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FORWARD.

Let me stand still upon the bosom of life: Much has been won, though much is to be won.

I am a little weary of the strife, Let me stand still while, nor count it sin To rest my feet on the road again.

Long was the way and steep and hard the climb: Sore are my limbs and faint I am to rest: Behold me lie long sandy tracks of time: Before me lies the steep mountain crest.

HIS WIFE.

The sun had just set when I arrived at Somerset Station. A whole mile to walk in the pleasantest part of the pleasantest country in the world.

"I told your grandfather," said she on one occasion, "that no man was going to plan a house for me to live in.

"Who is it?" said he, like one first awaking from a sleep. "Let me guess. The fingers are too little for Midge, and too long to belong to Sarah.

"Please release me," I said; and then, as he rose quickly, apparently surprised by the voice of a stranger, I added in a rather nervous tone:

"Never was taken for an old lady before, he answered, with provoking nonchalance, and then added, as he hastily drew on a dressing-gown: "What do you think about it now?"

"I know as well as the Queen and poor Constance what there was in life worth living for—that was my motto. Not one word was spoken between us of the one subject that all engrossed us, and yet I know that his heart was irrevocably in my possession as was mine in his.

"I have had a good time to-day, Lorchen," he said, as we made our preparations for the morning. "I will take out my scrap-book, and when the others are engaged and won't miss us we'll wander off by ourselves and enjoy after our own fashion—won't you, Lorchen?"

"Lorchen?" How the word thrilled me, and how it optimized the tender purity of his regard for me.

"Why, that's a Dutch name, isn't it?" I thought she looked like a foreigner.

"I heard no more, waited for no more, but watched my opportunity, and when sure that no eyes were upon me, struck the path leading to the road, and less than an hour was home again in Grandmother Ellis's sitting-room.

"Oh, grandmother! grandmother! what misery has your terrible indiscretion brought upon me!" I groaned and groaned for grandmother had gone away to spend the day.

"You promised me, David, you would certainly go to bed at eight o'clock," cried out the old lady, reproachfully, after having satisfied herself that I hadn't changed a bit since she last saw me.

"Dear old Vagrant, good night," said the gentleman, with a rare smile, obeying instantly: "and pleasant dreams to you, Miss Ella."

"What of that? You are twenty; and what are you but a girl, I should like to inquire? Four years older than I didn't anybody round here think he'd ever get out again.

"I did not see my friend for two days. He had over-excited himself, and the result was a cold that kept him in bed for a week, and he had to be nursed by me.

"Where under the sun have you been all this afternoon?" said grandmother, as at sunset the second day I dragged myself into the kitchen porch.

"Up a tree," I said, with considerable disdain in voice and manner. "You have torn a great slit in your dress, see, and you look like a fright. I have wanted you—my own worth—for the last three hours."

"What are you making, grandmother?" "Panda."

"How many quarts of this stuff does your patient consume, Mrs. Bliss, in the course of twenty-four hours?"

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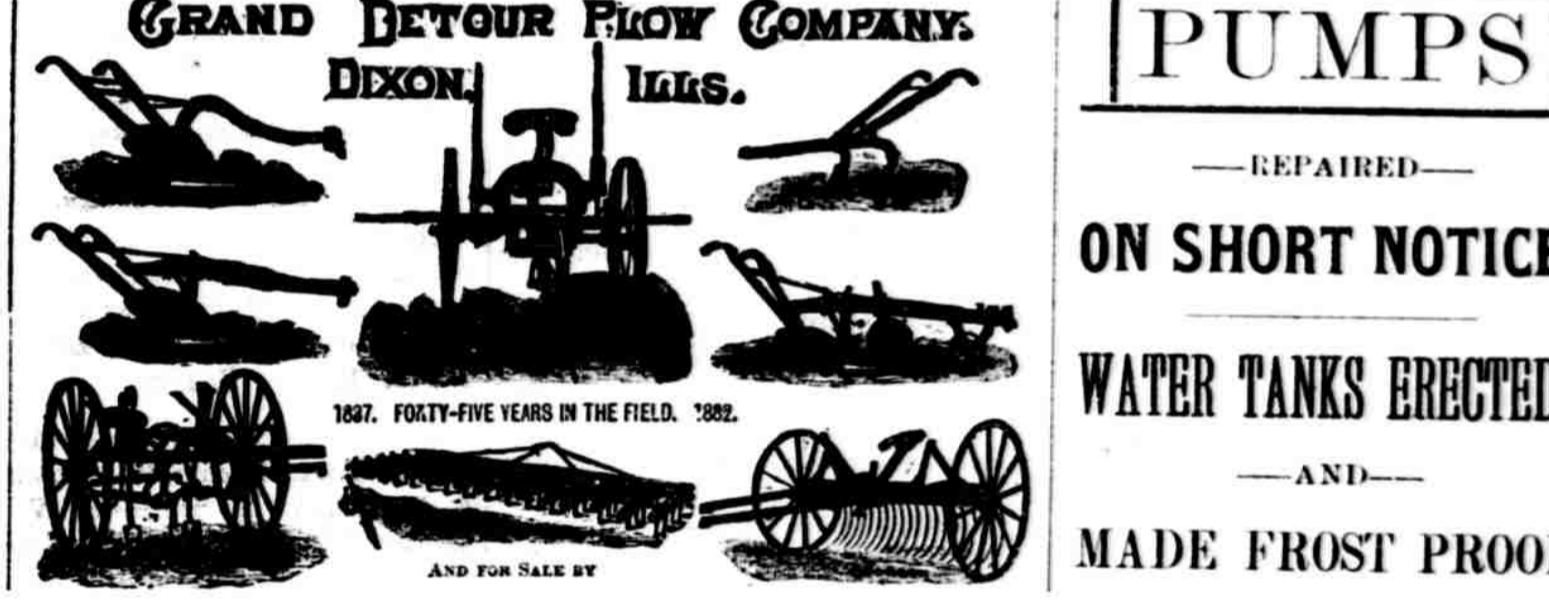
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SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Pennsylvania expends \$5,000,000 yearly for the hiring of teachers for the public schools. —Philadelphia Press.

The Baptist Church of Berlin, Rensselaer County, N. Y., has recently celebrated its one hundredth birthday.

George Nugent, who recently died in Philadelphia, leaves about \$400,000 for the establishment of a home for disabled Baptist ministers, their widows and dependent families.

The Boston Congregationalist says that it is many years since the tidings from the churches throughout the country, and especially in the interior and West, were so full of cheer.

Tokio, Japan, has its twelfth Free-Bible Society, the General Assembly daily paper advertises the Bible for sale. "In ten years Tokio may be a Christian city," was the prediction of its young men at the late conference of churches in Japan.

The School Board of Rochester, N. Y., has abolished the recess on account of the rowdiness upon the playground during that time. In winter, when the pupils were obliged to spend much of the recess within doors, it was yet more unpleasant and the Superintendent recommended the change.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, said in a recent sermon: "There are things which only sin can teach us. The publican's wretched life made him plead earnestly with God. Sin ever tries to shape itself into an index-finger pointing up at man's eye."

Bishop Huntington is out in an indictment of the public school system on the score of its alleged inefficiency, as things are managed now, in opposition to the rising generation anything like moral education. "The supreme in individual and national good," says the Bishop, "is character. Character is not a mere religious element that is moral and religious as well as the intellectual; it includes conscience, affection and will. Morality, as well as religion, gives way before the idolatry of the hour, and we are thus brought to confront the vast defect of our public school system." —Chicago Tribune.

The public schools of Texas will have a magnificent endowment, \$700,000, of land was donated to each of two State universities, and 33,000,000 acres for the public schools. These lands are being sold at auction to the highest bidder, under certain restrictions, and \$1,000,000 is now invested in United States bonds and other securities, the interest upon which is annually applied to sustain the schools. About 25,000,000 acres of school lands remain unsold, and are rapidly increasing in value. The State will have a permanent school fund of from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000, and the universities will have from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000 each when the lands are sold.

A gang of negro thieves in Washington called themselves the "Sons of Rest." Said an eighteenth century philosopher: "Of all things simplicity is the hardest to be copied, and ease is only to be acquired with the greatest labor."

"I thought you said you were going to pay me this morning the \$5 you borrowed of me yesterday?" "You forget, my friend, that to-morrow never comes." —Exchange.

A band of Italian brigands captured a Duke recently, and held him for thirty days. Any American brigand can do that, and hold him longer. —N. O. Picayune.

A Chicago firm is introducing wooden slippers into this country. The small boy is all in a sweat for fear his mother will take it into her head to buy a pair. —Burlington Free Press.

It is a glorious thing to have been born a man. One doesn't have to bother himself for a month over the plans and specifications of a new spring harness. He simply has to sign the bill when the thing is brought home. —N. Y. Ledger.

A contemporary is taken to task by an aristocratic giver of a kettledrum because the report of it alluded to the "swell-headed waiter." "What the reporter wrote was the 'swell head-waiter,' which is quite another thing." —Lowell Courier.

"I'd like to stay here," remarked the office boy, as he approached the editor's desk, "but the job's too heavy for me." "How too heavy?" "Well, I take de copy into de repository room an' dem depositories hit me on de side of me head, an' de copy is too heavy to work for me." —S'long. —Hebrew Standard.

"Did you ever try roller-skating?" inquired a young lady of a sickly-looking slim. "Yeth, only on th' he lapsed." "Why did you give it up?" "Because I tried to atop myself on my health." "Poo! that never prevented me from learning." "Yeth, I know, but don't'er know that you wear a—I mean that you—that is, don't'er know that and finding that he was over his head, the slim floated out." —N. Y. Journal.

At a station in Montana the other day a Boston girl stuck her head out of a Northern Pacific car and exclaimed: "Tich cown this transcendental scenery with such indescribable fascination and tinges its every feath with such evaporationing interturbance as to make me feel bewilderingly womanish." "I tried to atop myself on my health." "Poo! that never prevented me from learning." "Yeth, I know, but don't'er know that you wear a—I mean that you—that is, don't'er know that and finding that he was over his head, the slim floated out." —N. Y. Journal.

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