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THE GIFTS.

Life, thou wast rich with promises;
What dost thou *give?*
What precious boon hast thou to show and say:
"Take this and live?"

For when the glory lay on far, blue hills,
On rocks and trees,
Thou said'st: "The beauty of the coming years
Behold in these."

Or when the air was full of rushing winds
Or rain's soft symphony,
Thou said'st: "These utter great, mysterious things
That are to be."

Now *give!* Give love, perhaps. But, "No,"
Life said:
"Though Love must be
And Love is fair—ay, wondrous fair is Love—
'Tis not for thee."

Then Fame! Oh Life, since thou denient me
Love,
Let me have Fame!
Sweet were the voice of praising multitude
That spoke my name.

Lo, the grand pity in the face of Life!
"But few there are
(Alas, how very few!) who climb that height—
Lofty and far."

Still Joy is left for me? "Child, dost thou know
How Joy is brief?
None may the birthright of the race forego,
And that is Grief."

Not Love, nor Fame, nor Joy! What gift is left
Worthy to take?
Not one; no single one! Life, get thee gone!
Let my heart break.

Life smiled a noble smile. "The best of all
To all I give—
Duty and Use! These are the gifts I bring.
Take *these*, and live!"
—Virginia C. Gardiner, in N. Y. Independent.

A SUBURBAN EXPERIENCE

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"It isn't because I am tired of our flat that I want to live in the suburbs, but the doctor says we both need change," concluded Mrs. Perry Thorne, who was making her first plea for country life.

"I agree with the doctor that we need change of one sort at least," answered her husband.

"Don't be flippant, dear. I am in dead earnest; and oh, Perry, I know of such a dear cottage, one of a row."

"I dislike rows," said Perry. "However, if you are determined to be a suburbanite, and with the suburbanites stand, I may as well agree to go. I will at once take lessons on the flying trapeze so that I may sometimes be able to catch a train. I shall study to acquire that dazed suburban stare that people who eat their breakfasts and dinners by lamplight assume, assisted by catching their quota of sleep in depots after they have missed the train."

"Oh, we won't be there long enough for that," said his wife; "and, Perry, the air is just heavenly—so sustaining."

"That's good, as we shall probably be twelve miles or more from a grocery store. Have you caught your house yet, Maud?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Smead has one in the same row, and she told me about ours. It is the southwest corner house, while hers is the southeast. Isn't it strange, Perry, that I have never been introduced to Mr. Smead? I wouldn't believe there was any such person if I had not seen him."

"Nothing strange about it," growled Perry, in what his wife called his "bulldog" voice. "I suppose you want to know him because he has the reputation of being a lady killer."

"Perry!"

"I am told by fellows we both know that he prides himself on his beauty."

"I hate beauty-men," said Maud, soothingly, "they are all vain, conceited creatures. I never would marry a handsome man."

Perry mumbled something and went away, first giving his wife permission to do as she pleased about taking the suburban house.

A week later both families were settled in the row which fronted a street and a railroad track, and was equi-distant from two depots.

Mr. Smead did not take as kindly to the change as Perry Thorne did, but he told his wife, thoughtlessly, that one good feature of suburban life was having the Thornes for neighbors.

"Where have you ever met Mrs. Thorne?" asked his wife, suspiciously.

"Don't know her from Adam, my dear, but isn't she your friend, and haven't I heard her praises sung ever since we were married?"

"H'm! We have a calling acquaintance, and now we are to be neighbors. I suppose you will meet. But you are so susceptible, and she is so giddy, I just know you will set people talking."

"Great Cæsar, Laura, you give your best friend a great send off! I susceptible and she giddy? We must be made for each other!"

Mrs. Smead looked volumes at her husband, but where is the man who does not enjoy being a bone of contention among his women-folk, and if Smead had a special and particular virtue, it was that of being good natured.

Mrs. Smead, like the woman of history, had two treasures—her sewing machine and her husband, and she drew the line at lending either, and if people wanted to call her selfish they might. Fortified by this law she rented the southwest cottage.

Saturday night! The invisible bridge spans the distance between the world of labor and the world of rest. The tranquil air gave back no murmur of the multitudinous voices that had filled it with cries of sorrow, anger, or gladness during the work days of the past week. It was the ante-chamber of the Sabbath, a time so sacred to our ancestors that all work and all pleasure was suspended, that the soul itself might rest.

A great throng of people was hurrying homeward, and all bore the happy burdens of Saturday night—new shoes for the little 'burden-bearers, a new bonnet for mother, the Sunday dinner—and among them Perry Thorne and Amos Smead, who had struck up a neighborly acquaintance, and were now hastening to the same train, going out to their suburban homes for their first Sabbath of rest. They were both laden to the ears with brown paper packages and had just time to make the train, after purchasing their commutation tickets. They went loping through the gates in approved suburban style, and caught on just as the train moved out, and then Perry shouted in a voice that sounded above the roar of escaping steam:

"We've left our Sunday dinners on the window stand of the ticket office. You go on, Smead, and I'll take the next train out."

He swung himself clear off the train, turned a somersault, and waved "all right" to Smead, who mopped the cinders and perspiration from his face and remarked to the man standing next to him, in a friendly way:

"Nice way to spend the summer, living in the suburbs?"

"Yes, if you don't care what you say," growled the man.

Then Smead took a bit of pasteboard from his pocket and began to study it.

"Southeast corner, Terrace row, Oakland."

Smead asked his gruff neighbor if he got off at that station.

"No, I don't," said the man. "You couldn't hire me to live in that swamp. I go out ten miles further, where you don't have to sift the atmosphere to keep the mosquitoes from choking you."

That sounded discouraging, but Smead was not anxious to ride ten miles further on an accommodation train, that slowed up for every cow on the track, and he wrapped himself in a speculative reverie until the brakeman called "O-a-k-l-a-n-d!" as if only the deaf lived at that station.

Mrs. Smead was waiting for her husband, whom she expected on the half-past six train, but the train had come and gone, and instead of the handsome, well-groomed Mr. Smead, a frantic woman, her neighbor, Mrs. Thorne, rushed into her cottage.

"I've caught him!" she gasped. "He's locked up in the library! Oh! oh! oh!"

"Caught whom?" asked the mystified woman. Then seeing that her distracted visitor was very near fainting, she collected restoratives and brought back Mrs. Thorne's scattered wits.

Maud explained as soon as she could speak that a desperate looking man, a burglar, she was certain, and a convict as well, by the cut of his hair—had feloniously entered her house a moment before she came, and walking boldly into her library had been locked safely therein by herself.

"The windows are nailed down; I have been waiting for Perry to open them, so he cannot escape that way," she concluded.

"I expect Amos on the last train. I don't see what is keeping him," said Mrs. Smead, "but he has not come yet."

"Neither has Perry, but perhaps they will come together. Isn't it dreadful? I daren't go back with that man in the house. I know by his looks he's a murderer. Our girl hasn't come, and I'm all alone. Oh, if Mr. Smead were only here?"

"I guess I'll do just as well," said Mrs. Smead, coldly. "I will take our revolver, and you can bring the stove-lifter, and we will interview him through the door."

"But what good will that do? He may s-h-o-o-t first!"

"Come on," said Mrs. Smead, contemptuously. She was only a young matron herself, but she was not going to be ignominiously routed by a one-man army, and she led the way to her neighbor's cottage. No other people lived in the row, so they had all the fun to themselves.

But at that identical moment the seven-forty train, sometimes called the "husbands' train," so many of them went out to spend the week's interval with their families, stopped at the nearest depot, and Perry Thorne, with his double load of packages, hove in sight. Both women were overjoyed to see him.

"What's the row?" he asked, dropping his bundles on the veranda.

"A man!" said both women at once.

"Where is Smead?"

"That is what I would like to know," said Mrs. Smead; "I expected him on this train."

"I haven't seen him. Who is the man?"

"A burglar, and he's locked up in the library. Don't you think I was brave?" asked Maud, who, now that her husband had come, felt that she might pose as a heroine.

"Burglars already? Ha! this is a diversion. Give me the key, Maud. I'll take your revolver, Mrs. Smead. Now, ladies, stand aside," and Perry made a valiant rush for the library door, which he unlocked and threw open, at the same presenting arms according to the best manual practice.

"Don't shoot!" cried a familiar voice that trembled, not with fear, but merriment, as Mr. Smead stepped smilingly forward, and bowed low to Maud: "I am Mrs. Thorne's captive," he said.

"What does this mean?" demanded Mrs. Smead in the measured syllables of the divorce court.

"It means," explained Mr. Smead, "that my wife has not yet learned to box the compass. She gave me 'southwest' and your wife locked me up in a room that has no ventilation, and under a criminal ban. But I forgive her," he added, with gallant protest, whereat Maud's cheeks grew red with embarrassment, and Mrs. Smead said:

"Come home! After this I will meet you at the train and see that you don't get into the wrong house."

"Do forgive me, Mr. Smead," said Maud, penitently, while Perry glared darkly like a jealous stage lover, "but you did look so—so—"

"She said you looked like a convict," remarked his wife.

"At least it has made us acquainted," observed Mr. Smead, true to his colors, and with this parting shot he followed his wife to the "southeast" cottage.—Detroit Free Press.

—The haunts of happiness are varied and rather unaccountable, but I have more often seen her among little children, and home firesides, and the country houses, than anywhere else—at least I think so.—Sydney Smith.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears From Their Eyes."

The Heavenly Comforter Who is Always Near and Ready to Aid the Afflicted—The Benefits of Earthly Trouble.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage selected as the subject of his sermon for publication this week, "Comfort," basing it on the text:

And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes. Rev. vii., 17

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not mid-night storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of Heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live?—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble.

1. It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough Heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us.

We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Reubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He can not afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You can not expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you can not expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about the geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story: "I saw a new Heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to emigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than Heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and Heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think that they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said: "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team and had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said: "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

After a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out: "Oh, God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamship, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No, but a father willing at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital."

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At seven o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At twelve o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At four o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At ten o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I can not comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the root out of dry ground, without form of comeliness. Then I put in the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the tree of life, and the branch that was thrown into the wilderness marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Galgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of His either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all Heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why His step is softer than the step of the dew! It will not be a tyrant bidding you hush up your crying. It will be a father who will take you on His left arm, His face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in preserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Prof. Leonard, formerly of Iowa university, put in my hands a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of Heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find the crystalizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from Heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in Heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in Heaven—between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself: "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of despatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends, take this good-cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arm at Jesus' feet.

—What the sun is to the solar system, Christ is to the great system of truth. He is the central figure around which all other truths revolve. There goes out from Him a thread of truths to the circumference of all other truths.

KEEPING YOUNG.

Women May Retain Their Youthfulness If They Will.

The desirableness of keeping young rarely crosses the mind of those who are now young. They see others about them who have lost their bloom, embroidered their first wrinkles, snowed themselves under with white hair; but they have always been surrounded with people older than themselves; it is a part of life, a feature of the world, for these others to be old; but for their part, they have always been young. And in some unexpressed way, probably the natural feeling of the immortal being, they always expect to be young. Whether their expectation is realized depends almost altogether upon themselves. They think no more about it, however, till the first gray hair comes like an admonishing ghost upon the scene. At seventeen they were of the opinion that the first thing in the world was beauty. But at thirty-five they find it is better to be young than to be beautiful. And it very often happens that the girl who was quite beautiful, with vivid color and sparkling eyes and fruity flesh and dimples, when not quite twenty, finds herself at forty with none of these, and neither young nor beautiful. Yet if she were really fine and fair at twenty, then at forty she has a right to be fine and fair still; she should hardly have gone off at all. It matters far less than you can make her now believe that her eyes may be sunken a little, that the line from the nostril to the corner of the lip may have become marked, that the color may be less persistent, that the dimple may show symptoms of becoming something deeper; under certain conditions all that is hardly noticeable. If she has kept the spring that used to animate every motion, so that she moves now with as light a step, as erect a bearing, with as quick a grace, holds her head still like a flower atop of its stem, straight and strong, yet without the least affectation of juvenile frolicking ways, she will give only the suggestion of youth whenever she stirs. If she goes slow and lagging, with a stoop and signs of weariness, she will have an arm offered her, and it will be understood that she bears a weight of years and needs it. If she dresses still in the tints and stuffs that suit her best, not with youthful frivolities, but with no sign of surrender to age, she will have the effect of still belonging to the forces whose uniform she wears. But if she wears sad and dull colors, relinquishing with reluctance last year's styles, and with but little regard to styles anyway, she will be taken at her own valuation. More still, and of more value than the other considerations, if she still interests herself in the things that interest youth, has saved herself from the criticizing and condemnatory manner which years sometimes give to one's view of life, so that the young still find her companionable, she not only affects others as being young, but feels at fifty scarcely a day older than ever. If, meanwhile, she has taken also to heart a practice of seeing only the brighter side of things, of forgetting herself and remembering others, of looking into the next life as into a further stage of the delights of this, she has filled her life and her soul with pity and compassion and tenderness, with love of God and of her fellow-beings—age, even when it brings white hair, and withered throat, and drooping cheek, will seem not to have any trail of eld, but rather to be a different and beautiful youth. Harper's Bazar.

Hats of Gauze for Summer.

Hats of gauze and light materials are in great demand in warm days. They have a cool summery appearance which even the lace straws can not aspire to. It is a comparatively easy matter to make one of these alluring bonnets—so simple, in fact, that there is a possibility of their becoming common. The plaited null for the brim may be bought by the yard. This varies in price from twelve cents to twenty-five cents per yard, and is measured straight. Two and a half yards is enough to make a wide brim. Three concentric circular wires are held in place by about six others, which radiate from the center like the spokes of a wheel. When the brim is made the hat is practically done, and all that is then necessary is two and a half yards of straw for a Tam O'Shanter crown. The straw may be of any color desired, but green is a favorite. The feathers to stand up at the side of the crown where the brim is slightly rolled, a small spray beneath the brim in front, where the brim turns almost straight up, and a smart bow of ribbon or some aigrettes are sufficient trimming.—St. Louis Republic.

Charity of Speech.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things are as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges. Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgments, in abstaining from speech, if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment: then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.—Detroit Free Press.

No Cause for Anxiety.

"I am so anxious every time John goes on the road," said the young wife of a commercial traveler.

"His life is insured, isn't it?" asked her friend.

"Yes, my dear, it is."

"Then I don't see what you are so anxious about. You look perfectly lovely in black."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Kansas has twenty women holding office as county superintendents of public instruction.

—The world has often got rid of God's man, but it has never got rid of God's truth.—Ram's Horn.

—Dr. Ernst Ritter, one of the foremost of the younger mathematical scholars of Germany, has been elected an assistant professor of mathematics at Cornell.

—Le Signal, the only French Protestant daily journal, has now attained a year of existence, and is steadily gaining support among the French Protestant population.

—When a certain medical missionary in South China first went to his nation, he was called the "foreign devil." Now he is known as the "angelic healer from beyond the seas."

—Seven hundred and eleven female missionaries are at work in India. During the last year these visited 40,513 heathen families and instructed 62,414 heathen girls in the different mission schools.

—While recently on a tour among the missions of the Chinese empire, Mr. Baring-Gould was impressed by "the great influence of medical work, the heroism of the women and the devotion of many of the converts."

—During the past year twenty teachers have been supplied for a mission Sabbath school by the Lincoln Park Christian Endeavor society, of Chicago, and $100 has been given for foreign missions $100 for home missions and $300 for city missions.

—The amount raised by the Free church of Scotland during the twelve months which ended March 31 last was £603,090. This amount is less than that raised during the preceding twelve months by £62,329, and less than that for the corresponding period of 1892-'93 by £42,747.

—Lord Selborne drew up his own will and left some money to St. Matthew's church, Blackmoor, in rather significant terms, for, "for maintaining divine service therein according to the order and principle of the Church of England, whether connected for the time with the state as an established church or not."

—The Frauenkirche (church of Our Lady), at Dresden, is built entirely of stone, even to the dome, which is of such solid construction that the shells and balls directed agaist it by Frederick the Great, during the seven years' war, in 1760, rebounded from its surface. The inside is fitted up just like a theater, with pit, boxes, etc.

—The supreme court of Pennsylvania having declared last year that it was not illegal for Sisters of [illegible] and others wearing a relig[illegible] serve as tea[illegible] of the stat[illegible] passed a [illegible] has signe[illegible] any [illegible] teach[illegible]

—A man [illegible] qualities wh[illegible] kind.—Shen[illegible]

—Experien[illegible] there is a th[illegible] ness, wisdo[illegible] than men im[illegible]

—Mistress—[illegible] the basket [illegible] pantry floor, [illegible] mum—airly. [illegible] Bits.

—He—Is th[illegible] ever been in[illegible] (thoughtlessly) [illegible] that I hope [illegible] Bits.

—"Me Too." [illegible] shouted the o[illegible] follow?" "We[illegible] the back of the [illegible] Wonder.

—In the Country. [illegible] the country editor's [illegible] strewn with flowe[illegible] —No, not exactly; [illegible] bushel of potatoes [illegible] cord of wood.—Detroit Fr[illegible]

—Every blade of grass is [illegible] measured; the green cups a[illegible] ored crowns of every flower [illegible] ously counted; the stars of [illegible] ment wheel in calculated orbits; [illegible] the storms have their laws.—Blaikie.

—Rather Thin.—Tramp (to farmer who had just given him some rather weak cider)—Say, Mister, it's a pity ye hadn't o' had one more apple. Farmer—Why? Tramp—Cos then ye could o' made another bar'l o' cider.—Chestnut Basket.

—"You sit on your horse like a butcher," said a pert young officer, who happened to be of royal blood, to a veteran general who was somewhat bent from age. "It is highly probable," responded the old warrior, with a grim smile; "It is because all my life I've been leading calves to the slaughter."—Household Words.

—Came too Late—"It's a great pity," said the convicted burglar to his lawyer, "that you couldn't have made that closing speech of yours at the opening of the case." "I don't see that it would have made any difference." "It would, though. Then the jury would have been asleep when the evidence came in and I've have stood some show."—Washington Star.

—Young Tutter—Miss Clara, suppose that to-morrow evening I should call again, and having nerved myself up to it, suddenly, while we were conversing, I should without a word throw my arms around your neck and deliberately kiss you: what would you do? Miss Pinkerly—Oh, Mr. Tutter, don't ask me to look so far ahead.—Brooklyn Life.

—Times Have Changed.—"Do you appreciate," the old man asked of the youth who sought the hand of his daughter, "that marriage is attended with greater difficulties and discouragements than it ever was before? The youth would have spoken had not the patriarch waved him to silence. "Do you realize—" He threw his whitened locks back from his brow. "—that the lodge gag is worn so thin that a blind woman can see through it, and that as yet nothing has appeared to take its place.—Detroit Tribune.