

## HIS LITTLE SURPRISE.

It Proved to Be More Beneficent Than Medicine.

Adam and Eve were probably the only wedded couple of whom no one ever said: "How could he?" or "How could she?"

Certainly, when the staid old bachelor, Jonas Hingham ("Thirty-five if he's a day") said the wondering "other girls", carried off Mary Morton, not yet out of her teens, right in the face and eyes of many admiring boys, a great many people wondered: "How could she?"

At home she occupied the sometimes questionable position of the middle one in a family of three daughters. Nobody doubted that she was good and useful, but she was not brilliant and fascinating like her older sister Amy, nor was she a pretty doll of a girl to be petted as everybody petted her younger sister Bess.

Amy had troops of beaux that she wound around her finger and made her most obedient slaves, but Jonas Hingham was Mary's first attentive escort, and his devotion and sincerity carried her heart by storm.

Jonas pleaded eloquently for an early wedding day, and Mary was nothing loth, for life with Jonas and for him seemed like paradise in anticipation.

He lived three miles away on a large farm—his father's and grandfather's before him. His father had been dead several years, and his mother, though still active and industrious, was too old to work as she had always done.

Everybody knew the Hinghams were forehanded, free from debt and with money at interest. The Mortons, on the contrary, had always lived from hand to mouth. Mr. Morton's trade never having sufficed to do much more than provide a home, with ample food and clothing, besides educating the girls as they wanted to be, with music and painting and all the ornaments which girls in country villages get after.

It is safe to say that Mary never dreamed of the change it would be for her to go from her snug, pretty home into that great bare farmhouse—like changing from soft, musical poetry to plain, dry prose.

Summer and winter the family had always worked and ate and sat in the great kitchen, except when company came; then they rolled up the green paper shades in the sitting-room and sat in there. Everything was stiff, bare, orderly and scrupulously clean.

"Stepping into Mother Hingham's shoes" meant more real, downright hard work than Mary had ever dreamed of, but she was young and strong and would not flinch when she saw that both Jonas and his mother expected her to be the notable, hard-working housewife the elder woman had always been.

Her hands grew brown and hard, her dresses grew old-fashioned and she had neither time nor care to remodel them, as she seldom went anywhere except occasionally to church, and more rarely still on a brief visit to her father's.

Then babies came as the years went by—boys, always boys.

"If I only had a girl," thought Mary sometimes, "she might grow up to help me and do all the light and pretty things that I have forgotten how to do; but these boys will never care for such things."

Mother Hingham lived but a few years after Mary came there. To the last she was happy and content, fond of Mary and at home in the farmhouse, still unchanged.

"Jonas will have to hire help for his wife, now that his mother is gone," people said.

But he didn't seem to think of that. As long as Mary did not complain he never dreamed she was overdoing or needed anything she did not have.

One of the established traditions of the house was that they must have a hired girl through haying time, never at any other time of the year, unless in case of sickness.

So through harvesting and the fall house-cleaning, the meat-killing and the spring sugaring, up to haying time again, Mary's one pair of hands did the work till she broke down.

Jonas was worried about indoor matters. Not that he was so miserly he did not like to pay hired help, but who was to take care and oversee it all?

Of course the Mortons were as agitated as Jonas himself, and as much as they could come to the rescue; but Mrs. Morton was growing old and could not work as she once had done, and Amy had made a brilliant match years ago.

Bessie was still at home and single, but she had never enjoyed going there when Mary was well, and with Mary sick it could not be thought of.

Jonas had bad luck finding capable indoor help, and it was a great relief to them all when Aunt Vi, Mr. Morton's maiden sister, came from the west, and, not having any particular home anywhere, willingly took the leadership in the Hingham household.

But somehow Mary didn't seem to gain at all, and Aunt Vi told Mrs. Morton that Mary seemed to have lost all interest in life.

"Jonas is just as kind as can be, and the boys are all smart and bright and fond of her; they are forehanded and have a good home, but it seems as if she didn't care about living. I do think if she had an ambition to get well she would."

In the very depths of winter Mrs. Morton's sister from Boston, Mrs. Cramer, made a flying visit to town, her first visit to the place since Mary's marriage.

"You must go to see Mary in her own home, sister," said Mrs. Morton, "but the poor child is too weak to visit much. We will go there together and spend the day, and it will gratify her, though she cannot enjoy it as if she was well."

"I'll sleep with Mary to-night and wait upon her," said Mrs. Morton to

Aunt Vi, as bedtime came on, "and you can go upstairs and get a good night's rest."

"We'll sleep together, Aunt Vi," added Mrs. Cramer, "and keep each other warm and have a good visit besides."

Was it all chance that the chamber the two ladies occupied had in the wall an open stovepipe hole leading through to the one where Jonas slept with five-year-old Teddy?

He slept soundly for awhile, but perhaps it was his good angel that awoke him just in time to hear Aunt Vi ask: "What do you think about Mary?"

Mrs. Cramer was a lady who used not only her eyes and ears, but her brains as well. Being new to the Hingham house, she saw it through unaccustomed eyes, and she made up her mind fully.

"I think," she said, impressively, "that she is starving to death!"

"For the land's sake!" ejaculated Aunt Vi, "you don't know what you're talking about. Such a provider as Jonas Hingham is! Always buys his flour by the barrel and keeps two sorts, one for bread and one for pastry; makes no end of maple sugar and buys all the white sugar a body has a mind to use; kills the nicest of pork and beef every winter, with turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks; lambs in the fall and the beautifullest veal every spring; buys fresh meat every time in the summer, and of course they have milk and cream and eggs of their own all the year round. He's always bringing home honey and fruit and oysters—any luxury he happens to see. He's too fond of good living himself to starve anyone in his house!"

"The eating is a very small part of true life," said Mrs. Cramer, when Aunt Vi paused for breath. "I can see that Mary's mind and soul are working here in this bare house, where work and utility are the foremost things and beauty and pleasure have no place. Her better nature is being literally starved to death!"

No matter what further the ladies said, Jonas Hingham heard no more, though he never put his fingers in his ears nor rose and stopped the stovepipe hole. Mrs. Cramer's words had opened his eyes to a naked, unpalatable truth, and set him to such serious thinking and planning that he had no ears for anything more.

"Mary looks brighter this morning," said Aunt Cramer at breakfast.

"She certainly does," said Jonas, "and I think your visit has done her good. I tell you what, Mary," he said, turning to her, "I want you to hurry up and get stronger, so that the first mild, pleasant day I can carry you to your father's to stay a week; I believe the change would do you good."

A warm, mellow day came like a smile into the heart of the winter. Jonas urged and Aunt Vi seconded, till between them they wrapped her snugly, and, cushioned in the warmest and softest of robes, she took a sleigh ride to her father's house, where Jonas left her.

"And now, Aunt Vi," he said, coming in on his return with his arms loaded with rolls of paper, "I want your help in the conspiracy. The long and the short of it is that you and I and the boys and all the help we need are going to work with paint and paper and carpets and furniture to make this house look so Mary won't know it at all when she comes back."

The painters came the next day, the paperers followed. Jonas brought home nice carpets and women to make them. Loads of new furniture came to the door, and new stores to replace the forlorn, antiquated ones.

An elegant new bookcase was stocked with a well-selected library, and choice pictures were purchased to hang on the renewed walls.

Jonas was not devoid of taste when he tried to exercise it, and when he doubted his own judgment he took counsel of those who were to be relied on.

One lovely day, the last of February, he went to bring her home. Aunt Vi and the boys waited patiently for their coming.

When the sleigh stopped at the door Jonas lifted her carefully out and carried her, all wrapped as she was, into the house, straight through the hall into the long-unused parlor, and placed her in the softest and easiest of easy chairs.

A soft carpet covered the floor, pretty paper adorned the walls, sunlight streamed in warm at the windows, but did not outline the cheerful fire in the open stove; new books and magazines lay on the table; the canary in a gilded cage was trilling his best songs, and the plants in the sunniest window seemed smiling a welcome to their mistress.

"How pretty mother looks!" cried Teddy.

Truth to tell, a most becoming red crept into the pale cheeks, perhaps a gleam from the rose-colored future her husband was portraying.

Pills, powders and plasters were all given the go-by and Mary got well on happiness. Said Jonas:

"Furniture bills and all those things are no higher than doctors' bills, and vastly more satisfying. Comfort and happiness are more pleasant to take than medicine, and do more good. I've learned my lesson rather late in life, but I've learned it once for all."—Good Housekeeping.

Painting on a Kernal of Corn.

It is said that the smallest piece of painting in the world has recently been executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill and a miller mounting a stairs with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it is a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants are shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic fidelity, yet by careful measurement it is shown that the whole painting does not cover a surface of half an inch square.

## WILSON'S DEFEAT.

Hopelessness of His Battle Against the Money Power.

Democracy defers to one of its fundamental principles in bowing to the will of the majority as expressed at the election. Yet it cannot but regard as a national calamity the fact that Representative Wilson, of West Virginia, was buried in the avalanche from which no part of the country escaped. Even though he remained as a member of the minority he would have stood as an able exponent of the tariff views to which his party is committed and guarded the country against the dangers which accompany the adoption of ultra protection theories. Waiving any question as to the correctness of his views, even his enemies will acknowledge him a most formidable champion of the cause that he represents.

No one will question the sincerity of Mr. Wilson or the honesty of the purpose which actuates his course toward the people. He is a man of profound learning, and no one can more forcibly express his convictions. In the knowledge of the tariff question most of those who oppose him are mere tyros by comparison. He is a true patriot, earnestly seeking that which he believes to be the best interests of the entire nation, and his influence could not but be a healthy one, even upon an opposing majority. But it was his virtues that brought about his political overthrow. Because of them the controlling powers of the republican party determined upon his defeat. He was a menace to the trusts and monopolies that are the beneficiaries of protection. The triumph of his views meant the deprivation of their legal authority to plunder the masses by their cunningly devised system operated for the ostensible purpose of paying high wages to labor and netting greater profits to the farmer.

In seeking the accomplishment of their purpose these representatives of the money power left nothing undone. They concentrated their forces for the defeat of Mr. Wilson. McKinley was sent to the district, ex-President Harrison appeared there on the stump and scores of others who are regarded as strong workers in their party were engaged to assist in defeating the leading personal representatives of tariff reform. Money was expended without stint and all the devices known to the "practical" politician were employed against him. He was a victim to the evils which he sought to remedy, while the consequences will fall most heavily upon those for whom he sought equitable legislation.

This is the fate of reformers who come in conflict with those who reap the fabulous profits of so-called protection. Morrison led the fight against them in 1884, and his political career was suddenly cut short. Mills gallantly took up the battle in 1888, and though he was a representative from the state of Texas, his defeat was brought about at the next election, and only by intervention of the state legislature which named him to the senate was he preserved to the councils of the nation. From these facts some idea of the power exercised by the trusts, combines and monopolies can be gained, and they will continue the controlling influence of the republican party until their true measure is taken by the people. Then they will appreciate men like Wilson.—Detroit Free Press.

## A TRANSPARENT FARCE.

Republican Protectees Already Showing Their Hands.

Now that they have accomplished the purpose for which they shut down and threw their men out of employment, the republican mill bosses and protectees generally are resuming operations, full of animation and buoyancy.

Says a Pittsburgh dispatch to a Chicago McKinley organ: "Simultaneously with the announcement of results came a notice from the Oliver & Roberts Wire company that the rod mill would be started at once. Like many of the other mills, it worked only when the mill had orders. The employers were so well pleased over the election that orders to start up were given. Other mill owners say they will now replenish their stocks, and a long and prosperous period of activity is looked for."

Miraculous! One would suppose from this statement that the McKinley law was already restored, and that the mill bosses were no longer afflicted with the "ruinous Wilson bill." But not so. That bill is with us to stay for more than two years, at the least. Of course, the mill bosses know it, and when they rekindle their fires and proceed to "stock up" and hilariously give out that they look for "a long and prosperous period of activity"—when they do this avowedly because the election has done to scit them they admit that there is nothing at all ruinous about the "free trade bill." They admit that they expect "a long and prosperous period of activity" under that bill, for everybody knows they can get no other bill for more than two years.

They admit that neither the fear of the bill nor the bill itself was the cause of hard times, but that they themselves purposely made times as bad as they could for electioneering purposes.

There may be some people who do not see through their game now, but there will not be many such two years hence.—Chicago Herald.

Please note how the calamity howlers are already tuning up to sing their little song of prosperity's revival. According to the senior republican organ and a few others of its ilk the tin, wool, iron and other lines of industry by some occult process were suddenly, as in the twinkling of an eye, changed from dejection and despair to buoyant hope and confidence when the election returns came in.—Chicago Times.

Ohio's immense republican majority is largely accounted for by the fact that McKinley did most of his campaigning outside of that state.—Detroit Free Press.

## REPUBLICAN DUPLICITY.

How They Manipulated the Treasury Under Harrison.

The condition of the treasury at the close of Mr. Harrison's administration is pretty well known to intelligent people, but there has been a systematic effort by the republicans to misstate it. The official figures furnished by Secretary Carlisle show that the net balance in the treasury was \$106,000,000 at the beginning of Mr. Harrison's administration, and \$24,000,000 at the close. Much is made of the fact that a good deal of the public debt was paid off under Mr. Harrison, but Mr. Carlisle shows that the reduction under Harrison was \$296,000,000, while under Cleveland's first administration it was \$341,000,000. These two items show a difference of nearly \$250,000,000 in favor of the Cleveland administration.

Republicans have persistently tried to misrepresent the condition of the treasury in the last days of the Harrison administration. It has been charged by Congressman Dockery and others that Secretary Foster caused plates to be prepared for the issue of bonds. Mr. Foster took the precaution to have inquiries made at Washington whether any letter of his was on file there showing that he had done this. He was informed that no such letter had been found after a hasty search. Then Mr. Foster wrote a letter, in which he said:

"Mr. Dockery was mistaken. No such action was taken. Its absurdity is so apparent that I wonder that a gentleman of Mr. Dockery's intelligence should make himself responsible for such a blunder. The only bonds authorized then, as now, were those authorized by the resumption act."

Then a more careful search of the treasury files was made, and the following letter from Mr. Foster to the chief of the bureau of engraving and printing, dated February 20, 1893, came to light:

"You are hereby authorized and directed to prepare designs for the 3 per cent. bonds provided in the senate amendment to the sundry civil bill, now pending. The denominations which should first receive attention are \$100 and \$1,000 of the coupon bonds and \$100, \$1,000 and \$10,000 of the registered bonds. This authority is given in advance of the enactment, in view of pressing contingencies, and you are directed to hasten the preparation of the designs and plates in every possible manner."

The bill providing for the three per cent. bonds failed to become a law, and they were not issued. But the essential fact that there were "pressing contingencies" which made an issue of bonds desirable, within two weeks of the close of Mr. Harrison's term, appears clearly from Mr. Foster's letter. These contingencies were so very pressing that Mr. Foster thought it imperative to have the plates prepared before the law was passed. Yet when testimony was wanted by republican campaign managers to break the force of this damaging fact, Mr. Foster signed a letter saying that he wondered that Mr. Dockery would make himself responsible for so absurd a statement.

The prodigality of republican administrations has long been known. The Fifty-first congress saddled upon the country expenditures which will last for more than a generation. Yet the republicans are asking that the purse of the nation shall again be entrusted to their keeping. The country has suffered so much from the last republican congress that it ought to be wise enough to refuse to be plundered again.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## POINTS AND OPINIONS.

—Boodle did it! The plutocratic monopolists spent millions to down the democracy.—Springfield Register.

—It looks as if the political pendulum had swung too far one way this time to be near the center of gravity.—Boston Herald.

—Republicanism, rejuvenated for the moment by calamities of its own contrivance, has triumphed again, but it triumphs as a minority over a divided majority.—Chicago Herald.

—In the last quarter of a century every defeat which the democratic party has sustained in this state and through this state in the country at large is wholly or largely due to Tammany hall.—Buffalo Courier.

—The plutocrats the republicans are preparing to send to the United States senate will have their uses there. Only a few more money-sack senators are needed to assure the election of all senators by direct vote of the people.—N. Y. World.

—Ex-President Harrison is a shade premature in the conclusion that the recent election was conclusive as to the vote two years from now. There will be plenty of democrats at the polls in '96—too many for the Harrison family.—Chicago Times.

—In McKinley's old district in Ohio the republican candidate for congress got 12,600 votes, the democratic candidate 11,400 votes and Gen. Coxey 9,200 votes. This looks as if McKinleyism was without conspicuous honor in its own balliwick yet.—Boston Herald.

—Figures demonstrate plainly that the stay-at-homes were very largely responsible for the democratic slump. It is a well-established principle of this government that men cannot refrain from voting and at the same time have their votes counted.—Detroit Free Press.

—According to distinguished republican authority McKinleyism is to be revived only in a few respects. "The tariff on wool and on lumber will be restored," he says. That is the first menace from the party coming into power. Higher prices for clothing and carpets and higher prices for building materials, making rents higher and increasing the cost of constructing a home.—Chicago Herald.

The battle for tariff reform will have to go down foot and take a new start. The battle over the money issue will soon be upon us. We shall see whether there is democracy enough left of the true and blue stripe to make a great-coat good against all weather; or whether we must still wear a coat of many colors, covering not a homogeneous party, inspired by faith and truth, but a mere bundle of factions thrown together by the upheaval of the times.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## FOR SUNDAY READING.

### THE EVERLASTING GOD.

Before the rolling sea,  
Before the crystal rills,  
Before the shades of forests cool,  
Before the rocky hills.  
Before the deep, dark caves,  
Before the mountains lone,  
Before the earth or sky was formed,<  
God looked down from His throne.  
There was a blazing sun  
And shining stars on high,  
The planets moved; and comets red  
Flashed flaming through the sky.  
Planets and stars and sun,  
Proclaimed His praise abroad.  
"From everlasting, without end,  
Is our Eternal God!"  
Eons before their light  
Beamed on the empty sky  
The Everlasting Deity  
Had reigned enthroned on high.  
Then came a tiny world,  
Trampling in space it stood;  
The mighty God looked down and smiled—  
His voice proclaimed it good.  
It stayed a little while  
We say, unnumbered years;  
So to our feeble estimate  
The length of Time appears.  
And myriads of men  
Lived, loved and hoped and died,  
How brief their term of fleeting years  
God's length of days beside!  
An instant! It was gone,  
Gone like a transient flame!  
From everlasting God is God  
And ever was the same.  
The constellations passed,  
And Space was dark and lone!  
God reigns and reigned and still will reign  
On His Eternal Throne.  
And does He never regret  
The worlds and systems dead?  
The beauty of the Pleiades  
The lights forever fled?  
No! planets are as dust  
And stars like seashore sands  
To Him who holds the firmaments  
In His almighty hands.  
A million million suns  
Will yet before Him flame!  
He is the everlasting God  
And ever was the same.  
—W. Francis Williams, in N. Y. Independent.

### THE LAW FULFILLED.

A Touching Incident Where Love Gave Its Utmost in Faithful Discharge of Duty.

There would be little room for fiction if some automatic pen wrote down all the private dramas of a great public woe. The whole world knows how the hero Æneas bore his living father on his shoulders from the flames of burning Troy; but a boy carrying his dead father from worse than burning New Orleans received no notice even in the local newspapers.

It was when the last yellow fever epidemic was raging in that city, and scores were dying every day. Individual mourning was swallowed up in the great sadness that overswept and stupefied the people. Sorrow had passed the stage of tears. Dried-eyed survivors cried out, like Mrs. Browning:

"Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not  
More grief than ye can weep for."

An eye-witness of the incident given below related the story the other day, among many vivid recollections of the plague.

The number of the dead in the stricken city increased so rapidly that the living were too few to bury them, and one poor young man in the suburbs—he could hardly be more than eighteen—found himself alone with his lifeless father, the last of his family. With little or no aid he had nursed him to the last, and now he looked in vain for help to carry him to the grave.

A common trench at the upper levee was the dismal burial place for the yellow-fever victims, and the unhappy youth knew that the body ought at once to be laid under the ground.



TENDERLY HE TRIED TO HANDLE IT.

He wrapped it carefully in a sheet, and, exhausted and weak, and probably stricken with the fever as he was, he took up the sad burden and strove to bear it away. It was a long road for even a strong man, encumbered with more than his own weight, and the enfeebled boy was soon obliged to lay the body down. After a brief rest he took up the beloved load and struggled again.

In all the manliness of grief.

A short distance, and then another rest. Here and there a woman's pale, compassionate face looked from a door or window; but compassion was used to heart-breaking scenes now, and powerless to lend comfort. There were sufferers in every house, and the women could not leave them. Only one stepped into the street, and gave the poor lad a mug of water as he sat on the ground wiping the sweat from his face and neck.

He drank eagerly, murmured his thanks and slowly resumed his burden. It was all that remained to him of his father, and it was pitiful how tenderly he tried to handle it. He went on with staggering step. It was plain that he had spent his strength. His foot stumbled. He fell heavily to the ground. The passing patrol found him lying lifeless across the body of the father he had loved.

It is unlike all we have learned of Heaven if its record of those who died doing their duty has no illuminated page for the unknown names. Surely on the books of eternity, faithfulness in little stands side by side with faithfulness in much, and every love that gave its utmost has fulfilled the law.—Youth's Companion.

—It is not great sin which keeps one out of Heaven, but sin unrepented of.

## AS GOD SEES IT.

The Day of Small Things Means Great Results in Eternity.

The question is asked in Scripture: "Who hath despised the day of small things?" We may ask who hath not despised small things? They are seldom appreciated as they should be. We think little of what we regard as small evils, faults or waste, and yet continued, the issue may be most momentous. The fissure in an embankment may engulf a large extent of country. Great cities have been burned over with vast destruction of life and property, and yet one small match started the conflagration. So, some trivial departure from right, some scarcely recognized evil, may debase a soul, and the results will be far-reaching as eternity.

It is the same with small things that are good. Right principle in what seem small things may form a grand character. The effort to instruct an ignorant child may be thought scarcely worth putting forth, but it may issue in the development of far-reaching, beneficent influences. Our Lord taught men to mark the diminutiveness of the mustard seed and the wondrous growth that may come from it. How many a church whose influence is felt throughout the land was started by a small company of Christians. They had little of worldly goods and in influence, and yet from their feeble beginnings there are blessed issues, "forever telling yet untold." "As poor yet making many rich."

With regard to all the great movements of our times we learn constantly the power of small things. In secular life it is their combination that makes the great aggregate. One vote is a small thing, but votes will soon tell, with tremendous consequences, in cities, states and the nation. The nickel paid for a street-car fare appears to be a trifle, but the year shows that they make great revenues. So, if Christians generally realized how small amounts thrown into the treasury of the church might furnish a large fund for good, there would be far more of care and a constant watchfulness against waste.

Let every reader ask whether he may not profitably consider his action with regard to small things. The influence they may have in making or marring character, their relation to our own spiritual progress and comfort, the opportunities they offer for doing good, demand our careful thought. The years of our lives are made up of moments, but the "raspings and parings of precious duration" may be so used as to be a vast blessing to ourselves and to mankind, and they may be made to bring glory to God.—Christian Inquirer.

## TRY TO FIND THE GOOD.

Overcome the Evil Tendency to See in Others Bad Instead of Good Qualities.

Mr. Spurgeon once said that he had seen men, and women, too, who seemed to have a propensity rather to observe that which is evil in another than that which is good. Unfortunately, we could all say the same thing. And, what is still more unfortunate, we do not abhor this sin as we should, because we have all got a share of it in our own hearts. Indeed, some of us are apt to pride ourselves on our sharpness in detecting the weaknesses in other people's characters; but how many take a pride in discovering good qualities in the people around us?

Each man sees the reflection of his own thoughts in everything about him. The artist sees beauty, and the poet finds food for ennobling thought, in a landscape which to the short-sighted pleasure-lover suggests only barrenness and isolation. The educated eye of the mineralogist detects in that same region indications of valuable deposits. He digs and blasts, and by and by discovers far below the surface a mine of wealth which enriches the whole neighborhood.

There are gold mines, or, what is much more valuable, coal mines, buried beneath the surface in nearly all the men and women we meet, and our chief business in life should be to discover and exploit these mines. In so doing we shall enrich ourselves for time and for eternity.—N. Y. Witness.

## Better Than Good Grammar.

Good grammar is a good thing, but some good things are said ungrammatically. The man who speaks sneeringly of a preacher or teacher because he detects in him an occasional fault of speech, or who refuses to open his spiritual ear to words of counsel because his fleshly ear detects in those words slips in grammar, exalts the body above the spirit. He goes into a voluntary bondage to a soulless master. It is a fine and desirable accomplishment to be able always to speak grammatically; but it is a still higher attainment to forget the preacher in his message, and to welcome and enjoy the truth—to hear the voices of the spirit, come how they may.—S. S. Times.

## Our Heavenly Father's Care.

Do not look forward to what may happen to-morrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will care for you to-morrow and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it.—Francis de Sales.

## WISE SAYINGS.

"The Gospel will turn the world upside down because it is already wrong side up."

—A living, loving Christian!—there is no stronger power on earth, no power can withstand him.

—Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one. He has an altar in every man's dwelling.—John Ruskin.

"They must be clean who would serve the Lord. A pure and holy God can dwell only in a pure and holy temple."

—The man who imagines that piety is an "inward misery" is always liable to mistake liver trouble for religion.—Young Men's Era.

—Occasion may be the bugle call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle can never make soldiers or win victories.—Garfield.