

STRIKING A MATCH.

"Well, Miss Hildeburn, I must say I'm real sorry you and Mr. Sangster have fallen out like that."

"Oh, Mrs. Collins, indeed you are mistaken. There has been no 'falling out' between Mr. Sangster and myself. Indeed, I am not on sufficiently sociable terms with any of your gentlemen boarders to have a quarrel."

Saying which Miss Hildeburn, a slight, delicate-looking girl of 18, walked out of the room with even more than her wonted dignity of manner and carriage.

"Nevertheless, notwithstanding," pursued Mrs. Collins, resuming her ironing, "I do believe there's been a misunderstanding between those two; and a real pity it is, for he did admire her amazingly. He couldn't conceal it. Only they seldom know what is good for 'em, and she's a lettin' her pride stand in the way of her happiness now."

"Pride, indeed!" sneered Miss Jane Humphries, Mrs. Collins' niece and assistant, a tall, red-haired, stylishly dressed dame of five-and-thirty. "I'd like to know what right a girl who earns her livin' by givin' music lessons at 50 cents an hour has to be proud; and as for Mr. Sangster, I don't believe he ever had a serious thought about her."

"La, Jane, I don't know where your eyes kin be, if you didn't see how fairly wrapped up in her he was about two weeks ago. He's a splendid young man, anyhow, and I'll see if I can't mend matters between 'em. 'You'd better be mindin' your own business, I think, Aunt Martha," said Miss Jane, with a spiteful laugh.

"Never your mind, Jane," persisted the warm-hearted Mrs. Collins; "I'll manage it some way. You say she's afraid of ghosts, poor lamb!"

The following evening the kind-hearted landlady tapped at the door of the scantily furnished fourth-story room occupied by Lucy Hildeburn, and from which now proceeded a melancholy strain.

"Studying your piano at nights again?" queried Mrs. Collins reproachfully, when the young girl opened the door.

"I am very busy just now, and must put all the time I can into study."

"Well, you mustn't forget what the doctor told you about overworking your brain," said Mrs. Collins.

"However," she added, "I won't detain you longer'n I kin help. I'm come to ask a favor. I'm goin' to the theater this evening. So is Jane. So's everybody in the house, I believe; and the girl has gone to bed with a toothache. So I'm goin' to ask you to give an eye to the furnace. I've just put on fresh coal and opened the lower doors; but will you please go down at 8 o'clock and close the doors?"

"Certainly," assented Lucy, upon which Mrs. Collins produced a lantern, saying:

"Just take this down with you. The cellar's all dark, you know."

Lucy took the lantern, closed the door and returned to her piano, while Mrs. Collins walked away, chuckling to herself.

"That lantern'll go out just five minutes after she sets it down, and she'll find herself all in the dark. And she's afraid of ghosts, poor lamb! But what if somebody who ain't a ghost should happen to be goin' down there about the same time, and be obliged to strike a match to calm her fears?"

And even while indulging in this pleasing reflection, Mrs. Collins tapped at a door on the second floor.

Her summons was responded to by a pleasant-looking young man, who just now, however, wore a very dejected countenance.

"La! Mr. Sangster, I didn't expect to find you at home this evening."

"I didn't feel like going out tonight," replied the young man in a weary tone.

"Well, since you are going to be at home," said Mrs. Collins, "would you be so kind as to look after the furnace? I've left the lower doors open but I'll be very much obliged if you go down at about 8 o'clock and close 'em. And you needn't take a light. There'll be one down there."

Mr. Sangster readily promised to comply with the request, and Mrs. Collins went away, hoping for what she considered "the right results."

Meanwhile, poor Lucy Hildeburn, sitting at her piano, continued to draw forth such melancholy strains that the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I must go away from here," she said, half aloud, "I can't bear it much longer, indeed I can't, seeing him day after day, loving him as I do, and knowing that matters can never be adjusted between us. He is as proud as I—but, oh dear! what am I thinking of? It wants just two minutes to 8. I must go down and close the furnace doors."

Thereupon she lighted the lantern and proceeded down stairs.

Ugh! What a chill draught was blowing in through one of the gratings!

And there were strange noises all around.

Lucy's heart thumped so violently she was tempted to turn and run up stairs again.

But, goodness! The furnace was dreadfully, dangerously hot.

Lucy summoned up all her resolutions, and, stooping down, closed the doors.

They swung to with a bang, and when she essayed to open them

again she found the effort beyond her strength.

What was to be done in the case of the fire needing more draught.

She might, after a while, find it necessary to put on more coal, and that it would be well to put on more draught.

But while she was debating with herself a more serious mishap occurred, for the candle inside the lantern suddenly achieved the most inexplicable somersault and she was left in utter darkness.

Moreover, to complicate the miseries of her situation, she now heard stealthy footsteps descending the cellar stairs.

Poor Lucy stood quite still, while her hands clasped together over her heart.

This was a burglar, undoubtedly. He had seen all the male inmates of the house going out and the lights lowered, and had thus chosen his opportunity to come in and conceal himself in the cellar.

The first idea that suggested itself to her was to creep under the steps and remain there until Mrs. Collins' return.

Ere she had time to do this, however, a man's form became visible in the dim, semi-twilight that was shed from the kitchen door above.

Lucy, with a desperate instinct of self-preservation, put up both hands, exclaiming:

"Have pity on me! Oh, have pity and spare my life!"

Upon this the burglar drew back, very much surprised.

"Miss Hildeburn!" he exclaimed, as he struck a match. "What are you doing here, and how can I serve you?"

Now poor Lucy, completely unnerfed and dreadfully ashamed of herself, sat down on a reserved cushion and burst into a fit of weeping.

Then Mr. Sangster knelt down beside her, and a confused interchange of explanations of various kinds ensued.

The result was that at the expiration of a half-hour Mr. Sangster took Lucy in his arms and kissing the tear-stained face, murmured:

"God bless you for this promise, my own darling!"

When Mrs. Collins came home two hours later the house was very quiet, the furnace in good order, and neither Mr. Sangster nor Miss Hildeburn visible. But the following day Lucy confided to her a secret, and Mr. Sangster absented himself mysteriously for about three weeks. After that, Miss Hildeburn also disappeared.

"Gone to visit her aunt at Swathmore," Mrs. Collins explained to the other boarders.

But a fortnight later the carrier brought some wedding cards to the house.

"It was all brought about through the furnace," said Mrs. Collins, with a gleeful chuckle.

But Miss Jane was infinitely disgusted.

The Humber of Free Ships.

The Providence Journal contributes its quota of misinformation to a debate that has been going on for several years, and which never fails to bring out a liberal supply of ineptitudes:

"A few years ago and the United States was the most formidable rival that Great Britain had for the commerce of the world, and now the American flag is practically banished from the high seas. What did it? An absurd law prohibiting the purchase of ships in a free market."

And mighty lucky it is for American capitalists that they are no longer owners and navigators of ships on the high seas. For many years, under high-pressure competition, British, German, and Scandinavian, and with the pauper wages of those countries, the business has been carried on at a constant loss. Except the Cunard Company, which paid one small dividend in 1887, none of the great English lines of steamers has paid a dividend for years, and none is likely to pay a dividend.

By heavy subsidies the Government of Germany, like that of France, maintains these lines with a view to ultimate military purposes; and it is impossible that outside ship owners should compete with them. If our navigation laws were altered so that we could buy in what the Journal calls a free market all the ships we could undertake to run, we should only lose money by the operation. In fact if ships were given us, we could not run them at a profit, unless the coast of repairs and the rates of wages for sailors, stokers and laborers were brought down with us to the lowest limit of England, Germany or Sweden.

We are a great deal better off for being out of that business than we would be if we were in it. Meanwhile, thanks to our wise old laws, our American coasting trade is fairly profitable and bigger than ever before. No English need apply.—N. Y. Sun.

Little Things Will Tell.

We went to spend a day in the country, and had a fine treat of fried chicken for dinner. Then we took a walk with children, who led the way to the chicken coop.

"All our best chickens are dead," said one of the children, sadly.

"Why, what killed them?"

"Papa did, but they are going to die anyway, 'cause they had the pip."

"What became of them?" (This with a heavy heart and squeamish stomach.)

"We fried 'em for dinner," answered the child, sorrowfully.

The National Pie Eaters.

We have been called a nation of pie eaters. From the humblest American citizen to the President of the United States pie occupies a prominent place in the household larder.

Who invented pie is not yet known, nor exactly how the name originated. It is generally supposed that the word pie has its origin with the printers, but just how is lost in obscurity.

Talking about the consumption of pies, a good many of them are consumed at the capitol by our able lawmakers.

Just off from the rotunda is a lunch stand presided over by a soldier's widow. She is familiarly known as Jennie. Jennie is well known by all the members and Senators, and every day the stroll from their seats in the halls of legislation and visit the little stand to satisfy the inner man.

On the stand, displayed in a tempting manner will be found a variety of cakes, apples, peaches, bananas, sandwiches—beef and tongue—milk and pie.

The last named article has a strong hold on the appetite of the solons, and they'll eat pie in preference to anything else.

The Critic reporter stopped at the stand the other day to partake of a little repast, when his attention was attracted by the usual large number of Congressmen who rely on Jennie to prepare them a small lunch.

As a rule the members go to the House restaurant when hungry, but it frequently happens that they cannot spare the time, so they run over to Jennie's lunch counter.

"Jennie," asked the reporter, "what kind of pie do the members eat?"

"What kind of pie? Why, anything, so it's pie. These are grand pies; they never give you dyspepsia, nor the like. But don't you ask me any more questions, because I won't answer them; you reporters are so inquisitive, always finding out things."

"Does Congressman Vance eat pie?"

"Yes, nearly all the members eat pie. If they don't eat pie they eat something else."

While the reporter was asking questions Hon. Amos J. Cummings came along and said: "What kind of pie do you eat, Jennie?"

"Apple, plum, pineapple, blackberry, cocanut, peach and custard. I keep custard pie for Mr. Vance."

"Well, give me a slice of peach and a glass of milk."

Mr. Cummings took the pie in his right hand and gracefully put it out of sight. He doesn't lose much time in masticating a slice of pie.

M. O'Donnell of Michigan does not stick to one kind of pie; he changes off. One day he'll prefer apple, the next cocanut or blackberry, and so on. He eats his pie with a fork.

Very seldom does the Hon. Joe Cannon eat pie, but occasionally he stops by for a piece of apple pie.

Mr. Buchanan of New Jersey is one of the House pie eaters. He generally lunches on the grape pie. When the crust is rather firm he cuts the pie into little squares and washes them down with a swallow of milk.

Mr. Fitch and Amos Cummings are very fond of the German dish Zwiawil, Kuchan, and Jennie keeps it for their special benefit.

Chairman Mills of the Ways and Means Committee now and then patronizes Jennie to the extent of a half of a lemon pie. He uses a fork with his pie.

Mr. Gunther, Vice-President of the P. F. O. N. Organization, is another one passionately fond of pie. He eats his pie about two o'clock in the day.

"Git me some pie milk," he'll say.

"I don't care, so it's pie."

Mr. Boothman of Ohio, like all the Western members, is fond of the seductive pastry. He frequently gets on the outside of two slices of pineapple pie.

Mr. Funston of Kansas, who represents an agricultural constituency, like huckleberry pie and Jennie always has a slice put by for him.

Mr. Burrows of Michigan eats his pie as he would a piece of cake.

Judge Barnes of Georgia is also a slave to pie.

Tim Campbell eats his pie with a knife. He is very partial to mince pie when in season.

Sunset Cox says a man's digestive organs are out of repair when he can't enjoy pie.

Mr. Baker of New York always uses a spoon when he tackles a slice of custard pie.

The New England members as a rule will eat no other kind of pie than apple.

Big Tom Reed usually eats pie in the House restaurant.

New varieties of pie are constantly making their appearance. The other day Major McClannay of North Carolina wanted some orange pie, while Major Martin inquired for grape.

"Charlie" Mason of Illinois is known in the House as the great Chicago pie eater. He eats nothing but cocanut pie, and generally he consumes a half-one for lunch. He says that any man who doesn't like pie is worse than a liar.

Epoch Old Lady (to grocer's boy) —Your store, boy, seems to be very full of flies. Boy—Yes'm; I guess it's that lot of fly paper the boss just bought that draws 'em in here. Do you want some of it?

The Idea: Mrs. Lovetalk—So Mr. Gray tipples on the sly? Poor Mrs. Gray! Well, well, every family has a skeleton in the closet. The Doctor's son (in for the evening)—We haven't. My papa keeps his in the office down town.

UNDER CHURCH EAVES

Harris Hollbrook, college graduate of a week, prospecting around in barum-scurum fashion to work off some exuberant sense of freedom, did not count upon an adventure when he ascended the roof of the old brown church where the workmen were chipping and hammering and jabbering. He had climbed up for a view of the buildings of the city, and "the glory of them."

He was a good-looking, compactly-built fellow, in a cool linen suit, as he balanced himself up on the staging, indolently, and exchanged civil words with the workmen. His eyes came back from Trinity and the "New South" to his immediate surroundings. A park and two tall family hotels bounded three sides of the church. Directly below him were the roofs of dwellings, with blooming back yards. The staging extended up to the brown east wing, which folded itself against the body of the church. From his point of view, he could look into the back third story windows of the wings which had been converted into a home-like boarding house. He had a fleeting glimpse of airy muslin draperies, which betokened a feminine occupant. His curiosity was excited at once. He could see pictures hung low against a delicate wall paper, a well-filled bookcase, and a pale green and salmon carpet. A writing desk littered with papers stood near the further window.

He was weaving a bit of romance around the occupant when a shapely arm and shoulder appeared in the window next him, and a slim white hand which he could have almost touched, drew down the curtain quickly.

Feeling as if his curiosity had been rebuked, he turned and walked along the staging slowly to the rear of the church. As he retraced his steps he had another glimpse of the arm and shoulder clothed in cool lavender at the desk, writing, but he could see nothing of the face except the tip of a pink ear, and brown frizzles stirring in the breeze over her temples. He felt something of the student recklessness of his sophomore period, urging him to vault into the room his perch, and apologize afterward for the intrusion. He had been invulnerable to the smiles of "sweet girl graduates," but he was possessed to make the acquaintance of this denizen of the wing under the church eaves, who kept out of his range of vision, and gave him no chance for a bit of sly flirtation. She had an up-to-date atmosphere. He felt its influence in widening circles around him. He half believed she was not pretty. Pretty women were not apt to have this magnetic, far-reaching atmosphere. He could see the arm moving as she wrote. Was she novelist, or poet, or copyist, he wondered.

He directed his glass over the city and watched the window, alternately. Presently he could see the pen laid down, impatiently it seemed. Then the shoulders and frizzes disappear from the desk, and soon he felt sure he heard the door open and shut. She had gone out.

"If it wasn't for the eyes of these workmen I'd climb into the room and leave a note on her desk, or a couplet to her shoulder and frizzes," he thought darily.

Just then a paper sailed out through the window, whirling and turning somersaults as if mad with delight in its mission. It crept round the chimney on a roof below, peeped into a skylight, dipped down like a bird upon a vine creeping over a trellis in the yard, flew back to the open window as if to return home, changed its mind and gyrated within range of the line-clad figure with a tantalizing "gentle-ee-if-you-can" expression. At the risk of losing his balance, he captured the half sheet of note, with words upon it, and was debating whether to read or not to read, lest he should encroach upon a private matter, when he became aware that it was merely a prosaic receipt for some money paid to Brown & Co., furniture dealers, by Kate Goosechase.

Goosechase! ye gods! The name was like a dash of ice water. Could it belong to the graceful arm and shoulder and curling brown hair? Should he make the paper an excuse for calling to return it? But he couldn't make up his mind to ask for Miss Goosechase. The romance seemed to be oozing out of his little adventure. Perhaps it didn't belong to her. It seemed to be an insult to the shoulder and pink ear tip to couple them with such a name.

Suddenly he remembered that he was to meet his cousin Bertha at the depot on the 11:30 train. There was no time to spare. He slipped the paper into his linen vest pocket, and hurried down to the street. In the excitement that followed Bertha's arrival, and the drives and harbor excursions to be planned, he forgot Miss Goosechase and the faded receipt, which faded its time quietly, in the unused linen vest-pocket, until Harris and the rest of the Hollbrook family got back in September from their summer sojourn in their "cottages by the sea."

The very first night he got back to his city he dreamed he was standing in the pale green and salmon carpet of the pretty room under the church eaves trying to compose a poem to the lavender-draped divinity of the face and racking his brain to find a word that would rhyme gracefully with Goosechase. He awoke with a shiver that, directly or indirectly, his room was to meet with verification.

A week passed. Harris' chamber was to be newly furnished, and he set out one morning commissioned to select something that would suit his rather fastidious taste. As he walked up the large furniture rooms of Brown & Co. he caught sight of a roll of carpeting, the identical pattern of that in the chamber of the brown wing. Deciding at once that it would suit his chamber also, he passed along looking at furniture and balancing the comparative merits of oak and walnut.

He stood before a pretty dressing case, that took his fancy, testing the truthfulness of the oval mirror, as it reflected his embrowned face and clear blue eyes, when he heard voices on the right near him, the owners being hidden by a tall cabinet.

"Mr. Brown, I am positive I paid that instalment," a clear, decided feminine voice was saying.

"Durell says he knows nothing about it. He keeps the books, you know," returned an unpleasant masculine voice. "It is strange you cannot show the receipt, if you had one."

"I did have a receipt," returned the first voice, slightly tremulous, yet with a touch of defiance. "I went out that morning I paid it, feeling annoyed with the noise of workmen repairing the church, and carelessly left the window open near the desk where the receipt was lying. It must have blown out, for I never saw it afterwards."

"You must produce the receipt, Miss Goosechase, if you expect us to believe you returned the dealer insolently."

The name made assurance doubly sure to Harris. He wheeled round from the mirror, as he saw the two figures, who had stepped from behind the cabinet, reflected behind him. He overlooked the man and saw only a tall, slight graceful young lady with a refined, interesting face, which had a flush of something like indignation upon it at present.

"Miss Goosechase?" he questioned, lifting his hat and ignoring the wiry furniture dealer completely.

"Yes," she returned in some surprise.

"I beg pardon. I have overheard your conversation. I was on the roof with the workmen that morning. I caught the receipt that blew out the window, and must apologize for not returning it to you at once. It slipped my memory afterwards. You shall have it now without any delay."

The dealer eyed Harris with a half-bent, half-incredulous look, and the bright, sweet smile with which Miss Goosechase thanked him banished his dislike of the name forever.

He ascertained that she still occupied the same room, and rode up town, in some excitement. He rushed to his room and bundled out the linen suit with fear and trembling lest the receipt should not be forthcoming. He waltzed across the room with an imaginary partner, when he found it folded away in the small vest pocket. It seemed to wink at him knowingly as he unfolded it. The suit had not been worn on account of some misfit, since that morning on the church roof.

He would not trust to the mail, and within an hour he delivered the paper to her in the pleasant parlor of the brown wing of the old church.

"I was paying for my room furniture on instalments," she remarked with a smile. "I thought the firm was fair and square in its dealings, but it seems there is something wrong. I cannot thank you sufficiently for tiding me over this unpleasantness."

Harris found her atmosphere so rare and magnetic upon a nearer view that he went out from her with his head turned completely.

She smiled a little when his note came asking permission to call upon her.

So it came about at length, that Harris was admitted into the pretty room whose owner had so tantalized him that June morning and found it permeated with her gracious atmosphere, just as he had expected. They became fast friends. She confided to him her literary ambitions, successes and defeats, and he told her how he was buckling on his business armor in his father's counting room.

Miss Goosechase has lately promised to marry Harris, although she declares archly she is only induced to do so by the opportunity to change the name that had been her cross from childhood. Harris, for a man, seems strangely satisfied with the situation.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Western Freedom.

The editor of a Western paper has this to say: "The dead-geranium-leaf-eared spotted, whom fate has willed shall wither and blight the weekly Dreadful around the corner, refers to the editor of this flourishing and influential journal as a pinfeather journalist and a can't-get-there-dude. He also goes on to say that as the newspaper freak we are probably the finest specimen of the kind ever captured alive. Brethren of the press, this is all wrong. Let us be courteous to one another. In this work-a-day world of ours there is no influence, so anything and refining as that courtesy. The soft, low-spoken word, the gentle smile, the kindly reference—who has not felt their balm, been helped over some rough place in life's pathway by their beneficial effect? Brethren of the press, again we say let us be courteous to one another, and let the microbes pull his number five hat deep down over his eyes and ponder upon these words, Selah!"—Tid-Bits.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON II, APRIL 12—PARABLE OF THE GREAT SUPPER.

Golden Text: "Come, For All Things Are Now Ready." Luke xiv. 17—God's Welcomes and Man's Refusals—Christ's Teachings.

THE LESSON for this Sunday includes Luke, xiv. 15-24. The various incidents of the chapter give us a general impression of the character of Christ's work at this period; his readiness to go anywhere, even to a Pharisee's house, if he can do good there; his faithful and pointed teaching, his use of illustrations of difficult duties.

Place in the life of Christ: Just before the middle of the year ministry. At the close of the third year of his public ministry. A. D. 28, or early in the fourth.

Time: Probably in December. A. D. 28, or January. A. D. 30.

Place: In a Pharisee's house in Pera, or the way to Jerusalem by the fords of the Jordan, near Jericho.

The full text of the lesson is as follows:

15. And when one of them that sat at meat with him heard these things, he said unto him, Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.

16. Then said he unto him: A certain man made a great supper and bade many:

17. And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come: for all things are now ready.

18. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused.

19. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused.

20. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.

21. So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry, said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the blind, and the lame.

22. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

23. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.

24. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

The explanations to some of the passages above follow:

15. "One of them that sat at meat with him" "reclining on couches around the table" was the custom. "Heard these things," about the blessings of those who invited the poor and neglected to their feasts. "Said unto him," moved by the delightful feast they were at, suggesting the nobler feast, and by the blessing Jesus had just uttered, where he felt assured that himself and the other Jews were sure of the blessing of him "that shall eat bread" "partake of a feast," "in the kingdom of God," either in the future after death or the Messianic kingdom.

16. "Then said he unto him" to show him that while his thought was right, yet that he and others were unconsciously refusing to join in the feast; if by any means some might be persuaded to accept the invitation. "A certain man," corresponding to the king in the parable of the wedding feast (Matt. xxii. 2). "Made a great supper," corresponding to the wedding feast of Matthew xxii. 2, where the host of everything is provided in abundance.

17. "And sent his servant." It is still customary in the East, not only to give an invitation some time beforehand, but to send round servants at the proper time to inform the invited guests that all things are ready. "At supper time." At the appointed hour for the feast. "This undisturbed repose, the fullness of time" (Gal. iv. 4), when the Messiah came.—Riddle. "Say to them that were bidden." Who had been previously invited to the feast, and had had abundant opportunity to be ready. "Come, for all things are now ready." Historically, the fitting time had come for the appearance of the Messiah.

18. "They all with one consent." They assented in spirit and action, while they differed in the form of excuse. "Began to make excuse." The Greek word is the exact equivalent of our "to bog off."—Cambridge Bible. Not to give the real reasons for their conduct, but to render the most plausible excuses they could find. "I have bought a piece of ground" (a farm), "and must needs go" (out) "and see it," not to look it over, but see to its cultivation. He lived, as do all in that country, in a village, and had to go out into the country to reach his farm. He was a man of property, of capital.

19. "I have bought five yoke of oxen," etc. His oxen could have been used, but he made his plans so as to have an excuse.

20. "I have married a wife and therefore I cannot come." He is so positive because he thinks he has a good excuse. "He relies doubtless on the principle of the exemption from war, granted to newly married bridegrooms in Deuteronomy xxiv. 5, for a year."—Cambridge Bible.

21. "The master . . . being angry." Not passion, but the indignation which necessarily arises in every holy being against sin, against those courses of conduct which are bringing ruin upon men. "Go quickly." There was need for haste, for the feast was waiting. "Streets, the broader streets and squares," "bring in hither the poor, and the maimed." "The picture is one impossible for us to realize in our land. In the East, rich in beggars, opulent in misery, without poor-houses, or hospitals, or other organized means of caring for and lessening misery, and with laws and social organism multiplying it, such a throng as is here described may be often seen in the city streets or squares."—Abbott.

22. "And yet there is room." No one will ever be shut out of the kingdom of heaven for want of room. The atom is large enough for all the love of God is inexhaustible, the invitation is limitless. If any one stays away, it will be simply and alone because he will not come.

23. "Go out into the highways and hedges." These are without the city walls, and refer to the calling of Gentiles. The highways are "the broad, well-trodden ways of the world," where are the active and notorious sinners. "And compel them to come in." Not by force, by persuasion, with the contrary to the whole spirit of the gospel, but by arguments, by persuasion, by the force of love and charity. "That my house may be filled." Heaven will not stand empty because some refuse to enter.

24. "None" of those who refused the invitations "shall taste of my supper."

RAM'S HORNS.

No man ever got enough religion in his head to cause the devil an hour's uneasiness.

The man who has the most claim upon us, is often the one we have the least claim upon.

The friends of the devil are the first to get mad when the gospel is being preached right.

To cherish an unforgiving spirit, is to refuse to go all the way to the cross with Christ.