

THE THEATER HAT.

Her has she took within her hand,
Just on the seat before me.
Deliciously the act was planned
So as to not ignore me.

I knew the girl who cares for those
Who have a seat behind her
Must have rare virtues to disclose—
So in my heart I twined her.

I got what others lost that day,
The stage's perfect vision;
I saw the actors and the play,
And all the scenes elysian.

I could have written in her praise
A string of sonnet's sonnets;
So few the girls at matinees,
Who dare take of their bonnets.

At last I sought, with fancy free,
My angel to discover,
And made her give her heart to me—
And now I am her lover.

—Joel Benton, in Truth.



Thursday, July 30th.

MY DEAR MISS BROWNING:

The bachelors are to give
a cotillon on Monday evening
next, and each has the privilege
of inviting a partner.

May I have the pleasure
of dancing with you?
Trusting that you may grant
me this honor, I remain,

Sincerely yours, REGINALD H. WESTON.

August 6th.

MY DEAR MISS ELIZABETH:

That sail yesterday was so awfully
jolly. Can't we try another, day after
to-morrow? Do say yes!

I trust you did not take cold
Monday night—you wouldn't
have anything around you, you
know, so if you did take cold it
was all your own fault.

Please don't say any more
about the flowers—they were not half
as fine as I should like them to have
been—not half worthy of the recipient!

Begging you to agree to the sail, I
am, Faithfully, REGINALD H. W.

August 15th.

DEAR BESSIE:

You don't mind, do you? You made
me too happy last evening! Did you
really mean all you said out on the
arch? I went back to the hotel in a
trance. I dreamt all night of a pair
of soft brown eyes and a beautiful
flower-like face, and this morning
the remembrance of them is still
distinctly before me. You

don't mind my saying all this? Surely
not, after the way you looked last
evening! May I come again to-night? Do, do,
let me, for twenty-four hours will
have elapsed since I have seen you.
Impatiently, REGINALD.

August 20th.

DEAREST BESS:

Do I love you? Of course I do. With
all the strong love of a strong man's
heart, and what is more, I do not
believe that anyone else ever
loved in quite the same way! You are
never out of my mind an instant!

If you knew how happy I
was all morning out there on the
rocks, holding your dear little hand
and listening to your voice! Eight hours
have elapsed since then and yet the
music of that voice is still in my ears.
And you ask if I love you! Dearest,
yes, I love you, love you, love you!
Now, are you satisfied?

Devotedly yours, L. H. W.

August 27th.

MY DEAR MISS BROWNING:

It was easy to see at the golf match
yesterday afternoon that you and Tom
Barry found me in the way! I regret
exceedingly to have inconvenienced
you by my presence, and shall take
care that the thing does not happen
again. I have your welfare too much
at heart to be willing to give you any
annoyance.

By the way, made moicelle, did
you ever happen to hear the little
verse:

"Sweet! Thou hast trod on a heart,
Pass! There's a world full of men,
Forgive me if so close I lean
Must do such things now and then!"

Always your friend and well-wisher,
R. H. Weston.

September 2.

Forgive you my darling, little girl
Of course, I do, with all my heart! Your
note makes me almost forget
what it was all about!

September 2.

And so you hate poor Barry?
Why, dearest, he's a very
decent sort of chap, only it
drove me mad to have you
even look at another fellow!

And I have made you suffer?
Oh! my sweet-heart, it cuts me
to the heart to think of it! But
I was suffering so myself, that I really
didn't know what I was doing.

I am a brute! A perfect brute, and it
is I who ask your pardon. I shall
be around, darling, inside of an hour
and then I shall go down on my knees
and humbly kiss the hem of your
garment. With my heart's dear love
and trusting that I may not see in
vain, I remain

Your contrite, adoring
Roozie.

September 10th.

BELOVED OF MY HEART!

To say that I am the happiest man
in the world is drawing it mildly! I
am lifted from the dull limits
of sublunary happiness into the
exalted realms of the sublime!

To think that you are mine!
All mine! That you wear on
your dear finger the golden
circle and transparent
gem which bind you to me
with the most sacred ties! Oh,
my angel! I can scarcely realize
my joy! Words are a poor
medium to express such feelings as mine.

Darling, how easy it will be for me
to promise to love and to cherish,
in sickness and in health! What a
blessed privilege! And what a life
ours will be! A honeymoon from
beginning to end, with never a prosaic
thought, for, as you say, dear one, we
are both so replete with romance, and
so affectionate. The only thing,
sweetheart, I shall never suffer you
out of my sight for a moment, once
you are mine! Here, I have not seen
you for twenty minutes! It is an
eternity and I cannot stand it! The
messenger is awaiting this note; I
shall follow immediately.

I kiss you fondly, my own, and with
the most rapturous devotion, I am,
Yours, until death do us part,
Roozie.

A YEAR LATER
August 15th.

DEAR LIZ:

Stay as long as you like—don't be
in any hurry to get home. I like the
quiet. It's a great relief from Reggie's
howls.

The butcher's bill came in to-day—
it's forty-five for one month; do you
think I am made of money?
No; I didn't match the worsteds and
don't intend to. What does a man
know about such things? Have sent
the crimpers. Roo.

THE DANGER OF EXTEMPORANEOUS PRAYER.

The danger of extempore prayer is
that it may degenerate into the ludicrous.
Take, for example, the
preacher who said in his prayer: "We
thank Thee, oh, Lord, for the goodly
congregation here to-night, and that
Thou, too, oh, Lord, art here, notwithstanding
the inclemency of the weather."

A Texas minister once prayed as
follows: "Oh, Lord, I never did see
such a day as it was yesterday, and I
don't believe you ever did either."

Still another prayed: "We thank
Thee, oh Lord, for Thy great bounty;
we thank Thee for the fine weather;
we thank Thee for the beautiful harvest
and that Thou hast enabled us to
gather in the wheat throughout this
district—with the exception of Farmer
Mills' little three-cornered patch down
in the hollow, not worth mentioning."
—Texas Siftings.

Stab Ends of Thought.

One drop of scandal will spread over
a whole lifetime.
It is not hard to forgive a lie told
with good intent.
It is said the good die young. It is
known that a great many adults are
still with us.
If we did as much good as we want
other people to do, the millennium
would be next door.
It makes an honest property holder
nervous to hear a fire bell ring.
A full jail is a better sign than an
empty one.
Don't strike a man when he is down;
and don't laugh when somebody else
strikes him.
An old bachelor is the tramp of society.
A man's will is a woman's won't.—
Detroit Free Press.

The first bits of India rubber that
were sold in London for erasers
brought about seventy-five cents a
cubic inch.

September 8.

FOLLY OF THE SUGAR TRUST.

The threat of the sugar trust to
close its eastern refineries was characteristic
of the methods of that
monopoly. It was made by Mr. H. O.
Haveymer, the president of the trust,
within a few days of the meeting of
congress, and Mr. Haveymer based
the pretended necessity for closing
the refineries and turning thousands
of men out of employment on the
probability of the passage of the free-
sugar bill, which, having gone through
the house of representatives at the
last session of congress, is pending in
the senate. At the time when this
threat was uttered there was small
probability that the free-sugar bill
would be passed by the senate. There
was then no evidence, so far as the
public knew, that the hold of the trust
on the senators who compelled the
surrender to its demands was weakened.
But Mr. Haveymer's interview has
evidently greatly discredited the trust
in Washington. It has aroused a
widespread indignation against the
trust, which, coupled with the popular
verdict in the country, and especially
in his own state, has compelled
even the obstinate and cynical
Senator Smith to denounce the friends
by adhering to whom last summer he
incurred much deserved odium.

The threat was clearly ill-timed, and
otherwise indicative that to Mr. Haveymer,
as to other men who have been
cleverly and astutely defiant of the
public sentiment in favor of morality,
and whose success in corruption or
selfish greed had seemed unbounded,
there has come a time when folly has
taken possession of him. So cruel and
unnecessary was his threat that the
president felt constrained to mention
it in his message, and to express a
willingness, in view of it, that the
special protection enjoyed by the
trust should be repealed.

Mr. Haveymer apparently thought
that he had only to drive his workmen
into the streets to stay the hand
of the advocates of free sugar. But he
forgot, or never realized, the almost
universal hatred which his own and
his associates' conduct in Washington
had inspired. He and they were among
the most potent factors of democratic
defeat. The country believes the trust
purchased protection from the senate,
and that Gorman, Bruce, Smith and
some others were practically its agents.

It knows from the testimony of the
two Haveymers and Searles that the
trust habitually corrupted both political
parties. It has reason to know that
the trust is amply protected, and
that if it has lost money or failed
to make it in the last three months
it is because it was too confident
in its power to postpone the operation
of the act until the 1st of January.
More important than all else is the
knowledge that the business of refining
sugar is conducted in this country
more cheaply than anywhere else
in the world, and that the trust can
actually pay some duty on its raw
material and still compete with the
German and English refineries in the
markets of the world. It knows from
Henry O. Haveymer's own testimony,
given in 1890, that American refiners
do not need protection.

The indignantly outcry with which
Mr. Haveymer's threat was greeted
was followed by the return to the
refineries of the few workmen who
were discharged. This was a confession
that, instead of being under a
stress of civil circumstances, the trust
could not afford to stop production
even for a few days, and for the purpose
of preventing the passage of the
free-sugar bill.

The result of all this ought to inspire
the senate to do something towards
curbing one of the grossest scandals that
ever tainted it. The differential duty at
least should be abolished. If this much
is accomplished the country will be
grateful for Mr. Haveymer's folly.—
Harper's Weekly.

SUGAR TRUST SENATORS.
A Monopoly Created and Supported by
Republicans.

By a vote of twenty-three to twenty-
seven, the United States senate refused
to strike out the discriminating
duties in favor of the sugar trust. The
vote showed clearly the friends and
the enemies of the trust. Of the
twenty-three votes to strike out the
differential duty in favor of the sugar
trust, twenty-two were democrats. Of
the twenty-seven votes against striking
out, twenty-four were republicans
and populists.

The monopoly of the sugar trust
was begun by republican legislation.
It was one of the essential features
of the McKinley bill, which made a
high discrimination in favor of the sugar
trust. That discrimination was
repealed by a hard fight, and the effort
to abolish it entirely received only one
republican vote.

The sugar trust makes a profit of
ten million dollars a year by its privilege
of laying a tax on the people of a
fraction of a cent on every pound of
sugar they consume.

The United States government authorizes
the sugar trust to collect
from the people an annual income ten
times as large as that which it costs to
run the whole government of this city.
While on one hand the United States
favors the sugar trust by its protect-
ing tariff, on the other hand it permits
the sugar trust to oppress its laborers
and to close its refineries and still
more to raise its profits from the
people.

The test vote of the senate shows
who the friends of the sugar trust are.
—Albany Argus.

No more interesting paper has
been issued from the government at
Washington during recent years than
the annual report of the secretary of
agriculture, Hon. J. Sterling Merton.
Not the least interesting feature of
this valuable paper is the statement at
the outset that six hundred thousand
dollars of the appropriation for the
department for the last fiscal year have
been covered back into the treasury,
being twenty-three per cent of the
entire amount, and that "economy has
not diminished efficiency."—Kansas
City Times.

POLITICAL HERESY.

What a Republican Journal Says of
McKinleyism.

The defeat which prohibitory
protection has just sustained in the
republican congressional campaign
committee is significant. It came on the
question of continuing the committee
headquarters and the maintenance of
its literary bureau until March 15
next. This was the proposition of
Chairman Babcock and the other
leaders of the moderate wing of the
party and it was opposed by the high
protectionists under the direction of
Boutelle of Maine. The moderates
were successful by a large majority.
For three months more the head-
quarters will be kept open, and during
this time literature on the tariff
question will be sent out to republicans
or others who ask for it and the
campaign of education be continued.

Just what happened in the congressional
committee would happen in
caucus if the matter were brought
before the entire republican delegation
of both branches. High protection;
the protection which is understood by
the term McKinleyism, would be
beaten four or five to one on a vote
of the whole body of republican members
of congress. McKinleyism denotes
high protection—protection in some
places very close to the prohibitory
point, and in many places much nearer
that point than is necessary for the
producer, fair for the government, or
just to the consumer. The term is
concrete and specific, and the warfarer
man, though a fool, will know precisely
what it means.

McKinleyism is not republican doctrine
and never was. Undoubtedly if the
republican masses of the country were
permitted to vote on the McKinley
bill just after it was put into shape
they would have rejected and condemned
it by a vote of at least three to one.

A man can be a sound and consistent
protectionist without believing that
the highest duties are always the best
duties. All the protection which the
really representative men of the party
ever wanted was that which would
offset the lower wages paid abroad.

There are, it is true, in the republican
party, as there were in the whig party,
men who think that nothing whatever
should be admitted to the country,
which can be made or raised here, no
matter what the price here is, but in
the whig days those men were never
allowed to dictate tariffs. The
republicans, too, kept them in the
background until recently. They had
no hand in the framing of the Morrill
bill which passed the house in 1890
and the senate in February, 1891. The
duties in that act, of course, were
subsequently increased, but that was during
the war, when an impost was put on
everything that a tax-gatherer could
reach. After the war the duties
started downward, and they kept on
going down until 1890. Then the
import exclusionists and abolitionists
got control of the ways and means
committee, framed the McKinley
tariff, and the party was overwhelmed
and deservedly beaten in that year
and in 1892 as a consequence. No
tariff will ever again be framed on
the 1890 lines. There is an irrepressible
conflict between McKinleyism and
republicanism. McKinleyism is a
relic of barbarism, a survival of the
dark ages. It is political heresy,
economic lunacy, Chinese statesman-
ship. The republican party will see
to it that the McKinleyism resurrec-
tionists be sent to the rear and kept
there. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat
(Rep.).

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

—Every dollar that Steve Elkins
will spend in buying the West Virginia
senatorship represents honest American
sweat, not a drop of which has
been sweated by Elkins himself. How
long will the people allow the plutoc-
racy to fly its red flag over the senate?
—N. Y. World.

—Ex-President Benjamin Harrison
has permitted it to transpire through
a friend that he has not authorized
anybody to say that he is not a candi-
date for the republican nomination for
president in 1896, nor that he is a candi-
date. But he says for himself
(through his friend) that he does not
desire the nomination and would
accept it only "under extreme pressure."
It is easy to see, however, that he con-
fidently expects to feel the "pressure."
—Chicago Herald.

—"No tariff will ever again be
framed on the 1890 lines," says that
outspoken republican journal, the St.
Louis Globe-Democrat. "There is an
irrepressible conflict between McKinley-
ism and republicanism. McKinley-
ism is a relic of barbarism, a survival
of the dark ages. It is political heresy,
economic lunacy, Chinese statesman-
ship. The republican party will see
to it that the McKinleyism resurrec-
tionists be sent to the rear and kept
there."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—A four-dollar rise in one day in
the price of sugar trust stock! This is
to be traced as directly to the fact
that every republican voting in the
senate voted against taking steps to
remove the duty from which the sugar
trust benefits as effect was ever to be
traced to cause in any quarter. The
democrats contributed a mite to aid it
also, but it is only fair to them to say
that the greatest bulk of their senators
went the other way. The republic-
can leaders easily control the party
and make it a unit in the interest of
monopoly, while the democrats are
helpless for efficiency in the other
direction. —Boston Herald.

—McKinleyism is thoroughly dis-
credited even in his own party. The
high priest of the faith will have to
modify his views or cease to be a presidential
possibility. As speaker of
the house Reed will concentrate the
public gaze and attention. He will be
a much more conspicuous figure than
the governor of Ohio or the distin-
guished citizen of Indianapolis who
delivers lectures and practices law.
The czar's way to the nomination
seems an easy one, but the antagonism
which he has created and which he
will create when again he is speaker
makes the question of his selection
entirely a different matter. —Detroit
Free Press.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Merry, Merry Christmas,"
Bilbely let us sing,
And "Merry, Merry Christmas,"
Let the church bells ring;
Lo! the little stranger,
Singing in the manger,
Is the King of Kings.

"Merry, Merry Christmas,"
Weave in fragrant green,
And "Merry, Merry Christmas,"
In holly-berries seen.
Opened Heaven's portals,
That by favored mortals,
Angels might be seen.

"Merry, Merry Christmas,"
Carol bright and gay,
For "Merry, Merry Christmas"
Is the Children's Day;
Morning stars revealing
Shepherds humbly kneeling
Where the Christ Child lay.

"Merry, Merry Christmas,"
Day of sacred air,
"O! Merry, Merry Christmas,"
Sing the Saviour's birth,
Christ, the high and holy,
Once so meek and lowly,
Came from Heaven to earth.

"Merry, Merry Christmas,"
Shout the happy sound,
"O! Merry, Merry Christmas,"
Spreads the world around;
Wonderful the story,
Unto God may glory
Evermore abound.

—Carline L. Rose, in Good Housekeeping.

THE HEART OF CHRISTMAS.

What This Glad Season has Brought Into
The World and the Human Heart.

Christmas is the great living, eternal
protest against pessimism. The star
of Bethlehem is a threefold star, the star
of faith, hope and charity, the triune
light of all living that is not mere
existing.

We of to-day can hardly imagine
what a genuine civilization could be
without Christmas. Its inspiration has
so subtly permeated our life in all its
various phases and activities that we
are baffled in trying to part its rightful
claims from those of what we call in a
general way "the progress of civilization."
It is a task too delicate for the
finest analysis. We only know that
when, at the birth of Jesus, the three
stars of faith, hope and charity were
set in the dark sky of human destiny,
to illumine with steadily growing
beams a course before groping
guesswork, theirs was a light which
was to light every man who cometh
into the world. No man is so wretched,
so sick at heart, so filled with "faint
perplexing dread," so pessimistic, so
agonistic even to the claims of Jesus
and of the supernatural, that at the
Christmastide he does not catch some-
thing of the Christmas inspiration,
pluck up new courage, and take fresh
heart. From the universal spirit of
charity, of good will to men, can not
but spring, by a natural reflex impulse,
that personal hope which shades off
imperceptibly into personal faith.

There are many who would be the last
to acknowledge the claims of Christ-
mas who are indebted to it the most;
for they need it the most. It is a
practical, though uncounted, force in their
lives, giving them an unconscious intel-
lectual and moral vitality, like the
ozone of a strong, clear air which, in the
fruitfulness of ill health, we may imagine
to be filled with noxious germs.

This bracing tonic of Christmas,
which comes to us so breezily and
healthfully every year, not to leave us
until the return of Christmas, is the
special antidote of the morbid pessimism
everywhere about us, in essays,
novels and poetry, often where we least
expect to meet it. In the absorption
of our intensely practical and scientific
life we do not always recognize it, but
its secret influence does not abate for
that. It is transmitted with all the
noiselessness of the electric current,
and circles our world with the same
unbroken continuity. Its name now
most in vogue is "realism," professing
to concern itself with minor adjust-
ments of permanently unsatisfactory
conditions as the chief end of a transi-
tory being, or to devote itself to the
elaboration of the disgusting and the
sensual as the chief end of a
disillusioned art. But whatever its
name or professed purpose, it robs
effort of nobility, achievement
of satisfaction, and life of faith or
hope, and in the end of charity. Taken
at its best, and this world is but a
makeshift, while the other is a misno-
mer. Taken at its worst, and both are
a hell.

This is no exaggerated picture. Ad-
mit once a reasonable basis for pessimism,
banish from the heart all the
blessed inspirations of Christmas hope
and faith, and there remains for an
earnest human soul but a stoical deter-
mination to meet and defy Fate—Fate,
so finely described by Swinburne:
Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a
rock that abides.
But her ears are vexed with the roar, and her
face with the foam of the tides.

Hang the two pictures side by side.
Let one be the soul possessed by pes-
simism, as depicted in that powerful,
terrible poem of Henley:
Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not wined nor cried aloud,
Under the bloodguilties of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

Let the other picture be the soul pos-
sessed by faith and hope, as depicted in
the familiar, beautiful lines from Whit-
tier's "Eternal Goodness":
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muted oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His Islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

And O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creations as they be,
Forgive me if so close I lean
This human heart on Thee.

Christmas was given to us to save us
from the one, and to bless us with the

other.—Arthur Reed Kimball, in Out-look.

THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

From Whence Sweet Assurance Came to
a Troubled Heart.

I think there has been no book writ-
ten on the immortality of the soul
which I have not read. I have pursued
them, bought them at great prices,
studied them with great earnestness,
seeking to construct a satisfactory
theory to my own mind, seeking to
master that great argument. I have
spent thirty years at it, hoping some
day that possibly, by diligent study
and prayerful earnestness, I might be
able to convey the argument, to pre-
sent it with more force, and to make
its impression stronger upon the mind
and heart of the world. But when
death came to my home and struck
down my darling; when I went and
looked into their graves, I saw nothing
but utter darkness; I looked up
into Heaven with a hunger I can
not describe, with an anguish I can
not express; I went out on a dark night
into the deep woods, and looked up into
the great vault above, and bent upon my
breast, and cried to my Father, and to
the spirits which inhabit those distant
and unseen realms, and prayed until
my heart was crushed and broken;
until my tears were exhausted, and my
tongue almost clave to the roof of my
mouth; and in speechless silence, with
my face upon the earth, to see if I could
not hear them; but I found that it was
dark and silent; not a ray, not a voice.

I went and sat down by the philoso-
phers whom I before imagined had edified
me, but now I found they gave me
nothing but husks. I read their argu-
ments which had cheered me, but now
they broke my heart. They had nothing
in them, not even enough for me to
hang a conjecture upon. I was desolate
with an utter desolation. I sat down
and wrung my hands in an agony I could
not describe. Nor did I ever find relief
until I heard a voice coming through
the gloom, and out of the darkness and
silence, with more than heavenly
music and sweetness in it, and it said:
"I am Jesus, the resurrection and the
life; thy dead shall live again;" and
upon that single idea, that single
thought, I found that I could rest my
hope and my faith, and upon none
other. He has brought life and immor-
tality to light; he has revealed that
great doctrine; He has established the
truth which the world sighed and
longed and wept and prayed for, but
which ever eluded mankind till He
came down out of Heaven, and told the
story of the fatherhood of God, and the
immortality of His human children.
"Glory be to the Father, and to the
Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was
in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end." Amen and
amen!—Bishop R. S. Foster.

LASTING INFLUENCE.

Why We Should Be Careful That It Is
Exerted for Good.

It was a striking remark of a dying
man, whose life had been, alas! but
poorly spent: "O that my influence
could be gathered up and buried with
me!" It could not be. That man's in-
fluence survives him; it still lives, is
still working on, and will live and
work for centuries to come. He could
not, when he came to die and saw how
sad and deleterious his influence had
been, he could not put forth his dying
hand and arrest that influence. It was
too late; he had put in motion an
agency which he was altogether power-
less to arrest. His body could be
shrouded, and coffined, and buried out
of sight, but not his influence; for that,
alas! corrupt and deadly as it is, there
is no shroud, no burial. It walks the
earth like a pestilence—like the angel
of death, and will walk till the hand
of God arrests and chains it.

Let us be careful what influence we
leave behind us. For good or for evil
we shall and must live and act, on the
earth, after our bodies have returned
to dust. The grave, even so far as
this world is concerned, is not the end
of us. In the nature of things it can
not be. We are, every one of us, doing
that every day, every hour, which will
survive us, and which will affect, for
good or for evil, those who come after
us. There is nothing we are more
prone to forget and disregard than our
influence upon others; yet there is
nothing we should more dread—there
is nothing for which we must hereafter
give a more solemn account.—Christian
Work.

Knowing When to Stop Speaking.

If preachers have the credit of never
knowing when to stop speaking it is
probably because they speak more than
other men, and not because they are
indifferent to the rights of others or
because they are lacking in judgment.
And yet, it is a great thing to know
just when to stop speaking.—United
Presbyterian.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

Points From the Ram's Horn Concerning
This Well-Known Personage.

You can disappoint the devil in one
way by keeping out of debt.

The more polish you put on a mean
man the better the devil is suited.

It is hard to get the devil's slave to
believe that God is his friend.

You need not be civil to the devil in
order to show that you are no bigot.

The devil wins many a battle by get-
ting God's troops to fire into each other.

The devil has both hands on the man
who will not follow his honest convictions.

If you say "good morning" to the
devil he will offer you his arm to take
a walk.

The man who swears has something in
his heart that the devil wants to
stay there.

The devil never gets a chance to rest
in the neighborhood of the man whom
God pronounces perfect.

The devil lays down his gun when-
ever he hears a preacher begin to apolo-
gize for preaching the truth.

If you let the devil go home to din-
ner with you, you will have to take
him for a regular boarder.

If the devil can persuade you to take
one step, he will make an unanswer-
able argument as to why you should
take another