

## HONOR BRIGHT.

Where Her Honesty Was the Best Policy.

Honor Bright signed her name at the end of a school report which she had just finished, and then, heaving a little sigh, remarked to a companion who sat at the desk near and was engaged in a similar occupation:

"I almost regret sometimes that my parents did not give me a different name."

"Why?" was asked in surprise. "Because the one they gave me brought with it such a weight of responsibility. I feel that I must be Honor Bright in nature as well as in name."

"Then I suppose I ought to have a sticky, tobaccoey nature," the friend rejoined.

Honor laughed merrily. "What can you mean, Virgie?" she inquired, looking at her companion with eyes from which the seriousness had all departed.

"Why, don't you see?" she returned, as she signed her name to the report, "Virginia Spaulding Merrick. Virginia savors of tobacco. I have seen it hundreds of times on the papers of tobacco that my father's workmen have around them. And then of course you have always heard of Spaulding's glue. Isn't that name sticky and tobaccoey enough to disgust anybody? I'd leave out the middle one—it's of no use—only Mr. Harding insists on having it signed that way."

They were not fully fledged teachers these two young girls, but were merely undergoing a six months' probation at the training-school. The rules there were very strict, and they were anxious to comply with every one; for they knew that their prospect of getting a position depended to a great extent on the principal's recommendation. At the end of the six months there would be a vacancy in one of the nearest schools, and that was to be filled by the graduate having the best record in the training department. Honor was exceedingly anxious for the position. Her mother had made many sacrifices to keep her at school, and she wanted to relieve her of expense as soon as possible.

"Why should you worry about living up to your name?" Virgie went on. "After all, there is very little honor in the world, and those who are looziest in regard to this matter get along best, I think."

Both were very serious now. "Then you do not believe that 'honesty is the best policy,'" Honor asked anxiously. She was beginning to love this bright companion, although she had known her only a few weeks, and she was shocked to hear her express such an opinion. She had been taught to have the very strictest regard for truth, and it pained her to find it lacking in others. Besides, Virgie was such excellent company that she had a decided influence over her friends, and Honor feared that that influence might be if the girl really felt the sentiment that she expressed.

"Not a bit of it. Do you?" Virgie inquired. "Yes, I believe I do," Honor returned. "It seems to me that though dishonesty may triumph for awhile, like murder, it will out in the end."

"I'm not so sure about that. Now, for instance, we are supposed to be in our classrooms at eight-fifty, and we are expected to keep a true account of the time that we enter. Yet I know that many of the training-school girls always put down eight-fifty whether they are in their rooms at that time or not. Isn't it policy for them to do it? Who will be any the wiser? If they were counted late it would go against their record."

"I would rather be counted late than dishonest," Honor answered, emphatically. "If no one else knew it I should know it myself, and I prefer to have a clear conscience. And then I think we can avoid either disgrace by making an effort to be always early."

"But if you had to be late some morning, what then?"

"I hope I should be honorable enough to mark it so, even though I suffered in consequence. You would too, wouldn't you, Virgie?"

"I don't know. The temptation is so strong. But if you really feel this way, why need you worry about being like your name? You won't disgrace that, with your principles."

"Because it seems to me that sometimes it is so difficult to be strictly true. Do you never, when off your guard, find yourself saying something that isn't exactly so, or exaggerating a little, even without meaning to do it?"

"Well, now that you speak of it, I remember that I have done so, but I hardly think I should stop to worry about it. Come, let us go; it is four o'clock, and time we were at home instead of in these halls of learning. Know you not at this hour the dignified mice do congregate and discuss the mighty question of scattered crumbs?" and Virgie Merrick sailed out of the room with an air that completely upset Honor's gravity.

As the weeks passed and the girls became better acquainted Honor discovered that her new friend had a greater regard for truth than would appear by her remarks. Once when Virgie expressed a sentiment similar to the one mentioned in the beginning of this story Honor remonstrated.

"You give people an idea that you are not truthful," she said, "and you are as much so as anybody I know."

"Yes, I have been taught to be," Virgie responded, lightly; "but, mind you, I can't admit yet that it is the best policy, and if I were severely tempted I don't know what would be the consequence."

The end of the term had arrived. Honor was starting out from home for her last day at the training school. By the door she met her eight-year-old brother.

"See, sister," he said, pointing to a much-worn shoe, "my toe is well enough to be out now."

"Never mind," she answered, laugh-

ingly, as she bent to give him a good kiss. "They'll be sick enough to be in if I get that position."

"And will you get me shoes like Ned Harper's, sister?"

"Of course, if you like that kind best."

"And mamma a new dress? You said so, you know, and I never told that secret to anybody."

"Yes, mamma a new dress, if—but there comes my car, pet, and I must catch that, or be late," and in a few moments Honor was seated by Virgie in the car that had taken them for the past six months to the door of the training-school.

"For the last time," they said gravely to each other, but their faces brightened with the thought that their record had been perfect.

"The position is yours, without a doubt," Virgie remarked, gaily.

"Why so? There may have been others, and, besides, you stand the same chance that I do."

"All the others have been either late or absent, some both, I heard Mr. Harding remark to the commissioner; and he also said that you were the best teacher in the training school. My! what has happened? I thought I was in the middle of next week."

The exclamation was caused by a sudden jerk of the car, which made nearly all of the standing passengers lose their equilibrium. Then there was another which gave everybody a hard shake, and the car stood still with one end considerably higher than the other.

"We're off the track, and no mistake," remarked Honor. "I hope we are not kept late; that would be a catastrophe. How the car is packed this morning. Are any of the other girls here? Yes, there is Annie Hunter."

"If it weren't so far we might get out and walk," said Virgie.

"That would hardly do any good, for the car would overtake us. See, the men are getting out to help, and it will soon be on the track now."

But it was an ugly hole that the wheel had gone into, and it required much tugging, pulling, lifting and shoving, to get it in place again. The girls waited anxiously, and every minute seemed an hour.

"Do you think we would be excused if we were late?" asked Honor. "This isn't our fault."

"I don't know. Once when Mary Ridley was late and she blamed the car for it, Mr. Harding said she ought to have taken an earlier one and made allowance for delays."

But finally the car was in place and was rushing along as if trying to make up for lost time. It reached the school just as the nine o'clock bell stopped ringing, and by the time the girls reached the principal's room, where the record book was kept, it was five minutes past nine by the clock.

"Mr. Harding isn't here," said Virgie, hurriedly, and in a low tone. "Don't spoil your record, Honor. Think how much depends on it. Put down eight-fifty. I'm going to. He'll never know, and we can hurry to our rooms before he gets upstairs. We couldn't help the delay of the cars."

Honor went up to the principal's desk followed by her friend. She opened the time book, picked up a pen, and then hesitated. As Virgie had said, so much depended on this record. The girl thought she had never been so sorely tempted. Would it be very wrong to yield just once? She had counted so much on getting the position. For little Ned's sake, for her mother's sake—and yet it was that mother who had taught her to love the truth.

"I can't do it, dear," she said, with tears in her eyes, "it must go against me," and she wrote down "9:05."

Then Virgie took the pen. She meant to save her own record, anyhow. She had started from the house at the usual time, and would have been in school early but for the car. She dipped her pen in the ink, and then her real sense of right and her friend's influence won the victory, and she, too, wrote down: "9:05."

Honor gave a sigh of relief.

"After all, more depends on our being true," she said, with a sweet smile, and they slipped away to their rooms.

At 10:30, the time of the morning recess, Mr. Harding called a meeting of the teachers.

"Young ladies," he said, "I have been looking over the records this morning, and I find that two of you have been perfect with the exception of to-day's time. That lateness will be excused. It was caused by the car getting off the track, and it was off long enough to make the excuse a legitimate one. I know, for I was on the back platform of that car and had to help lift it on the track. In cases where a little delay has been said to cause lateness, and I have inquired into the matter, I have discovered that the tardy teacher had taken a late car, and I could not excuse her. Miss Merrick, Miss Bright, Miss Hunter—"

He stopped a moment here and examined the record more closely. "Miss Hunter, I thought you were on that car?" he continued, in an inquiring tone.

"I—I—was," she stammered.

"Then will you please explain how it is that your time is marked eight-fifty?"

The girl addressed looked embarrassed and said nothing.

"You are all excused with the exception of Miss Hunter," Mr. Harding added, gravely; "and as the other girls turned away Virgie took Honor's hand and whispered:

"You darling girl see what you have saved me. I can thank you best, I suppose, by admitting that 'honesty is the best policy,' but I know you would be honest always, simply because it is right to be, and without stopping to consider the 'policy' of it."

"But tell me, Virgie, didn't you feel a satisfaction in having done right, even before Mr. Harding told us this?"

"I did."

"Well, I think—yes, I know I did," was the earnest reply.—S. Jennie Smith, in Demorest's Magazine

## WELCOME TO M'KINLEY.

See, the conquering hero comes! Sound the bugles, beat the drums! Proclaim that our greatness waxes By the increase of our taxes; Holding we'd been 'long' on 'stump' If our taxes were enough. Pass our bill for every ill In the great McKinley bill. Shame on us! Can't it be true That only back in '92 Our Napoleon, tried and true, Mid loud hurrah and wild hulloo, Met a disastrous Waterloo, Now, regardless of past pain, Let's pick our flints and try again—Raise the taxes mountain high, With firm resolve to do or die. Sound the bugles, beat the drums! Hail! The conquering hero! —Peoria Herald.

## POLITICS AND PHILOSOPHY.

A Few pungent Remarks on McKinley by a Reasoner in the Kough.

Ef de kentry was all one pahty from rim ter scrim, it ud be er case ob tie up. De people must er bin satisfied wiv Cleveland de fustest time ur dey wouldn't er lected him de seckind.

Perliercal politics ain't got nothin' ter do wiv de size ob de craps or de price ob wheat.

De grass grows in de field, de sheeps eats it an' dey wool grows. All de farmer has ter do is ter cut it off. Ef he kain't do that as cheap as dey kin in de ole kentry he oughter quit de sheep bizness.

Dis yer ting ob shettin' down factories fer perliercal purposes is laik er man er choppi' his foot off ter spite er pinchin' shoe.

Eph Houston, de Chief Eagle, as stated heretofore in de Republic, was one of de distinguished politicians who occupied seats on de platform at de recent McKinley lecture along with Chauncey I. Filley, Charles Schweickard, Hon. Nathan Frank, Messrs. Niedringhaus and other shining lights of de republican party.

The chief eagle arrived in time to hear de beginning of de speech and remained to de end, paying close attention to everything that fell from de lips of de great apostle of protection.

"Ah kain't say as Ah heered anything new," said de Chief Eagle to a Republic reporter, "case Ah'd dun read de same speech erfore. McKinley was er variatin' hisself froe de kentry, an' den it wuz de same arguments as wuz variated in durin' de las' campaign. Maybe Mr. McKinley has studied de tariff mo' dan me, but Ah has studied it er heap, an' Ah don't know as Ah kin co'cide wiv him eractly on all his recumendations. Tek wool fur er instance. Whuffer does de farmer want pertection on wool? Whar's de labor come in? De grass grows uv itself here same as it do in Europe. De sheeps eats de grass, in' all de farmer has ter do is ter grab Br'er sheep, tek de shears, an' snip de wool. Ef he kain't do that ter competition wiv any kentry anyhow, he'd better quit de sheep raisin' bizness, an' go ter raisin' hogs. Ah's fur free wool, an' cheap clo'es; de cheaper de better. Ah understan' Mr. Filley agrees wiv me on dat."

"Mr. McKinley variated er heap 'bout de wheat bein' so an' so much er bushel, instead of bein' so an' so much mo', an' er blamin' de dimmercrat party fur it. Ah's studied on dis yer pint, an' Ah members when de wheat an' de co'n was so plenty, under er publican goverment, dat de farmers up in de north-west kentry couldn't eruff fur it ter pay fur haulin' in ter de market, an' dey burnt de corn for fuel. Ah knows ter as de price ob cotton goes by de size ob de crap an' de de man an' polertees hasn't got er thing ter do wiv it."

"Ah reads in de papers how dese yer speclaters bootes de price ob hog meat an' lard, no matter which pahty is er hol'n Washington down, an' Ah's got sense eruff ter know dat if de crap is bigger dan de call fur it, de price goes down, an' ef dey ain't mo're'n eruff co'n and wheat an' hog meat ter go 'round de price goes up. Ah dunno whether dey wuz 'publicans an' dimmercrats in Bible times—Ah bleeve de book do tell erbout dey bein' 'publicans—but Ah has heered when dey wuz er famine in Egypt dat Joseph, who hed de co'n, wukked his brethern fur all dey wuz wuff erfo' he'd turn it loose."

"Mr. McKinley talked er mighty heap erbout de people bein' on satisfied befo' Cleveland was 'lected de lastes' time, an' narratin' dat dat was de reason ob dey er switchin' ter de dimmercrats. Well, dey wuz on satisfied, but dey wuz bin er reason fur dey on-satisfaction. De people gits tired ob one thing all de time, dese same er man kain't eat feesh er quail, er even chicken er wermillyn, all de yer erroun'. Ef de kentry wuz all 'publican from rim ter scrim, it ud be er tieup. Ef one pahty stays in de power all de time, dey thinks dey own de hull kentry. De longer it stays in de power, de wusser it gits. Dat was de matter wiv de 'publican party, dey had hit on too purlongin'! De people wanted er change, an' when yer comes down ter de bed scratch, de people is bou'n ter grit what dey wants—if eruff wants it. Dey wanted er change. Dey had tried Cleveland, and dey must er bin satisfied wiv him de fustest time, ur dey wouldn't er 'lected him de seckind. Ah is bou'n ter remit mahseff dat Cleveland wuz er favorable man de fustest time. He was so favorable dat some of de dimmercrats kicked 'case he wouldn't gib 'em all what dey wanted."

"Ah has knocked erroun' de kentry fur er good while, an' Ah knows dat hard times comes whos'mever is in de power. Ah's never furtig de panick ob 1873. It gibs me de heart disease to think ob it yit. Ah was nussin' de yaller fever in Memphis, an' arter dat Ah wuz er ruinin' de ribber. De yaller fever wages wuz good an' Ah done saved one hundred and seventy dollars. Ah put it in de Fust national bank at Cairo. One day Ah sees in de paper dat all de banks wuz er bustin'. It was arter what dey called Black Friday. Ah couldn't wait 'twill de boat gits ter Cairo. We gits thar at six o'clock in de mawnin', an' Ah jess humped up de hill to de bank. De fust thing Ah see wuz a notice, 'Bank closed.' Ah sot down on de bank steps

an' Ah dess cryed an' boo-hooed—Ah wuz only a young feller den. Bimeby Ah axed er sto'keeper whar dat white man lived what kep de bank. He didn't know, he said de man'd be about de bank at nine o'clock. Ah waited, but Ah didn't hope to ever see mah money agin'. When de bank man come along Ah nailed him. Ah wuz near tickled to deff wen he said Ah could git mah money. Ah axed him whuffer he put de sign up; 'Bank closed,' an' he luffed an' said dey done dat ebry day at free o'clock. Ah gits mah money outen de bank anyway, an' Ah says to mahseff, 'eff de Lord'll furtig me fur puttin' mah money in er bank an' gittin' a skeer like dat, Ah'll never do it agin, an' Ah never has. So yer sees Ah doesn't hole de dimmercrat party fur de panick ob de las' year."

"Mr. McKinley blame de dimmercrat party fur de hard times, short work an' low wages. Ah has seen de hard times er mighty heap harder dan dey is now, an' Ah don't see as wages is any lower now dan dey has bin under de 'publicans. Ah knows dat steamboat wages got down indurin' de 'publican power, an' dey has never got up since. Ah don't blame de 'publicans fur dat. Ah blames de steamboatmen, an' de wool niggers as 'ud be willin' ter do de fuk fur de low wages. An' so Ah don't blame de dimmercrat party fur de hard times, nuther."

"Somebody in de ordinance tole Mr. McKinley ter ax Mr. Niedringhaus why he shet down de tin plate mill fur. He look erroun', but Mr. Niedringhaus, who was er settin' near me, didn't say er word. Ah expect if he'd done to' de truff he'd er had ter say dat it wuz polertics. Ah has come ter de 'clusion dat some ur dese yer mill men has dess dun dat er purpose ter mek out laik dey can't mek er livin' under dat free traffic. Dat is wrong. Er man oughter ter hepp his fellow-men. Ah is done it lots er times. An is 'dun 'thout things mahseff when Ah seed people as needed 'em wuz den Ah did."

"Dese fellers what shets down fur de sake ob polertics 'minds me ob er man Ah knowed in Mississippi. He wuz er sort er ejut, sorter wrong in his head. Someone gib him er pa'r er shoes as didn't fit him. Dey pinched his foot, an' ter git even he up wiv er ax an' chop off his hull foot."

At this stage the Chief Eagle's soliloquy was interrupted by the arrival of a delegation of influential citizens, who wanted his influence in the interest of a certain candidate in the coming campaign, and, excusing himself to the reporter, he went into executive session with the visitors.—St. Louis Republic.

## PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

—While McKinley was at Peoria he should have had his speeches distilled. Some of them already have fermented.—Chicago Post.

—Mr. McKinley is talking a great deal these days, but he is not trying to explain why wool that kept falling under a McKinley tax keeps rising under free trade.—N. Y. World.

—The political tin factories were started to help the republican campaign in 1892 and they are shutting down now to help the republican campaign of 1894.—Chicago Herald.

—Could anything induce Maj. McKinley to stop mourning long enough to make a note of the boom in the hat business and the increase of activity in the glass trade?—N. Y. World.

—The commercial agencies agree that business is rapidly improving in the west, notwithstanding the fact that Gov. McKinley is on the stump out there waving the calandity shirt.—Boston Herald.

—Russell R. Harrison announces that it is not likely that his father would decline a presidential nomination if one is tendered. It is a wise son who knows his own father as well as Russell does.—St. Louis Republic.

—Maj. McKinley's present speeches in exposition of the priceless benefits of protection would have had a peculiar interest could they have been read on the morning after the elections in November of 1892.—Chicago Record.

—Mr. McKinley is convinced that the American market cannot be held except by the help of congress. He and his friends seem unable to understand that increased imports mean increased exports, and so more work and wages for American labor. Their theory is that the harder you make it for the American people to satisfy their needs the better it will be for them and the country. We believe that that theory is losing its hold upon our people.—Indianapolis News.

—Democracy does not have to resort to defensive or apologetic tactics in the fight at hand. It has in its brief term of control accomplished a large measure of the reform to which it is pledged, and the sole purpose of republicanism at this time is to denounce what has been done, seeking national supremacy, not upon the merits of any defined policy, but simply by striving to rekindle the spirit of restlessness which good times will soon have exercised. Looking to the promise of the future and sacrificing the animosities of the past at the altar of party fealty, the democratic party is assured of a vindication.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Discordant Note.

Gov. McKinley's cute way of referring embarrassing questions to the democratic party, because, as he says, that party is in full control of the government, is falling very flat. The answer is alike disingenuous and unsatisfactory. McKinley is virtually, if not actually, a candidate for the presidency. Every speech he makes is filled with tearful appeals for the return of the republican party to power. If he and his associates know but one issue, and can thrill but one note, they may as well unite right now, for that note does not and can not harmonize with the great chorus of American industry. But in making no pretense of understanding live issues, McKinley admits that he and his party will have no responsible part in their solution, and he is right.—Kansas City Times.

## FOR SUNDAY READING.

### GREAT RICHES.

The world looked sad to-night, but through the shadow Of cares and duties where no light could shine, There came a message bearing peace and promise, "Child thou art with Me; all I have is thine."

All that Thou hast? 'Tis recourse never failing, And boundless energy and tireless health; 'Tis joy and power from Thy divine indwelling Which Thou art giving in exhaustless wealth.

Then what possessions wait our laggard claiming? What rich bestowals is in God's design? Through all our weakness, want and quick despairing Comes His reminder: "All I have is thine."

The world is fair which holds this wondrous promise, Round common living glows a light divine! In His sure presence are our hope and courage, Lord, Thou art with me, all Thou hast is mine.

—Helen M. Fletcher, in Chicago Advance.

### REFUSING TO FORGIVE.

We Should Be as Willing to Bestow as We Are to Receive Mercy.

The quality of the Divine mercy is not strained. It falls upon the waiting soul as gently as the dew of Heaven. To the old and hardened, who have broken all the commandments repeatedly, who have filled their years with wickedness toward God and cruelty toward their kind, it comes as readily, as softly and sweetly as to wayward youth when conscience accuses of guilt and leads to repentance. When the chambers of the soul are haunted with the shadows of sin the thought of God's mercy waiting to enter and banish them is like a line of safety suddenly thrown to the shipwrecked and despairing mariner. It is a joy inexpressible.

What mercy we receive, that mercy we should bestow. But we are more willing to receive than to give. The Divine pattern is too large for most of us. We are slow to learn how to be compassionate and forgiving to those whose sins toward us are trivial in comparison with our sins toward God. We accept His clemency, but we do not manifest it in our dealings with our neighbors. Christ knew that men are hard-hearted and unforgiving, and in His teachings are many exhortations to have that love which is slow to take offense and quick to forgive it.

"Blessed are the merciful," He said; and when asked whether a brother should be forgiven seven times He replied: Not only seven times, but seventy times seven, or practically without limit.

It is a monstrous sin to refuse to forgive, and it is a sin unto death; for "if ye forgive not men their trespasses," said our Lord, "neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." The heart that is filled with hate and thoughts of revenge toward another can not have love toward God, whose mercy is over all. Every day we may see illustrations of this unlovely characteristic of unsanctified human nature, but not often so extreme and pathetic a case as that which the following letter, taken from one of our daily papers last week, indicates. It was written by a young girl of eighteen to her father:

DEAR PAPA: Won't you try to forgive me? I know it must have stunned you for a moment to have seen me without any warning, and I also know you did not mean to act the way you did. I deserved it, I own, for I ought not to have left you the way I did. But, papa, I have not done anything wrong since I left you. I have been traveling with theatrical companies until recently, when I left to go to work in a store downtown, where I am now. Dear father, if ever you forgive me and wish to see me, please put a personal in the papers, and I will come to you and try to atone for the past in the future. Won't you try to forgive your loving daughter, —GAMMA.

This letter, which breathes humility and contrition in every line, ought to have touched the father's heart; it touches the heart of other fathers; but it did not move that hard and self-righteous nature. He declared he would never forgive or see her again; but he sent the piteous letter to a married daughter, who quickly offered a home to the young but penitent transgressor. The sin of the child is small indeed, compared with that of the father. Who is he that he should assume that anyone could sin against him an unpardonable sin? Where is his fatherly affection? Where is his humanity? Where is his sense of parental responsibility? He can not hope for the Divine mercy for his own sins of ingratitude and inhumanity until he learns himself to be merciful.

The mercy of God is not limited; it is only conditioned. Even such a hardened, unloving father may become a subject of it. The Everlasting Father is the Father of mercies. He never turns away repentant sons or daughters, no matter how long they may have been sinning, nor how deeply. His mercy endureth forever, and it is for all who are willing to receive it and manifest it in their lives. Those who have learned how merciful the Lord is delight in being merciful themselves. It is a Divine attribute; but God means us to possess it, and to show it in our relations with one another, just as He shows it to us. In being merciful we obtain mercy, and become godlike.—N. Y. Independent.

### WORKING FOR APPLAUSE.

The Church Needs Workers of the Kind Who Are Willing to Fill the Lowest Places.

The work of the world must largely be done by hod carriers and hewers of wood and drawers of water. It needs more spades than gleaming swords, more servants than masters. We are rekindled at times that there is need of men and women who will not despise the lower ranks of the ladder, who will not make life one continuous sigh for a nobler task or a higher round of duty. There is no task so noble as that which hearty devotion to it enables. Thoroughness of purpose, singleness of aim, unstinted plying of the loom and applying of one's best self to one's work make it grand and put a halo over the worker's head.

The desire to do some great thing and to be lauded by one's fellows is

seen in all the walks of life. It has entered into many an educational contest. The college student is not always moved with a simple and single and sincere desire to equip himself for usefulness in the world. At times he seeks applause, and for its sake will toil and strive so that he may exceed rather than excel. The victory in or out of college halls is not always to the worthy, though it be to the winner.

The unholy spirit that spurms small tasks and lowly places is abroad in the church. It is difficult to bend one's conspicuous talents to the minor missions. Were there some great thing to be done, the very doing of which would make the doer conspicuous or at least enable him to feel that like King Saul, he was head and shoulders above the people, how much easier it would be to serve one's day and generation! But King Saul proved a failure at ruling, and his name is shrouded with shame until this day. His successor was the lowly lad, who tended sheep and did it well. The church needs workers of mediocre talent, workers who never see a giant when they look into their mirrors, workers who do not look straight over the woodpile when looking for some work to do, workers whose regard for themselves is not of avoirdupois as to prevent their fitting into a small place. The ranks of the church militant are not yet filled, but the call is for souls who are ready to take the lowest places.

There are ministers of the Gospel who are losing golden opportunities for usefulness because they have not been called to fill a conspicuous pastorate. Their light, they are quite sure, was intended for a lighthouse on some offshore sea, and they can not comfortably come down to the humble destiny and duty of a village lamp. The late Prof. Phelps has told us of a minister who was settled in a manufacturing center and who mourned that he was compelled to "throw himself away on that shoe town." He would have had his name linked with some educational center or metropolitan city. He sighed for some great thing to do, unconscious that the royal road to greatness is by way of the valley to humility, and forgetting that he who cheerfully accepts abasement is already blessedly exalted.—N. Y. Observer.

### AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

The Tombs of the Old Egyptian Nobility Represented the Private Apartments of the Soul.

M. de Morgan, director-general of the French service of Egyptian antiquities, has recently made some surprising discoveries. Two years or more ago he started to explore the pyramids of Dashur, which are about twenty-five miles from Cairo. There are six pyramids in this group. Some of them are of stone and some of brick. The latter have long since crumbled into shapeless masses. Here M. de Morgan made borings to find, if possible, the remains of kings and queens who lived thousands of years ago.

He sunk pits, extended galleries and honeycombed the shapeless pyramid of bricks, of which Herodotus might have spoken when he wrote: "By plunging spears into the water of the Nile and taking from them the mud that was thus attached, the bricks were made of which I am constructed." And now, by plunging picks and shovels into the earth, some of the long-hidden secrets of antiquity were to be discovered.

At last, after many disappointments, in the principal gallery which had been opened, the explorer found evidences of an undisturbed pit. Then came the problem of admitting pure air into the crypt in which no foot had trodden for scores of centuries. Then, too, followed the finding of a secret door, and a stately chamber with its eighteen sarcophagi, the abode of princesses; and then the treasure, which had evidently been hastily buried in the ground.

Such strange jewels were there! Breastplates of massive gold; jeweled signets, earrings and bracelets of pearls and emeralds, a beautiful mirror in gold and silver, clasps in the shape of hearts and lotus blossoms—all of which had ministered to human pride and had adorned, ages ago, the bodies of men and women when they were arrayed in their glory.

The treasure was by far the largest ever discovered in any pyramid. The workmanship of the articles found, that had been hidden for over six centuries, is declared to be most exquisite, and the designs so beautiful and new that they will have a marked effect upon the fashion of the present day.

"To the old Egyptians," says M. Maspero, the greatest Egyptian authority, "the tomb represented the private apartments of the soul, where no living being could enter without sacrilege." Every life has its own pyramid, in whose dark recesses its hopes, desires and deeds are buried. In it are hidden, as with the old Egyptians, the things that we have loved. Mortal eyes can not explore its secret depths, but by a law ordained of God, that which it contains may be brought to light in other lives.

If a dead sapphire, or a piece of gold, can influence fashion a thousand years after their burial by a forgotten generation, how much more potent are those qualities of mind and heart that force their way into the lives of men, through the characters of those who shall come after us!—Youth's Companion.

### TRUTH BOILED DOWN.

Some of the Kam's Horn's Choicest Bits of Thought.

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