

**HIS MOTHER HIS SWEETHEART.**

"His mother's his sweetheart—the sweetest, the best!"  
So say the white roses he brings to my breast;  
The roses that bloom when life's summers depart;  
But his love is the sweetest rose over my heart!  
The love that hath crowned me—  
A necklace around me,  
That closer to God and to heaven hath bound me!

"His mother's his sweetheart!" Through all the sad years  
His love is the rainbow that shines through my tears;  
My light in God's darkness, when with my dim eyes  
I see not the stars in the storm of his skies.  
When I bow 'neath the rod  
And no rose decks the sod,  
His love lights the pathway that leads me to God!

"His mother's his sweetheart." Shine bright for his feet,  
O lamps on life's highway; and roses, lean sweet  
To the lips of my darling; and God grant his sun  
And his stars to my dutiful, beautiful one!  
For his love—it hath crowned me—  
A necklace around me,  
And closer to God and to heaven hath bound me!  
—Ladies' Home Journal.

**A DESERTER'S RETURN.**

She stood in the doorway of the shack and watched him trailing down the road after the horse in a cloud of dust. When he had passed over the rise and the jingle of harness came no longer to her ears she sat down upon the doorstep with a troubled sigh. The shanty, almost the one brown spot in the tumbling wilderness of grass, was small and dingy and redolent of the bar paper that covered its sides. From its thin chimney there faltered a thin column of smoke that struggled weakly for a moment and then sank to the ground, bringing in its midst a shower of soot that touched here and there with grimy fingers. Over the white-curtained window ran a vine, twisting about the decaying sash in a luxuriant profusion of foliage, heavy with budding greenness. One aprig, bolder than the rest, stretched its length of tender green across to the door, and hung far down, swinging in the wind and holding out its curling tendrils, like tiny fingers, in wistful greeting to the woman below. A row of lustrous sunflowers ran from the house to the straw-thatched barn, holding up their rosy faces for a kiss from the sun and forgetting entirely the timid devotion of the morning glories that wound about their sturdy limbs and climbed high up to offer to their unbending masters a taste of morning dew from their horns of scarlet and gold. A hen, fussy with the responsibilities of an over-large family, basked in the warm earth and tucked unheeded warnings to her downy brood.

The woman took off her hat and laid it beside her. The breeze, fresh with the smell of ripening wheat, blew onto her cheek and lingered to coax a stray eyelid into her eyes. A gray squirrel that had run from his burrow to snatch a few crumbs paused to note her discomfited attitude and perked his head in inquisitive wonder. A little way from the house the railroad crossed the farm in a long stretch of yellow clay. Sometimes Annette had sat on the ties and looked longingly into the glimmering distance from whence she had come and wished that she could go back, and then grow afraid of herself that she could make such a wish. She remembered now, how, from the flying train she had looked out upon a cluster of buildings huddled close together for warmth. It seemed, and casually wondered how a person could live in such a place, and afterwards, when she found it was to be her home and Jack's, she felt with a sudden sinking of the heart how dreary her life must become. Even then, strong with the fever of love, she had somehow realized the hopelessness of the undertaking, and now that the roseate flush of the honeymoon had faded she sat up with a dull pain in her head and a wave of homesickness rolled over her.

Annette was, in truth, a child of civilization. She loved the noise and bustle of the city, the rattle of trucks, the rumble of cabs, the clanging of cable-car gongs, the purr of the trolley; she loved the cries of the street, the hurrying of footsteps, the rattling of locomotives, the sounding of whistles; and this morning she thirsted with heart-sick eagerness for the sight of home, the crowded thoroughfares, the brightly-green patches of lawn, the smooth stretches of boulevard, the motored shadow of the sun shining through the leaves, the glare of night illumination as shaly way pavements. She looked for the shop windows, the tall buildings and the smoke-canopied sky of her native city; for a sign of the familiar office, the clicking typewriters, the patter of the ticker as it thrust forth its long tongue of dotted paper; her cushioned seat by the window, from which she could look out on sandal roofs and black-throated chimneys, and where voices of the pigmy street multitudes came up to her in a murmuring babel of tongues. All this she had left for the love of him—and she did love her husband.

But her world, how empty it was, how lonesome and still, how utterly formless she had grown to feel in spite of him. When she had first come the novelty had charmed her. The air was deliciously soft and the grass in its first greenness above the sod. Patches of snow still lay on the shadow side of the drifts; in the sunny places the daisies were up and bloomed. But

now the grass was tall and the wind swept through it in gruesome whispers that made her think of a country graveyard. And every tall bearded stalk had answered with a nod of its head and seemed to look askance at her with knowing smile; the grasshoppers perched in the shade and in-buzzed in monotonous cadence, the gophers chattered impudently and the plovers whistled from above, and with one accord they seemed decisively to say, "Homesick, homesick—a bride and homesick." And so she was—miserably, unbearably so, and every one appeared to know it save Jack.

Poor, busy Jack! It was all work with him and no sympathy. In the morning he hurried to the fields, he hurried from the table, at night he hurried to bed that he might be the early riser that the next day's labors demanded. Thus it was, perhaps, that he did not notice the shadows that deepened in her eyes. At first, with a little encouragement, she would have told him all and cried it out on his shoulder, and, perhaps, together they might have learned the lesson of endurance. But now her heart had crusted over and hid beneath its surface her sorrow. Suffering, doubt, grew in noxious luxuriance in her soul's garden and threatened to choke out timid love. For this she blamed him. She said, over and over to herself, that he did not care, and then, out of loyalty to him, denied it, but at last, against her will, she had admitted the truth of the accusation.

Finally she had told it to the dog and wept into his shaggy mane, and he had listened gravely and with infinite patience, and licked her hand in fond sympathy. But of late it seemed to her that he had deserted her cause, and, as if to reprove her discomfited and set an example of fidelity, left her side to follow his master all the day long. And it had come to this! She would answer the pleadings of her soul; she would leave him. She would go home, back to noise and bustle and life; back to friends and voluble companionship. Strengthened with sudden resolution, she sprang to her feet and looked at the clock. There was time to catch the train. She had money of her own, the remains of her spinster savings. She would take the pony and leave at the postoffice a note that would explain the story of it all to Jack. With nervous fingers she set about tidying the room. When this task was finished she placed upon the table Jack's luncheon, noting with a tender smile some of the things she had brought with her and which she was about to leave—her dainty tea urn, the sugar and cream holders that Jack had laughed at for their smallness, the cup with a broken handle that was reserved for him because of its size and solidity. When the table was set she covered it with a pink net, and turned to lay out her pretty traveling dress that she had worn but once before.

The train pulled in with a rattle and clang of brakes and she climbed aboard and saw the house fade out of sight behind her. Presently, with a shock of recollection, she sat up and propped her face to the pane. The train was passing through their farm. The low, sod barn, the house with blinds pulled down, and Prince, the dog, running after the train and finally ceasing, satisfied with having chased it off the premises. At last there was Jack in the hayfield; he waved his hat gayly and the horses looked backward over their shoulders at their flying rival. With a frightened gasp Annette shrank into the cushions. A flood of sickening anguish engulfed her. For the first time the full realization that she was forsaking her husband crowded upon her. She forgot the dreariness of the prairie, the emptiness of its landscape, the acres of solitude; she forgot her desolation and suffering. The vision of the empty home smote her. The words of Jack's last good-by sounded in her ears; the presence of his kiss was upon her lips.

She slowly straightened herself in her seat and brushed her face as if to drive away the sight of it. Then a new look came into her eyes; a holy fire suffused her countenance, such as might have shone in the eyes of the Christian maiden and blotted out fear of the best.

Yes, she would return! It was not too late. She could take the next train back and intercept that cruel note. He should never read it—should never know.

The sun was sinking low into the western horizon when she came again to the town, and its golden light glorified the tall, red-towered elevators and softened the outlines of the gaunt frame buildings until they looked no longer hateful to her. She hastened across the sandy road to the postoffice with almost a light heart.

house came in view. The picketed horses came trotting toward her to the length of their ropes, with many an arch of the back and friendly neigh of recognition for their comrade. Prince came running down the road, frantic with welcome, and Jack came to the door with a skillet in his hand.

"Supper is ready," he cried gayly, coming to lift her tenderly from the saddle.

What—what, she cried to herself, dizzily, could it be he had never received the letter. Then she fainted in his arms.

When she revived she clung to him and looked earnestly in his eyes; hope leaped in her bosom. There was no cloud on his brow; he did not know.

When the dishes were cleared away they took their chairs into the front yard. The moon was rising in sleep-easy splendor.

"I have something to tell you," he said, drawing close to her. "Good news," he added hastily, alarmed by the look on her face. "I sold the farm to-day. The Illinois man bought it, paid every dollar in cash, and I have it here, and, best of all, the letter that came this afternoon—it caught her breath—"was from the Journal. Briggs says I can have my old place again, and for me to come at once!"

He silenced her with a wave of his hand. "I know," he continued, "that you were dissatisfied; I saw it all along, and it nearly killed me. I blamed myself for bringing you to such a place, and—but—wait till I get my pipe—"

A moment later she heard him knocking about in the house. Then she noticed Prince digging in the dirt and caught the flutter of something white.

"Bring it here, sir," she cried, sternly. When he had brought it, with reluctant step and downcast demeanor, she saw it to be a letter—her own letter to Jack—the hateful letter, crumpled and earth-stained, but—unopened. With a cry of joy she seized the dog in her arms and kissed his earthy nose. She ceased her demonstrations a moment to answer Jack's voice from the doorway.

"Oh, in that package?" she replied. "Why, cigars. I bought them for you to-day—the biggest ones I could find!"

"Um, um," said Jack, sniffing at them suspiciously; "they are nice. I will save them for Sunday."

When he had lighted his pipe and taken a few satisfied puffs, he remarked: "Copley said he left two letters for me under the door, but I could find only one. I suppose the wind blew it away."

Annette said nothing, but stroked Prince, and he thumped his tail on the ground and looked fondly, first at one, then at the other.—Indiana State Journal.

**QUER STORIES**

An acre devoted to the culture of bananas yields 133 times as much money as an acre of wheat.

Japan was originally civilized by way of China; to-day Japan sends scholars and men of science to instruct the Chinese.

France pays in pensions every year 70,000,000 francs, of which 25,000,000 are subtracted from the salaries of officials.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders most often, having thunder storms, on an average, 97 days of the year.

It takes thirty-seven specially constructed and equipped steamers to keep the submarine telegraph cables of the world in repair.

Deafness is more common in cold countries than in warm climates, the ear being very sensitive to atmospheric changes.

There are something like 40,000 public schools in Japan. The buildings are well built and very comfortable, education being compulsory.

It has been stated that there are in the United States over fifty distinct secret orders, with over 70,000 lodges and 5,000,000 members.

A story is in circulation to the effect that the city of Washington stands on leased ground, and that the lease must be renewed in 1899.

There have been over sixty lions in the London Zoo during the last fifty years, many being presents from the Queen or members of the royal family.

A writer in the Arena declares that 500,000 men now do the work, with the aid of machinery, which needed 16,000,000 persons to do a few years ago.

Half Turns White from Fright. Dr. Parry, in the Dublin Medical Press (1861), gives the following instance of half turning white from fright. On Feb. 19, 1853, the command of General Franks, operating in the southern part of the kingdom of Oude, had an engagement with a body of rebels. Several of the enemy were taken prisoners. One of them, a Sepoy, was led before the authorities to be questioned. "I then had occasion," said Parry, "to observe in this man the events that I propose to relate. The prisoner for the first time seemed to be conscious of his danger when, deprived of his uniform and completely nude, he saw himself surrounded by soldiers. He then began to tremble violently, terror and despair were depicted on his face, and, though he responded to the questions addressed to him, he seemed actually stupefied by fear. Then, under our very eyes and in the space of scarcely half an hour, his hair, which we had seen was a brilliant black, turned gray uniformly over the whole head."

There is nothing so terrible about the sign "Keep Off the Grass." If a man has a nice lawn, he has a right to order the leavers off.



THIS discourse of Dr. Talnage draws a contrast between the figures of this world and the beautiful occupation of the heavenly paradise; text, Micah ii, 13. "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

This was the drunkest of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition, but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells by long exposure and much ringing lose their clearness of tone, but this ringing bell of the gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life a great many vacations and managements are necessary. We have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man in this world who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world of rest.

A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tasks; from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisy that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that he did not make this world a place to linger in. God does everything successfully, and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in.

It does right well for a few years. Indeed, if it were intended for us to lounge in, it would be made of gold and silver, and the world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in.

Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill and bird and ocean, so that God has but to lift his hand and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquest.

Care of the Wealthy. You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bad stock the money markets.

They had stock in the most successful railroads and in safe deposit vaults great rolls of Government securities. They had embazoned carriages, high settled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded birds and wooters who sat at their tables tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the wall, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze and dripping soft as light on seas of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights. It is 11 o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids and the air float through the half opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back all care, anxiety and trouble! But no, they will not stand back. They trifle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pillow. They cry out at 12 o'clock at night: "Awake, man! How can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire bell! It is your district. How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings. How if you should go poor? Wake up! Rising on one elbow, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room and wipes the dampness from his forehead and says, "Alas, for all this scene of wealth and magnificence, no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said: "There is something the matter with all these houses. In that one is a conjugal infidelity. In that one a dissipated son. In that one a dissipated father. In that one idiot child. In that one the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says, "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown, if I could gain that office, if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand clapping applause, if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on 10,000 lips. He is bowed to and sought after and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his party words of beauty they throw garlands. From house tops as he passes in long processions they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is 11 o'clock at night. On pillows stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush all disturbing voices. In his dream let there be hoisted a throne and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush!

Changes of Political Sentiment. "Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor? Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Listen to the execrations of those who once carressed you! By tomorrow night there will be multitudes swooning at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Ep. man! Off with this pillow!" This man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie upon his stand, or the scrolls from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief. Instantly when he triumphed over his first political

the garners are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil, arise ye and depart, for this is your rest!  
Seymour M. Callum, a boy of my Sunday school, while dying, said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing, sing."

"There is rest for the weary."  
Then, putting his wasted hand over his heart, he said, "There is rest for me."

But there are some of you who want to hear about the land where they never have any heartbreaks and no graves are dug. Where are your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. I look around, and where I see one man who has parents living I see ten who are orphans. Where are your children? Where I see one family circle that is unbroken I see three or four that have been desolated.

One lamb gone out of this fold, one flower plucked from that garden, one golden link broken from that chain, here a bright light put out and there another and younger another. With such griefs how are you to rest? Will there ever be a power that can attenuate that silent voice or kindle the luster of that closed eye or put spring and dance into that little foot? When we hark up the dust over the dead, is the sod never to be broken? Is the cemetery to wear no sound but the tire of the horse-wheel or the tap of the bell at the gate as the long processions come in with their awful burdens of grief? Is the bottom of the grave gravel and the top dust? No, no, no! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on our way home. The swelling of Jordan will only wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers gilded with the sun that never sets.

Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dew of the night of grief, ye whose hearts are heavy because those well known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, ye are in your rest! There is David triumphant, but once he becometh Ahabolom. There is Abraham enthroned, but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant, but hence sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health, but on earth he was always sick. No toll, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, no night, no storm to ruffle the crystal sea, no alarm to strike from the cathedral towers, no dirge throbbing from seraphic harp, no tremor in the everlasting song, but rest, perfect rest, unending rest!

A Glorious Reunion. Into that rest how many loved ones have gone! Some put down the work of a lifetime, feeling they could hardly be spared from the store of labor for a day, but to be spared for a day is to be spared for a life. One came tottering on his staff and used to sit at the foot of the pulpit, his wrinkled face radiant with the light that falls from the throne of God. Another having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price; suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne!

Glorious consolations! They are not dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they greeted us on earth they watch us from their high places and their voices cheer us in our struggle for the sky. Had spirits blessed, now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown. With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh, won't it be grand, when our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands and cry out, "This is heaven?"

By the thrones of your departed kindred, by their gentle hearts and the tenderness and love with which they now call you from the skies, I beg you start on the high road to heaven. In the everlasting rest may we all meet.

One of the old writers wished he could have seen three things: Rome in its prosperity, Paul preaching Christ in the body, I have three wishes: First, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed; second, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed; third, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed.

When my new budget wings I rise To read those shere beyond wings the skies, I'll run through every golden street And ask each blissful soul I meet, Where is the God whose praise ye sing? Oh, lead me, stranger, to your king! Copyright, 1896.

Short Sermons. Time Wasted.—It is hard to get Americans to take time to study religious or any other serious problems. They feel the need of more days in the week and more weeks in the month. Lelaure is an unknown term to most Americans.—Rev. J. E. Cahill, Episcopalian, Des Moines, Ia.

Better Ideals.—God moves amid the hosts of men. While not a God of blood, he walks upon fields of blood. He rules for ultimate progress. He permits the destruction of inhuman nations, and from their ruins thence springs a people of better ideals.—Rev. Conrad Blum, Lutheran, Bloomfield, N.J.

The Crucifixion.—The crucifixion of Jesus Christ was the darkest tragedy of all ages, and the greatest event of all history. No other even has so molded the destiny of mankind. No other death has so attracted the attention of the world as the death of Jesus Christ upon the cross.—Rev. P. C. Currier, Methodist, Cincinnati, O.

Jesus is Lonely.—In the world Jesus is lonely. Few in the church to-day enter fully into his scheme of world-wide conquest, carry with them the world's sorrow, share with him the world's shame, bear away with him the world's sin, and live his lofty and unselfish life.—Rev. J. K. Montgomery, Presbyterian, Cincinnati, O.

Human Brotherhood.—Human brotherhood is becoming a very intense and very real sentiment. It is pervading national and international relations. We have been compelled already to espouse causes and enter into controversies from which we have hitherto escaped. Nor ought Christian men and women to wish to resist it. For it is the oncoming, uprising current of the kingdom of heaven.—Rev. J. C. Adams, Universalist, Williamsburg, N. Y.

Servant.—Mr. Jones is below, sir. Master—Well, show him up. Servant—But I don't know anything against the man, sir.—Boston Transcript.