meet, or s

lady Pon-

erti

the the

e in

nearly cried her eyes out.

equire confessed to certain old ladies ;

Oakdale could boast of him as a con-

his hobby. It was that of health.

was satisfied and enthusiastic.

agree to marry him.

Must, because business was dull, and

there was a mortgage on Clematis Cot

tage, and there was no sense in a girl

refusing such a chance. Of course, she

would never have another like it in

Thus her father talked common sens

goose; and at last the poor girl was

Aunt Phoebe was an uncommonly

Though she had known the grimmest

moment she saw the face of her niece

she knew that something was wrong

One morning she went into Gladys'

self, in the boldest and handsomest o

chirography. Having put the letter

under lock and key, Gladys turned si-

lently to be measured for a new em-

"Are you tired, Gladys?" Aunt Phoe

"Didn't you rest well last night?"

ter's child! Tell me what alls you."

"Oh, auntie, my heart aches!"

"Gladys, you are my dear dead sis

And she put her face on the broa

romanly shoulder and burst into tears.

"There, there, dearle! I knew it wa

heart trouble. Tell auntie all about

it. I don't believe you want to marry

"I don't-I don't!" sobbed Gladys.

"Law, child, what makes you, then?"

"They all say I ought. But, oh,

untie, I love somebody else, and that

"Well," ejaculated Aunt Phoebe

putting the embroidered waist away;

"It would be different if I didn't

know of anything better," mouned

"here's a pretty state of things."

"A little," replied the girl.

lifetime.

for Aunt Phoebe.

broidered waist

"Not very."

Bouire Harding."

makes it so hard!"

tips of her fingers.

And Gladys, weeping, blu

be approached.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1900

NO. 29

and waiting by the banks of the Severnat the spot where the canal debouches into the river—beheld that long white Noah's Ark of a thing slowly approaching. When she came into the last lock we got on board, and, having seen that the additional towing line was attached additional towing line was attached. and the longest poles ready, we awaited the opening of the great gates. A pleas-CHAPTER XI .- (Continued.) anter day for our entrance into the Sev-ern we could not have demanded. There it isn't advice-not for worlds would I give her advice about such a thing," says this small creature, in en-tirely evident distress. "It's the responwas a soft southerly wind blowing up libility of having brought them together. With Mr. Duncombe that would have been entirely different. I was safe there, whatever happened. And that's the only thing to be done now." What is the only thing to be done?"

together an auspicious setting forth.

A most beautiful river the Severa is:

sky. Subjects for a water-color painter

winding; and, at last, when we came in

sight of the square gray tower of Tewks-

bury Abbey, just visible above the trees, and the ruddy houses of the town appear-

ing here and there beyond the warm.

streaming over from the western skies.

Avon and Thames and Kennet occupied

we knew and could name might do worse

At dinner that evening we refrain

from lighting the lamps, the twilight

Now, all this time Queen Tita had said not a word about the possible com-

ing of Jack Duncombe; perhaps she fear

that he should vacate his berth. That

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Peggy. "That

"I am not sure he is coming," she con tinued, "but we have telegraphed to him

how the boat would answer in going down the Severn. So I shouldn't be sur-

prised to find him turning up at Glou

"In that case," said Col. Cameron, with

perfect good humor, "I must clear out. I shall bate him heartily, I know, but

"Oh, no, no, not at all," Queen Tita said at once, and most anxiously. "Sure-ly, if this caravansary of a thing has any

recommendation it ought to be able to take in another passenger, and easily.

Why should not one of you gentlement sleep in the saloon? Murdoch can make

up an extra bed, he has often had to de

hat for us on other boats; and all that

in necessary will be for you to choose among yourselves which is the earliest riser. What can be simpler than that?"
"And then his being on board would

ome in so well just now," said Miss Peg

gy, with demure eyes. "There would be Capt. Columbus, Murdoch, Mr. Dun-ombe, Col. Cameron, you two, myself— yes, that would just be right—he could

"Peggy," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, severely, "this is business; I won't be interrupted by your irresponsible frivolity. Well, now, supposing Mr. Duncombe should be able to join us, he is the newcomer, and should take his chance."

"But I have had my turn of the cabin,"

Col. Cameron remonstrated, "and I assure you I shall be most comfortable in

the saloon. I should call the whole ar-

"But your things are all in your cabin,

and why should they be disturbed, Sir Ewen?" said she.

hint ventured about a game of whist or

ever touched her banjo since Col. Cam-eron came on board Whr. we hardle

knew. But somehow she had always

seemed disinclined to open that leather case since Sir Ewen Cameron joined us.

And so she was on this occasion.
"It is so delightfully quiet here," st

"I am quite sure Col. Cameron ha

never heard you sing 'Nelly Gray.'

Queen Tita suggested, insidiously.

"And I should very much like to bea

it," said he.
With that she obediently went and got

the banjo, and resumed her place on the couch; then, with a few rippling notes of prelude, she began to sing:

There's a low, green valley on

ake our motto, 'We are Severn.'"

will be very nice."

till I've had my turn-

just a little further west.

than pitch their tents more frequently

"Why, to beg Mr. Duncombe to come back to us, and at once! I never was fte positively certain why he went away; but it was merely through some my they would be inclined now to regret In any case, his presence would make great difference; if she has any sense all, she would naturally turn to the nger man, with all his advantages." And what's to be done with the colo-

suppose he will go back to Aldershe says, wistfully. "I am sorrybut but anything rather than this. even if he stays, Mr. Duncombe's being the world."

The counsels of the night only increased her fears; and by next morning she green meadows, the tower houses and had quite convinced he self that, unless meadows and trees all aglow in the light immediate measures were taken, Miss Peggy would persist in her folly, and end by marrying a beggar.

"She is simply at her tricks again-she our artists, and that some of them whom can't help it," one says to this anxious-eyed mule of a creature. "And as for pretty girl to talk to; what soldler

"It isn't tricks at all," she says, "I without being so singularly beautiful. know quite well when Peggy is merely playing pranks-I've seen her at it too often. But this is entirely different; her taken captive; you can see that in the interest she displays about the be a very proper young dy-with a wink at you when she gets the chance; it is

eron is very far from being penniless."

"He is five and-forty, if he is a day!"
she exclaims.

How often must I point out to you that at five and forty a man is just at the prime of his manhood—the very prime of his physical and intellectual strength?" "Of course you say that," she retorts.
"But ten years ago you said the same of five-and-thirty."

And haven't I ten years' more wisdon to add to my judgment? I tell you now it is five-and-forty. And I say that Ewen Cameron is in his prime. Mind you, he can make a poor thing of some of the

young fellows when they are out on the These details do not seem to interes

this preoccupied person.
"If they had ever met before, at son else's house," she said, absently But it will look as if we had expressi asked him to join our party, to—to bring this about. And how could we have dreamed of such a thing? Peggy know as well as anyone else what her peop expect of her; she has almost told me a

"Well, now, you see the results of cher ishing historical prejudices and partisan ships," one points out to her.
"I suppose you think it a joke?" she do mands, indignantly.

Well, it is not. You don't know Peggy as I know her. The only thing is, it can't have gone very far; and I dare say, if we could get Mr. Duncombe to come back to the boat, she would return to her senses. For she has common sense; she is a re-markably shrewd young woman. And then, seeing the two of them together, how could she help contrasting them? Now, will you write to Mr. Duncombe?" "If you like."

"Will you telegraph?" "If you like."

"Supposing he can get away, there are plenty of towns where he could join us. Tewkesbury--"Not Tewkesbury-we shall be ther

Gloucester, then. You know," added, eagerly, "how anxious he was to go down that open part of the Severn with us, to see how the boat would answer. He is sure to come along if you urge him."

CHAPTER XII.

Now, when all were together again in the coffee room of this Worcester hotel, one naturally now again glanced at Mis Peggy to gather from her demeanor to ward Col. Cameron whether there were any grounds for Queen Tita's suspicions. But nothing of the sort was visible. She

was in an unusually merry mood.

We had a busy morning before us; for of course, we could not set about such serious undertaking as the navigation of the Severn without having the ship fully provisioned and equipped for all emergencies. And what did this giddy-headed schoolgirl know about paraffine oil, candles, soda water, two-shilling novels, fresh vegetables, preserved fruits, pigeon pies, towing ropes, stationery, telegram forms and a hundred other things that had to be thought of? We hade her go about her business and bother us no out her business and bother us no ore. And then Col. Cameron remarked that he thought of walking along to out some spot from which he could get a better notion of the disposition of Bromwell's and Fleetwood's forces before he outtle of Worcester, she turned to him, and asked him if he was likely to be passing by the cathedral, for that she would like to see again a rose-red hawthorn tree that she had remarked on the previous day, and that she thought was the most beautiful thing that she had met with in England. Of course, he in-stantly offered to escort her, and these

Where I've whiled many happy hour. away."

And very well she sung. too, if hardly
with the confidence she usually displayed. It was not, however, until past midday

Queen Tita was begging her to sing "The Little Old Cabin in the Lane," Col. Cam-

ron said:
"Well, Miss Rosslyn, when I have the pleasure of receiving you two ladies in the North—when old Duncan, that is, my factotum up there, gets your things out of the dogcart, I shall be enormously die ppointed if I don't see that yellow teath-

case among them."
She looked up suddenly.
"A banjo at Inverfask!" she exclaime a kind of awe-stricken way, as though incongruity was quite startling

"Why not?" said he, simply.

And surely stranger things than that
have happened in this odd mixture of a
world.

CHAPTER XIII. "Do you know what true wisdom is?" "Would you like to be told?"

"Then I will tell you," says this m was a soft southerly wind blowing up stream, ruffling the wide yellow waters and stirring the foliage of the high-wooded bank; on the other shore the flat golden-green meadows were glowing in the sunlight; and far beyond them, and beyond some darker lines of elms, the pale blue Malvern hills rose into the shining silvery sky. A brisk and breezy day, sufficiently warm and sufficiently cool altogether an auspicious setting forth.

A most beautiful river the Severn is: A most beautiful river the Severa is: tortune. They don't reflect how glad they and on this mellow afternoon the wind had mostly died away; so that the high, there isn't a bit of dust in their eye, and red banks, all hanging in follage, were that their boots aren't pinching their faithfully mirrored on the smooth surface toes. You know not what the physiological of the stream, save where some chance gists say that when you are not con puff would come slong, breaking the oil sicous of having any body at all, when russets and olive greens with a keen you don't seem to be aware that you have shaft of blue, the color of the overhead got a head or a hand or a foot, then evcrything is going well, and you are formed themselves at every turn and winding; and, at last, when we came in "I've heard something of the kind."

"But people in that happy condition never think of congratulating them-selves," she says. "They take it all as a matter of course; they forget how lucky they make a mighty fuss, but when they haven't it, they don't recollect that it's a very nice thing to be able to walk, or move your arms, just as you please. Now, that is true wisdom, to remember how well off you are, and how many ailments you might have, and haven't, and to be very grateful and thankful and content

very well, for you," one says to her. "You sught to be content, certainly. Look at your position. You are young, you are "I thank you," she says, in her cool ed that the mere suggestion might be construed by Col. Cameron into a hint

"-You have excellent health and spir

that he should vacate his berth. That was not so, as it happened; nevertheless, his offer to quit was sufficiently prompt.

The Highland people, or the Highland regiments, for the Highland regiments, for the matter of that; and then, she is obedient and submissive; she isn't pretending to be a very proper young dy—with a wild you be surprised to find an old be a very proper young dy—with a wild you be surprised to find an old be a very proper young dy—with a wild you be surprised to find an old be a very proper young dy—with a wild you be surprised to find an old be a very proper young dy—with a wild you be surprised to find an old hand kind of fashion, would you be surprised to find an old like? Would you like to be an any rightened fashion, for Col. Cameron was also sitting out there in the warm, still night, contentedly smoking his cigar. "Why, how long is it since he first set eyes on her!" one says, by way of processor her processor her!" one says, by way of processor her!" one says way. "I don't think we study the guide books as closely as we ought. However, it isn't Mr. A'Becket. It's Mr. Dun-

ed manner, and with downcast eyes; in fact, she is now pretending to sketch, on the printed fly-leaf of a novel, some simrum of a withered tree on the other ide of the stream.

(To be continued.)

VERSATILITY OF REAL TALENT.

of Brains Whose Genius in Many Various Lines.

"It's a wonder to me that there are not more Hopkinson Smiths in this world," remarked a man who reads want to be rich, and the squire's money would not make her a bit happier, and everything. that it would be a dreadful thing to "Heaven forbid," ejaculated his riend, who prides himself on never make her miserable all the rest of her eading a new book. Hfe.

"Oh, I mean like Hopkinson Smith in She had no mother, but her brothers liversity of talents," the first man has protested, telling her that she was a ened to explain. "Smith, you know, regan life as a civil engineer and really | haraccod into making a half promise tid some notable work in that line. that, "perhaps, some time, she would."

Then he made himself famous writing

But her father at once set in motion lovels and painting pictures, and now ie's broken into the leccuring business. Now, I believe that plenty of people could do the same thing if they only gried. A man who has brains of one more in Gladys' case she was a person sort usually has brains of another sort. with a heart. I remember that Hetty Green once said to me, 'You can't put a smart person hardest and bitterest of experiences, he into a pint cup.' I thought of that the trials had not hardened her against the other night when I went to a Browning griefs and sorrows of youth; and the study class at Jenkin Lloyd Jones Church. If there is anything I usually steer clear of it is a Browning club, but and she determined to find out what it friend dragged me off to this. 'Well,' was. said as we came away, 'If Jenkin Lloyd Jones wasn't a pretty good chamber and found the girl hastily preacher he would make a more than putting away a letter—a letter postmiddling actor.' To hear Jones rend s marked New York, and directed to her dramatic poem is like going to a firstclass play. He imitates first one char-

"Just as you please," said be, "though I don't know that it is wholesome training for a soldier to find himself fixed in acter and then another, and roars out such comfortable quarters. However, you the lines like a trained actor. oust promise me one thing—that the "I know a physician here in the city ment you find me in the way you will who is prominent in his profession, and is also one of the best violinists I ever "Oh, yes, I will tell you," said she, with heard. He had an offer once from Sela little laugh. When this small community was entire-

del of a place in the New York orches y and snugly shut in from the dark and leut world without, there was a vague "Lorado Taft writes art essays bette than he makes busts. Ralph Clarkson, hint ventured about a game of whist or something of that sort.

"We should have to clear all those things off the table," said Mrs. Three-penny-bit, regretfully, "and they are so handy. Peggy, why don't you bring out your banjo? What has made you so lazy? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!".

The fact was, Miss Peggy had hardly area touched her banjo since Col. Camthe painter, is writing a book. One of the best newspaper reporters in Chicago has been a high-salaried preacher a first-class lawyer, a soldier, a school

teacher, and an actor." "Come to count 'em up, it does seen that brains do not work in pigeon-holes. doesn't it? We haven't mentioned the famous examples, .like.,Goethe and Gladstone and Rosebery, and our own Chauncey Depew and Ben Franklin and even George Washington, who could fight and survey land and govern the country and run a farm and cultisaid, "it is a shame to spoil it by that vate the graces of a Virginia gentle-

man."-Chicago Inter Ocean. -Last year the Winnebago Indian

on the reservation near Sioux City, Iowa, feasted on 301 dogs obtained from the dog pound in that city, at a cost of about five cents a dog. Gladys. "But Dick was so kind and -In Switzerland a telephone —The cost of educating a pupil in the public schools of Chicago in 1877 amounted to \$8.41. It has been steadily

rould not marry now-though he would

The Squire's Hobby.

waiting for Squire Harding to anything to father about Dick. They marry. East and west be was are determined that I shall marry known as "the catch" of Oakdale.

Squire Harding, and I don't care for him at all!" ome; then he was very wealthy; and, | "Then you sha'n't marry him! I'll finally, he was irreproachably connect- put a stop to this work, sure as my ed, and as the most wary young lady name is Phoebe Ray! I don't know how of Oakdale said, there was "nothing now, but I will!"

lisagreeable about him." No; the men | No, Aunt Phoebe did not know how said that Squire Harding was a "first- the task was to be accomplished, but. rate man," and the women voted that with eyes and ears alert, she soon ac he was "nice." Yet, when pretty G'adys cumulated a fund of information bear Ray became engaged to marry him, she ing upon the case. One morning she presented herself at

This is the way it was: When the Squire Harding's d.or. and was shown quire had come and built the hand into his private room, where he re somest house in town, what a "flutter- relved his clients. ing there was among the dove-cotes!" | "It's early, squire, but I wanted to see B ondes and brunettes successively set you alone, before the duties of the their caps for him, but in vain. 'The jay," she observed.

that he had "hoped to be able to fill his the squire. dear Matilda's place;" but, beyond a "The subject of my call is my niece few civil attentions, no young lady of "Ah!" "Yes. I suppose you will be deeply

"Sit down, madam-ait down," as

nterested in this!" This fact showed the man a little dull "Certainly, certainly! Anything which and unappreciative, for nowhere in the concerns my pretty little Gladya! Ah, country is a prettier, more intelligent that is an uncommon girl, Mrs. Rayand domestic set of girls than in the so gentle, so fair, so healthy—"

nice agricultural village of Oakdale. | "Ahem?" croaked Aunt Phoebe, omi But the squire had his idiosyncracy-, ously. "What, dear Mrs. Ray! Is not Miss He had uttered a vow never to marry Gladys well?"



WORDS CAN TELL.

ous disease approached that lovely Aunt Phoebe shook her head, and so

mnly said: "What-what is it?" hild suffers from it no words can tell."

afraid of his bass voice, and shy of his "You don't say so! Can it be? Why. facetiousness; and yet he came and came, and her father encouraged his suit, and Gladys was told she must suppos "She looks healthy, I know. But ladys is like her mother's family; they all had hearts-I mean they all suffered rom heart troubles. Why, I could tel on of sufferings-but I won't I won' sarass your feelings by describing what a source of dreadful misery seart difficulty is. But I know; I've

ad my share of their pains."

"You-you have that tendency "Dreadfully! All the family has more less, I tell you, squire; and my niece she's a dear, good girl, and I want her o do well; but it really did seem to me is if you ought—being so strict in your otions of health—to know the truth." "Heart disease! Why, it often proves

uddenly fatal, doesn't it?" "Oh, yes; people usually die with it. and then there's faintings, and pinings way, and fit--" "Lord bless my soul! This is seriou

preparations for the wedding, and sent my dear madam! I-I have openly de lared that I will not marry a sickly person. It is strange it is very object skillful needlewoman, but what was ionable to me-that Miss Gladys' fathr has not informed me."

"He doesn't know, and wouldn't be leve a word of it. Gladys has never said a word to him about her heart. But I am her aunt-her mother's own dster-and it isn't a week since my iece confessed to me how she suffered suspected it before she uttered s vord-for, as I say, it's in her family,

nd I know the signs." "Yes, yes! Well, now, my dear lady, what course ought I to pursue, under hese remarkable circumstances? With ny peculiar views on the subject of ealth-my very decided views-I rea cannot be expected to proceed as ifthe circumstances were different." "I don't know anything about that. I annot advise you. But I feel as if

and done my duty." "But I-can I bonorably retract? Can withdraw my proposal?" "My brother-in-law is of a very holeric temper; I cannot say. But you

night be called away." "I am called away. I have urgen

ousiness in Liverpool, and I am the nan who should be on the spot. No inlirect agency will avail. I shall go abroad at once, Mrs. Ray. And Miss Gladys-she is very pretty-no doubt may supply my place, in the course of rear, with some one who-who has not the peculiar and very decided views on health that I hold. And yousince you seem a lady of uncom sense and superior ideas of the fitness of things-will, perhaps, use your influ-

ence to to

"Certainly, to sme pathway, of course." So the conversation came pacifically to an end, and two days later the squire sailed for Liverpool. The news came to the Rays like a thunderbolt, for the father and son had prospectively segentle. He made my life just beautiful cured a large slice of good fortune from all the last six months. When I came Gladys' wedding the rich squire. But sway from grandpa's Dick said he he was gone—for a year or more, report loved me dearly, but he was poor, and said-and after a furious and sen anger against Gladys the poor girl was

be true to me, and try to get a place in left in peace. amounted to 38.41. It has been steadily increasing each year until the record of 1836 showed a cost per pupil of \$18.44. The is young—only twenty—pne—but grandpa says he is an excellent young man, and sure to do well. When Aunt Phoebe went home to her quiet seaside dwelling at Bayport she less young man, and sure to do well.

one day she privately wrote a leter to Dick Archer, who, she had learned through Gladys' grandfather, was a most promising young man.

The result of this letter was to bring

the young gentleman also to Bayport on a visit, and the young people bad plenty of time in which to plight their rows and take wise counsel with good Aunt Phoebe.

Through her influence, Archer was con prosperously established in life,

the rector's nose was red, grandma said the rector's nose was red, grandma said rid of that impression w

sing the strategy and the control of the control of

kind, was used. It was represented to the United States agent at Pembina on the frontier that the Doukhobors were engaged under contract to work in California, and the road was blocked to them in that way; and so, willy nilly, they are constrained to remain British subjects, instead of becoming American citizens. The situation as it presents itself to their minds must suggest a curious contract. The gates of despotic Russia were opened to let despotic Russia were opened to let having a pommeling. Some slander comes them out; the doors of a "free" British to gore and trample you and what are colony are barred against their departure. What kind of loyalty they must now entertain toward Canada and the British flag would be worth the world."

SERMON

ty, with the rector and a vestryman thrown in. All went merrily till the lice cream and strawberries were served. Of course it was his little nephew that first tackled the toothsome mixture. A strawberry flew straight across the table from him and took the astonished vestryman in the eye.

"Leave the table," shouted the boy's father; "I'll tend to you when we get home," and the boy went tearfully to the beat ward.

father; "I'll tend to you when we get home," and the boy went tearfully to the back yard.

The father was so angry that he had made rather a vicious stab at his cream A strawberry like a bullet hit the rector on the end of the nose and caromed to the ear of the hostess. The father was in the first sentence of an abject apology when the rector's spoon made a slip and a solidified strawberry whizzed on a bee line, hit grandma on the jugular and then slid down the wrong side of the neatly folded 'kerchief that made her look like a Quakeress.

There is no better behaved family in the city, but the host was getting very red and his voice was not steady as he intimated a desire to call game and settle down to eating. He made a dive with his spoon, the rest followed his example, and the air was full of frozen strawberries. Everybody looked anxious to fight when the bride divert

what a large percentage of water there is in the strawberry, and facetiously asked the vestryman if his eye was black. The vestryman responded that the restor near was red grandma said

been planted; but it was of no avail.

Then force, and of a particularly mean kind, was used. It was represented to You have one kind, you another you an-

to gore and trample you, and what are lyou to do? I tell you plainly that all who serve Christ must suffer persecution. It is the worst sign in the world for you to be be able to say, "I have not an enemy in the world." A woe is pronounced in the Bible against the one of whom everybedy a

speaks well. If you are at peace with all the world and everybody likes you and Rev. Dr. Calmast.

The world and everybody likes you and approves your work, it is because you are in idler in the Lord's vineyard and are not doing your duty. All those who have served Christ, however eminent, all have been maltreated at some stage of their experience. You know it was so in the time of George Whitefield when he stood and nyited men into the kingdom of God. What did the learned Dr. Johnson say of min? He pronounced him a miscrable nountebank. How was it when Robert Hall stood and spoke as scarcely any uninguired man ever did speak of the glories of heaven? And as he stood Sabbath after Sabbath preaching on these themes Through ber influence, Archer was soon pro-perously established in life, and now, in happy motherbood, happy and rosy with her own rosy bables, Gladys, the wife of a good husband, has far less heart trouble.—Waverley Magazine.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmer 2, in the following dis. urse, which ne nas set of the following dis. urse, which ne nas set or publication this week, gives a prescription for all anxiety and worriment, and illustrates the divine sympathy for all who are in any kind of struggle. The tet is Matthew xiv, 12, "And His disciples went and told Jesus."

An outrae ous assassination had just, taken place. To appease a revengeful woman King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrific approphet, John Weslev tured all England were perpetrated whom here in the word of a youthful bride and when he said it would be nice to have some of the first strawberries of the season with let cream she cheerfully acquiesced and prepared the dish herself, says the lettroit Free Press.

The occasion was a small family parity, with the rector and a vestryman ty, with the rector and a vestryma

Again. I commend the behavior of the disciples to all the bereaved. How many n garb of mourning! How many emblems of sorrow you behold everywhere. God has His own way of taking apar a famly. We must get out of the way for coming generations. We must get off the stage that others may come on, and for his reason there is a long procession reaching down all the time into the valley of stage that others may come on, and for his reason there is a long procession reaching down all the time into the valley of shadows. This emigration from the into the raity is so vast an enterprise that we annot understand it. Every hour we hear the clang of the sepulchral gate. The soil must be broken. The ground must be blowed for resurrectic harvest. Eternity nust be peopled. The dust must press our velids. "It is appointed unto all menonce to die." This emigration from time mto eternity keeps three-fourths of the families of the earth in desolation. The air is rent with farewells, and the black tasseled vehicles of death rumble through every street. The body of the child that was folded so closely to the mother's heart is put away in the cold and the darkness. The laughter freezes to the girl's lip, and the rose scatters. The boy in the harvest field of Shunem says. "My head, my head!" and they cry him home to die on the lan of his mother. Widowhood stands with tragedies of woe struck into the palace of the cheart. One house of the cheart is put tragedies of woe struck into the palace of the cheart.

But Christ is always near-before you, behind you, within you. No mother ever hrew her arms around her child with such warmth and eestacy of affection as Christ

warmth and eestacy of affection as Christ
has shown toward you.

Close at hand, nearer than the staff upor
which you lean, nearer than the cup you
nut to your lip, nearer than the handkerhief with which you wipe away your tears,
I preach Him an ever present, all sympahizing, compassionate Jesus. How can
you stay away one moment from Him with
how cruefs. Go now. Go and tell Jesus. frozen strawberries. Everybody looked anxious to fight when the bride diverted the wrath to laughter.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "I see it all now. What a ninny! I put those strawberries in whole instead of crushing them, and they're as hard as halls to stay and they're as hard as hall stones."

Then the rector graciously explained what a large percentage of water there is in almost every man's history when a large percentage of water there is in almost every man's history when a large percentage of water there is in the bandker-hief with which you wipe away your tears, I preach Him an ever present, all sympaches, I would that as his properties in whole instead of crushing in toward heaven, I would that to day, by some gl am from the palace of low stay away one moment from Him with your wipes. It is often that friends have no power to releve us. They would very much like to do it, but they cannot cure our sickness and raise our dead, but glory be to God what a large percentage of water there.

-T'r animal that first succumbs to xtreme cold is the horse.

The man who can't blush is no worse off than a mule. Violent grief is like a straw fire; it on expends itself and leaves no ashe

Little sins always grow up. He who is savey would be brutal if he De content with doing with colinness

the little which depends upon yoursel and let all els. be to you as if it wer

Don't be molded by your Envy won't let a man have neares an-