

### GARNER THE BEAUTIFUL.

Garner the beautiful as you go;  
Wait not for a time of leisure,  
The hours of toil may be long and slow,  
And the moments few of pleasure.  
But beauty strays by the common ways,  
And calls to the dullest being;  
Then let not thine ear be deaf to hear,  
Or thine eye be slow in seeing.

Kind nature calls from her varied halls:  
"I will give you balm for sadness;"  
Let the sunset's gleam and the laugh of the stream  
Awaken thoughts of gladness.

If a bird should pour his song by the door,  
Let thy heart respond with singing;  
The winds and the trees have harmonies  
That may set thy joy-bells ringing.

Pause oft by a flower in its leafy bower,  
And feast thine eye on its beauty;  
A queen hath bliss no rarer than this,  
"Thy privilege and duty."

And oh, when the shout of a child rings  
out,  
And its face is bright with gladness,  
Let it kindle the shine of joy in thine,  
And banish care and sadness!

Then gather the beautiful by your way,  
It was made for the soul's adorning;  
'Tis a darkness path which no radiance  
hath

At noon, at eve, in the morning,  
Hard is the soil where we drive and toil  
In the homely field of duty;  
But the hand of our King to us doth ring  
The shining flowers of duty:  
—Anna R. Henderson, in Woman's Home Companion.

### From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

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#### CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

The woman stroked her son's head thoughtfully for a moment, then she went on: "I really believe this Richard N. Strong did my brother a great wrong. They were equal partners in several small mining ventures in Colorado 20 years ago and seemed to get along pretty well together, but it happened that just at the time they were trying to get possession of a certain tract of silver mining land which my brother was confident would enrich them both Tom was compelled to return to New York on important business of his own. Now, my brother, Thomas Farleigh, was known to be an exceptionally good judge of mineral indications, and it often happened that when he showed interest in property the owners would refuse to sell at any reasonable price. So, in this case, Mr. Strong proposed to him that he be not known in the transfer at all, but that he leave in his hands this part of the purchase money and let the property be made over to him while Tom was in New York. My brother thought it a good idea and consented, leaving all his savings, something over \$5,000, with Strong, simply on the assurance that on his return he should have a deed to a half interest in the property."

"Strong no doubt meant to be honest, and I believe only an accident by my brother prevented him from being so. On Tom's way to New York he fell from a train at Cincinnati, struck his head against a stone and was taken insensible to a hospital. The doctors said his skull was fractured and he became insane. From the hospital I had him taken to a private asylum, where I remained with him as long as I could. After I left Cincinnati Mr. Strong heard of the accident and went to see him. My brother did not recognize him, and, believing that Tom would never be restored to his right mind, Mr. Strong said nothing to anyone about the money put into his hands by my brother. He went ahead and organized a big company of eastern capitalists to operate the mine. They struck a rich vein, and Strong became wealthy at once."

"About five years afterwards a skillful surgeon trepanned my brother's skull, relieved the pressure on the brain and restored his reason. Tom, of course, remembered the last transaction with his old partner, and, hearing of Strong's great success, at once set about trying to recover an interest in his fortune. Mr. Strong was not, I believe, a very bad man, and he would have been willing to undo what he had done, but to divide his profits with my brother would have been an open admission of guilt, so he disputed the claim."

"Tom told me often that Strong privately offered him at one time \$25,000 as a settlement of all claims against him, but that he had indignantly refused it. Another time Strong offered him \$50,000. They were alone in my brother's room in a hotel in Denver. Tom answered the proposal by striking Strong in the mouth and shooting at him as he ran downstairs."

"Strong escaped unhurt, but my brother was arrested and tried for attempting manslaughter. At the trial Tom made a statement of his wrongs, but Mr. Strong brought proof that the claimant had been in an insane asylum and testified that he had never been wholly restored. He even pleaded for Tom's release on that score, and was praised in the papers for so doing. My brother was left off with a small fine, but the wrong rankled in his mind, and for the past 15 years he has thought of nothing but getting even with the man who had wronged him."

"He has had no regular employment, but has lived in a sort of hand-to-mouth way in several cities in the east and west. Most people thought his mind impaired, but I believe he is as sensible as he ever was. I have a small income, and for five years—since my husband died—he has lived with me. He has been studying hypnotism for the last two years, and experimenting on every one who would allow it. At first I did not object, because it seemed to keep him interested; but lately he has almost frightened me with his wonderful skill. He can make people do anything he wishes, and on Friday nights the neighbors come in this parlor to hear him talk and witness his experiments. They always give him money, and so I could not object, as it is now the only way he has of earning anything."

"You say that of late he has frightened you with his experiments?" said Hendricks. "Would you mind telling

me the nature of some of the most objectionable?"

"He seems very fond of making his hypnotized subjects imagine they are murdering some one, and they always go through with it in such a way that it makes my blood run cold. He usually has a pillow, a chair, or some piece of furniture, to represent the man to be killed, and then—"

"I think I know the process," interrupted Hendricks, as if a thought had suddenly come into his mind. "He would stick up a knife somewhere, and make his subject take it of his own accord and stab the imaginary man."

"Exactly,"

"He would, however, fail sometimes," said the detective; "he would now and then be unable to control a subject?"

"Not if the person had ever been hypnotized before," replied the woman. "Those people who had been under his influence more than once would promptly do his bidding."

"I presume he sometimes called his make-believe victims by the name of Strong," Hendricks remarked. "It would be natural, after all he has borne."

"Yes, quite frequently. Some of his friends knew the name of the man who had wronged him, and it became a sort of joke at the gatherings; but it was no joke with Tom, and that is why I hoped he would not meet his old partner again. Not long ago he heard somehow that Strong was to be married to a pretty young lady, and it infuriated him beyond description. Perhaps—"

"The woman paused and looked at Hendricks suspiciously. She lowered her head, and began nervously to stroke the hair of the child. Then she said, abruptly:

"Somehow, I trust you, sir. I have heard so much of your kindness to women that I feel down in my heart that you are sorry for me in spite of the duty you have to perform; but I don't want to say anything thoughtlessly that would go against my brother. I couldn't bear to think that—"

The woman's eyes began to fill, and Hendricks rose.

"I am, indeed, in full sympathy with you, Mrs. Champney," he said. "You have had a mighty big load to bear, and if I can possibly make it lighter I will do so."

"Thank you," replied the woman, "but there is only one thing I can ask, and I shall be grateful if you will do it for me. I want to know the worst as soon as possible. If—if you arrest him, please let me know at once where I can go and comfort him. Poor fellow! he is not so very much to blame. His whole life was ruined by that man's act, and if he did kill Mr. Strong he hardly knew what he was doing."

"I will keep you posted," said Hendricks; and he bowed and left the room.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"Be at my office at five o'clock sharp, and wait till I come."

"HENDRICKS."

As soon as he received this message, Dr. Lampkin turned a patient over to his assistant, and went down to Hendricks' office in Park Row, arriving a few minutes before five. The office boy said Hendricks had not come. The doctor went in and took a seat.

An hour passed, and still there was no sign of the detective. Another hour

dragged by. It was growing dark. The office boy came in, lighted the gas, and laid down an evening paper.

"Any message from Mr. Hendricks yet?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir."

"You have no idea where he is?"

"No, sir."

"Is there a restaurant near here?"

"Just round the corner, sir."

"I have had nothing to eat since lunch," said the doctor. "If Mr. Hendricks comes in, tell him he can find me there, or will meet me on the way back."

Dr. Lampkin went to the restaurant, remained there 20 minutes, and returned to the office. Hendricks had not arrived, nor sent any word of explanation. The time passed very slowly to the doctor. He smoked a cigar, stretched himself on a lounge near an open window, and, concentrating his mind upon the idea that he would wake at the slightest sound, allowed himself to sleep.

At half past 11 he was aroused. It was Hendricks' step on the stairs. He opened the door, entered slowly, as if he were weary, and, with a sigh, sank into an armchair.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, suddenly noticing his friend on the lounge, "you must forgive me, doctor, for not showing up. All the afternoon and evening I have been on a dead run after that chap, but he has given me the slip half a dozen times. I would have sent you a message, but I could not tell you where to meet me."

"You have not given up the chase?" asked Dr. Lampkin.

"I am stamped for to-night, it seems," was the reply. Hendricks rose and began to walk the floor excitedly. He paused suddenly in front of his friend, and, with his hands deep in his pockets, said: "I was never so absolutely out-

up in my life. I'd give my right arm to have that man, dead or alive, to-night."

"Why, has anything particular happened?"

Hendricks took from his pocket some papers, telegrams and letters, and handed one to the doctor. "Is that not enough to make a man desperate? I received it two days ago."

The telegram ran as follows:

"Mr. Whiddy arrested. What shall I do?"

"ANNETTE DELMAR."

Dr. Lampkin's face fell.

"That's bad," he said—"very bad indeed."

"Of course it is bad," grunted Hendricks. "That's why I haven't seen you. I have never given any mortal such a dead chase in my life, hoping every minute to be able to telegraph the little girl that I had nabbed the right man, and that her sweetheart was safe."

"But," said Dr. Lampkin, "why wouldn't they wait down there? Surely—"

"That blasted blockhead Welsh! The other day the papers began to ridicule him for turning the case over to a New York man, who had gone away without doing anything. I was afraid that Welsh would weaken; and he did the minute the Times published the truth about the shooting at the mayor's and Fred Walters took his wife away for a change of scene. You see, that knocked the alibi theory into a cocked hat, and the police were obliged to lay hold of Whiddy to satisfy the public. The poor boy has been in jail two days, and if you want to weep and kick yourself for not doing more up here, read the little girl's letter. I got it this morning. She wrote it soon after she sent the telegram."

Lampkin opened the envelope handed him by the detective. Hendricks turned and continued his nervous walk.

"Dear Mr. Hendricks," the letter ran—"a telegraph just now. They have arrested poor dear Mr. Whiddy. It seems to me I cannot bear any more. I am completely broken-hearted. We had kept up hope, knowing that you and Dr. Lampkin, two of the best men on earth, believed in his innocence and were trying to establish it. So long as we could meet occasionally, read your letters together, and hope for the best, it was not so very bad; but now—oh, I could never describe the depth of my woe! It seems that the whole world is against us. As soon as I heard of the arrest, I went down to the prison in a cab, but they would not let me see him. The jail was surrounded by a great crowd, hooting and yelling with all their might. They say Mr. Whiddy would have been mobbed if he had not been jailed secretly. The crowd even sneered and laughed at me, and father came down almost frantic with rage. He forced me into a cab and brought me home. I don't know what to do. There is not even a soul who is willing to go on Mr. Whiddy's behalf, except Col. Warrenton, and he has been unable to arrange it. Every newspaper but one has declared editorially against the likelihood of Mr. Whiddy's innocence. Oh, if only he could be cleared now, what a happy, happy girl I should be! If only you or Dr. Lampkin were here to advise me! Col. Warrenton is good, but he is helpless; public opinion is somewhat against him. If you never get the proof you are seeking, or never catch the real criminal, I shall still be grateful and love both you and the doctor to the end of my life."

"ANNETTE DELMAR."

Dr. Lampkin folded the letter with trembling hands. Hendricks paused in front of him, and smiled coldly.

"Now it is your turn to whistle with your sympathies, old man. I have been at it all day."

"Do you think you'll ever get within a mile of the scoundrel?" asked Lampkin, gloomily.

"I don't know," said Hendricks, with a frown. "I have told you several times that I was a blasted ass, haven't I? Well, get up here and kick me, and don't let up till daybreak. At eight o'clock to-night I was as near our man as I am to you; I even shook hands with him; and yet God only knows where he is now."

"What! You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. Mean everything. Read this," Hendricks thrust a sheet of paper at the doctor. "What do you think of that?"

Dr. Lampkin stared at the lines in growing surprise.

"Minard Hendricks, Detective, New York," the letter began—"I am the man you are looking for. I did the deed, and the game is up with me. I am tired of dodging you, and am ready to surrender like a man. I would come to you at once, but I have an engagement this evening that I want to finish before losing my liberty. I have agreed to give a little lecture on 'Hypnotism and its Practical Uses' to some people at Abridge hall, in Grand street. It is a small place, but you can easily find it. I begin to talk at eight o'clock, and the lecture will last an hour. If you will let me finish, I shall be obliged, as I owe a man some money and have promised him the door receipts. Please take a seat in the front row, as near the center of the hall as you can. You will be in tough company, but you won't mind that, if all the adventures told of you are true. You need not fear any foul play on my part. I have nothing against you. You are simply doing your duty, and I admire you for it."

"Sincerely yours,  
"THOMAS HAMPTON FARLEIGH."  
"Did you go?" asked Lampkin, looking up from the letter.

Hendricks smiled grimly. "Yes, I was on hand early enough. It was a frightful place, a little narrow hall, used for lectures, political meetings, and low-class concerts. About a hundred people were present, mostly men. You can judge what the crowd was when I say that the price of admission was 15 cents. I got a seat near the center of the little stage, in the first row. The drop-curtain was down, but promptly at eight it was drawn up."

"A boy came out on the stage from behind the scenes, bringing the lecturer's table, and placed it near the footlights. The crowd began to applaud with sticks and umbrellas, and in the uproar our hero appeared, bowing and smiling, quite at ease. I assure you, Really, I admired him for his coolness. He was exactly the style of man described by Matthews as having paid the mysterious visit to Strong. His hair was white, and he was very thin, satow, and dark skinned. He looked as if he had not eaten anything nor had a square night's sleep for a month."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Justifiable Anger.

Clara.—And you say you were mad when Will kissed you on the hand, last night?

Coro.—Yes, indeed; I told him there was a place for everything.—Yonkers Statesman.

### FISHING RODS.

The Varied Assortment That the Angler May Accumulate.

A man devoted to angling might have from 20 to 50 fishing rods. There are many men that own as many as 40, for fresh-water fishing only, which is here alone considered. At the outset of his fishing career, a man accumulates rods with experience. Here is what might happen in the case of a beginner, to whom the cost of rods was not a matter of importance:

He would start, say, with black bass, and buy a split bamboo rod weighing seven ounces, and ten feet in length. Out fishing he would meet a man using a six-ounce rod, which seemed to answer the purpose just as well, and very soon he buys a six-ounce rod himself. After awhile he buys a bass minnow-casting rod, with light tackle, a rod weighing four or five ounces, and measuring seven feet in length. He looks forward to the day when he can attach a live minnow to his hook and cast it 100 or 125 feet and not kill the minnow in the cast. Before he has reached this degree of proficiency, however, he is likely to begin on trout fly rods. And of these, before very long, he will accumulate eight or ten, ranging in weight from three to eight ounces.

He will have rods for different kinds of fishing—for fishing from the bank and for fishing while wading; and rods adapted to the character of the waters fished, as to width of stream and strength of current, and so on; and rods adapted to special regions and the fishes found in them. Then the angler begins buying salmon rods. He is likely to buy first a rod 17 feet in length and weighing 30 to 32 ounces. He finds that too heavy and buys a rod 15½ feet long and weighing 24 ounces. Later he buys a salmon rod 14½ feet in length and weighing 19 ounces.

All the rods the angler has bought so far are a split bamboo. Now he goes in for a collection. He had begun to be especially interested in rods when he was buying trout rods, and now he is more interested than ever. He goes in for novelties. He buys, for instance, a greenheart salmon rod. Before the introduction of the split bamboo rod, which is now for fresh-water fishing displacing all the rods of wood, including the bamboo, and the greenheart rods were originally turned out, as they are still, by local makers in Scotland and Ireland. The most celebrated of greenheart rods, one of Scotch and the other of Irish make, are known to all salmon fishermen. The angler buys, it may be, two greenheart rods of different lengths, one of 15½ feet and one of 17 feet. He may prefer to use his more modern split bamboo rods, but he loves the greenheart.

Then the angler provides himself with grise rods of two lengths, 12 feet and 13½ feet, weighing 15 and 16½ ounces. By this time he has, perhaps, 15 or 20 rods, maybe more, and gradually he adds to his collection. Most anglers buy new rods every two or three seasons; some buy two or three rods in a season. The constant tendency of anglers as they become more expert is toward lighter rods.

There are men who are lovers of fine fishing rods, and buy them though they may never use them. They may be noted anglers, who are prevented by circumstances from fishing, but, on seeing fine rods, buy them just because they like them. They may be men who never fish. There is, for instance, a man in this city who never fishes, though he belongs to a fishing club and has 30 fishing rods of the finest description, a perfect outfit. He never shoots, but he has a fine collection of guns. He buys these things because they are beautiful and perfect, and because they are of interest to friends who come to see him.

Of rods used in fresh-water angling, bass, and trout fly rods of split bamboo cost \$1 to \$75 each. The rod for \$75 would owe its cost to expensive mountings, but to the material and workmanship, which would be of the best. There are rods with costly mountings, that are sold at far higher prices, but these are made usually for presentations, Salmon rods of split bamboo sell at \$30 to \$55, and grise rods for \$5 less than salmon rods.—N. Y. Sun.

### Rapid Extinction of the Seal.

During the past two years, under the efficient direction of Dr. Jordan, elaborate investigations, including something like an actual count, have been made to ascertain the number of seals frequenting the Pribilof Islands. Other studies have strengthened the conclusion that the number has greatly diminished within the past decade and is now greatly and rapidly diminishing. In spite of the regulations of the Paris tribunal pelagic sealing has increased enormously, while legitimate killing upon the islands has been largely discontinued. That was a charming trust of Lord Salisbury's when he said that the English interest in the fur seal industry had for some years exceeded the American, for it is beginning to be apparent that while the Americans have busied themselves arranging for arbitrations, seeking international cooperation and organizing scientific commissions to prove again what had been proved before, their sleepless adversaries were quietly gathering in the profits, realizing that the business must soon be closed up anyhow. In the report of 1892 the British commissioners had no intention of indulging in humor when they suggested as one of the most desirable measures the setting apart of at least one of the two seal islands entirely for the purpose of breeding seals for pelagic sealers, no land killing to be allowed there.—Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

How She Gets Along.

Dorothy—I wonder how Mrs. Walker manages to get on with her husband? He is such a slippery fellow.

Mildred—My dear, she just walks over him rough-shod.—Detroit Free Press.

### FOR SUNDAY READING.

#### AFTER THE STORM.

The storm-tossed, slender maple boughs are bending  
Beneath their weight of ceaseless-dripping pearls,  
And down upon the unprotected treetops  
The lightning's braced hand has its death-bolt hurled;  
Hushed is the merry trill of woodland thrushes,  
The drowsy murmur of the mountain rills;  
And, pealing far above the plash of rain-drops,  
The rumbling echo of the thunder thrills.  
Sway to and fro, O graceful, supple treetops—  
Graceful while still the tempests round you roar;  
Break and crash on, O mighty bursts of thunder!  
And die away upon the distant shore;  
The gentle hand that guides His children's footsteps,  
And bled upon the cross of agony,  
Is His who rides upon the rushing tempest,  
And plants His footsteps on the angry sea.

#### THE UNSUCCESSFUL TEACHER.

Apparent Failure Should Not Discourage the Faithful Worker.

Not many years ago a boy was sent from his home in the west to one of our New England fitting schools. He was the only son of rich and influential parents, and had, unfortunately, been little restrained or controlled.

The four years he spent in the fitting school were apparently worse than wasted. He soon became the leader of what is known as the "wild gang;" and just gaining marks enough to pass his examinations—just clever enough not to be caught too often in flagrant offenses; continually balancing, as it were, on the edge of disgrace and expulsion—he passed through the school. Again and again the headmaster called this unruly lad to his study, and gravely and gently reproved and admonished him. Sometimes he prayed with the wayward boy. All this was to no purpose. Alone of all the class, this one lad could not be impressed, and was unresponsive to the appeal of the wise and good man who sought to arouse the dormant manliness in him; nor did the noble character and rare Christian graces of the great teacher avail more than his words.

Then the lad went to college, and continuing his thoughtless career, he became the leader of the willful, wayward and unruly element in the class. As such he was marked by his instructors. In this course he persisted far more than a year. Then suddenly a great change came.

From being the boisterous leader of mischief and folly, he became silent, reserved, studious, self-respecting. Some one noted the fact that the change was coincident with the death of the great headmaster in the school where the boy had fitted for college. But the young man did not give his confidence to anyone. He became ascetic in his habits and austere in his manner.

After about a year of self-training, he timidly asked to be allowed to prepare himself for joining the church. Strangely enough, he insisted upon going back to his old school, the scene of his boyish extravagance and folly, where the memory of his misdeeds had not yet died away, and there joining the church he had once openly scorned. When asked why he did so, he answered with unsteady lips and swimming eyes:

"There was a good man. I knew him, and he is dead. He helped many a wayward soul, and he has helped me." Further he did not explain.

It seems probable that this good man was the noble teacher who had often mourned his failure to direct that one boy aright. It may be that his death was thus transmuted into life—a life young, vigorous, strong to withstand and to combat evil.

We never know where the story of our lives will end, nor who will be our spiritual heirs. We may seem to fall utterly, and yet triumph ultimately. Discouragement need have no place, then, in the heart of the faithful sower of life's seed, though the field he is set to cultivate seems to be altogether stony and unproductive.—Youth's Companion.

#### FIGS AND THISTLES.

Seeds That Will Grow—Paraphrase from the Ram's Horn.

God hides Himself; there lies His unexhausted charm.

We should have a society for doing good among the neglected rich.

Never to make a mistake is the biggest mistake any man can make.

The world that the bird flies over is not the same that the snail crawls on.

No good comes of blaming others for the misfortunes we bring on ourselves.

The sharper gets most of the man who is getting least out of what he possesses.

Many a man thinks he has found a mistake in the Bible just because he has run across something he doesn't want to believe.

There are two classes of men who never profit by their mistakes—those who blame it on their wives and those who lay it all to Providence.

#### One Way to Help.

If the evil in our neighbor is an enemy to righteousness so is the evil in ourselves. If we would not allow our own sins to stop us from working for Christ, neither should we obstruct others in their working, simply because their sins happen to be of a kind particularly offensive to us. All kinds are offensive to God.—S. S. Times.

### EXCESSIVE INDEPENDENCE.

There Can Be Such a Thing as Too Much Self-Reliance.

Under such various names as pride, self-respect, self-reliance and obstinacy, the vice of excessive independence makes a good deal of trouble in this world. It is the fault, or misfortune, of strong natures. The self-made man and the self-made woman are equally liable to its attacks. The symptoms are not by any means uniform. Sometimes they manifest themselves in self-assertion, sometimes in self-depreciation. Sometimes the too independent man is rude, sometimes he is extremely courteous. His independence may make him selfish, or it may make him too unselfish for his own good. An unwillingness to receive aid of any sort from others may be accompanied by a reluctance to help anybody else; but perhaps more often it appears in men who are so good to their friends that one wonders why they are so hard on themselves.

The independent man proceeds on the assumption that it is better to walk a mile than to ask a neighbor to take three steps. He will deny himself a pleasure because he is not sure that he will be able to return it in kind. He lies awake nights if circumstances have forced him to let another man pay his car fare. Holiday gifts he receives with but poor grace if they possess intrinsic value. Behind his formal thanks is plainly to be seen an almost pathetic resentment against the well-meant invasion of his self-sufficiency. More plainly than words could express it, his bearing towards the world says: "Please allow me to pay my own bills, which I feel quite competent to do."

The pity of it is that such men are not more than ordinarily free from the defects of frail humanity, and need to have their wants supplied by that reciprocal interchange of kindly service that raises society to the cheerful levels of a normal life. In attempting to set themselves off in a fortress with draw-bridge and moat, to be crossed only on business with the proprietor, they isolate themselves not merely from the annoyance of receiving, but from the pleasure of giving. Their friends soon tire of forcing a passage to a spot so inaccessible as the heart of a hermit. As life moves on that heart by all laws of life must begin to wither. Kindly feeling cannot forever resist the chilly blasts that prelude the winter of a solitary world. When the self-made man grows old he learns with sharp regret that if he has made nothing but himself he has done a pretty poor job; and one that will not long outlast the age of active participation in the world towards which he has been, not hostile, but scrupulously neutral. He that worships his independence must now worship either himself or nothing.

The extreme case thus pictured is not, perhaps, so common as to need criticism. But the germs of this unhappy growth are seldom absent from vigorous characters. We need to study the art of receiving. Here logic will be of small avail. It is easy to prove that independence is unreasonable and foolish; that nearly all our ability and our learning, and all our religion, must in the nature of things come to us without the possibility of recompense. But it is not so easy to break the fixed habit of self-defense, and show once more a kindly front towards the uncalculating and lavish givers of earth and Heaven. Humiliating and distressing it will sometimes be to allow others to do for us that which we need. A hard lesson to learn, one that can be learned well only by following a high model, is that such humiliation and distress is a salutary discipline, not a sign of superior moral fiber. Beyond a certain point independence is a cultivated and disguised form of selfishness! Jesus Christ, who had a right to show Himself independent if ever man had, found a continuing and increasing joy in the humble ministrations of those who loved Him best.—Chicago Standard.

#### SOME THINGS TO FORGET.

Burdens We Carry That Only Hinder Our Progress.

Brooding over mistakes, misfortunes, disappointments, is like carrying unforgotten sins. But cherishing grudges, remembering injuries, revolving revenges, is making one's self the devil's packhorse, weighted with the misdeeds of other men. The burdens of this work when carried are exasperating beyond expression, for they rub the sore places into frenzied agonizing. Here is an example: For a paltry difference in a settlement (the exact sum was \$11) a man of standing in society carried a grudge against another of unimpeached integrity, honor and piety, through years, till his mind gave way under who shall say what unhealthful stress of morbid memory? To go out under such a darkness is the bitterness of death. If you say that a man may be able manfully to forget his own sins by repenting, then we say that he can the more easily forget the offenses of another, if he be a manly man in his own heart, because to forgive his fellow is to forget in a royal way, and to forget is the shortest way to forgive. \* \* \* There are burdens which cling, if they do not clog our progress. \* \* \* In the school of Christ our hardest tasks may sometimes tax the memory, but more often they bid us simply to forget.—Evangelist.

#### How to Value Services.

We are apt to rate services as important or unimportant by the standard of human ambition, but God, perhaps, rates them by another standard, their conformity to His plan, as parts of his providential programme. Jesus gives us more than a hint as to the Divine method of rating services when He says: "If that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much;" his seemingly small services are integral parts of important events.—Advance.

People who are all tongue have no ears.