### A Romantic Affair.

"Yes, my dear, it's a case, a decid ed one. Heart, or whatever stands in its place, very much affected; but, let us hope, not incurably so," said Kate Gordon, shaking her head with mock gravity to her cousin Lillian, who turned from the window, out of which she had been gazing, and looked inquiringly at the speaker.

"I saw him over your shoulder," continued Kate, "as he walked slowly away up the street, and I also saw the blush that instantly crimsoned your pretty face (how do you manage to have that blush come at your call?) and the light that sprang to your lovely eyes. Again you're in love, or fancying yourself in love, Lilian, having already forgotten the young artist that sailed for home only a month ago; and this time it is with a poor professor of music in a great city, where there are sufficient of his kind to convert a great country into a musical Bedlam."

"Why, Kate!"

Kate, pretending to take the exclamation for an interrogation, "unless it is because he has large, dark eyes,a fine form,an aristocratic face, a refined air generally, and last, but not least, appears to be highly sensible of your fascinations. And, then, you've always been ready to fall in love with any interesting person that came in your way ever since your first teen, especially when distance lent enchantment to the view.' "

"What a romance, or semblance of a romance, to adopt your own mode of speaking, you are making out of nothing, Kate," says the younger girl, with a toss of her chestnut braids.

"Out of nothing!" repeats the other. "Given a pretty, a very pretty girl, watching at her window, half-hidden, in the regular poetical style, by its lace curtains, at nine in the morning and four in the afternoon a handsome, a very handsome young man, coming out at the door of a dwelling opposite punctually at the first hour and going in punctually at the last, each time casting profoundly respectful but unmistakably tender glances at the watcher in the window. A pink rosebud in her light brown hair in the morning is duplicated in his buttonhole in the evening. She stops one wintry day at the corner of the street to buy a bunch of violets, and, unconscious, of course, that she is observed, pressexquisite basket filled with the and coconnut tarts as you are. fragrant things at her door. No doubt the poor young professor went without his lunch for a week to exquisite baskets-" Kate! How can you?"

"Because I can," answers Kate coolly, "and what's more, I can ask answers Kate how is it all to end? I know it is nothing but romance on your part, but it may be reality on his, and allow me if your delicate sensibility will admit of it, to recall to your mind the fable of the boys and the rogs, where what was fun on one side was death on the other, and to kindoccupation at the hours of nine and

Kate I was never more deeply impressed in all my life, that is, never as deeply impressed—that is—oh, pshaw! you know what I mean. Don't you believe me?"

Disregarding the question, Kate went on: "And granting that you are in earnest this time, which by the don't grant, being a well-bred foreigner, he no doubt ac epts such a decree as in- him, he returns to his own country.' vitable, and unless you meet him half way tyou have already taken of flowers. And besides all that, you will remember that Clare de Vere did not monopolize all the pride. The yeoman had his share, and the better part, to my way of thinking. And, stood—' f I'm not mistaken, your handsome "No ra professor is just a proud."

Kate, how do you know all this?" asks Lillian, rising and coming to tand before her. "You say loubt' and 'if I'm not mistaken.' ut the tone of your voice says you

"Because, my dear, while you have been dreaming I have been acting. I felt a sorrowful interest in the poor fellow as soon as I discovered that you had made up your mind to look at him, and so I went to work and found out all about him."

Down on the floor beside her sank

pretty Lillian, saying as she seized one hand: "Go on, Kate; that's a

"A darling?" How long will it be before I'm a hateful old thing, one of your favorite names for me, though I am but two years older than your-self. But I'll go on if you'll take your sweet self off the train of my new wrapper. It's too young to be wrinkled.

"That he is a professor of music you discovered yourself at the Lut-

trells', where the dull-haired and enviously-complexioned Miss Gertrude condescends to be taught by him. at the risk of shocking you, you are such a 'mimosa sensitive,' my dear. I will proceed to tell you how I did it, I made friends, at the confectioner's one day, with his landlady, that funny little Frenchwoman with the corkserew curls and the very much up-tilted nose, and I told her—" Lillian made a gesture of impatience. "Well, I'll skip that and come to what she told me. Now, what should you guess his name was? His first name, of course, for it couldn't be expected

that you could guess his last."
"Walter, Hubert, Reginald, Roderick, Sebastian.'

"Wrong, every one. Its Robert, not a bad name, as names go, that is if they don't shorten it to Bob, and it harmonizes very well with his last name, which is Lear. And he's poor, as I said before, so poor that he and the traditional church mouse might shake hands, and call each other 'brother,' if the mouse happened to be that kind of a mouse is part French, part German; goes nowhere but where duty calls; sings in the solitude of his own shabby room, 'Ach! wars t du nur mein eigen.' and songs of that ilk, as you "I'm sure I don't know why," said have heard, and is fast falling head over heels in love with my gentle cousin Lillian, an exceptionally pretty girl, who really don't and never would care two straws about him, being at the core of her heart devoted to the purple and fine linen of life. and only unmarried as yet because, as she herself has confided to me, none of her admirers could offer a

> "Stuff and nonsense," says the 'gentle" cousin in no gentle voice, as she rises from her lowly position, and leaning her elbow on the mantle and her head upon her hand, looks down where she has been looking up. "You know nothing about it, Kate. I never, never, never was so attracted toward any one as I am towards Robert—why couldn't it have been Rudolph or Reginald so much more poetical, you know-towards Robert Lear. He's just like some one out of

"Lillan, what would your father and mother and sisters and brothers and spirit as ever. I again take my place in the grand army of the battle say if they heard you? They are Vere de Verish to the last extreme. I beg your pardon for smilling, my dear; but to me the Vere de Vere business as done in America is inexpressibly comic. I know I don't deserve to belong to the family, for I can't for the life of me forget that our great-grandparents sold tobacco for false Lillian's false valentine, I retail! However your immediate kin would act as though they owned my wife." Market to Kate for half-a-dozen coronets among them, and drive the musical upstart whose grandmother actually wore one to suicide or worse. As for you, my From the London Globe. dear, they'd shut you up in your own room and give you nothing but es them to her lips. That same night dreadful punishment for one who is potent than the best after-dinner

"You may laugh as much as you please, Kate," says Lillian with a

know your own is a million. But, to ly suggest that you find some new this time. And I ask you, granting to the favored circle that pays you be managed without your overstepping the bounds of maidenly propriety? To be frank with you, he believes as I know-you needn't shrug your shoulders-as I know, I say, that your interest in him is only c. girlish nothing good could come of it. Your | ing an old triend-think of that, a s, society decrees that they are, and a month or so, to break the fetters your witchery has thrown around

"Kate, have yo no feeling? Do you want to break my heart? Yes, break the first step), he will never go be- my heart. You need not look at me youd the tender glance and the basket | in that incredulous way. When you my heart. You need not look at me speak of lis going away forever I costume, suggests what it does not feel as though all the light and beauty reveal. It is a standing maxim in were faded out of my life. And if at the hand books of "Etiquette for the this moment he and a millionaire

"No rash vows, Lillian," interrupt-

"I must and will bid hope. I must shovelling peas into the mouth with a knife. But not all the maxims of and will, I say. Kate, how shall I do

"Faith, I don't know," says her cousin, with a delicious mimicry of which intima tes by a yown what the brogue and an air of meek resignation, "unless, me dear, you send him a valentine,

On the evening of the 15th of Feb. ruary there was a large and fashion able party at the Luttrell's. And queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls" was pretty Lilliant reighton.

So thought, though not precisely in those words, for he read no verses with the exception of comic ones. Alen Ingram, owner of the yacht Farewell, the fast horse Neverbeat, a town-house unrivaled inmagnificence, a country house unequaled in splen dor, and thousands of his banker's and elsewhere.

With a world of admiration in his very light blue eyes he followed the "queen rose" about, happy to play, for the time being, the part of her

Mr. Ingram was small and ignoble in person but his fortune was grand. His eyes were faded, but the dia-To me belongs the credit, if it be a monds that awaited his bride were credit, of finding out all the rest, and | bright. His brain and voice were weak but his family was strong. Only for a few moments that evening did he leave the enchantress, and then it was to seek the supper-room and toast her in sparkling cham-

At that time Robert Lear left his seat at the piano. Lillian's companions were clustered together before a picture at the other end of the room and she stood alone, and with his proud face all aglow he sought her side, and in a deep, rich voice he said, "Blessed forever be the good St. Valentine. He brought me your precious message this morning, and my heart has danced in my breast ever since ! rend these words:

Nay, fly not 'rom the spell of love Lest I should pine in vain regret, But stay and con this lesson o'er Faint heart ne'er won fair lady yet.

It was a verse from a valentine, a violet scented valentine, that he had received that day.

Lillian Creighton looked at him with haughty surprise in her face, wrapped her white satin cloak about her as though she felt a sudden chill in the air, and turned away.

Back to his place, the place he was paid to occupy, the young man went, while all the brightness faded from his face, and the beautiful dream that he had been dreaming so long died out in utter darkness.

"Could I have been mistaken?" he murmured.

"Not about the valentine," said a low, sweet voice, and looking up he met Kate Gordon's lovely, pitying brown eyes, "not about the valentine, but about everything else. What to you has been so serious, to her has only counted as one of her many ro mantic affairs. The reality of her life will be Mr. Allen Ingram or one very like him."

As she ceased speaking and turned away, Robert Lear flung back the long hair from his brow, and striking with firm powerful touch some grand, full chords, burst into a triumphant march, a march that said to at least two listeners: "Slight was the wound that I feared would a poem, Sir Lancelot, for instance, so handsome, so melancholy, so grace-the hand that struck it. And though for one short moment I faltered, lost no strength, but strong in heart of life.

And fitting reward awaited so true a soldier, for the very next 14th of February he held a beautiful, browneyed woman in his arms, close to his

Yawning It is now some years since Mr. Al fred Collier wrote his yawning songbeefstake and fried potatoes for a month. Think of that! What a an invitation to drowsiness not less eech of a magistrate or the good old three-decker sermon, Yawning has generally been associated with frown. "You always were a matter- comedy. There have ever been buy them, for hothouse violets and of fact creature, with not a bit of coarse wags who, in reference to the sentiment about you. You cannot understand the feeling that sprang well-known "catching" power of up in my heart the very first moment I beheld him. Had I your for- "What is mine is yawn"—a confusion of "meum" and "tuum" only defen-"It's only a few thousand, my sible in the case of a sleep-walker. dear," interrupted Kate, "and you But reports from Cambridge City. in be serious, if you had it you'd be Indiana, put a tragic color upon this looking for two millions instend of institution. In that town one Mr. one. There, there, don't burst into Lacky, having indulged in a large tears. I will, I vow I will be serious yawn, ruptured some of the cords in this time. And I ask you, granting the vertebre, and "remains at presthat you are willing to admit him in-ent in a critical condition." This regrettable incident should be a warnhomage, how is that admittance to | ing to all lazy folk. Yawning is a vice which is of all vices most sympathetic. The terrible maxims about "examples" apply to it with fatal pertinence. Is there not even the case of the lounger in the British museum who, standing opposite to fancy, and the little Frenchwoman tells me—she is in his confidence, being an old triend—think of that, a lence and the attitude of the monpositions in life are far apart, that | woman who takes boarders, that in | ster's jaw, into what is believed to have been the most capacious yawn on record? Still, the yawn must be recognized as a valuable social in-strument. What is so convenient to get rid of a wearisome intruder as that little motion of the hand to the mouth, which, like a chorus lady's

reveal. It is a standing maxim in

drawing-room" that yawning must

on no account be permitted. As an offense it is ranked with the kindred

offenses of eating soup hastily or

hand books will ever ostracize that

most convenient form of dismissal

words cannot express.

A Dime Museum Trick. Electrical Review. An energetic, business-like man entered the factory of the C. & C. Motor company, New York, recently, and in an off-hand manner that nearly paralyzed the manager, remarked. "I desire to purchase an electric motor to run my perpetual motion machine. I am the the proprietor of a dime museum in this city." The contract was made, and the visitors to a prominent dime museum in this city are now treated to a view of the one and only perpetual motion machine in which the concealed power is furnished by an electric motor run by storage batteries.

How Mr. White Settled.

From the New York Sun. After explaining that his son John was threatened with a breach of willing to be talked to, the old man asked me to go over with him and witness his efforts to effect a settlement. We found the girl at home, also her father and mother. were all shelling corn in the kitchen. and Betty, as the girl was named, looked anything but broken-hearted. She was twenty-three years old, weighing 165 pounds, and was inclined to contiment. After greetings and a general introduction, my friend, whose name was Jeremiah White, led off with:

"Now, then, thar ain't no use in chasing rabbits all over the woods to find one in a trap. Betty, you and John hev busted up." "Yaas, but it hain't my fault," she

replied.
"No. indeed," added the mother.

"He busted of his own accord." "Reckon he did," put in Betty's father, as he laid down a half-shelled

ear to light his pipe. "When folks is courtin' they often bust up," observed Jerry as he got comfortably seated. "They git jealous. They get sick of each other. They git outer sorts. Mebbe one

has a bad breath." "Yans, Jerry, I'm follerin' ye,' said Betty's father.

"And when they bust up the best way is to be sensible. John don't want no row with Betty, and Betty don't want to row with John."
"No more, I don't," murmured the

"John isn't fitten for you, Bet. He's all for mewls, and whisky, and tobacco, and fighting; and you is all for poetry, and stars, and clouds, and flowers. You is too high-souled

for John. "Shuck my hide if that hain't so!" exclaimed Betty's father, as he whacked the edge of the tub with a big ear

Betty simpered and giggled,

the mother looked pleased. "That's why you busted," softly explained my friend. "Had to come. Couldn't help it. When one is too good for 'tother a bust always comes. Say, Betty, I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of that verse you wrote for my old woman when she was sick last year. I'll bet I repeated it over a thousand times.

"Oh, la! Mr. White!" giggled Betty. "Ynas, it run in my head till couldn't sleep. I kept saying:

"Old Mrs. White is very sick, And mebbe she will die: Although to save her from the The doctor hard will try."

"Ah, Betty, if I could write such poetry as that I wouldn't be sloshing around here no great while, and you kin jigger to that!" "Honest Injun?" she asked, hold-

ing an ear of corn in either hand. "Dead sure. And now, Betty, being as you w'ar to good for John, and being as you've busted up.

"Is it for her wounded feelins? asked Betty's father.

"Kinder that way, and kinder be cause she's so good.

"Bet's cried a heap, and she's lost lots of time," put in her mother, and you'd better throw in that ar' pea-

"Durned if I don't, Henner! He's the nicest bird in the country, and a peddler offered me \$10 for him, but chuck my hide if I don't throw him

"Then I won't sue," said Betty.
"No, she won't," added the father "Then it's all settled befo' this gent, who is the witness." continued Mr. White. "I'm glad on't. It's the proper way. When folks love and bust up, as they sometimes will, thar's a proper way to settle damages. We've settled, and I'll send the stuff right over, and Bet will be free to make up to that feller who is selling fanning mills up at the corners, and who'll be down this way tomorrow.'

# Resuscitation After Death.

Baltim ore American. The Medical News has an article upon resuscitation after death which, if extensively read by the laity, is sure to occasion doubt and anxiety in the minds of many persons. After showing that two kinds of deathsomatic and cellular-take place before life has completely faded from the body to be recalled, the article points out the importance of physiciana properly distinguishing between the two and renewing and abandoning their efforts at resuscitation as circumstances direct. Somatic death may be briefly described as the failure of the main organs of the body, the brain, heart, and lungs, to perform their functions, while cellular death is where the cells or tissues of the body die. Both may occur at the same time, but, the writer urges, the former may take place without the latter, and often does, and in all such cases there is a chance of resuscitating the dead person until cellular death supervenes. Authentic instances of such resuscitation are given-among others, the case of a man whose body remained at the bottom of a shallow stream for fully half an hour before it was taken out. He was resuscitated after several hours of unremitting labor. But a more remarkable case was that vouched for by Prof. Armor. A friend of his died from Indian hemp poisoning. The physicians racked his brain for more than

his presence, and at length called to aid a sturdy negro. They worked manfully for four hours. During all that time there was not the slightest sign of life, but at its expiration a promise suit, and that the girl in the slight movement of the lips was decase lived only half a mile away and tected, and the stethoscope disclosed "an occasional, light, muffled sound over the heart." Their efforts were redoubled with the result that respiration and circulation were very slowly re-established, and consciousness returned after nany hours. The man lived for many goars afterward—indeed, up to a few goars ago, and was a prominent New England bank-

## A Woman on Kissing.

It has been the gallant habit of men, from immemorial, to comment unfavorably on the habit which women have of indulging in the useless distribution of kisses among themselves, but it is not often that the animadversion of the erring sex itself is visited on the same theme, A critical young lady, however, was recently heard expatiating vigorously against this senseless custom. "Do, for goodness sake," she remarked, "say something about the silly way that women have of kissing each other every time they get together. If twenty women were to meet in the street every last one of them would have to kiss the other nineteen, and there would be-let me see-380 kisses worse than thrown away, for probably in ten minutes the whole party would separate into squads and go off talking about each other. When you see one of these very violent miscellaneous kisseverything-within-sight kind of woman, it is safe to set her own down as a fraud, which she generally is. If I had my way, kissing should be confined to family use, and for medicinal purp ses. Now don't you put my name to all this or I will kiss you right on Washington street the very first chance I have." Then the talk ran off on other kinds of kissing, and a story was told of a young lady who kissed a baby held in its father's arms; then in a moment of temporary insanity or abstraction she stood on tiptoe and lised the papa. Realizing instantly what a dreadful thing she had done, she wheeled around and kissed the baby's mamma, who was standing near, and retiredin goodorder. Her satirical sister squelched the poor young woman as they left the house by asking her if she dind't want to go back and fin-ish it by kissing the hired girl.-Indianapolis Journal.

### Criticism of Science.

Men of science may, as individuals, fall into may errors. They may fail to realize the true dignity of their calling; they may be unduly swayed by party spirit or by personal aims; I'm going to send you over them they may be unworthy ministers of two black hogs and geese as a prest the truths which they deliver. But give glory to God. save this stranger. the truths which they deliver. But science, what was it but truth? And what is the scientific spirit but the spirit that bows to truth? To all who are dissatisfied with the present currents of thought we would, therefore, say:
"Criticise men as much as you

please. Point out their errors, their failings, intellectual and moral, with all needful severity. Hold up the standard by which you think their lives and thoughts ought to be governed. Criticise theories, too. Let nothing pass unchallenged or un-scrutinized that you are not satisfied is true. Let no glamour of great names, no popularity of certain modes of thought, deter you from expressing your dissent from what you do not believe.

But do not put yourselves hopelessly in the wrong by attacking

science, or by abusing the scientific spirit. You will gain nothing by it, but will merely darken your understandings, and shut yourselves out from the light that is ready to lighten every man that comes into the world. Science will abide. It has its root in the everlasting rocks and draws its ailment from universal nature. The scentific spirit will abide, admonishing men of their errors, and leading them into all truth. It is wise to be reconciled to such powers as these; even now when you are in the way with them make terms of peace and find rest to your souls."—
W. D. Le Suer in Popular Monthly.

# Re Kind to the Children.

Wallace says the mind of man is so great that henceforth his "selec tion" will replace the primæval pow er of "natural selection," so that it is possible the earth will bear only cultivated plants and tame animals and Frederica Bremer thinks man may possibly create an ennobled race of animals' by the education of a kind gentle treatment. With what potency, then, comes this truth to the education of children. Here, indeed, is the richest reward of kindness. And how is it possible to look on a child without being touched by the pathos of its helplessness? How fearful harshness is, or cold neglect, and how dreadful are angry punish ments to these little beings who cling to us like clusters in a vine! It is by our good juices they must be ripened and if the vine be bad, what hope for them? And, as before, I have said that there is great vanity and conceit in unkindness, so the kind-ness of the love of parent or teacher will root well in hamility. For who can look on a child without awe, or compare its needs and his own atan bour for some means of restoring his triend to life while he lay dead in tainments without a fear?

LESSON V. SUNDAY, MAY 3-THE POWER OF FAITH.

Golden Text: "Lord, Increase Our Faith." Luke xvii, 5-The Humility of Faith-Earthly Blessings Thereof - Present and Everlasting.



OR TODAY our lesson includes Luke xvii, 5-

Nearly the whole chapter can be used in chapter can be used in this lesson in its bear-ing upon faith.

In the earlier verses of this chapter certain very hard duties were laid down, which re-quired great faith.

Then comes the

Then comes the promise by which little faith became great, and faith's mighty power was shown. We turn to the parallel Scriptures and see how this promise is repeated four times with

the same or similar illustrations.

We turn to the story of Lazarus raised from the dead, in John xi, which belongs between verses 10 and 11 of this chapter, and behold verses 10 and 11 of this chapter, and behold a wonderful illustration of the power of faith. In the ten lepers we have another example of the power of faith, not only to cure the incurable leprosy, but also to save the soul of at least one leper.

In the remaining verses we see the dangers to which the disciples would be exposed, and in the long waiting for the coming of the invisible kinedom, in the patient faithfulness required, strong reasons for praying, "Lord, increase our faith."

Thus one deep impression may be made as to the need of faith, the power of faith, and how to obtain this larger faith.

Time—Verses 5-10, December, A. D. 29, or January, A. D. 30.

The bealing of the lepers, in March, A. D. 30, shortly before the crucifixion.

Place—On the border line between Samaria and Galilee, on the way from Ephraim across the Jordan, and down through Perea to Bethany.

any.

The full text of today's lesson is as follows

5. And the anostles said unto the Lord. Increase our faith.
6. And the Lord said. If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree. Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should ober your

it should obey you.

7. But which of you, having a servant ploughing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he come from the field, Go and sit down to meat?

8. And will not rather say unto him. Make resdy wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink? Doth he thank that servant because he did

the things that were commanded him? I trow done all those things which are commanded you, say. We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.

 And it came to rass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. 12. And as he entred into a certain village

there met him ten men that were lepers which stood afar off: 13. And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. 14. And when he saw them, he said unto them. Go show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed.

15. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God.

16. And he fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samari-

17. And Jesus answering said. Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?

19. And he said unto him. Arise, go thy way thy faith hath made thee whole. Some explanations to the above are as fol

6. "And the Lord said." What he said 6. "And the Lord said." What he said was an answer to their request, as it implied nearly all the ways of increasing faith referred to above. "If ye hade" if ye "have," implying that they have faith, but do not fully act it out. "Faith as a grain of mustard seed." "the smallest of garden seeds:" even a very little faith, but real and living, not like a grain of sand, but with life in it. not like a grain of sand, but with life in it, and a power of growing. "Ye might say," ye would say, your little but active faith would impel you to say, "unto this syeamine tree," apparently pointing to one near by. "Be thou plucked up by the root," what power less than divine can pluck up that tree? "Be thou planted in the sea," lifted over the vallers and hills to the distant sea. "And it should" it would, "obey you." It is within the ability of faith to wield this power.

11. "As he went to Jerusalem." This was several weeks after the first part of this lesson. "Through the midst." in the middle way between "Samaria and Galilee," eastward toward the Jordan.

12. "Ten men that were lepers." nine Jewa

12. "Ten men that were lepers," nine Jewa and one Samaritan. Leprosy was a common disease. "Afar off," being forbidden by law to approach others. The leprosy made them

13. "Jenus, Master, have mercy on us."
This call upon Jesus showed that they had some kind and degree of faith in him. They had doubtless heard of those who had been already cured by Jesus (Luke v. 12-15). Faith loves to stand on facts.

loves to stand on facts.

14. "Go shew yourselves unto the priests."
When a leper was cured, before he could be restored to society, he was requested to show himself to the priest, to make an offering, and to be officially pronounced clean. "As they went, they were cleansed." After they had shown their faith by obedience, it was done unto them according to their faith.

15. "And one of them turned back," not in disobedience to Jesus, for he would quickly obey, but in obedience to the higher duty of gratitude and love. The others went or in their cold and formal obedience.

# RAM'S HORNS.

The more God gives us to do, the mor nced there is that we should pray.

Some preachers are trying every means for filling their churches, except holding up Christ. To pray the Lord's prayer as Jesus

taught it. will change a desert life into a fruitful garden. If you take the devil home to dinner

with you, you may have to take him for Love to God and man are two steps

over which every one must pass to enter the closet of prayer. Our prayers would all have m

sewer in them, if they began, as they should, in righteous conduct.

Greek legends declared that the mystic rings of Gyges, the king of Lydia, made the wearer invisible.

Lorenzo de Medici were a ring which, according to tradition, had once be-longed to the Euspeur Nero. In the later Bouran empire rings cut