a nice moon-light drive with Charlie last night?

Jessie—It was lovely. He is such a good all-around man.—Truth.

—One of the tributes paid to President Eliot in honor of his twenty-fifth anniversary as president of Harvard university is an official address of confidence and esteem adopted by the faculty of arts and sciences.

—It is reported, on doubtful authority, that a Philadelphia landlord raised the rent of a house on the ground that the walls had "bulged out and so made it larger."

—A boy doesn't become a man until he is twenty-one; but we have known a hat to become a man as soon as it was tried on.—Texas Siftings.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Through papers for pantry shelves look very dainty when fresh, old-fashioned white or a light color is much better to use in every place that is to come in contact with the food. It can be wiped as often as dusty or otherwise soiled without injury. If one chooses, the tissue-papers used for china closets may be used on the edges of the shelves. The floor of the pantry, unless of hard wood, or even close and well-painted, should also be covered with oilcloth or linoleum.

—Chicken Breasts: Trim the breasts of some chickens to resemble trimmed lamb chops. Stick a leg bone (the joints cut off at each end) into the end of each cutlet; pepper and salt them, roll them in flour, and fry them in a granite pan with butter. Serve them in a circle in a dish with peas, mashed potatoes, cauliflowers, beans, tomatoes, or other vegetable, in the center. They are nicer larded on one side, choosing the same side for all. They should not be rolled in flour. These fillets may be served in a circle, with mushroom sauce poured in the center. A nice course for a company dinner.—Housekeeper.

—Lemon or Claret Jelly: Soak one box of good gelatine in one pint of cold water ten minutes; add two pints of boiling water and one and one-half cupsful of granulated sugar. Stir until dissolved. Add to this the juice of three lemons and strain through a jelly bag. Claret wine added makes a very grateful and palatable acid jelly, where the patient craves and the physician allows acid. If unfermented wine is preferred, grape juice, which is very nice and healthful as well as inexpensive, can be procured at the drugists. When wine is used, leave out a part of the hot water, a little less than is used of the wine.—Good Housekeeping.

—Raspberry Trifle: Six small sponge-cakes, such as are sold for a cent apiece at bakers' shops; one quart milk, five eggs, one cup sugar, one quart raspberries, one cup sweet cream; vanilla for flavoring. Make a custard of the milk, the sugar and the yolks of the eggs, flavoring with the vanilla. Split the cakes, lay half of them in the bottom of a glass dish, pour over them half the cream, and strewn thickly with the berries sprinkled with sugar. Cover these with a second layer of cake, moistened with the rest of the cream, and spread with the remainder of the berries. Pour the ice-cold custard over all; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff meringue with a little powdered sugar; mix in a handful of berries and heap the meringue on top of the trifle.—Harper's Bazar.

SILKS AND RIBBONS.

How to Remove Unsightly Spots and Discolorations.

Clean colored silks in a mixture made by boiling to a pulp old kid gloves as near the color of the silk as you can get. Place the gloves in a new tin pan, in cold water, when boiled, strain the pulpy mass, add a little hot water and ammonia. Wash the silk ribbon in this and put a little borax and spirits of camphor in the rinsing water—about half a teaspoonful of each to a quart of water; do not iron, but let the pieces hang until dry. Clean black ribbons in the manner described for black silk. It is said that when the color has been taken out by fruit it may be restored by ammonia, and that when color has been destroyed by a strong acid it may be restored by wetting the spot with a strong soap lather, to which a pinch of saleratus has been added. Never try any cleansing fluid on a gown unless you first experiment with a piece of the goods, for colors are curious many times when so treated and act in an unexpected manner. From an old recipe book I glean that ribbons may be easily renewed if washed in a suds of cold water and castile soap, and ironed, while damp, with a cloth between the iron and ribbon. Colored ribbons, neckties, drapery, silk scarves, etc., are easily and quickly cleaned by immersing them in a bowl of naphtha, but remember how explosive it is and also that it chaps the hands. Silk embroidery upon fancy-work or dresses may be cleaned with a camel's-hair brush dipped in spirits of wine. Many stains may be removed from light silks with clear water, rubbing spot dry at once so that the water will not run into the dust on the edge of the spot and cause a light ring or shading.—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Ideal Breakfast Dish.

Bacon and poached eggs, if correctly cooked and served make a breakfast dish which will tempt even the most capricious appetite. Care should be taken in selecting the bacon. Choose bacon of medium size, with the fat and lean quite distinct in coloring. The lean should be pink and the fat white. If the lean looks streaked the bacon will probably be hard or tough. In cutting the rashers from a piece of bacon cut in the same way as slices off a loaf. A sharp knife or a small carver should be used, and with a little practice the rashers can be cut with unerring precision from top to bottom of the joint, fat and lean even slices. It is much better to do this yourself than to have it cut at the grocer's. The toast beneath the eggs should be extremely thin and well browned and the eggs poached according to the individual fancy. They should be served on a small platter, with the thin slices of bacon resting upon a bed of water-cresses. Prepare this dish for breakfast some warm morning and see if the members of your household will not appreciate it.—Chicago Times.

Flowers in the Sickroom.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the injurious effect of flowers in the sickroom. The presence of flowers with strong odors is usually offensive to persons in health and, of course, is much more so to an invalid with supersensitive nerves. The presence, however, of flowers with delicate fragrance is generally beneficial. Certain colors are said to act favorably upon the nervous system. Red blossoms are stimulating, while delicate blue flowers are soothing.—N. Y. Tribune.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

"CONSIDER HIM.."

HEBREW 12:3.

He claims the strife of the warring will. He softens the hardest breast; He speaks peace to the troubled soul, And giveth the weary rest.

He feeds the hungry with bread from Heaven, And then, in the thirsty strife, He cleaves the rock in the desert way, And sends the water of life.

He bears my cry, He drieth my tears, And waiting, I find at length, He is better to me than all my fears, And stronger than all my strength.

He standeth by in the wildest storm, When the waves would overwhelm, The mighty grasp of His Pilot hand Holds steady my trembling helm.

He lifts the burden I can not bear, Just when I am sinking down; He glides the top of the heaviest cross, With the flashing light of the crown.

He feels the strain of the yearning love, When dawn comes sadly part; He bears the brunt of sorrow's stroke, He bindeth the broken heart.

In the darkest night He whispers low, "Till Hope and Faith are one; He leads through the dark, more safe and sure Than alight in the cloudless sun."

He eases pain and assuages grief, He comforts in all my gloom; His peace throws light through the darkened vale, And a halo above the tomb.

He stays the heart 'neath the setting sun, Through the shadows, dark and deep; He leatheth down to the water's edge, And gives His beloved sleep.

He breaks the bars of the prison cage, And beareth the soul on His wing; The victory wins from the opened grave, And wresteth from Death his sting.

He smeth again with the trump and shout, And the hosts from the shining shore; The Glory of God He'll bring to me, Forever and evermore.

Then soul! look back upon what He was, Look on through the ages dim; He is and shall be the very same, Christ Jesus, "Consider Him!" —Capt. R. E. Carter, in N. Y. Independent.

THE GOVERNING MOTIVE.

If Discouragement Overtakes You in Life, Look Back to Your Heroic Resolve.

Of the dead, it is a well-settled rule that we are to think and speak as they were at their best. The living do not fare so well at our hands. We insist upon judging them, if not at their worst, at least at no better than their average. With severe impartiality, we are reluctant to take even ourselves at our best. We shrink from holding to the convictions arrived at when our thought is clearest, and incline to those which are the product of confused and groping moments. The emotions which rise within us when we are most responsive are tempted to let go for those which come to us when we are dull and unstrung. So of those resolves and plans of life which are the birth of our better selves; we will not see how a true philosophy lies in testing ourselves and bracing ourselves by them, instead of looking preferably at the flaws in the work and the strain of the stuff in actual achievement.

It might almost be said that the essential difference between a theist and an agnostic is that the former falls back on the testimony of his best moments, while the latter puts the emphasis on his worst. Prof. William Knight, in his recent book on "Aspects of Theism," frankly declares, what most candid men will admit to be the fact, that "theistic evidence comes and goes." This agrees with Darwin's saying that his judgment "fluctuated"; that sometimes the theistic conviction would force itself upon him with irresistible power, while sometimes it would escape his efforts to grasp it. But why should any man hesitate over the choice between his faculties at their flood and at their ebb? If he can sell pig iron or write letters or make a speech or paint a picture better in some moods than in others, why not acknowledge that he can judge better of the deep things of God at some times than at others, and why not choose the best times for the latter as well as for the former?

In the sphere of the emotive life we often fail to give their full evidential value to our most impressionable states. Immortality seems very real and necessary when death snatches away our best and leaves a chasm at our feet. Why should not the memory of such experiences weigh as much with us as the dulling of belief in the life beyond, which the daily round and irresponsive man and nature bring? The social nature of religion is borne in upon us overwhelmingly when, with the great congregation, we are lifted upon the swell of a mighty hymn. Surely that fact is as good to plant our feet upon as the sense of individual isolation before God, which comes at other times. In any view of the case, emotion plays a great part in life, and it may well be that we need more boldness and confidence in taking our emotions at their best.

Matthew Arnold struck deep into human experience when he wrote: Yet tasks in hours of twilight wild May be in hours of gloom fulfilled.

Here, above all—in the executive part of life—we must hold fast to the principle of taking ourselves at our best. And the best here often means, not the day's actual work, which may be worthless enough, but the dominating motive with which we have taken up the whole of life's task. What drudgery! what pettiness! what failure! we often cry, when, if we would but look back to the original resolution with which we set out, we might, again see it to be heroic, and the drudgery and pettiness and failure to be only the dust along the road where a radiant purpose is marching on to its goal.—Outlook.

RIGHT AMBITION.

No grander Work Than That of Edifying and Building Up the Church of God. Ambition is very often ignoble. When its aim is purely selfish it is one of the basest passions. A man who is under its sway will care only for his own advancement in position, office or wealth, and will bend all his energies to secure those things which promise to help him to attain that which he desires. But ambition may be sanctified. It was thus that Paul viewed it when he wrote

to the Corinthians: "Seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church." "If our aim is to serve others, and we endeavor to increase our resources and powers for such service, we engage in a laudable undertaking. There were those at Corinth who desired to use the spiritual power they possessed of speaking with tongues for their own profit. They were not anxious to promote the welfare of others. But the great use which every Christian should make of his endowments is to help all whom he can reach. We ought not to be content with my attainments we have made, if there is yet more than we can attain to which will be helpful to our brethren. We are under obligation to develop to the fullest extent possible every Christian grace. We have no right to be satisfied with a mere hope of salvation. We are called to constant effort. While we are not to engage in Christian endeavor in a spirit of rivalry, we are to "consider one another to provoke to love and good works," and this will be most surely done as we seek to excel in spiritual life and gifts.

Increase in numbers is very earnestly desired and labored for in many churches. There is much less thought about increase in graces and gifts. But there is something faulty if progress is not sought and manifest in both of these particulars. To grow in grace and in gifts is possible. Friendship with Christians and the habitual study of the Scriptures ought to develop both character and gifts which may render efficient service for edification.

And can we aim at any grander work than that of edifying, building up, the church of God? Any church-member who can better qualify himself to promote the increase and strength of the spiritual house may well feel that this is an imperative duty and grand privilege. The counsel of Paul to Timothy to stir up his gift, may have suggestions for Christians of all time. There needs often to be an awakening of our powers for service as one would rekindle a dying fire. God's building rises slowly and gives many tokens of weakness because there are so few who are using their gifts and opportunities for its edification. We need the ambition to "excel," not in selfish rivalry, but with that grand incentive which the Apostle acknowledges, when he writes: "We make it our aim to be well-pleasing to Him."—Christian Inquirer.

Life's Sustenance.

Seek your life's nourishment in your life's work. Do not think that after you have bought or sold or studied or taught, you will go into your closet and open your Bible and repair the damage or the loss which your daily life has left you. Do those things, certainly, but also insist that your buying, or selling, or studying, or teaching shall itself make you brave, patient, pure and holy.

Do not let your occupation pass you by, and only leave you the basest and poorest of its benefits, the money with which it fills your purse. This is the life that, indeed, "catches the quality of the life of God," and still it is a life possible to every one of us.—Phillips Brooks.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Bright Bits of Truth from the Ram's Horn Columns.

The devil always hates the man whom God indorses.

Love to God is sure to bring peace of conscience.

Whenever love makes a gift it anoints it with its own blood.

Growth is always the result of life inside.

The sinner is on his way to God as soon as he turns his back on sin.

If you are a David, God will sooner or later give you a chance to meet Goliath.

The highest duty of every man is to love God and keep His commandments.

God is soon found when we are willing to kick the last sin out of the house.

Whenever you are sowing seed remember that it is God's business to make it grow.

The only business of Christ in this world was to seek and save the lost.

Indifference about the salvation of the world is disloyalty to Christ.

Many men sell themselves to the devil because they first get in debt.

A Christian's cry for deliverance is the marching order to the armies of the skies.

A pure heart is a jewel which should adorn every blood-bought soul.

If tombstones were reliable, the devil would soon be wearing mourning.

You can often tell how much God has to do with a church by the way the people sing.

Have you ever noticed how fast God's mercies multiply when you try to count them up?

God sees to it that the cheerful giver never has to go out of the business for want of capital.

God has declared that the way to get happiness is to give it, and yet how few believe it.

You are doing what Christ would do when you are trying to lighten the burden of another.

The hardest place in which a Christian man can be put, is the one he picks out for himself.

When we have once tasted the bread of life, the best the world can offer seems to be all crust.

There are angels in Heaven who have nothing to do but to help men who are true to God.—Psalms 34:7.

If you go to church without praying for the preacher, the devil will be very apt to walk home with you.

Every preacher ought to remember that the only thing that can be used to hit sin square in the head is truth.

"Possession is nine points of the law," and profession is nine points in the average Christian experience.

There is the same relationship between faith and works that there is between the fruit of a tree and its roots.

The only condition upon which some people are willing to work is that they may do it in the front window.

All things work together for good to them that love God, is a promise calculated to make any Christian clap his hands for joy.