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MISS RHODA'S MEASURE.

Miss Rhoda sat in the west doorway. Her face was turned toward the sweet sky, radiant with its rays of red and golden light; it was a "withdrawing season." At Miss Rhoda's right was a field of stubble from which the wheat had been harvested. At her left the corn still stood, like Indian warriors, all over the field, waiting for the husking time. At her feet the maple leaves, so gorgeous in their autumnal plaid, were falling. Here and there the note of a stray bird which had tarried late; than its fellows fell upon her ear. There was a chill in the air; the wind was rising, and it stirred the locks of silvery hair which usually lay with such calm precision about Miss Rhoda's face. She folded her black shawl closer about her shoulders, but still she lingered.

There was a kindly voice to warn her of the dangers that might come from longer exposure. No loved form to come to the door and say, "Come in, now, the air is chill and the fire is burning brightly." It was the room without you, Miss Rhoda, was alone in the world; she had outlived those nearest and dearest to her.

In the afterglow of the lives of those who had belonged to her in the old home sweet memories lighted up the closing day, and as she looked intently at the western sky she seemed to see

visions of the peary gates, behind whose portals those loved ones were dwelling. Watching the red and gold light fade away, and the darkness gather, she, like Christ, "fell sick" at the glimpse of the glories and wished she could be among them.

As she turned and went into the house, there was a look on her face which, if an artist had caught it at that moment, might have inspired him to paint a picture and call it Reminiscence. The most notable thing after one has grown old is the fact of reminiscence. But in some lives, like that of Miss Rhoda, it is a more deeply felt fact than in others. "I was passing Miss Rhoda's house just at sunset to-night, and I saw her sitting at her west door," said Mr. Bates, as he sat down at the supper table. "I know she was trying to work out the links and knots about that mortgage on her place. But old Tom Carpenter will persevere when the time comes. She can't expect any mercy from him; he is too close-fisted for that."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Martha Bates, "what will become of her." "She will have to go to the town-house, I suppose. It will be very hard for her; Miss Rhoda was always a high-strung woman," her brother replied.

"And after all that woman has done to help other folks when they were in trouble!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates. "Think how she took in those Butler children and kept them after their mother died; and how she kept that young man who was too sick to work all winter. An own mother couldn't have done more for him. I declare if Miss Rhoda has to give up her place and go on the town at her age, it will be a shame."

"Doesn't the Bible say, 'With what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again?'" asked Arthur, the tall boy at his mother's right. "How do you reconcile that passage of scripture with Miss Rhoda's prospects of going to the town-house? All my long life I have looked upon Miss Rhoda as one of the freest souls of the earth; she has always been in some good work, and has had a kind word for everybody."

"No; but the finger on the signboard points that way," replied Arthur. "It is dreadful for old people to be obliged to give up their home and old associations and go 'where they would not,'" said Mrs. Bates. "Young folks can bear changes—many really enjoy them—but it is different with the aged."

love, and there was never such a thorough house-warming done in that locality before. A new light came into Miss Rhoda's face that Christmas. It was love-light—she was not alone in the world any longer; she belonged to her good neighbors, and they belonged to her.

When the Christmas bells rang in the church belfry on Christmas morning the people heard them with gladness, and thanked the Lord that they had been enabled to help return Miss Rhoda's measure running over full.

At this season of the year, remember that it is your duty as children, and also your privilege, to glorify God, to promote peace, and to extend good will to those around you. You may promote the blessing of peace on earth by frankly forgiving those who may grieve or annoy you, by persuading enemies to be reconciled to each other, and by daily prayer to God to preserve and bless the nations of the earth from the dead.

Christmas Kindnesses.

ly horrors of war. And you may in a great many ways show good will to men. Are there not poor people within a short walk of your own door who will receive no Christmas cards, no nice presents of food or good clothing, whose children have no nice toys or picture books, of which some of you have such an abundance that you scarcely know where to find room for?

What Makes a Happy Christmas.

It does not require much money, nor indeed any money, to make a happy home circle on Christmas. The chief thing is a warm and merry heart. It will devise ways and means for filling the home with cheer, joy and gladness. A little invention, a little effort, and much love will give the day a halo brighter than tinsel and gold. God did not require extra material to paint every tree and bush in all this region a crystal whiteness the other night. He used only a little moisture and a little cold, and in the morning men exclaimed in wonder, "What beauty!" So the simple things beautify and glorify the home, and make holidays bright with joys beyond the purchase of money.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

CHRISTMAS RAPPINGS.

(By James Rolfs Haggood.)

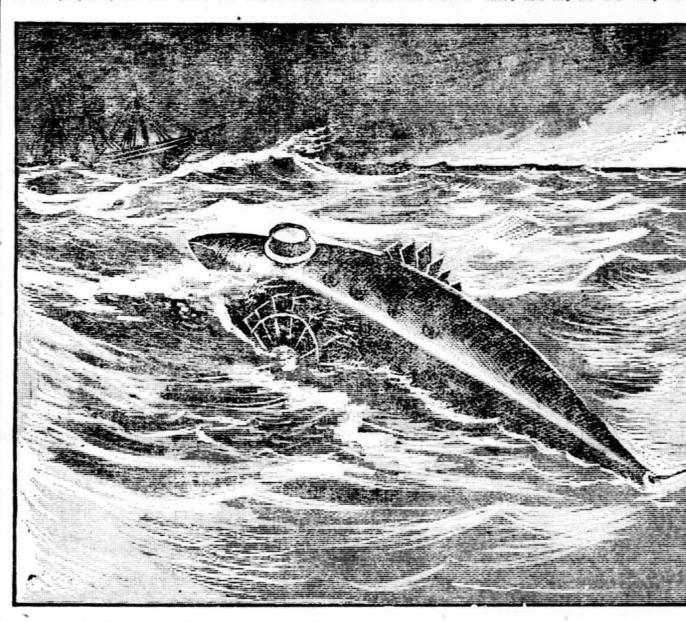
The Season of Good Will.

The Lord Stayed His Hand.

Christmas to Exhibit the Christ Life.



The latest device for communication between a ship in distress and shore is a cigar-shaped electric boat. The great difficulty which life savers have had to contend with has been that of getting a line from the shore to the ship. Often the only means is the mortar, and when this fails the life savers are obliged to stand by and see the crew perish without being able to render them any aid. It is to overcome this and afford the life savers an opportunity to work in any kind of weather and under any conditions that this new life car is made. It was at first proposed by the inventors that this car should only carry the life line, but as their experiments demonstrated the feasibility of the plan, the interior construction of the car was changed so as to accommodate passengers. In construction the car resembles the cigar-shaped Whitehead torpedo. It is pointed at one end, while at the other there is a propeller and rudder. On either side of the raft, near the front, are two paddle wheels, which are intended to aid the propeller, and also serve the



purpose of keeping the craft in a proper position while in the water. The motive power is supplied by a motor which is placed in the forward end of the craft. When carried by ships the life car being driven off shore the paddle wheels are pointed and slightly curved, so that as they revolve in shallow water they will catch the sand. A wheel or roller is placed beneath the

water the anchor will dig into the sand or catch on the rocks and prevent the boat being washed back from the shores by the action of wind or waves. To still further prevent any possibility of the life car being driven off shore the paddle wheels are pointed and slightly curved, so that as they revolve in shallow water they will catch the sand. A wheel or roller is placed beneath the

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