

THE SCHOOLM'AM.

Vocation's come; she leaves behind Responsibility and care.

With sturdy step she climbs the peaks To view the scenes that round her lie.

The ocean's thunder in the gale She hears; and, listening to the noise,

A STRANGE STORY.

My Remarkable Dream and Its Fulfillment.

Mine is a strange story, the story of the one event—fraught even now with a haunting mystery—in a life otherwise monotonous and uninteresting.

I doubt if, under God's Heaven, two human souls ever loved each other more devotedly than did my husband and myself.

Of the desolate weeks that followed my husband's departure, I will not now speak. The days dragged slowly one by one, and at last the time arrived when I might expect to hear from him.

I will not weary the reader and wring my own heart a fresh by dwelling upon the black misery and hope's agony of that fearful time.

"My husband," she said, "died six months after our marriage, and as I was left almost penniless, my brother in Australia wrote to me to come and keep house for him."

fell on her face, I recognised the features of my lost husband. I recollect a wild, unearthly cry ringing in my ears, whether uttered by myself or not, I can not say, and then—I awoke to find myself lying there in that silent moon, with the cold light of a cloudless moon falling full on my face through the uncurtained window.

As I stepped hurriedly onwards, the moon, which, till then, had been shining full in my face, darkened, and when I rose to the brow of the hill a strange consciousness of having trodden that path before came over me; and as I found myself on the summit, and looked at the view which suddenly broke before me, an icy chill ran through my frame, and I nearly fell fainting to the ground, for there—seen in the wan light of a low-lying moon, across which stretched a ragged skirt of black, angry cloud—spread the wild heath of my dream, still, silent and somber.

There was nothing to relieve the monotony of "wild life" in a civilized locality yesterday. The cowboys roamed aimlessly about the inclosure, pitched pennies in the shade of their hats, and struggled hard to pass away the weary moments.

Many moons ago, while crunching a buffalo steak, the old chief broke his tooth, and has borne the pain with stolid indifference. A plate of ice cream made him fairly howl at Belmont Mansion on Thursday evening during the "Buffaloes" banquet, and yesterday his stock of patience gave way entirely.

"Ugh!" said the chief. "All right," said the operator. The old fellow's head was thrown back and the pincers took a good hold on his red gums.

State Superintendent Robert Graham, in the course of an address to the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association, said that only one-seventh of all the teachers of the State are of the male sex.

He is tall, but so broad-shouldered that you do not notice his height; has a ruddy complexion, much bronzed and sunburnt; dark hazel eyes that have a clear honest look about them; and a voice that has such a ring of genuine manliness and truth that it goes home to your heart like a ray of bright, fresh sunlight; hair—

"Why, you are describing my Harry," I interrupted her with a sob; "he was just such a one as you say, and just such another heart, brave and noble. Oh, my husband! my lost husband! God give him back to me! give him back to me!"

There was a silence of some seconds, broken only by my sobbing, and then the woman said, in a forced, unnatural voice: "Yes, madam, it is very strange. Mr. Wagner must have been greatly like your husband—"

"I thought she was mad. My brain was so confused I could neither think nor consider." "Guess what?" I said. "What do you mean?"

"We dared not tell you at once," she replied. "We were afraid of the shock. I thought you would have suspected the truth long ago—can not you see it? The ship I went out in was the Osprey. I was not going to Australia, but Brazil. My noble deliverer was no German, but an Englishman—your husband—here he is—"

Sex in Education. State Superintendent Robert Graham, in the course of an address to the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association, said that only one-seventh of all the teachers of the State are of the male sex.

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RELIGIOUS READING.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

Trust in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—Psalm 124.

Cast all thy care upon God: He cares for thee always: He has heard thy cry: He will surely hear thee.—Psalm 55.

Do not be weary of doing good: for in due season the sower will reap.—Galatians 6:9.

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THE TRUE VIEW OF GOD.

Majestic and Mighty, Tender and Merciful, He Satisfies All the Conditions of an Infinitely Perfect Ruler.

There are two views of God, which placed together are the hemispheres which make a perfect globe. A thoughtful man who has been plagued with skeptical insinuations, goes out at night to study the wonders of the heavens.

On his way home after this study of the amazing pomp of the starry worlds, he halts at the cottage of a poor man to inquire after his sick child.

Our friend goes out of that cottage with a new view of God. When he gets home he opens that "good Book" that the humble cottager quoted so often, and his eye lights on this wonderful passage.

Such a Being fulfills completely the deal of an infinitely perfect ruler of the universe. If God were only an omnipotent being who could make and guide planets, He would not fulfill the ideal.

He goes on a step further and begins to search the New Testament, which claims that God has once been "manifest in the flesh."

a poor woman as she drops her farming into the sacred treasury, and teaches from it the great lesson of unselfish benevolence. He meets a heart-broken widow following her dead son to the grave; as a man He can pity her, but as a God He instantly restores the dead youth to life!

Our friend lays down the "good Book," and exclaims: "I have discovered at last a God who satisfies all the conditions. He is so majestic and mighty that I can adore Him. He is so tender and careful of the poorest and lowliest that I can love Him."

A LITTLE HELP.

Kindly Aid Needed by All in the Journey of Life.

I shall never forget the feelings I had once when climbing one of the pyramids of Egypt. When half way up, my strength failing, I feared I should never be able to reach the summit or get back again.

Away from the Sun.

None of us can prevent the sun from shining, but all of us can prevent the sun from shining on us. The great orb of day still floods the earth with undimmed lustre; but we can shut ourselves away from its beams, in caves and holes of the earth.

A Glorious Hope.

The Christian hope does not stop with time, but looks beyond into that great future which succeeds death. The Christian desires that it may be well with him there, and, as a hope, expects that it will be.

GERMS OF THOUGHT.

Peace in a sinful course is one of the greatest of curses.—Bunyan. More than one of the strong nations make shortly have to choose between a selfish secular civilization, whose God is science, and an unselfish civilization, whose God is Christ.—E. D. Chickock.