THE MISER'S DAUGHTER

By HONRE DE BALZAC

CHAPTER XVIII.

Several months went by. The cooper went to see his wife at various times in the day, and never mentioned his daughter's name—never saw her, nor made the slightest allusion to her. Mme. Grandet's health grew worse and worse; she had not once left her room since that terrible January morning. But nothing shook the old cooper's determination; he was hard, cold and unyielding as a block of granite. He came and went, his manner of life was in nowise altered; but he did not stammer now, and he talked less; perhaps, too, in matters of business, people found him harder than before, but errors crept into his bookkeeping.

Something had certainly happened in the Grandet family, both Cruchotins and Grassinistes were agreed on that head; and "What can be the matter with the Grandets?" became a stock question which people asked each other at every social gathering in Saumur.

A little later the secret leaked out, and the whole town knew that ever since New Year's Day Mlle. Grandet had been locked up in her room by her father's orders, and that there she lived on bread and water in solitary confinement and without a fire. Nanon, it was reported, cooked dainties for her and brought food secretly to her room at night. It was said that only when Grandet was out of the house could the young girl nurse her mother, or indeed see her at all.

Grandet had just entered upon his sixty-seventh year. Avarice had gained a stronger hold upon him during the past two years of his life; indeed, all lasting passions grow with man's growth; and it had come to pass with him, as with all men whose lives are ruled by one master idea, that he clung with all the force of his imagination to the symbol which represented that idea for him. Gold—to have gold, that he might see and touch it, had become with him a perfect monomania. His disposition to tyrannize had also grown with his love of money, and it seemed to him to be monstrous that he should be called upon to give up the least portion of his property on the death of his wife. Was he to render an account of her fortune, and to have an inventory drawn up of everything he possessed—and put it all up to action?

"That would be stark ruin," he said aloud to himself, as he stood among his vines. He made up his mind and came back at dinner time fully determined on his course. He would humor Eugenie, and coax and cajole her so that he might die royally, keeping the control of his millions in his hands until his latest sigh. It happened that he let himself in with his master key; he crept noiselessly as a wolf up the stairs to his wife's room, which he entered just as Eugenie was setting the dressing case, in all its golden glory, upon her mother's bed. The two women had stolen a pleasure in Grandet's absence; they were poking at the portraits and tracing out Charles' features in his mother's likeness.

"It is just his forehead and his mouth!" Eugenie was saying, as the vine grower opened the door.

Mme. Grandet saw how her husband's eyes darted upon the gold. "Oh! heaven have pity upon us!" she cried.

The vine grower seized upon the dressing case as a tiger might spring upon a sleeping child.

"What may this be?" he said, carrying off the treasure to the window. "Gold! solid gold!" he cried, "and plenty of it, too; there is a couple of pounds' weight here. Aha! so this was what Charles gave you in exchange for your pretty gold pieces! Why did you not tell me? It was a good stroke of business, little girl. You are your father's own daughter, I see. This belongs to Charles, doesn't it?" the good man went on.

"Yes, father; it is not mine. That case is a sacred trust."

"Tut, tut, tut! he has gone off with your money; you ought to make good the loss of your little treasure."

"Oh, father!"

The old man had taken out his pocket knife with a view to wrenching away a plate of the precious metal, and for the moment had been obliged to lay the case on a chair beside him. Eugenie sprang forward to secure her treasure; but the cooper put out his arm to prevent this, and thrust her back so roughly that she fell on to the bed.

"Sir! sir!" cried the mother, rising and sitting upright. Grandet had drawn out his knife, and was about to insert the blade beneath the plate.

"Father!" cried Eugenie, going down on her knees and dragging herself nearer to him, "for your own soul's salvation, father, if you have any regard for my life, do not touch it! The case is not yours, and it is not mine. It belongs to an unhappy kinsman, who gave it into my keeping, and I ought to give it back to him untouched. Do not pull it to pieces. You will bring dishonor upon me. Father! do you hear me?"

"For pity's sake, sir!" entreated the mother.

The shrill cry rang through the house and brought the frightened Nanon upstairs. Eugenie caught up a knife that lay within her reach.

"Well?" said Grandet, calmly, with a sid smile on his lips.

"Father, if you cut away a single atom of gold, I shall stab myself with this knife. It is your doing that my mother is dying, and now my death will also be laid at your door. It shall be wound for wound."

Grandet held his knife suspended above the case, looked at his daughter, and hesitated.

"Would you really do it, Eugenie?" he asked.

"She would do as she says," cried Nanon. "Do be sensible, sir, for once in your life."

The cooper wavered for a moment, looking first at the gold and then at his daughter. Mme. Grandet fainted.

"There, sir, you see the mistress is going," cried Nanon.

"Dead! dead! do not let us fall on about a bit." Just take it back!" And the cooper hastily thrusting the case on to the bed, "Nan, Nanon, go to your mistress, and send another servant to fetch the doctor." [illegible]

girl? No more dry bread; you shall eat whatever you like. * * * Ah! she is opening her eyes. Well, now, little mother, don't take on so! Look! I am going to kiss Eugenie! She loves her cousin, does she? She shall marry him if she likes; she shall keep her little case for him. But you must live for a long while yet, my poor wife."

"Oh, how can you treat your wife and daughter in this way!" moaned Mme. Grandet.

"I will never do so again, never again!" cried the cooper. "You shall see, my poor wife."

He went to his strong box room and returned with a handful of louis d'or, which he scattered on the coverlet.

"There, Eugenie! there, wife! those are for you," he said, fingering the gold coins as they lay. "Come, cheer up! and get well, you shall want for nothing, neither you nor Eugenie. There are a hundred louis for her. You will not give them away, will you, eh, Eugenie?"

Mme. Grandet and her daughter gazed at each other in amazement.

"Take back the money, father; we want nothing, nothing but your love."

"Oh, well, just as you like," he said, as he pocketed the louis, "let us live together like good friends. Let us all go down to the dining room and have dinner and play loto every evening, and be as merry as the maids. Eh! my wife?"

"Alas! how I wish that I could, if you would like it," said the dying woman, "but I am not strong enough to get up."

"Poor mother!" said the cooper, "you do not know how much I love you; and, you, too, child!"

He drew his daughter to him and embraced her with fervor.

"Oh! how pleasant it is to kiss one's daughter, after a squabble, my little girl! There, mother! do you see? We are quite at one again now. Just go and lock that away," he said to Eugenie, as he pointed to the case. "There! there! don't be frightened; I will never say another word to you about it."

M. Bergerin, who was regarded as the cleverest doctor in Saumur, came before very long. He told Grandet plainly after the interview that the patient was very seriously ill; that any excitement might be fatal to her; that with a light diet, perfect tranquillity, and the most constant care, her life might possibly be prolonged until the end of the autumn.

"Will it be an expensive illness?" asked the worthy householder. "After all, M. Bergerin, you are a man of honor. I can depend upon you, can I not? Come and see my wife whenever, and as often as you think it necessary. Preserve her life. My good wife—I am very fond of her, you see, though I may not show it; it is all shut up inside me, and I am one that takes things terribly to heart; I am in trouble, too. It all began with my brother's death; I am spending, oh!—heaps of money in Paris for him—the very eyes out of my head, in fact, and it seems as if there were no end to it. If you can save my wife, save her, even if it takes a hundred or two hundred francs."

In spite of Grandet's fervent wishes that his wife might be restored to health, for this question of the inheritance was like a foretaste of death for him; in spite of his readiness to fulfill the least wishes of the astonished mother and daughter in every possible way; in spite of Eugenie's tenderest and most devoted care, it was evident that Mme. Grandet's life was rapidly drawing to a close. Day by day she grew weaker. She seemed to have no more vitality than the autumn leaves; and as the sunlight shining through the leaves turns them to gold, so she seemed to be transformed by the light of heaven. Her love for her daughter, her meek virtues, her angelic patience, had never shone more brightly than in the month of October, 1822, when she passed away. On the morrow after her mother's death, it seemed to Eugenie that she had yet one more reason for clinging fondly to the old house where she had been born, and where she had found life so hard of late—it became for her the place where her mother had died. She could not see the old chair set on little blocks of wood, the place by the window where her mother used to sit, without shedding tears. Her father showed her such tenderness, and took such care of her, that she began to think that she had never understood his nature; he used to come to her room and take her down to breakfast on his arm, and sit looking at her for whole hours with something almost like kindness in his eyes, with the same brooding look that he gave his gold. Indeed, the old cooper almost trembled before his daughter, and was altogether so unlike himself that Nanon and the Cruchotins wondered at these signs of weakness, and set it down to his advanced age; they began to fear that the old man's mind was giving way. But when the day came on which the family began to wear their mourning, M. Cruchot, who alone was in his client's confidence, was invited to dinner, and these mysteries were explained. Grandet waited till the table had been cleared and the doors carefully shut.

Then he began, "My dear child, you are mother's heiress, and there are some little matters of business that we must settle between us. Is not that so, eh, Cruchot?"

"Yes."

"Is it really pressing; must it be settled to-day, father?"

"Yes, yes, little girl. I could not endure this suspense any longer, and I am sure that you would not make things hard for me. Everything must be decided to-night."

"Then what do you want me to do?"

"Why, little girl, it is not for me to tell you. You tell her, Cruchot."

"Mademoiselle, your father wants neither to divide nor to sell his property, nor to pay a heavy succession duty upon the ready money. So if these complications are to be avoided, there must be no inventory made out, and all the property must remain undivided for the present——"

"Cruchot, are you quite sure of what you are saying that you talk in this way before a child?"

"Let me say what I have to say, Grandet."

"Yes, yes, my friend. Neither you nor my daughter would plunder me. You would not plunder me, would you, little girl?"

"But what am I to do, M. Cruchot?" asked Eugenie, losing patience.

"Well," said the notary, "you must sign this deed, by which you renounce your claims to your mother's property; the property would be secured to you, but your father would have the use of it for his life, and there would be no need to make a division now."

"I understand nothing of all this that you are saying," Eugenie answered; "give me the deed and show me where I am to sign my name."

Grandet looked from the document to his daughter, and again from his daughter to the document. His agitation was so great that he actually wiped several drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"I would much rather you simply waived all claim to your poor dear mother's property, little girl," he broke in, "instead of signing that deed. It will cost a lot to register it. I would rather you renounced your claims and trusted to me for the future. I would allow you a good round sum, say a hundred francs every month."

"I will do as you like, father."

"Mademoiselle," said the notary, "it is my duty to point out to you that you are robbing yourself without guarantee——"

"What does that matter to me?"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Do be quiet, Cruchot. So it is settled, quite settled?" cried Grandet, taking his daughter's hand and striking his own into it. "You will not go back from your word, Eugenie? You are a good girl."

In his joy he embraced his daugrter, almost suffocating her as he did so.

By noon next day the declaration was drawn up, and Eugenie herself signed away all her rights to her heritage. Yet a year slipped by, and the cooper had not kept his promise, and Eugenie had not received a sou of the monthly income which was to have been hers; when Eugenie spoke to him about it, half laughingly, he hurried up to his room, and when he came down again he handed her a third of the jewelry which he had purchased of his nephew.

"There! child," he said, with a certain sarcastic ring in his voice; "will you take these for your twelve hundred francs?"

"Oh! father, really? Will you really give them to me?"

"You should have as much next year again," said he, flinging it into her lap; "and so, before very long, you will have all his trinkets," he added, rubbing his hands. He had made a very good bargain, thanks to his daughter's sentiment, and was in high good humor.

Five years went by in this way, and no event disturbed their monotonous existence. Eugenie and her father lived a life of methodical routine with the same regularity of movement that characterized the old clock. Every one knew that there had been a profound sorrow in Mlle. Grandet's life; every circle in Saumur had its suspicions as to the state of the heiress' heart, but she never let fall a word that could enlighten any one.

In the year 1827 her father began to feel the infirmities of age, and was obliged to take her still further into his confidence; she learned the full extent of his landed possessions. Grandet had reached the age of 82, and toward the end of the year had a paralytic seizure, from which he never rallied. Death came up at last, and the vine grower's strong frame wrestled with the Destroyer.

So Eugenie Grandet was alone in the world, and her house was left to her desolate. There was no one but Nanon with whom she could talk over her troubles; she could look into no other eyes and find a response in them; big Nanon was the only human being who loved her for herself. For Eugenie, Nanon was a providence; she was no longer a servant, she was a humble friend.

M. Cruchot informed Eugenie that she had three hundred thousand livres a year, derived from landed property, besides six millions in the 3 per cents and in ready money two millions in gold, and a hundred thousand francs in silver, without counting any arrears that were due. Altogether her property amounted to about seventeen million francs.

"Where can my cousin be?" she said to herself.

On the day when M. Cruchot laid these facts before his new client, together with the information that the estate was now clear. Eugenie and Nanon sat on either side of the hearth in the parlor, now so empty and so full of memories. Everything recalled past days, from her mother's chair set on its wooden blocks to the glass tumbler out of which her cousin once drank.

(To be continued.)

Our Peppermint Stick.

The old-style stick candy has red stripes running around it in spiral form. The body of the stick is white. It is slightly flavored with peppermint. It is very sweet and wholesome. Good enough for a king! So cheap that the poorest may have it. Six sticks for 5 cents. Enough to last a family of six two days. Break a stick in two in the middle, eat half of it after dinner, or after supper if preferred. That is enough candy for one day. It is good for children. Keep it in the house. Away up in the pantry where the children can't help themselves. After dinner is over take it down, break a stick in two and pass it around. The children will like it immensely. They will like it all the better for not being able to get too much of it. Never let them have all they want of it. A half stick is enough, although a whole stick might be allowed occasionally. All the fancy stuff put up in boxes that cost a dollar or more cannot equal the old-fashioned stick candy. Six sticks of it contain more solid comfort and more nutrition than a wagon load of caramels and painted bonbons. It is the candy of our forefathers. Our grandmothers used to eat it. Accept no other. Be sure that you get the proper trademark—red stripes running spirally around the stick. Beware of substitutes.—Medical Talk.

Undoubtedly.

Her—It must have been awfully hard to wear those old coats of mail.

Him—Yes, indeed. They have all the appearance of hardware.

Every girl on earth imagines she would make an ideal wife.

On Rolls.

A little time spent in making rolls or breakfast or dinner always gains great appreciation from the household. This is easily done if a good recipe is at hand and the oven heats rapidly. Sometimes, too, the rolls will bear reheating and be as good as when freshly made. This recipe is simple and excellent. Take two pounds of flour, a little salt, two ounces of sifted sugar, four ounces of lard or clarified beef dripping and two eggs beaten into two tablespoonfuls of yeast and a pint of warm milk. Knead the dough thoroughly and set it to rise near the fire. Then divide into twelve or fourteen rolls, place on buttered baking sheets and set before the fire to rise to a proper size. Then bake in a steady oven for half an hour and place on a dove till cooled.

Banana Short Cake.

Make a rich tea-biscuit crust, bake in jelly-cake tins in not too thick layers. When done, split open with forks and butter while hot, three layers being enough for one cake. The two bottom layers and one top make the best shape. Take about three good-sized, thoroughly ripe bananas and shred finely with a fork. Spread a layer of the fruit on the crust, adding the least bit of salt, and sprinkle well with powdered sugar. Add the next layer in the same way. On the last one spread fruit very thickly well mixed with sugar, so as to form sort of icing. Serve with soft custard flavored with vanilla.

Beef Roll.

Two pounds round steak, chopped fine; two well-beaten eggs, one-half teacupful rolled crackers, one-half cup warm butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one small onion and a little sage; season with salt and pepper, mix all together with a stiff spoon. Put in a deep, square bread tin and bake one hour in a hot oven. Baste quite often after it begins to brown. The onion or sage can be omitted if not liked, and any kind of other flavoring for meats added. This is very nice hot for dinner or sliced cold for lunch.

Lemon Snaps.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, one dessertspoonful of allspice, two of ground ginger, the grated peel of half and the juice of a large lemon. Mix all well together, add a cup of molasses, beat it well, pour it on buttered sheet tins and spread it thinly over them. Bake in a rather slow oven. When done, cut it into squares, and roll each square round the finger as it is raised from the tin. These are quite as delicious as the best brandy snaps sold by confectioners.

Lemon Candy.

Cook together over a slow fire one pound of loaf sugar and half a pint of water. At the end of half an hour clear it with a little hot vinegar. The scum must be removed as it rises. Test the syrup by raising a spoon, and when the shreds of sugar snap like glass the candy will be ready for flavoring; add lemon essence to taste, and, when nicely flavored, pour into a buttered tin. When the taffy is nearly cold mark it into squares with a knife.

Mutton Pie.

Cut some cold mutton into neat, square pieces, and place them in a deep pie dish, with a liberal seasoning of pepper, salt and pounded allspice. Scatter plenty of flour over, and add a teacupful of stock. Cover the dish with pastry, and bake quickly till the pastry is cooked, then cook slowly, for the meat to stew, for three-quarters of an hour.

Short Suggestions.

The woman who keeps house with a cellar should pay it a daily visit and see that it is aired, even if she has to neglect her parlor. Enough germs may lurk in the wilting leaves of cabbage or a handful of decaying potatoes to cause inexplicable illness in her family.

Cooking-school experts say that cabbage, onions and strong-smelling vegetables should be cooked uncovered. There is an odor, of course, but the drafts quickly disperse it, whereas if the saucepan is covered a very strong odor is diffused every time the lid is disturbed, which permeates the house.

After sweeping the carpet rub it over with a cloth wrung out in vinegar and water and if possible do not let it be walked upon until it is dry. The quantity of vinegar is a teacupful to a pail of warm water and this treatment often has a wonderfully good effect in reviving the faded color of an old carpet.

The possibilities of common ginger jars as flour vases and plant holders are well known. They are made twice as attractive by woven covers as raffia, either in the uncolored or the tinted varieties. When the jar shows splashes of blue, green or red at the top of the glaze it is well to repeat the tone on the raffia.

In ironing, the laundress should be instructed to hang upon one side of the clothershorse only such articles as can be put away immediately after airing. By separating those which need a stitch or button the work of searching through the clothes basket and the tumbling of the freshly laundered pieces are avoided.

THE POPULAR PULPIT

A TIMELY ADMONITION.

By Rev. John J. Doulas.

"Consider the lilies of the field."—Matt. vi., 28.

No admonition should be more heeded in our age than that expressed in the text. In every walk of life the multitude is running wild after display, wearing itself out trying to keep with dame fashion. Mothers are anxious for their social position. Children are taught to emulate their parents, fathers are troubled about the expenditure which it all entails.

How Christ would like to draw such people out of themselves, out of their worldliness. To this end he proposes for our consideration "the lilies of the field, how they grow, they labor not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these." Like a trumpet blast from a purer world, with invigorating and refreshing effect resounds the music of his words, "be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body, what you shall put on;" but "consider the lilies of the field." Consider them; admire their intrinsic beauty, the fresh green leaves pencilled and veined with the arteries which distribute life throughout, the flower, graceful in proportion, gorgeous in its color of bright scarlet, so that all to which the highest art can aspire is to copy such beauty and imitate such contrasts.

What a satire on our anxious straining after effects, our careful thought for food and raiment that even Solomon with all his wisdom and wealth could not rival a flower of the field. "Consider the lilies of the field" and treasure up the memories of bygone days when in our childish innocence we plucked and played with them. The little flower of the field is still fresh and pure and fair as ever, but, alas! we have soiled ourselves with the impurity of sin; hence our toil and strife. Why should we strive for the vain conceits of life? "If the grass of the field, which is to-day and to-morrow, is cast into the oven, God doth clothe; how much more you, O ye of little faith."

In all this, however, God does not mean that we are to be idle, but he desires us not to labor only for the meat that perishes. We are not to strive after the vanities of life, not after mere effects, but to live within our circumstance without the pride of life that leads into destruction. When Christ says, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," he would have us learn the lesson of growing likewise in purity and singleness of purpose before the Lord; that like the lily we should allow God's plan to work itself out in us, that our conscience should grow tender by God's training, that it should be sensitive in worldly matters, sensitive to know and to feel when self is predominant, sensitive to detect the evil in the small things of life that are often passed over too rapidly, those trifling acts of deceit and deception, those little acted lies that corrode spiritual life and stop spiritual progress.

The lily of the field, therefore, stands as a symbol for us—a symbol of beauty in the grace given by God; a symbol of adherence to primitive purity; a symbol of naturalness as against artificiality. "For after all these things do the heathen seek." Again, the lily of the field is of the Lord's planting, created for his glory, nourished by his goodness. Due consideration, then, of the lily of the field leads to our recognition of self as the property of the Lord of creation, and that our whole nature should grow in his service; then only may we look forward to a "comfortable hope, knowing that all things work together for good to those who are his by faith and good works." Then doth the flower of the field remind us that, as all was once purity and holiness, so again it shall be, when the renewal of corrupted man is completed; when the redeemed of the Lord shall shine forth as the beautiful lily to adorn every highway, to crowd the valleys, and to climb the hilltops. "Be not solicitous," therefore, for, as God infuses life into the flowers of the field, so will he care for our immortal souls, which he has created also.

With soul and body thus trusting in a loving father's care and grace, what matters it if fierce storms dash down the fragrant flower to the earth, or if an early blow destroy its bloom? The good seed shall remain, and the earth will again burst into buds and flowers, into everlasting verdure and fragrance and perfect beauty. Is not this worth the longing after, thinking about, looking forward to? Does it not give a greater satisfaction than the thought of feeding, clothing, or pampering the body; than being "solicitous for to-morrow," forgetting that "to-morrow will be solicitous for itself?" Let ye, then, "seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all things else shall be added unto you."

CHRISTIAN SURE IN FAITH.

By Dr. Theodore G. Soares.

To speak of certainty in religion may seem to be bigoted. Yet all of religion that is of deepest value must be held not as a matter of opinion but as moral certainty. The Christian is one who knows that he is a son of God. And if anyone objects to his dogmatism, insisting that it would be more seemly to express a belief, a hope, an opinion, rather than a certainty, the Christian answers that his knowledge of God is not a theological tenet. It is not open for debate and discussion. It is an experience. God cannot be proved. If he is to be known at all it must be by experience.

ON DOING ONE'S BEST.

By Rev. Pleasant Hunter.

Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.—Matthew xxv., 23.

The divine attitude toward faithfulness is clearly shown in this parable of the talents. So is the divine thought as to what constitutes faithfulness.

The two men here commended were far apart in the beginning and farther apart at the end. But each was called a "good and faithful servant" because he had done the best he knew with what had been given him.

The man with two talents is not expected to do as much as the man with five, but he is expected to do as well. Some limitations cannot be overcome, and it does not count against men that they are not. It is no reflection upon the log cabin foundation that it cannot support a twenty-story building—it was not made to. It is no reflection upon the round bolt that it does not fill a square hole—that is not what it is for. Upon the same principle it is no discredit to a man with two talents that he does not do the same work as the man with five—he was not sent here to do it.

Every man should meet obstacles with a brave heart. But if after having done so the top is not reached we should not become discouraged and conclude that we have failed. There are multitudes filling humble positions who are as faithful and deserving of praise as many who have reached positions further up. No man is to blame for not filling a place for which he was not designed by nature. The point where wrong comes in is where we fail in what we do to do the best we can. The divine classification of men is not according to what they do, but according to how they do. No work is great that has a small motive back of it. No work is small that has a great motive back of it. It is far better to fill a humble place than to only half fill one more prominent. It isn't the size of the picture that makes a great artist. It isn't the length of the poem that makes a great poet. Quality always outweighs quantity. It isn't the kind of talent we have, but the way it is used, that makes life a success or failure.

The value of faithfulness to the world every one can see. The parable teaches that it has a value equally great for ourselves. In the case of the two commended it brought increase of power and enlargement of opportunity. When given the talents they were called servants. But after using and multiplying them they are promoted to rulers. Faithfulness thus lifted their life to a higher plane. It first gave them more to do with, then more to do. The full connection between the present and future is not traced in scripture. But enough is given to justify the belief that much higher service awaits man beyond the skies, and that the best way to get ready for it is to cultivate the spirit of the higher in doing the lower. There is a thought here that should bring inspiration and comfort to those who have to meet life at a disadvantage, who have desires beyond their ability. By doing what they have to do the best they know how they will develop power that shall fit for something better by and by. He who now overcomes his limitation in spirit will one day overcome it in fact. The surest way to impove conditions without is to improve them within.

It is a great mistake, therefore, to settle down and be satisfied with anything that does not come up to the standard. To do poor work in any calling is to injure ourselves more than any one else. The man who stops short of doing what he knows he might with "This will do," does himself an eternal wrong. When he gets through with earth his work will be left behind, but the spirit developed in connection with that work will go with him wherever he goes. How important, then, that we form the habit of always doing our best. The easiest way to get away from the lower is to grow away from it. To be "faithful over a few things" is to prepare for being made a "ruler over many things."

Short Meter Sermons.

Paint does not make purity.

Sow a sin and reap a sorrow.

Words are the windows of the soul.

He cannot help who does not hope.

Seek happiness, you find heartache.

A little charity makes a lot of cheer.

Cherishing malice is nurturing misery.

Every biography embraces all history.

The world needs righteousness more than rites.

There is no work in anything that leads to waste.

You cannot save wandering ones with a field glass.