

## DASHED HOPES.

In the dim corners of Lady Arlington's big drawing-room in Grosvenor place rose-shaded lamps were casting a tender glow, but near the three tall windows and in the center of the room there was still sufficient daylight to illuminate the faces and frocks of the guests who were assembled for dinner.

Lady Arlington, clad in shimmering white satin and wonderful pink pearls, flitted like a spirit from group to group; now greeting a fresh arrival, now pairing off her friends.

"Lady Susan, Lord Murrable will take you down. He's awfully dull, I know, but Bertie Fancourt is your other side. Sir Charles, you're destined to the tender mercies of Dolly Lansdown. Take care of yourself; she's a dreadful little flirt, and boasts of her victims. Ah! Olivia, I'm delighted to see you. Col. Egerton, take care of my friend, Mrs. Abinger, for a few moments till her cavalier turns up. What a nuisance your sex is, colonel. Here we are, twenty-three hungry souls, all waiting for one tiresome man. Olivia, my dear, if in five minutes he does not turn up, I'm afraid you'll have to go down stairs alone."

And with a gray little laugh Lady Arlington turned away.

Mrs. Abinger smiled after her retreating figure, and Col. Egerton, catching sight of her slightly-veiled mouth, thought she had the sweetest lips he had ever seen, and so thinking, he looked the closer.

He saw a slender woman, with a shapely head set upon a round, white throat. The low-cut bodice of her plain black gown clasped a slight waist and made a fitting framework for her dimpled shoulders. Her big black hair seemed all too heavy for her tiny wrists and small pink-tipped fingers. In the fast-fading light he could scarcely distinguish her features, but he noticed that her hair was soft and fair, and that her eyes were large and just a little sad.

The gallant colonel was still wondering what kind of a voice so charming a woman could have, when the door was flung wide and a tall man strode into the room. Lady Arlington heaved an audible sigh of relief, waved rather than spoke an introduction between Mrs. Abinger and the newcomer, and then, like a multi-colored snake, her guests rustled down the wide white staircase to dinner.

There was a momentary dragging of silken trains under chairs and a general settling down before the last arrival turned to scan the woman at his side, whom in the swift transit from the drawing-room to the dining-room he had only vaguely concluded was slight, and pretty, and fair-haired.

"Olivia! You?" His tone of astonishment was too loud for good breeding, but the chat about the table was lively, and no one heard his voice save, indeed, Mrs. Abinger.

"Yes, it is I. I knew you the moment you entered, though the room was almost dark."

"And yet we've not met for so many years," he said; then, with the gallant afterthought of a man of the world, he added: "Not that you look one day older than when—"

She finished the sentence for him: "We parted."

There was a sigh in her voice and a touch of pure sentiment in her sad eyes as she spoke, and recalled, as women love to do, the agony of that hour, fifteen years ago, which had torn her from Angus Ferrers' arms.

She had been so young then—little more than a child—but her whole soul had been given to her boyish lover, and the parental edict which had sent Angus to India and herself to a wretched marriage had nearly broken her heart.

But the dream of the past was dispelled by him who had recalled it.

"And you married?" he said.

"Yes; I was obliged. Mr. Abinger was rich in those days, and he bought me."

"In those days? Is he not so now?"

"He died two years ago, a pauper." Mrs. Abinger spoke quietly. She had lived so long with the tragedy of existence that it had lost its most poignant thrills, and had degenerated into a gray monotony of misery.

No so Sir Angus Ferrers. A look of unutterable pity crept into his eyes, a note of intense sympathy into his voice.

"And you are—"

"A widow, and a pauper, too."

She made a little gesture with her small, white hands; a gesture that invited inspection of her poor gown, of her lack of jewels—and that told more plainly than could a thousand words of genteel poverty and want.

"My poor Olivia," he said, and as she glanced at him she saw tears on his eye-lashes.

Lady Arlington grumbled next day to her husband of Mrs. Abinger's dullness and Sir Angus Ferrers' silence. But that long dinner was, in truth, nothing but a dream to the man and woman who had parted with such passionate tears fifteen years ago, and had met once again so unexpectedly.

Yet, though both dreamed, their visions were so different. He, rich, titled, still in the prime of manhood, was absorbed in the dead past. If he had been firm, if he had married Olivia, how much unhappiness he might have saved her, how much peace it would have brought to himself.

It was she who talked the most, telling him of her great trials and disappointments, dwelling on them with the insistence of one who is drifting towards happier things. He sat and listened, and as he listened looked; and as he looked was conscious of a vague thankfulness that he, still a young man, was bound by no chain to the woman who sat before him. He tried not to see the lines about her large, dark eyes, the dragged hardness that marred the sweetness of her mouth. He knew instinctively that her heart and her love were as fresh as the first day they were given to him, but for the life of him he could not repress a guilty thankfulness that she was—and only an old friend.

"By and by he rose to go, but held her hand long in taking leave."

"Now that we have met again, Olivia, we must not lose sight of one another. When may I come and see you?"

She looked into his eyes and a happy smile curved the corners of her lips.

"Whenever you please, Angus. Will you come to-morrow?"

And he bowed low and left her behind the glowing lamp, her heart beating high in her bosom with the surety that to-morrow he would speak and ask her to be his wife.

Lady Arlington's voice roused her.

"Olivia, come out of your hiding-place at once. I want you to come to Burlington next Saturday. Will you?"

Olivia smiled a "yes," thinking that would any plans matter now. After to-morrow her life would be Angus's to do with as he would. Most likely he would want her to go to some quiet river place, where they could be alone.

In happy, dreamful silence she drifted across the great drawing-room toward the group gathered about Lady Arlington, who was chatting volubly to half a dozen women at once.

"What did you think of Mira Ferrers' hair?" She changes the color every month, I declare. Lady Susan was quite angry about it; but then, you know, she thinks it quite indecent to touch up at all. I was so awfully vexed by the way, that Lady Ferrers couldn't come. She's quite pretty, and her gowns—all fresh, of course, for she's only a bride—are so very smart."

"Lady Ferrers! Is Sir Angus married?"

Olivia Abinger did not know whether she or another asked the question. She only waited for the answer.

"Oh, yes; six weeks ago. She's such a dear little thing, and so nice. Her father's place matches with his own in Scotland."

Olivia Abinger did not cry out or faint, though the shattering of her dream and the breaking of her heart were beyond all mortal agony. She said: "Good night," and drove in a frowsy four-wheeler to her shabby lodgings.

Still silent, still enduring, she went upstairs to her little sitting-room; but when she had lit the gas it flared upon a face marked by the anguish of a life time.

She stood by the table, her hands hanging at her sides, her eyes, which could not weep, staring before her.

"Married! rich! happy! While I, who have hoped and longed and loved, am—"

She flung her white arms above her head, and a great cry rent her throat—a cry of all a woman's pent-up passion, of all a heart's bitter disappointment.

"It is too much," she cried aloud to the shabby walls and cheap furniture; "I cannot bear it. To-night I have dreamed of other things, I cannot go back to the old ways. My heart is dead within me—dead."

She paused; a gray shadow stole over her drawn face, a somber fire burned in her eyes. For a moment she disappeared into her bedroom, then returned to where the gas flared. She looked about her and, with the careful method of a poor woman, picked up her cloak from the floor and folded it away on a chair. Then she lowered the gas to the blue and flung open the window.

"I want my soul to be free to go to him if it can," she murmured, leaning out over the street. "This will unloose my bonds—and bring me peace and rest, and, perhaps, a little sigh of regret from him."

With cold white fingers, that yet did not tremble at their task, she drew the stopper from a tiny phial she held in her hand. A thick, sweet odor as of almond flowers floated through the room. It dominated the faint perfume that breathed from Olivia's gown and fair hair, and even tainted with its insidious savor the outer air. With dilated nostrils she caught the subtle scent and smiled a little. "Peace—and regret—and remembrance," she sighed, then raising her hand to her lips, with one movement of her slender throat she swallowed the few drops of liquid contained in the small blue bottle. Her hand dropped heavily on the windowsill and her fingers relaxed.

The tinkle of fallen glass rose from the pavement below.

She fell upon her knees before the open window and raised her aching face to the star-lit heavens.

Her fingers twitched in agony above her bursting heart; her pale lips struggled to cry but once to the man who, for the second time, had plunged her into the darkness of despair.

But only a whisper came from her burning throat and poor, twisted mouth.

"Angus—my love—pray for me—remember me sometime."

Her head fell forward on the windowsill.

They found her dead at dawn. Most people said she couldn't bear poverty. But one man sometimes wonders if there was not another reason for her suicide.—Pick-Me-Up.

—As are families, so is society. If well ordered, well instructed and well governed, they are the springs from which go forth the streams of national greatness and prosperity—of civil order and public happiness.—Thayer.

## ECHOES OF THE ELECTION.

Reasons Assigned by Democratic Journals for the Result.

—The stupid delays and dallyings of a demagogic democratic congress did the business.—Detroit Leader.

—The worst of it all is that the republicans will probably now have the assurance to turn around and assert that the revival of industry under the new tariff has been the result of an anticipated republican victory at the polls.—Buffalo Courier.

—The overwhelming story of the ballots is notice to the administration that enduring democratic principles must no longer be ignored or sacrificed, and the party of the people made a mere instrument for the satisfaction of a few ambitions and the gratification of personal vanity in high place.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—To some extent democratic disasters are the direct outcome of democratic dissensions and mistakes. The disastrous overturn in New York state is a result of blundering at Washington and plundering in New York city. No party and no leadership could stand up under such a double load.—Philadelphia Record.

—The simple explanation of the election is in the fact that with democratic rule came financial disturbance and industrial paralysis, and hungry or distressed men are not prepared for the refinement of argumentation that seeks to place the responsibility anywhere outside of the party in power.—Philadelphia Times.

—The panic took place as soon as the democratic party came into power from the bankruptcy and outrageous taxation brought about by republican legislation. The democratic party being in power had to father the results, and the people who do not stop to think under such times went pell-mell against the democracy because it could not undo the evil work of thirty years of republican legislation in a day, and the result is what we see today.—Burlington Gazette.

—The results of the election render unlikely the passage of any legislation of a partisan character during the next two years. Such a result is not unfavorable to the public interest, as far as it is likely to confine the doings of congress to business rather than political law making. We think the currency will be safe from mischievous changes in enactments, and if congress shall fall on this point the country has still a safeguard with President Cleveland in the white house.—Boston Herald.

—It is a triumph of eslatism. The result over the whole field of the nation shows that the democrats now, as in 1887 and 1887, are the unfortunate legatees of a long line of republican legislation culminating in the panic of 1893, coincident with our accession to power, and that the unthinking have accepted the charge of the republicans that it was solely due to the change of policies decreed in 1892. We are the heirs of a house undermined by its previous occupants, that crumbled and fell soon after we moved in.—St. Paul Globe.

—By far the most effective cause for the avalanche which has swept away so much that the democracy gained in 1892 was the hard times of the last year. That the party in power was not responsible for the hard times has been clearly demonstrated. Quite as clearly has it been demonstrated that they were the direct and inevitable result of republican extravagance and vicious legislation, and notably of such measures as the McKinley tariff and the Sherman silver acts. It was inevitable, however, that the party in power should be held responsible, as it always has been under similar circumstances.—Detroit Free Press.

—The one great and all-pervading cause of the slump throughout the country may be summed up in two words, viz.: Hard times—the hard times the country has gone through, and from which it is now slowly but surely recovering. These have been brought about by republican legislation, but the brunt of them has fallen upon the country just as the democracy was called into power to provide a remedy for them. As is always the case under such circumstances, the people have not listened to reason nor reasoned among themselves, but have held the party in power responsible for the depression and for the suffering it has brought upon them. Time will demonstrate that they have made a mistake and have gained nothing.—N. Y. Mercury.

—We remember that certain republican journals professed to believe, in August last, that the reduction of the duty on tin plate would not be followed by a reduction of price. "We shall see," remarked one of them, derisively, "whether tin plate will be cheaper." We are not aware that these followers of McKinley are saying anything now about the price of tin plate. The reports of the Iron Age show that while the price of the standard grade in this city was \$5.12½ per box on August 16, it was \$4.12½ on October 11. Perhaps our republican friends are unable to see this decline of \$1 per box, or nearly 20 per cent.—N. Y. Times.

—Closing mills and reducing wages on the eve of an election is by no means a new republican trick, but fortunately the major portion of this sort of work gets no further than the columns of the republican newspapers.—N. Y. World.

PROMINENT PEOPLE ABROAD.

MATRUS JOKAL, the Hungarian novelist, recently tried to kill himself in a fit of melancholy at Budapest by inhaling the fumes of charcoal.

The emperor of Russia is said to be the only European monarch whose life is not insured. The companies all rated him as a risk too hazardous to handle.

MUSTAFA BEY, formerly private physician to the sultan of Morocco, is said to derive an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year from his profession.

## STRENGTH OF THE SWAN.

A Blow from Its Wing Will Send a Man Heading.

We all know the tradition about the power of the swan's wing—that its blow will break a man's leg. I questioned a man who has much to do with swans about the credibility of the tale and he told me that he, for one, was ready to believe it, and thought that any other man who has received such a blow from a swan's wing as he had suffered would be likely to believe it also.

He was summoned from his cottage by the news that one of the cygnets was in trouble. A boy had been amusing himself with the elegant sport of giving the cygnets meat attached to a long string. When the cygnet had had swallowed the meat well down, the boy would pull it up again by means of the string. It was great fun for the boy, and the cygnet was unable to express its feeling intelligibly. On the occasion in question, however, the lump of meat stuck. It would not come, and the boy, fearing consequences, had let slip the string and bolted. The cygnet did its best with the string by swallowing several yards of it, but began to choke before it got to the end. At this juncture my friend was summoned to its aid, and simultaneously, as it appeared, the stately parent of the cygnet, who was swimming in the pond close by, perceived that something was amiss with its offspring. It swam to the bank and commenced making its way to the young one's assistance.

But the swan's method of progression on land is as awkward and slow as on the water it is graceful and swift. The swan herd was the first to reach the cygnet, and, soon seeing the trouble, had calculated to remove it before the parent came up with him. But his calculations had underrated the length of the string or the pedestrian speed of the swan. Just as he had succeeded in extricating the lump of meat from the gullet of the distressed youngster the old bird caught him a blow with its wing on that part of the person which is most exposed to attack when a man is stooping over and the onset is made from behind. He was knocked over on his face, and continuing the impetus received from the swan by scuttling on his hands and knees, was able to escape from the bird's fury, which was soon transferred to solicitude for his little one. But the blow had been sufficiently powerful to make the sitting posture uninviting for several days, and to incline him to give credence to any legends about the strength of a swan's wing.—Macmillan's Magazine.

MARYLAND CRABBING.

How the Hard and Soft Shelled Fellows Are Caught, Packed and Shipped.

Upon the crabbing grounds the fisher does not wait for the crab to quit their shelter, but sails out to the right spot, and sets his trot-lines with tripe for the hard shells, and his net dredge for shadders, operating very much as in oyster-fishing; hard crabs are hauled up on the lines, clinging to the bait of tripe, and taken off with the hand net. Of course, many come up in the dredge nets of the soft crab fishers; these are lighter than the oyster dredges, and are finished with a netted pocket, which drags along the bottom, and brings up all sorts; the soft crabs are picked out by hand, the legs folded close to the body, and the crabs packed obliquely in trays containing layers of saw-grass and chopped ice, with the heads to the top of the crates, so that the moisture can not run from their mouths.

The crates are carefully transported by rail, the Pennsylvania railroad running a special branch from Crisfield, on the eastern shore, during the season and carrying the crabs as far north as Boston. Soft-shell crabs shed their shells as often as they outgrow them, the large ones changing only once or twice a year. When in the take of crabs any are found with the shells just cracking, they are put into "the pound," a large box kept under water, until they have "moulted," when they are shipped to market at once, because the shell hardens rapidly. Hard crabs, showing the signs of "moulted," will keep in the pound or float until they are prime for market; they are called "comers" at Crisfield, Md., which sends over five millions of crabs to market yearly. In warm weather the "blister," or moulted crab, comes into shallow water, where he can hide in the long grass, for he knows that the first hard shell he encounters will try to devour him; he has "been there many a time" himself. Until they attain full growth crabs moult about every five months at flood tide. The best time for crabbing is just after daybreak, but the crabs can be found all day long if the grass inshore is hunted in the shallows. The inlets at Coney Island and Shark river are fine crabbing grounds, especially the latter. Many hard crabs are used for crabbing; eighteen or twenty crabs will yield about a quart of meat. This is also sent to market freshly boiled, for use in salads, scallops, etc. It costs about thirty cents a quart.—N. Y. Mercury.

It Was the Pie.

The landlady of the boarding-house was out in the backyard when the tramp entered and it disturbed him so that he came near losing his usual aplomb.

"Beg parding, ma'am," he began, "I came to see if you didn't lose a pie you left out here yesterday to git cool."

"Yes, I did, and I'm looking for the person who took it. Was it you?" and she came at him threateningly.

He dodged and got over to the other side.

"No'm, it wasn't," he replied, "but I know who it was."

"Well, you tell me and I'll have him arrested and punished."

"You don't have to, ma'am," he sighed, "he's dead," and he got out the best way he could.—Detroit Free Press.

—It is of eloquence as of a flame; it requires matter to feed it, and motion to excite it, and it brightens as it burns.—Tacitus.

## RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

### A STRICKEN HEART.

Keep still, my heart, O cease thy groaning. The stormy winds are round thee moaning. Would'st thou but lend a listening ear: "My grace sufficient" thou could'st hear: Keep still, my heart, keep still.

Keep still, my heart, O cease this aching. The billows wild are round thee breaking; Trust Him who notes the sparrow's fall so choose for thee the best of all. Keep still, my heart, keep still.

Keep still, my heart, O cease repining. A father's love is thee entwining. Lift up thy cross, 'twill lighten be, And peace, sweet peace, shall dwell with thee. Keep still, my heart, keep still.—Ira M. Hostetter, in N. Y. Observer.

### SUBJECT OF PRAYER.

Some Common-Sense Reasoning on God's Answers to Petitions.

One of the things brought against the Christian's confidence in prayer is the fact, as alleged, that so many prayers are unanswered. We object to the term "unanswered" as misleading. Many of our requests are not answered favorably. But "no" is as much an answer as "yes." If your child comes to you with some request which you decline to grant he may be disappointed, but he can not say that you are deaf and impotent. The fact of our requests being denied by God gives no right to argue that God does not hear prayer.

There is a difference between a request unattended to and a request denied for sufficient reasons; between a God bound by His own laws so that He can not answer and a God who hears but may deny.

Why should God give us every thing we ask? No parent grants all the requests of his children. A child may often ask things which the parent in his wisdom and love sees fit to refuse. God is our Father. We are but little children before Him—weak, ignorant, foolish. Many of us will recall desires and prayers which we afterward saw would have brought us only unhappiness if they had been granted. God exercises His wisdom and His love in refusing to gratify all our longings.

Nor does it weaken the force of this if we remain ignorant of His reason in refusing. Parents often deny the requests of their children without giving the reason. Sometimes the reason would be beyond their comprehension, sometimes to know it would only add to their unhappiness. The father has a right to expect confidence in his judgment even where his conduct can not be completely understood. If God does not always make clear to us why we are denied certain things, what does He differ from the loving earthly parent?

The conclusion to be drawn from the fact that some requests in prayer are denied is not that God does not and can not answer prayer, but that there is some defect in the prayer or in ourselves. Some seeds do not germinate and bear fruit. But that does not lead us to infer that the law of the harvest has been abrogated. It may have been because of some defect in the seed or the soil, perhaps because of lack of care on the part of the sower. Instead of reasoning that prayer is vain because a single petition has not been met as we desire, the true reverence is to some principle of God's sovereignty which makes it impossible or unwise to grant as we desire. We must not limit God by saying that He is obliged to answer our prayers any more by saying that He is unable. We must leave Him room to act according to His love and truth. We may be certain that He will deny us nothing without a wise purpose in denying.

The whole question of prayer in fact hinges upon the existence of a personal Father, ruling the universe. If one believes in that he must believe that we may reach that Being with our thoughts and desires and needs, and that these will be apprehended by Him. Why then should this belief be staggered because all our petitions are not granted exactly according to our asking? Our well authenticated bestowment of blessing in response to prayer is every argument needed as against every objection brought by unbeliever.

Suppose that a man says it is impossible for one in New York to converse with a person in Philadelphia. And he marshals in proof laws of sound and laws of voice and laws of air. But here is a man who says: "I live in New York and I have conversed while there with a person in Philadelphia." Where would all the proofs of impossibility be? Then suppose the objector having learned about the telephone attempts to use it. He comes to his informer and says: "I have tried your telephone and I couldn't converse with a person in Philadelphia by means of it." The other replies: "Well, it may be that you failed, but I have done it. That show it is possible. If you failed it must have been because of some defect in the wires, or some condition of the atmosphere unfavorable, or perhaps you did not know how the telephone should be used."

There are hosts to testify that they have had their prayers answered. "Those who never pray, or never pray with the humility, faith and importunity that wins its way to Heaven, can not speak from experience as to the efficacy of prayer; nor are they in a position to give credit to those who can." But at least on such a subject as this the voice of the whole company of God's servants may be held to counterbalance a few a priori surmises and doctrines.—Christian Work.

THE POWER IS CHRIST.

It Is Through the Indwelling of the Spirit That We Are Able to Resist Evil and Show Forth Christ to the World.

To stand up against all the social currents that set away from God and holiness, to resist the crime for wealth at all hazards, to conquer fleshly appetites, to hold an unruly temper in check, to keep down selfishness, to direct all our plans, all our talents, all our purposes and influence toward the good of others and the honor of our Master, requires more power than any unaided man possesses. It requires

Jesus Christ in the soul. Christ's mastery of us alone can give us self-mastery, yes, and mastery over the powers of darkness and of hell. This is the secret of a strong and a joyous life.

Such a life is self-evidencing. Although the interior union of a believer to his Redeemer is invisible, yet the results of it are potent to the world.

They are seen and read of all men. Just as we know the supply of coal and the power of the unseen engine by the steamer's speed, so we can estimate the fullness and strength of a man's piety by his daily life. Our outward lives can never rise above the inward, he who has not Christ in his conscience will not have Christ in his conduct. The church member who does not draw from Christ in his closet will have but little of Christ to expend in the community. The hidden life of an apple tree comes out in bright leaves and full baskets of golden pippins. In a thousand ways does the hidden life with our Master come out before the world. It is manifest in the man of business who measures his goods with a Bible yardstick; in the statesman who would rather lose his election than lose God's smile; in the citizen who votes with the eye of his Master on the ballot; in the pastor who cares more for souls than for salary. The mother displays it when she seeks first the kingdom of Heaven for her children, and the daughter exhibits it when she would rather watch by a sick mother's bed than enjoy an evening's gay festivities. No life is so humble or so obscure but it can shine when Christ shines through it. My friend, if Christ is hidden within you, let him not be hidden by witness. The mightiest sermon—that no skeptic can answer—is the daily sermon of a clean, sweet, vigorous, happy and fruitful life. If you are waiting constantly on God He will renew your strength; you will mount with wings like the eagles.—Theodore L. Cuyler, in N. Y. Independent.

RELIGION THAT IS HABITUAL.

It Counts More for Accomplishing Good Than All Special Efforts.

It is almost hopeless to expect conversion in some families, says Dr. Cuyler in the Evangelist. The light that ought to shine there has well-nigh died in darkness. The oil has given out. Worldliness and selfishness have almost extinguished the love of Christ, and when Christ is no longer loved, His commandments are no longer kept. Spiritual declension comes from lack or loss of love and loyalty to Christ in the heart. When your soul is on fire with the love of your Master and your fellowmen, you will glow and shine unconsciously. The most effective good which the majority of genuine Christians accomplish is not by occasional "special efforts," but by the steady daily reflection of Jesus Christ in their ordinary walk and conversation. To preach a sermon, to conduct a prayer-meeting, to teach a mission class, or to visit a sick and poverty-stricken family, is a premeditated act of lamp-bearing. But to live right straight along, every day, reflecting the spirit of Christ distinctly in the home, in the shop, in the store, in the social life, and in the duties of good citizenship and everywhere else, is just "letting your light shine" of its own sweet will. That is habitual religion; it worships God not only on Sunday, but all the week. Oh, what an aching want there is of more of this in the every-day lives of too many church members! However fluently Brother A—may speak in the prayer-meeting, or however brightly Mrs. B—may shine in the Maternal association or the "holiness" meetings, yet, if they end in smoke at home, there is a mischief done to their own souls as well as to others that neutralizes all the good they are attempting to do. Trim the lamp at home! A revival of home piety will do more for the promotion of a revival in your church this year than any "effort" you can set on foot.

Be Charitable.

It is a safe rule, always to put the best possible construction upon the conduct of others. A man saw his fellow church member in a position that suggested the possibility of his wrong doing. He forgot to be charitable, jumped at a conclusion, and went off to complain to others about the hypocrites in the church, and to quote the name of his brother as a supposed example. His opinion may have been correct, and it may not have been. If the latter were true, a great injustice was done. Let us refuse to believe, and especially to publish, evil of any man, unless compelled to.—United Presbyterian.

What Constitutes a Whole Prayer.

In order to pray for ourselves, we must pray for others. "None of us liveth to himself," and none of us should pray for himself alone. The first word of the pattern prayer taught by our Lord is "our," and when we pray we should think of those who are included in that term. A cry for personal help in an emergency is at the best but part of a prayer; a whole prayer takes in others.—S. S. Times.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—No man's life can rise any higher than his belief.—Rams Horn.

—Power lies not in the theory, but in the application.—White.

—A soft answer has often been the means of breaking a hard heart.—Rams Horn.

—Be as gentle as possible in your judgments; as severe as justice in your survey of self.—Chicago Interior.

—You can't give a man money enough to enable him to declare that he will never lack for bread, but God has promised that the righteous shall never come to want.—Rams Horn.

—What we need to know is not the reason for our trials, but that God is our Father, that His power is almighty, that His wisdom is perfect, and that His love is infinite.

—Christian experience begins with "He is mine." After we have made some progress, there comes to us a fuller realization of the blessed companion truth: "I am His."—United Presbyterian.