people to leave the table when the affront is committed in their presence. All these bad habits argue an insensibility which is not to be reached by common means.

A curious little letter is from Virginia. "You said that bran was hard to get in a city, and some persons considered it necessary to health, and that some one might make a great deal of money by putting it up in little boxes and selling it. Now, why cannot I be that wise and, perhaps, successful individual, if you would kindly let people know where it could be had?

"I am a Southern girl who, until recently, had every ease and comfort, but long ago my father failed in business and has never rallied since. We keep the dear old home, which is a lovely place, but I cannot sit idle and see it go to wreck. My position in society requires that I should be well dressed, and by my music I buy my clothes and make them myself, as I have quite a talent that way.

"On the small sum of $17 a month I dress myself well, and, besides, buy most of the comforts of home. I have youth, health and a strong will, and who knows but I may yet be the victor, bringing the old home back to its former glory, lifting the burden from older shoulders and gratifying my own ambition as well? A word of advice from you," etc.

Sounds lovely, doesn't it—and touching? Precisely the ideal amount of trial to fit a magazine story. But the poor little girl has come to the wrong place for sympathy this time. Do you know I don't feel one particle of interest in this picturesque poverty and ambition? I know $17 a month is a mere bagatelle that wouldn't buy candy for many girls. Still, it is over $200 a year, all that a peer's daughter often has for her dress allowance, and much more, considering the circumstances, than a maid of honor to the Queen has for her dress. A girl with a poor father who can spend $200 a year for the materials of her robes, which she makes herself and so saves three-fifths of the expense, has no right to ask for sympathy or help from any one.

NOT AN OBJECT OF COMPASSION.

A girl with a lovely home dressing at the rate of $200 a year is hardly an object of compassion. I do not forget the "home comforts" she provides, but, young lady, home comforts are apt to mean a Vienna photograph rack, a lace lamp shade or new embroideries for the guests' rooms. I know of too many women with children who in very plain cottages live and meet all wants on $200 a year. I knew of one with five children and taxes to pay who only had $50 in cash for a year's income. Their living came from the garden. But out of that $50 she subscribed for a magazine, as her starving mind could not do without reading.

Those who know the world feel that no one with a home, youth and health and $200 a year for personal wants needs assistance. It is no good sign for the young people of today that they are so ready to ask help of strangers for no real need but to gratify social ambition. It speaks a lack of independence, of that instinct of gentle breeding which shrinks from applying to others save in extremest need.

As for the fiction that her position requires her to dress, any girl wants that nonsense taken out of her at once. No position requires any one to dress beyond or up to her means. A nun's gown on a nun's income is dress for a court.

I recall a lady in one of the older States, herself of old and distinguished family, wife of the influential minister of a rich parish, with the sons of wealthy men under his care in his house.

One would say dress was obligatory in such a case, but this woman, accomplished and finely bred, chose to gratify her tastes and her charities at the expense of her toilet. It was the scandal of all the farmers' and mechanics' wives, who never felt respectable out of alpaca, that Mrs. K. went all day and walked to the village in a print gown, and when the gown was new very likely wore it to church of a summer day. It wasn't French satine, my dear lady, nor zephyr gingham, with point trimming, but unmitigated 9-penny print.

But it never made the least difference with that bright woman's honor and welcome in the proudest families of the town and State. Simple as her dress might be, her house had room and shelter for the homeless and unfriended always.

I recall both Southern and Northern women of the very best blood and breeding, whose person, dignity and grace compelled the admiration of all who came in contact with them, yet whose stuff gowns never began to cost them $50 a year. It were ambition worth while to win presence and distinction like theirs. There is distinction in a plain gown worn with self-respect and courteousness which goes far beyond the charms of dress-making.

These comfortably-placed women, young and old, who have never known uncertainty of good food, home and clothing understand no more what the world really contains of struggle and privation for other women than they do of the seraphim.

USELESS TO ATTEMPT.

Of interest to town women is the letter of a property-owner of New York, who proposes to build a women's hotel, with good architectural finish, perfect sanitary design, large rooms, tastefully decorated and furnished, to meet the need depicted in Greta's letter last spring. He is evidently in earnest in the matter, but, compelled by fact, I had to write him, as he valued his property, credit and peace of mind, never to have anything to do with a women's hotel of any sort. Not that there isn't need of such quarters, or that women would not flock to them eagerly and be glad to live in them, but the conviction grows with thoughtful observers that it is useless to attempt schemes for communities of women with the present ideas and feeling which control the mass of them.

Those who have watched and aided the plans for homes for women of different classes are unwillingly persuaded of this belief. From the working-women's home, in Elizabeth street, which some of us can remember, to the last experiment in semi-private clubs for society women, the outcome has been failure and dissatisfaction.

In the Elizabeth-street home the girls stole from each other till property was not safe except on the owner's back, while the seamstresses and nurses who boarded there gossiped and tattled and tore character to fragments till decent girls dreaded to encounter the risks of living under the roof. In the Young Women's Christian Association's and other select homes the scant fare and rigid and suspicious supervision, which does not at all prevent amazing scandals, renders a stay rather penitential. Women live in these houses solely because they are cheap, endure the rigid rule as long as they can, and leave when a hall bed-room offers in a decent third-class boarding-house.

The clubs fall to pieces, being usually speculations of the superintendents, bent on getting all the money and social standing possible out of them in the shortest possible time.

It runs in women's nerves to make failures of such things. They get tired, harassed, take dislikes to people and cannot treat them well as a matter of self-interest, as your trained man of business feels that he must. Most women are equal to hating at sight another whose manners or appearance differs from the code they have been brought up to recognize as the only one admissible, and justice, whether you like a person or not, is a virtue unknown to the sex.

It is enough for a woman to say of another that "she does not like her looks," to believe her capable of the most atrocious conduct.

I was an unwilling witness of a case in point in one of the best women's hotels. Two young ladies returning from their mother's funeral, in a Southern city, took a room at the hotel while passing through town, as recommended by a friend of the house. As natural, the girls kept their rooms, one of them being ill with grief, and an enderly gentleman, an old privileged friend, calling in their trouble, proposed to see them in their room instead of the parlor, which was office and drawing-room in one.

He was stopped by the lady manager, who properly enough objected to gentlemen's calls on ladies in their rooms; and the young doctor, proposing to return after midnight to see if his patient was quiet, received such a rebuke that he did not come a second time.

TALKED ABOUT IT.

All this was well enough in the interests of good order and repute, but when the lady manager proceeded to talk the matter over with a dozen persons in and out of the house, putting the worst possible version on affairs, giving every one the impression that it was a plan to carry on an intrigue under her respectable roof, when the young ladies were made to feel suspicion to the fullest extent, and the lady who recommended them was told of the matter so as to cast the bereaved girl under suspicion of leaving their mother's grave to carry on a disreputable meeting, at least one listener was sickened and sore at heart.

Protest was unavailing; in vain to plead that with entirely respectable families such a visit from a man with daughters of his own, an old family friend in bereavement, was not considered a breach of decorum, especially with two girls together. Useless to suggest that the most abandoned women would hardly leave their mother's deathbed for an assignation, or that they would plan it in a house so notoriously strict, as all women's hotels are known to be. Useless, all, in view of the fact that the manager had been brought up to regard a visit to a lady's room as impossible, and if those motherless girls have a shred of character left, or live down the scandal of the stay at that house, it is not the fault of the manager, with her influential friends.

The lady who acted as reference for the girls made haste to plead that she was only a boarding-house acquaintance, and if she is a fool, she probably believes them worthless, disreputable creatures and has deplored the fact with a dozen or twenty friends. If she has a grain of womanly feeling and sense, she is aware that in a country of Daisy Millers such things happen without offense or intention of it. The fault is not that the manager forbade visits to the ladies' room, but that she lost no chance of blasting two women's reputations in a matter which left grave doubts even of intended impropriety.

Girls hardened enough to carry on intrigues over their dead mother's grave would be experienced enough not to plan their meetings in a house where they were most certain of detection. But granting the worst likelihood, a hotel manager would have quietly dismissed such guests and held his tongue in compassion for girls in such plight. Business men can be merciful to erring women, knowing it is no more impossible that weak creatures should retrieve and shake themselves free from error than that they themselves, as men, should revolt from their own fast youth. They know too well how many women, useful, conscientious and beloved, hold honored places solely by the silence of the world upon a past bitterly repented and effaced in life-long penance. But women who hold the keys of social life and death for a breach of decorum, possibly no fault at all, must brand girls just orphaned, making free with their names to strangers who had no earthly interest in the matter, on the all-sufficient plea and excuse that they "didn't like their looks."

If this were a solitary or exceptional case it would be unjust to quote it, but women's hotels seem bound to vindicate their own spotlessness by making such examples, and women's instincts prove their infallibility by lighting on the wrong person. Such wholesale condemnation could hardly happen in a mixed household where any decent men were found, for their justice would cry shame upon it. But it is the rule in women's communities.

The gossip of a woman's roof is simply maddening, and when it comes to be known that to sojourn there is to leave some part of credit behind, that all the familiars are informed that this woman has carried off a tumbler in her traveling-bag, and a woman, hurried in leaving, who forgets a trifling balance due on large bills promptly paid, is placarded as going off without paying her bill, as if she were an absconding debtor, in spite of the fact that she writes for her bill and doesn't get it.

When these things come to be known, women prefer the ordinary hotel, whose managers have learned by force of experience the rules of human intercourse. Reticence, dignity, decency in private speech are too rare in women's intercourse, and the want of these disintegrates every effort for their benefit and will, until the foundations of women's social ideas and self-worship are shaken. Artistic furnishings, sanitary perfection, rigid respectability will not avail to keep women's schemes together unless the stone which they have rejected becomes the headstone of the corner, and that is the charity which is another name for simple justice.

SHIRLEY DARE.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

The county of Waterford has lost more of its inhabitants by emigration than any other county in Ireland.

Father Collins, the curate of Broadfield, has accepted a mission under Rt. Rev. Dr. Beshab, of Melbourne, Australia.

Nine farms on the estate of the Earl of Shannon, in Cork county, have been purchased by the tenants for $16,635.

In the county of Antrim two of the tenantry on the estate of Mr. John Young have purchased their farms for $3,450.

At Kellar, Wexford county, recently, John Sullivan, aged eighty-one years, was married to Bridget Delaney, aged eighteen.

The people of Sligo complain that land-grabbing is becoming prevalent there again. It is said that those so accused are all Parnellites.

On the Lonworth estate, which lies partly in Longford and Westmeath counties, seven farmers have purchased their holdings for $23,650.

In 1841 Westmeath county had a population of 141,583. The late census gives the number in 1891 as 65,028, a decrease in fifty years of over eighty-six thousand.

The Irish land-purchase bill will soon become a part of the laws of the country. It will be, beyond doubt, the greatest boon ever granted by any government to the Irish tenantry.

Sequah, a quack doctor who has been making money by the bushel for months past in the west of Ireland, is about to be married to a Miss Marie Nono, a native of Ennis, Clare county.

Michael Tannian, an ardent Nationa list, a native of Galway county, died in London last week of la grippe. He was only twenty-five years old, and was a most promising young Irishman.

The Lough Neagh fisheries have been very successful this year. During the past two months the takes have been unusually heavy, many of the salmon taken exceeding thirty pounds in weight.

The port of Galway is crowded with shipping. For many years past the trade of this port has been declining. Better days seem in store for it. Trade has increased rapidly for some months past.

The amount expended under what is known as the Ashborne act for the past three months is $2,550,000. This is the act under which tenants have been enabled to purchase their holdings from the landlords.

It is thought, when the small farmers are relieved from their present straits by the new crops coming in, that the Irish National Federation League will make such rapid progress as to become a mighty power in Ireland.

The late census gives the total decrease in population of Ireland during the past ten years as 468,674. This is distributed among the provinces as follows: Leinster, 83,271; Munster, 162,171; Ulster, 125,198; Connaught, 98,084.

The Irish exhibition at Olympia, London, which closed a short time ago, was, in a pecuniary sense, a failure. The trustees have become liable for a sum of over $40,000. This will, however, be recouped by subscription from the public.

Lord Lansdowne has received already from this fund, through tenants purchasing their farms from him, the sum of $330,300; Lord Leconfield, $205,000; Earl of Shennan, $245,000; Earl of Bessborough, $220,000, and Lady Donnally, $220,000.

The Dublin Gas Company brought an action for slander against a Mr. Mayne, a member of the City Council. Mr. Mayne charged the company with unfair dealing towards the citizens. The jury brought in a verdict in favor of the defendant.

The government are gradually removing the restrictions of the crimes act from the greater part of Ireland. This act gave power to resident magistrates to try prisoners accused of conspiracy, moonlighting, and similar crimes without a jury.

The Clanmoness Board of Guardians has passed a resolution calling upon Mr. Parnell to release the $200,000 now in a Paris bank that the fund may be applied to the relief of evicted tenants. It was for their benefit the money was subscribed.

Nine hundred thousand dollars of the $10,000,000 surplus revenue has been allotted to Ireland. Scotland gets none because she contributed none to the national exchequer. The surplus in each case is to be devoted to educational purposes.

Sir Edward Watken, of Wales, has built a private chalet on the top of Snowden mountain, one of the loftiest in Wales. He is erecting an electric light that will be seen not only over the greater part of England and Scotland, but from Ireland also.

Mr. Howard St. George, a Galway gentleman, has just returned from New York with his bride, a native of that city. Mr. St. George and his best man went there a few weeks ago for the marriage ceremony, which took place at the bride's home.

The organizing committee of the Irish National League has summoned a national convention of delegates from all the branches in Ireland to meet in Dublin on the 23d of July. The meeting will be presided over by its president, Mr. C. S. Parnell.

The English Times says it is reported that at the next general election an effort will be made to substitute men of independent means—Catholics—for those of the present Irish parliamentary party, who have to be supported by funds collected from the people.

A man named Hunter, a resident of the city of Dublin, was sentenced, the other day, to fourteen years' imprisonment. The principal charge against him was breaking, maliciously, a plaster cast, by Miss Redmond, of the great Father Mathew. It was valued at $1,250.

At the last quarter sessions held in Kilrush, Clare county, fifty decrees for rent were obtained against that number of tenants on the estate of Mr. W. H. Fitzgerald. There were many other decrees issued against tenants on the estates of Lord Annally, Mr. DeCourcy and others.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has accepted an invitation from the Limerick horse-show committee to visit that city on the occasion of the forthcoming horse show. It is thought his visit will extend over three or four days, and the show promises to be the biggest success of any held there for many years.

Martin Killeen, of Keelogues, near Lyrecourt, Galway county, died lately, at the age of forty-three years. He was one of the earliest supporters of the Plan of Campaign, and was evicted by Lord Clanricarde from his farm of 283 acres. The house and many other valuable improvements were erected by his father without costing the landlord a cent. Mr. Killeen ever since has lived in a hut erected by the Plan of Campaign committee.

The Registrar-general for Ireland, in his last report, comments strongly upon the high death-rate amongst young children in the city of Dublin. The reason that he alludes so particularly to this death-rate is that so many of these children die without medical attendance, or, in fact, any effort to save their lives. He adds that the number of children that are allowed to die, so that the parents may receive the insurance money, would be a disgrace to any country.

At Kelfearagh, in West Clare, the police and bailiffs, under the orders of the deputy sheriff, seized some cattle belonging to a tenant on account of a decree obtained against him for rent. A crowd collected and pelted the police with stones, taking the cattle from them and breaking one of their rifles. The deputy sheriff sent for extra police, who, when they arrived, charged the crowd with fixed bayonets, drove them back and captured the cattle.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Real Estate Item.

Texas Siftings.

A.—Is land dear in Italy?

B.—No, but the ground rents are awful.

"What's the cause of that?"

"Earthquakes."

A Cereous Misunderstanding.

Kate Field's Washington.

"How's your wheat?"

"Intend to before long."

"Intend to what?"

"House my wheat."

Unpopular Science.

Midsummer Puck.

Mrs. Von Gabb—What persons, doctor, as a class, are generally color-blind?

Dr. De Gabb—Those who boast of having blue blood in their veins.

A Father's Curse.

Midsummer Puck.

"Old Hyde, the pork-packer, is dead, and has left two of his sons handsome fortunes."

"So he never forgave the third one, eh?"

"No. He left him the business."

A Soldier's Hardships.

The Epoch.

He—Yes, I have been in the army for fifteen years, and of course had some terrible strains upon my courage.

She (sympathetically)—Yes. I suppose all the time you have been expecting to be called into service.

A Warning to the Supersensitive.

The Epoch.

Primary—What did you do that she should leave you on the wedding tour and return to her father.

Secundus—I kept the promise she exacted of me that we should not be taken for a newly married couple.

His Convert.

Midsummer Puck.

Professor Indur (author of "Metempsychosis," etc.)—Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls, Miss Hayve?

Miss Bee Hayve—Yes, I believe I do; for, do you know, at times you have the same hunted look in your eyes that my poor Fido had when the dog-catchers were after him.

She Knew Better.

The Epoch.

Mrs. Jaysmith (to grocer)—Ten pounds of sugar.

Grocer (as customer walks out)—I beg your pardon, but you didn't pay for that sugar.

Mrs. Jaysmith—Of course not. Sugar's free now. I read the papers, I do, and you can't fool me.

"Doing Time" for Time.

Judge.

Prison Visitor—And what brought you here, my poor man?

Convict—Havin' too much time on me hands.

"Ah! idleness is indeed the parent of crime."

"That ain't it, boss. I was caught with three watches in me pocket that I couldn't account for."

Prohibition Statistics.

Texas Siftings.

"I wish I had money. I would like to be a solid man," remarked a Texas inebriate to a friend.

"There is only one chance for you, colonel."

"What is that?"

"Go to Alaska. It is cold enough there to freeze whisky. That's the only chance I see for you to become a solid man."

Too Staid.

Midsummer Puck.

Miss Daisy Cutter—Father, I can never accept Mr. Walstret.

Mr. Coupon Cutter—Don't be reckless. Consider his wealth and position; and then, he is only thirty-five, and good-looking, too.

Miss Daisy Cutter—He may be young in years, father; but the man who can pass a base-ball bulletin without turning his head to see what the score is, is too old for me.

A Peaceful Section.

New York Weekly.

Missouri Traveler—This is a famous section for feuds, I understand?

Native—No more peaceful parts anywhere than right here. No feuds here. Everything's as pleasant as pie.

"But how about the Billington-Wellington feud?"

"Over long ago. I'm Billington."

"Indeed! I haven't met any of the Wellingtons."

"No, nor you won't. The feud is over."

READING FOR SUNDAY.

Give Me Thy Hand.

Give me thy hand if thou wouldst know the way,
Long, steep and lone,
That leads from darkness unto endless day—
Walk not alone;
And, with thy hand, thy faith, and fear no more,
For I have walked the thorny path before.

If heavy seems thy yoke, my child, take mine
And learn of me;
And to thy soul shall come that peace divine
Faith bringeth thee.
Walk not by sight, but by thy trust alone—
Thy journey endeth at the great white throne.

Abide in me. There is no grief nor pain
I have not known;
But I would bear and suffer all again
To keep my own.
These know my voice and follow where I lead,
To failing strength I give the aid they need.

Give me thy hand and I will lead thee on—
Oh, look not back
Nor faint; thy sins of all the years are gone—
Oh, look not back!
Those whom the Father giveth me are mine;
Abide in me as branch doth in the vine.

—George E. Plumba.

International Bible Lesson for July 26.

CHRIST AND NICODEMUS. (John iii, 1-17.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. (John iii, 16.)

HOME READINGS.

M.—Christ and Nicodemus.....John iii, 1-8.
Tu.—Christ and Nicodemus.....John iii, 9-17.
W.—The brazen serpent.....Num. xxi, 4-9.
Th.—Gospel to the meek.....Isa. lxi, 1-6.
F.—A heart of flesh.....Ezek. xi, 17-21.
Sat.—Mighty love.....Rom. viii, 31-39.
Sun.—Love for the unworthy....I John iv, 9-15.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The Pharisees cared enough for religion to be bitter foes of Jesus, and sometimes to become, like Nicodemus and Paul, inquirers or disciples. We do not hear that Sadducees ever were converted. They did not believe enough or care enough. A bigot is better than one who does not care for truth. He is made of better stuff, although he is more disagreeable. Jesus often rebuked the Pharisees and never the Sadducees. But that does not prove that Pharisees are worse than Sadducees, only that they are more active opponents of every new reform. The Sadducee, the Gallio, does not care. It is to Nicodemus's credit that he came by night, when the others did not come at all. Do not abuse him. He remained a friend of Jesus, and defended him before the Sanhedrim. Miracles are a real and important evidence, and they cannot be gainsaid. They are less important now, but were needed then.

The pharisaic plan of salvation by birth is utterly unjust. It was no credit to the Jews that they were born Jews, or to the Gentiles that they were so born. They could not help it. Jesus brought in a religion for anybody. His first assertion was a denial of Judaism. The lesson which Jesus here teaches of the value of the spirit as against the forms of the law, is that which Paul was so constantly teaching. It is the lesson of faith against birth, of life against form.

Christ's reference to water baptism shows that, while He did not baptize himself, he believed in taking such a public stand, by this rite, as would show that the believer did not think circumcision enough to save one. One who accepted the water symbol of purification confessed this. Conversion is the one thing to impress as a duty on one's scholars. God's part in it, called regeneration, we have little to do with; but our part, repenting of sin and turning to God, promising to forsake sin and to live to please God, we must undertake if we will be saved. It is utterly contrary to Christ's doctrine to establish a state church, in which every one shall be received by confirmation on reaching a given age. There should first be evidence of conversion, or of being born anew.

Of General Interest.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, starts on a tour around the world July 25.

An "Epworth Home" has been erected at Bay View Assembly. It is well located, and will be dedicated July 24.

The Moore's Hill district Epworth League convention will be held at Rising Sun, Ind., Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 1 and 2.

As a partial result of Dr. Pentecost's evangelistic mission to India over four hundred Hindus have signed the covenant card signifying their faith in Christ.

According to the returns presented in the House of Commons, the annual income of the Church of England is about £6,000,000, of which £5,469,171 are from ancient endowments, and £284,386 from private bounty since 1703.

The religious statistics of Vienna have recently been collected. That metropolis reports 1,195,107 Roman Catholics, 41,943 Protestants, both Lutherans and Reformed, 118,495 Jews, and 8,943 adherents of other confessions and non-religious.

It is stated authoritatively that Bishop Hurst's acceptance of the chancellorship of the new university at Washington is temporary. As soon as the trustees shall decide upon the right man to hold the post permanently he will give way to him.

The local preachers and exhorters of Moore's Hill district, Southeast Indiana Conference, will hold a convention on the old historic ground of Methodism at Hartford, Ind. The convention will continue four days, beginning Thursday, Aug. 6.

All the Lutheran pastors in St. Petersburg were compelled by imperial order to read to their congregations the Czar's proclamation on the apostasy of the Grand Duchess Sergius to the orthodox church. This order was plainly given in order to humiliate the Lutherans.

The twenty-sixth anniversary of the organization of the Salvation Army was observed in London July 7 with imposing demonstrations. Thirty thousand "Salvationists" were in line, marching to martial music furnished by five thousand "Salvation" bandsmen. At the mass-meeting in the Crystal palace there were present representatives from twenty-six countries and colonies, and addresses were made in six languages.

A report having gained currency in New York that Mr. Russell Sage was about to bring suit against the directors of the Union Theological Seminary to recover $5,000 which he subscribed to its fund in 1883, because of the attitude of the seminary toward the General Assembly in the Briggs case, Mr. Sage was visited by a reporter and on being questioned denied the report. He says that he, like other Presbyterians, had contributed to the endowment fund, with the understanding that the seminary would always recognize the authority of the General Assembly in all matters of faith and doctrine. "But," he added, "I do not propose to make matters worse by going into the courts."

The important post of Secretary of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, at Rome, which was left vacant by the appointment of Mgr. Jacobini as nuncio to Portugal, has been filled by the appointment of the Most Rev. Ignatius Persico, at one time Bishop of Savannah. Archbishop Persico is, perhaps, the only one in the annals of the Church who has been bishop of sees in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. After serving in British India during the Sepoy war, he was appointed to the see of Savannah, then was made Bishop of Aquino in Italy, and is now Archbishop of Damietta, in Egypt. He is thoroughly familiar with the affairs of the Church in this country, and will be able to obtain information such as may be required.

Thoughts for the Day.

To hope and not be impatient is really to believe.—Thomas Carlyle.

I consider that man to be undone who is insensible to shame.—Plautus.

Many men are esteemed because they are not known.—Wm. Wilberforce.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—John Ruskin.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.—Thomas Hood.

St. Paul had three wishes, and they were all about Christ—that he might be found in Christ, that he might be with Christ and that he might magnify Christ.—Luther.

When is the fiery furnace hot enough to burn despair into our souls so long as we see walking with us the form of one like unto the Son of God.—Bishop Huntington.

There is a moral dumbness, and the Savior heals this when he makes us new creatures. The man had a tongue before, but not a religious one. Now he speaks of God, for God and to God!—Jay.

Lack Knowledge of Geography.

Detroit Free Press.

Every boy and girl who goes to school is obliged to study "jografy," but it is astonishing how many men and women there are who know little or nothing about geography. The old story of the English woman who sympathized with her daughter because she lived in the Argentine Republic, South America, "when Jeff Davis tried to whip North America," is a good one, but I met a man who was as badly off. Wishing to send his wife and children to a small town near Indianapolis he tried to buy a round-trip ticket by way of Cleveland, Cincinnati & Indianapolis, and the ticket agent was forced to unfold a map, explain points of compass and tell about Adrian, Fort Wayne and so on, before a ticket for the direct route was purchased.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

In July.

Glad children play in gleeful flocks,
And toss the hay around,
Where, new and sweet, the tilting cocks
Dot all the meadow ground.

Across the grassy pasture-land,
In sunny summer fold,
The sheep in idle clusters stand,
Their fleeces flecked with gold.

Within the swale, where rich and high
The tasseled corn unfurls,
In silken sheaths fine kernels lie
Like little rows of pearls.

Through fallow fields soft thistles blow,
And in the fervid sun,
Sweet flaky drifts of elder snow
Are melting, one by one.

Behind the fences down the way,
Between gray slanting bars,
Blue cornflower firmaments are gay
With golden daisy stars.

They kindle too among the sedge,
By pebbles smooth and white,
Where, ebbing down the meadow's edge,
The creek slips out of sight.

And by and by, half seen along
The drooping willow's shade,
The heedless-hearted childish throng
Comes trooping down to wade.

They dimple all the shallow shoals,
And rapturously stand
With bare feet printing tiny soles
Into the yielding sand.

—O little pools, that seem so still,
Among the mossy stones,
For me your magic mirrors thrill
To tinkling undertones!

And borne along with dreamy flow,
The years roll back, till I
Am wading down their long ago
Glad journeys through July.

—Evaleen Stein.

Too Soon.

O Death, you are too soon, for see,
The morning dew is on unopened flowers;
I have but tasted life's first happy hours,
From which I gather nectar, as the bee
The lily's sweetness ere the scorch of noon.
O Death, you are too soon, too soon!

'Tis early; for the matin song
The glad birds use to waken sleeping day
Now echoes from the woodland far away.
So in my heart is stirring deep and strong
A melody the years would set to tune,
If you come not too soon, too soon.

Why visit me, stern Death? Among
Earth's weary children some would smile to hear
Your footsteps at their doorway, lone and drear.
I fain would wait till star-eyed night has hung
Low in the west the slender crescent moon.
It now is morn; you are too soon.

Wait till the sun turns to the west:
I cannot go, for love has come for me,
With yearning outstretched arms. O let me be
One moment folded on his faithful breast!
Then I will go with you, though not yet noon,
And it be soon, O Death, too soon.

I have a little field to keep,
And it is sown with God's own precious grain.
I will not heed the noontide heat nor pain,
If I can later golden harvest reap.
Yet who finds ripened wheat in early June?
O Death, you are too soon, too soon!

God's messenger you are! I go.
I heard the coming of your winged feet,
And now I feel your kisses cold and sweet,
And as you break life's crimson cord, I know
To God's own children death is such a boon,
You cannot come too soon, too soon.

—Myra Goodwin Plantz, in Western Christian Advocate.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand.

Oh, why should the world seem strange,
With its beauty around me still?
And why should the slope of my swarded path
Seem suddenly all uphill?

I had gone, with a buoyant step,
So cheerily on my way;
How could I believe so calm a light
Could turn to so chill a gray?

And wherefore? Because the hand
That held in its clasp my own—
Whose touch was a benediction such
As only the blest have known—

Was caught by the viewless hand
Of an angel, and upward drawn.
What hope, what comfort, what guidance now
Since the stay of my life is gone?

"But a stronger is left to thee,"
Some comforting whisper saith—
"The arm that shall carry thee safe to him
When thou crossest the tides of death."

If Christ in His mortal hour
Had need of the chosen three,
To watch with Him through the awful throes
Of His dread Gethsemane,

Oh, surely His human heart
Will pity and understand
That speechless yearning, too deep for words,
For the "touch of the vanished hand!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in Harper's Bazar.

Beside Her Hammock.

The warm leaf-shadows fleck her face and hair
And waver down to kiss her feet, and then,
No doubt, go wavering off some other where,
While I—how blest above a world of men—
I am allowed to sit and gently stir
Her hammock, now and then, and talk to her.

But too much bliss, in man's imperfect state,
Ceases ere long to bless; hence, as I swing,
I'm silently rebelling against fate
And getting very weary of this thing;
And yet I sit and smile, the while I yearn
For some one else to come and take a turn.

Still, there's one thought which makes me almost gay—
To know that other fellows fret and pine
And grind their teeth, watching this hammock sway.
They little dream that I am grinding mine.
And so life goes, and never can one guess
How much is real of seeming happiness.

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Midsummer Puck.

A Reverie.

When thou art fretted with the tongues of men,
Censorious ever, that with praise or blame
Spur the sore spirit to its task again,
When thou art jaded in the race for fame,
When thou art goaded on by fear or shame,
Till every thought in every human heart
Seems hostile, and thou loathest that thou art:

Turn from thy mistress world to mother earth;
Lull thy strained ear with the low throb of tides,
That beat their rhythm ages ere thy birth,
Nor heed thee now; list as the storm wind rides
In vast and thunderous circuit, and o'erstrides
Millions like thee; and soon shall all thy care
Merge in the ebbing waves, and melt in air.

—Charles Kelsey Gaines, in the Independent.

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