HOW I LOVE HER.

How I love her none may say
In what sweet and varied way—
Loving her this way and that;
For a ribbon on her hat—
For her soft cheek's crimson dyes—
For a trick of her blue eyes!
How I love her none may say,
Yet I love her all the day!

How I love her none may know;
Who can say why roses grow?
How, where'er it breathes and blows,
Still the rough wind loves the rose?
For her lips, so honey sweet,
For the falling of her feet—
Who shall all my love declare?
Yet I love her all the year!

How I love her none may say;
In the winter, in the May—
In all seasons, dark or bright,
Love by day and love by night!
For her glance, her smile; the mere
Presence of her there and here!
In my sighing, in my song,
Still I love her all life long!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE NEW YORK ALPS.

A New Jersey Man's View of the City in 1920.

It was a sultry morning in August, 1920; having an idle day in New York, I had inveigled a friend into showing me its marvelous sights.

"I hope you've brought an overcoat," he said, to my amazement, as we started out. "You will need it," he added, moping his forehead. As he spoke we turned into a narrow street running north and south. Here a breeze struck our faces as cool as if it blew from the ferny depths of a canyon. The light was twilight, and looking up I saw that we were walled in by gigantic buildings. Far above, between their black sides, ran a silver ribbon of sky.

"We are now entering the range of the New York Alps," he exclaimed.

"But what is the reason for this sudden change in the weather?" I asked, fearing to contract pneumonia before I could button my coat.

"Why, the sun rises at eleven and sets at two in this street. It is called Crevasse alley. This building on the right is Jungfrau, the other Juggernaut. Both are snow-capped." He then began to stare so hard at Jungfrau that I thought he must be trying to discover a mortgage on it, but one glance at his face assured me that I was wrong. He was weeping. "That is my old homestead," he sighed.

I looked at him amazed. "What a perfectly enormous family there must have been!"

"Only three children," he replied, puzzled at my surprise. "Oh, I see," he laughed; "you thought we occupied the whole building. No, indeed; there were forty-five other families under the same roof. My homestead is the two extreme northeast windows of the tenth floor. See, one of them has a jar of milk on it." Then followed an eloquent silence which I dared not break. "I tell you, Tom," he at length continued, "it stirs all the poetry in my being to see my old home again. What fond memories cling to that window!"

I found myself instinctively looking up for the memories. Just then a peddler accosted us.

"Looking for your old homestead?" he asked. "Hire one of my fine telescopes."

My companion drew himself up stiffly. "My family were first settlers, and our windows can be seen with the naked eye. You see, my father," he continued to me, "owned a very valuable layer of air three hundred and fifty feet above the building. I was not old enough then to advise him, so he sold out. But it was a mistake. New York air is getting more valuable every day."

I thought it a kindness to check unhappy reminiscences, so I said: "But how can the memory of such a cooped-up life be grateful? What fun, for instance, can a boy have in such a place?"

"Oh, it was possible in those days to reach the sidewalk during the course of a morning, and there we played like rowdies. To be sure, we were cramped in many ways. We were like the elephant in the conundrum—we couldn't climb a tree; then the rules of the flat admitted no domestic animals—neither dogs, chickens nor horses."

"That was hard."

"Yes; still I love the old spot."

As we talked we threaded our way through Ravine street and Gulley way, always in the cool shadow of buildings whose tops were lost in the clouds. I was thinking the while of the sweet, idle fields of my New Jersey farm, and I asked: "Is there not ground enough, that people should take to building castles in the air?"

"Is it possible, men, that you do not understand the wonderful advantage of those buildings?"

"Frank!—no; and, moreover, I've been racking my brain to discover why they are painted in stripes."

"The particular building before you is called the Refrigerator," he explained. "And those stripes are the isothermal lines representing its summer climate—red being torrid; green, temperate; white, approaching arctic. Well, I'd no idea you knew so little of the world; you must have been living in New Jersey." Then, seeing my confusion, he said: "In that case you need a change of air. Let us ascend the Refrigerator. It only takes a day and a half."

"A day and a half!" I gasped. "And you sleep in the elevator?"

"Why, yes. There are Pullman sleepers attached. But don't say elevators, man; that's old American. They're called translators now. Come, it's sweltering here, and once there we'll have peaches for tea and toboggan slides after. I know some delightful people, too—the first families of the Refrigerator, who claim to have come up in the first translator."

The plan was alluring, I agreed, and in an hour we were on board the translator, speeding upward.

The first stations were hot, noisy slams, and, as I am rich and poverty annoys me, I paid no attention to them. It grew more interesting in the afternoon, when we struck October weather, and as we neared a station the conductor called out: "Thirty minutes for shopping."

Upon my looking puzzled my friend said: "We'll need to stop and buy warmer clothing." I was beginning to lose the power of being surprised, so I made no exclamation when we alighted upon an indoors street lined with stores. The inhabitants were brisk, and there was a general air of gayety and a great display of fashion.

"We've now entered the green isotherm," said my friend; "the summer resorts of the 'upper ten.' In fact, the social scale runs up and down this building like a thermometer, and one often hears the elite described as a seventy-degree family."

"At least at one end of the scale they live on 0," I added.

"The next region is a queer contrast," he continued, as the translator again sped upwards. "The apartments are inexpensive, for clouds hang continually about the windows. The community is composed almost entirely of poets and artists, for they love to live in the clouds, you know."

I was much disappointed to see that, as our route lay through a dark shaft, we could see nothing of the scenery. The room was artificially lighted, and I only felt with horror that we were still flying upward.

"Aren't we almost up to heaven?" I asked, finally.

"No," lauged my friend. "But this is our last stop. We are now on the roof of the Arctic flats," he explained as we alighted. "This is mild winter climate."

I observed many bazars where furs, skates and blankets were for sale, and Christmas trees were standing everywhere. There had been a light fall of snow, and children were coasting merrily down a slanting roof; there were even a few sleighs. I noticed shadows shifting over us continually, and looking up I saw air-ships flying in every direction.

"You will be surprised to hear," said my friend, "that many never leave these regions during their lifetime, which accounts for the fair northern type of the inhabitants. I have an aunt living here whom I've never seen. She was naturally frigid and preferred living in these flats. We call her Aunt Arctic, and often talk of fitting out an expedition to discover her."

"Had you any idea," I interrupted, "that it was half-past ten o'clock. It's perfectly light!"

"Oh, that's because we're so near the stars. You'll find out that all the astronomers live here. They tell us that there are indications that Mars is leaving her orbit to avoid the smoke from the chimneys of our high buildings."

"I don't doubt it. I should think on a soft summer evening one might even hear the music of the spheres here."

"You may laugh," he rejoined, "but queer things have happened. It's an actual fact that after the World building was completed one of Jupiter's moons deserted him and took to revolving around its dome. Astronomers were wild with excitement. But one night it disappeared, having discovered, I suppose, that the World was not exactly a heavenly body."

Just then we were attracted by a great crowd under a lightning-rod.

"Why, you see," explained a man, "we had a friget last night; a star got stuck on our lightning-rod."

"You don't mean it?"

"A fact, sir. After an hour of agony on our part, during which we played the hose on it, it wiggled itself clear and rolled off."

"How strange it all is!" I murmured as we walked on. "In my geography days I used to consider the Rocky mountains high, but after seeing the New York buildings I shall never again presume to think so. I understand now a sentence in my daughter's lesson which puzzled us both. It said 'The New York glacier rises in the New York Alps, takes a downward course, and empties into the West side sewer.'"

"Oh, yes; that starts in the north gutter of the Iceberg flats."

As it was getting late we descended to the summer resorts, where we had decided to remain a time in preference to the Arctic region; for, as my friend said, "Living was too high up there."
—Caro Lloyd, in Leslie's Weekly.

The Doctor's Rash Promise.

This is a true tale, and it points a moral. A physician of this city had treated a certain gentleman and was asked the question: "How much do I owe you?"

"Three dollars," said the physician.

But when the patient drew forth a ten dollar gold piece the healer looked chapfallen, and asked, anxiously: "Have you no change?"

"No," was the answer. "Only this and two nickels."

"Then give me the two nickels," said the physician, "for if I take the gold I shall be seven dollars out."

The unhappy man had rashly promised his wife that all the gold taken in by him in the discharge of his calling should be his wife's perquisite.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Genuine Hero.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they wrecked far out to sea, and left buffeting the waves without a plank to assist them.

Each one gave his opinion except Paddy Murphy, who after being asked for his, replied:

"Bedad, ye cowardly set of spalpeens, ye'd all be after savin' yerselves, an' not tryin' to save another. Why, it's Paddy Murphy that would swim ashore an' save himself, and thin come back an' thry to save another!"
—Toledo Blade.

A Thorough Confession.

"Herbert," she said, "tell me one thing, and tell me truthfully. Were you ever intoxicated?"

"Well," replied the young man, "I was air-tight once."

"What do you mean?"

"I had a tooth pulled and took laughing gas."—Toledo Blade.

COMMON POISONOUS PLANTS.

Water Hemlock, Hellebore, Aconite, Foxglove and Others.

The recent death of five school-boys at Tarrytown, N. Y., from eating a root which they supposed to be sweet flag, calls attention in a very tragic and painful way to the presence of poisonous plants in our woods and fields. Just what the root really was I have not definitely learned. A medical journal commenting on the case supposes that it was the very common plant known as poison ivy or poison oak (Rhus toxicodendron). My own opinion would be that it was probably either the water hemlock (Cicuta maculata) or the American hellebore (Veratrum viride), both of which are poisonous plants that grow, like the harmless sweet flag, in moist localities. But perhaps it is not so important to learn what plant killed the unfortunate lads as to remember that the fatal root was so palatable that the boys ate it eagerly. That a root or other vegetable product may be pleasant to the taste and yet contain a deadly poison is a very important thing to know.

Fortunately not many of our native plants possess this very dangerous combination of qualities. Of those that do, perhaps the most dangerous is the water hemlock, already mentioned. This is a rank weed, growing commonly in moist localities. Its fleshy roots have a pleasant aromatic taste, but are virulently poisonous. To add to the danger there is a closely-related plant, called the sweet cicely, that grows in similar localities and much resembles the water hemlock, but which has a root that is both palatable and wholesome. Many persons have lost their lives through mistaking one of these plants for the other. Another related plant that grows commonly here, having been introduced from Europe, is the poison hemlock (conium maculata), the plant that furnished the poison with which the ancient Greeks killed their capital criminals, and sometimes, as in the case of Socrates and Phocion, their philosophers. These deadly hemlocks belong to the same family with the parsnip, carrot and celery, all three of which vegetables are poisonous in their native state, and have only become wholesome through cultivation. Even now the parsnip sometimes develops poisonous principles if allowed to become too old before being pulled.

The hellebore is also a common plant, growing in boggy places. It is a lily (though no one but a botanist would suspect the relationship) with broad plaited leaves that clasp the stem at their base. The poisonous properties of this plant were well known to the Indians, who are said to have sometimes used it in selecting their chiefs—the man who could take most of the poison with impunity being regarded as strongest and best qualified to lead. On account of this tradition the hellebore is often called "Indian poke." It is also sometimes called "crow plant," because the early settlers scattered corn steeped in a decoction of hellebore over their fields to poison crows.

The aconites are another tribe of common and very dangerous plants. A few weeks ago a family on Long Island suffered from eating the roots of one of these plants. We have several native species, but none of these is as well known as the "monk's hood," which has come to us from Europe. This plant has a historical interest, as its poison was used on arrow heads in primitive warfare, and in the execution of criminals in more civilized communities. In some countries it was used to poison wolves, and hence it is often called "wolfsbane."

We are also indebted to Europe for several other common plants that are very poisonous; in particular, the foxglove (Digitalis purpurea), the deadly nightshade (Atropa beladonna), the henbane (Hyoscyamus niger) and the stramonium (datura stramonium). The last named is a very common roadside weed, having a large tubular white flower. It is commonly called Jamestown weed, often corrupted to "jimsen weed," this same having its origin in an incident of the early history of Virginia. Some soldiers who had been sent to Jamestown to quell the rebellion of Bacon were poisoned by eating a salad made of young shoots of the stramonium. The deadly nightshade must not be confounded with our charming lilies called drooping nightshades (trilliums), which are plants of far better repute.

I have mentioned only the commoner plants whose poisons are most virulent. A long list might be added of plants in some degree poisonous, but the effects of which are seldom fatal. Perhaps the most common of all, and certainly the most generally known, is the poison ivy, already referred to, which really is not an ivy at all, but a climbing sumac (rhus). This plant has the unenviable distinction of being poisonous to the touch. Fortunately it does not affect all persons, however, some being able to handle it with impunity.—Harper's Young People.

—Fanny Crosby, the blind Methodist hymn-writer, is now seventy years of age. She has written about three thousand Sunday-school hymns, many of which are widely known. She was born at South East, N. Y., in 1823, and lost her sight when six weeks old through the ignorant application of a warm poultice to her eyes. She has been an inmate of and teacher in the institution of the blind in New York city since 1835. In 1858 she was married to Alexander Van Alstyne, a musician, who was also blind. Her first poem was published in 1831, and her first volume of verse, "A Blind Girl and Other Poems," in 1844.

—Redfield was the first meteorologist to prove that in all extensive severe storms a system of surface winds is blowing in toward the storm center.

—In Norway the perpetual snow line is at 2400 feet; in the Himalayas, 16,700; in the Andes, 18,600.

—In the temperate zones, the maximum of heat is attained about a month after the longest days.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—According to Librarian Hosmer of Minneapolis the public library of that city, at the present rate of increase, will within a short time be second or first in the United States in the number of books circulated.

—Andrew Carnegie will return to Pittsburgh in the fall to arrange for the formal opening of the library which he is to give to his fellow-citizens. From all accounts, the institution promises to be worthy its great purpose and fit to do its donor honor. The building's capacity will be 230,000 volumes.

—Guidde's Book "Caligula," which is supposed to refer to Emperor William, has had a wonderful sale in Germany. Over one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold already and three printing establishments are kept busy supplying the demand. The work is now in its twenty-fourth edition.

—A portrait of the late duke of Clarence, painted by Mr. Alfred A. Poore, the artist, is to be presented to the duke and duchess of York as a wedding gift from the officers of the Tenth Hussars. The portrait represents the late duke in the magnificent uniform of that regiment, and is admirably executed.

—Mark Twain says there are three "infallible" ways of pleasing an author: 1. To tell him you have read one of his books. 2. To tell him you have read all of his books. 3. To ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. No. 1 admits you to his respect. No. 2 admits you to his admiration. No. 3 carries you clear into his heart.

—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge had in his possession an exceedingly interesting collection of letters of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, which had been addressed to his father, Sir John T. Coleridge. The letters cover nearly the whole of the poet's career, and begin with the appeal to buy his discharge from the army.

—Thomas Nast, the caricaturist, formerly with Harper's Weekly, and now in London on the Pall Mall Gazette, spent much of the past winter painting. His early ambition was to be an historical painter before his great success as a cartoonist made him give up the brush for the pencil. He has now returned to his old love, and has recently finished two large pictures of events in the late war.

—Much regret is felt in Spain at the death at Madrid of Don F. Madrazo, one of the most gifted artists of Spain. He had reached the Biblical limit in age. Among his most famous pictures are "Godfrey of Bouillon Proclaimed King of Jerusalem," painted in 1839; "Marie Christine as a Nun at the Bed of Ferdinand VII.," "Women at the Sepulchre of Christ," and many portraits of Spanish aristocrats.

—Queen Victoria presented the duchess of York with two cradles for her baby. One is of whitewood, and is the same bassinet as originally held the Empress Frederick of Germany. It has an inscription in silver letters to that effect, and also that the queen gave it to the duchess of York in 1894. It is fitted up with white satin and Honiton lace. The other cradle is made of mahogany with a rich gilt inlay, and is upholstered in pale blue brocade. Both are furnished with sheets of Irish lawn edged with lace, and blankets as light as eiderdown, composed of Pyrenean wood.

HUMOROUS.

—Tim—"What kind of a necktie is that, Bill—a four-in-hand?" Bill—"No, a second-hand."—South Boston News.

—"What's that noise?" asked Willie, as the owls began to hoot. "It's a howl," said his English nurse. "Poh!" cried Willie. "I know that, but what is it that's howling?"—Harper's Bazar.

—To Us in Dreams—

What is it speaks to us in dreams?
Is it a voice from Evermore?
Or is it something that we ate
The night before?
—Detroit Free Press.

—Harmony.—Cholly Greene—"What funny cigawettes; why, they're made with bwown paper!" Chappie Clinton—"Yaas; I got them made to order to match my wusset shoes."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Bound to Kick.—He—"Maria, this millinery bill is very large." She—"Why, George! I was afraid you would say that; so I got Madame Stickem to use the smallest piece of paper possible. But it is always the way with you. You're bound to find fault anyway."—Boston Transcript.

—"You haven't changed much," he observed, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "since last I saw you." "No—" (she shaded her eyes from the glaring sunlight with her gloved hand) "only one husband." Although they were old schoolmates, conversation seemed to lag.—Detroit Tribune.

—A Last Resort.—Mother—"I don't know what to do about my little boy. I have been feeding him on all the new patent health foods I could hear of, and he gets thinner and thinner every day." Doctor—"H'm! Desperate cases require desperate remedies. Try him on meat and potatoes."—Puck.

—Fond Mamma (oracularly)—"Every given name has some particular meaning, or ought to have. Charles signifies kingly; Harry, the noble; Frank—let's see—what does Frank mean?" Lovely Daughter (starting out of a reverie)—"Er—Frank? Oh, he means business; he told me so last night."—Buffalo Courier.

—No Risks Taken.—Her lip quivered and her breath came in labored gasps, but she did not speak. "Do you not love me?" he anxiously demanded, seizing her shrinking hand. "I—I don't know," she faltered. Gently he insinuated his arm about her. "Darling," he murmured, "would you like to have me ask you mamma first?" With a sudden cry of terror she grasped his arm. "No, no, no!" she shrieked, convulsively. "She is a widow; I want you myself." She clung to him until he solemnly promised that he would say nothing to the old lady at present.—Detroit Tribune.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

A STRANGER.

I strolled along a city street
One smiling Sabbath morn;
The May-day sun bent down to greet
The blossoms newly born.
A balmy scent was on the breeze,
A fragrance on the air,
While songs of birds among the trees
Spoke gladness everywhere.

I came beside an open door
Where groups were entering.
As soon as I crossed the threshold door
Sweet chimes began to ring.
A Sabbath joy was in the tone,
A gladsome welcome in,
Like that sweet peace which all have known
Whose souls are washed of sin.

I passed within the temple door,
A feast before me lay,
And many hungry souls were there
To sup with Christ that day.
I paused as some unbidden guest,
And bowed unworthily;
But Christ's dear love rose up and blessed,
Faith's garment giving me.

Though I was but a stranger there,
I entered with the throng;
My heart ascended with the prayer,
My spirit sang their song.
And when I bowed in reverent mood
To hear the blessing given,
I felt indeed it had been good
To taste this peace from Heaven.

Our Lord was ruler of the feast:
He blessed the bread and wine;
And those who leaned upon His breast
Beheld His glory shine.
Then this sweet thought came in my heart,
Like God's own word to me:
"If thou believe, where'er thou art
His feast is spread for thee."

The Father's love shall always find
His saints who work and pray;
Within His house the children find
His feast is spread alway.
O Stranger! fear not ye to come,
For all of Christ's are kin.
Be welcome to your Father's house—
His own shall enter in.
—Sylvia Brown, in Chicago Advance.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

Serving God in Our Daily Duties Will Make Toil a Source of Real Joy.

Secular work, so far from being a hinderance to spiritual culture, as many imagine, may be made a help to holy living. The attention, consideration, patience, and self-repression which are required in business are in themselves a discipline of character, and in a good man must tend to confirm and strengthen the corresponding graces. Then there are the cares and uncertainties of business which can not fail to have a positive reflex influence on the spiritual life. The miscarriage of so many of our own plans should confirm our faith in the goodness and wisdom of providence, and be a constant reminder of our dependence upon the Almighty. The fluctuation to which all worldly things are liable should send us oftener to Him who changeth not, and whose love is the only enduring portion. Our success and our gains should lift up our hearts to the Giver of all good, without whose blessing prosperity becomes a calamity and temporal gain an inconceivable misfortune. The perfidy of the deceitful and the roguery of the unscrupulous should incite us value more highly the truthfulness of God. And, above all, the remembrance that we brought nothing into the world and will carry nothing hence should constrain us to "seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." Thus the gulf between the secular and the sacred will be filled up, their jarring will be changed into harmony, and the consciousness that we are serving God not less in our business engagements and household duties than when presenting our praises and petitions, will make toil what it was in Eden—a source of real joy; and thus it will be impossible to tell where the secular ends and the spiritual begins, for both will unite in one mighty stream of activity and feeling.

Such a consummation, and one so devoutly to be wished, is only attainable by entire consecration to the Lord. First give Him yourselves, that He may save and sanctify you; then give Him your time and your talents—all you have and all you are. Associate Christ, in spirit at least, with all you do, doing all as His servants, and with a view to His glory. Do nothing upon which you can not ask His blessing; embark on no enterprise which you can not ask Him to prosper. And for the rest, I would simply add in closing: Carry your religious candor and uprightness into your business; bring your business activity and energy into your religion. Make your religion a part of your work, and your work a part of your religion; let the same high sense of duty inspire you in the one and in the other; let a scrupulous conscientiousness characterize all you do, whether it be secular or spiritual; let Christ be your Alpha and Omega, and let His favor be prized above the profits of business. Above all, ever bear in mind that your chief end in life is not to provide for this world, which you must soon leave, but to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever; and then, day by day, you will find this problem of how to harmonize the secular with the sacred solving itself; but be sure of this, it will only be on the lines indicated in our text: "Whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Rev. George Davidson.

CHARITY WITH EMPHASIS.

A Lad Who Gave His Life for Services to the Poor.

About a year and a half ago a boy of sixteen conceived the plan of selling coal to the poor of the city of New York at cost. He was a thoughtful lad, and wished something could be done to alleviate the misery of the unfortunate.

The plan he had formed, as we learn from the New York Sun, he carried to his father, who immediately adopted it.

"When will you do it, father?" asked the lad, eagerly.

"I will begin to-morrow," was the answer, "and you shall help me."

The gentleman, notwithstanding he was a busy man and a member of one of the busiest firms in New York, began his experiment by the sale of coal in two easily accessible places.

What had suggested this charity was the fact that the poor necessarily buy their coal in small quantities of from twenty-five to a hundred pounds, and have to pay about three times its value.

The lad's father proposed to sell a scuttleful of coal, or twenty-five pounds, for very much less than the people were accustomed to pay—or at cost.

At first the poor, who, we are sorry to say, have some reasons of suspecting the rich of trying to make them poorer, were somewhat skeptical as to the meaning of this abatement of cost. From their experiences they knew no reason why any man, especially a rich man, should bring tons of coal from the mines to New York to sell to them without gain to him.

They did not realize that the teachings of Christ, who lived nineteen hundred years ago, could persuade a New Yorker to forego a legitimate profit. He must make money from the sale somehow. By some shrewdness or trickery he was sure, at their expense, they thought, to make an addition to his riches.

But the boy who conceived the idea went to the yards day after day, and saw to it that first one poor man and then another received an honest twenty-five pounds of coal for his pittance of money. No slate or refuse in that coal. It was honest fuel.

Soon the wonderful story was told among the poor of the city, until it is said there were thousands of destitute families supplied daily.

But the lad's coal was sold even below cost. For it was bought to be delivered only on the dock of New York, and the merchant bore the cost of having it handled after that, until it got into the poor man's hod.

By this means he gave steady employment to about two hundred men, who otherwise would have been idle, and for whose labor the poor did not pay. That is charity with an emphasis. That is good will to men after the Master's own heart.

But what of the boy? Eager to see that his plan was fully carried out, he constantly went to the coal yards. In doing this he caught a serious cold which settled on his lungs. Pneumonia followed and terminated fatally in a brief time. Why such a life, so full of promise, should be cut off when the world so greatly needs its Christ-like influence, only God knows. Human reason is dumb before such a loss.

"Why not try bread at cost, father?" were among the last words of the dying lad.

To coal and bread the noble and bereaved merchant has added tea and coffee at cost. He has also opened lodging-houses, where a man can get a clean cot for the night, and bread and coffee for breakfast—all for five cents. This is below cost.

"At cost" is one of the mottoes of Christian service. Pecuniary gain is not considered when sincere men are working in partnership with Christ. And this man and this boy have exemplified it.—Youth's Companion.

Safeguards Against Evil.

Be careful how you permit the gradual removal from your thinking and conduct of those safeguards against evil that were established by wise counselors in your early years. They are like fortress walls for your protection. It is estimated that about one million acres on the Atlantic and Baltic shores of Europe have become since the destruction of the forests a moving desert of sand dunes, rolling inland, burying the fertile soil and rendering the land barren by the sand showers sprinkled over it, while following the landward roll of the dunes came the restless march of the victorious sea. Like the removal of those forests is the removal, in both individual and national life, of loyalty to the precepts of the Bible and pious instruction. A way is opened for the incoming of a vast flood of evil.—Morning Star.

HERE AND THERE.

Some of the "Figs and Thistles" of the Ram's Horn.

Borrowed clothes never fit.

The devil hates a schoolhouse.

A lie always robs those who believe it.

You began your eternal life at your birth.

A profane tongue plays the devil's music.

Unrepented sin is a promissory note to the devil.

The heathen were not all born in a heathen country.

When you use an oath you defy God and serve the devil.

Death only changes the surroundings not the eternity.

Most people believe in the total depravity of somebody else.

The day that does not begin with prayer does not begin right.

God's peace is only for those who do not fear the devil's war.

A drop of dew tries as hard to do God's will as a thunderstorm.

All Heaven listens when we send up a heartfelt prayer for an enemy's good.

The man who takes God for his guide will not long have to travel in the dark.

The love that will not suffer long and remain kind, is not the kind that comes from God.

When people get to quarreling about their creeds, the devil stops being anxious about their deeds.

There is something wrong in the Christianity of the man who never prays for people he don't like.

Many a man refuses to love his neighbor as himself because he has a garden and his neighbor keeps hens.

The gift that is always pleasing in the eye of God is the one that is anointed with the blood of self-sacrifice.

If you love your enemies and do good to those who despitefully use you, you are on the right road to Heaven.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself will not have to be taken into court to make him do what is right.

Job could believe that everything was all right in spite of appearance, because he knew that his Redeemer lived.

The love that never speaks until it does it on a gravestone isn't doing much to help bring the world to Christ.

Salvation doesn't depend so much upon what the head thinks about God, as upon what the heart is doing with Christ.

Get people to believe that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive and the church entertainment will die a sudden death