

# READING FOR THE QUIET HOUR

To the Fringed Gentian,  
Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the busy and frosty night!

Thou comest not when violets bloom  
Over wandering brooks and springs un-  
seen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod over the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and comest alone,  
When winds are rare and birds are  
few,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The year is near his end.

Yet dost thou the sweet and quiet eye  
Look through the fringes to the sky,  
Thine eyes, as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its ecstatic wall.

I would that thou when I shall see  
The beauty of thy fringes to the sky,  
Thine eyes, as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its ecstatic wall.

—William Miller Bryant.

Central Figure in Human Destiny.  
Jesus said unto him, I am the way,  
The truth and the life.—John 14:6.

No character in history is so many-sided as the Man of Nazareth. From whatever point of view we regard him, he presents a new and instructive aspect. His life and teachings furnish guidance and inspiration for every department of human action. By the broad principles which he inculcated he touches the family, social life, civic responsibility and business conduct. We cannot challenge, but must accept, his comprehensive claim for himself that He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

He is the Way by his example. In the family He was obedient, diligent, affectionate, considerate. He contributed his share toward the maintenance of the household and in his last hour provided for the future of his mother. He did not shun society, but was a blessing under every roof which sheltered Him. There is no record in the Gospels that our Savior ever encountered human suffering without alleviating it. He consorted with the poor and needy and ate with publicans and sinners, so that thereby he might lead them in the way of life. He did his duty as a citizen and refused to abstain from political disturbances for his own advancement. He was constant in his devotion to his Father's business, tireless in his activity, conspicuously open and sincere in all his conduct. Christ himself was righteousness teaching by example.

Christ is the Truth. As a teacher, His precepts apply in every walk of life. He laid down broad principles of action. He did not concern himself with minute injunctions as to conduct and behavior. He expected his followers to apply in each particular case the rule of his teaching: Who is my neighbor? The parable of the Good Samaritan is more conclusive than any definition. Shall I forgive my brother seven times? Unlimited forgiveness is the rule. To the young ruler, faithful to the law, "Sell all thou hast," enforced the obligation of positive performance. Surely "no man ever spake as this man."

Above all, he is the evidence and message of the Father's love. We are prone to regard God as remote, inaccessible; as Creator, Ruler, Sovereign, but not as a friend and benefactor. Christ reveals himself to us as Father, full of compassion for his children, loving, abounding in tender mercies, a very present help in time of trouble. If we know Christ, we know the Father. Let us not lose the full significance of the declaration, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Well is Christ called Immanuel, "God with us," for He is the revelation of the truth that God is not at any time far from us. If we will we may walk with the Father and hear his voice and commune with him constantly.

Christ is the Life. His example and his teachings point that way. Obedience to them constitutes true religion. "To live in Christ." He was absolutely and perfectly what he taught. Hence to live his life, to follow in his footsteps, to strive to grow into his likeness, is our full privilege and duty. Religion is Christianity, and Christianity is the life of Christ lived over again on earth as nearly as fallible mortals may do it.

All other considerations sink into insignificance before the man Christ Jesus, who was also the Son of God and is the central figure in human destiny.—John H. Converse.

## Heart Utterances.

Words which come straight from the heart of the writer must touch the heart of the reader, provided there is sympathy between them, and if the heart touches heart the truth goes straight home.

There must always be the giver and the receiver, and the giver of mind food ought to be strong and pure, something for the weaker to look up to, and to lean against, never giving stones for bread, or tainted water for pure, and also the giver must live very near to the Perfect One if the influence is to be uplifting, stimulating and lasting.

Some cannot, or will not, draw supplies from the fountain head for themselves, but must needs get their refreshment brought to them, as it were, through a channel of the minds of those who live in closer communion with the Fountain. Only by these means can they be brought in touch with the great source of all beautiful thoughts and ideas. Therefore, the

channel must be kept very pure and unpolluted, that nothing injurious be given to the thirsty soul.

## How the Kingdom Advances.

In these two striking parables of Jesus—the mustard seed and the leaven—we have something more than a hint of how the kingdom of heaven grows in the individual and in society. The growth of the seed seems to refer to the individual's growth, that of the leaven to the growth of society. How is the individual transformed into the image and character of Christ? Just as the seed takes of the earth and the air and the sun and the rain, and makes them a part of itself. How does the gospel transform society? Just as the leaven transforms the meal—one atom after another, not all at once, not in bulk, but one at a time. It is one man at a time, one woman at a time, one boy and girl at a time. And the individual himself can be transformed only as he submits himself to the transforming Spirit, who, as the divine seed, uses all the powers of the man, working them over into a character that is like Christ's.

## How to Live Through Things.

Let us fix our eyes on the end of the journey. Travelers to Rome will go through a great many places that are not Rome. Even so travelers going to heaven will go through many places that are not heaven. Foolish as it would be for a man to express himself as disappointed in Rome because he did not find a Forum in Florence, even so foolish it is for Christians to express doubt or dismay about God's dealings because they do not find it all heaven in their earthly estate. So Joseph Mazzini wrote in one of his essays: "Pain and joy, deception and fulfilled hopes, are just the rain and the sunshine that must meet the traveler on his way. Button up your coat around you from the first but do not think for a single moment that one or the other has anything to do with the end of the journey." It is God's wise dealing which gives us the experience of many things before it brings us to the crown of all things.

## The Crust of Your Life.

When ground is trodden hard it is the very substance of the ground that lies impenetrable and catches the seed, and will not let it in and claim the soil and do its fruitful work. \* \* \* This is the notion of the Crust. It is not a foreign material; but the thing itself grown hard and rigid, shuts the soft and tender and receptive portions of the thing away. \* \* \* Thus out of the very substance of a man's life, out of the very stuff of what he is and does, comes the hindrance which binds itself about his being, and will not let the better influences out. \* \* \* That self-made barrier must be broken up, must be restored to its first condition and become again a part of the substance out of which it was evolved, before the life can be fed with the dew of first principles and the rain of the immediate descent of God. What is the crust upon your life that keeps out holy influences.—Phillips Brooks.

## Human Love.

When human love becomes idolatry every blessing attached to it is spoiled, and embitters the heart, which, when loving subserviently to God, might enjoy the heavenly boon through time as through eternity. Hence it is that strong attachments are great snares, although in this false world they are considered so essential to human happiness; and alluring us from God, they become rods to chastise our infidelity toward Him who gave His precious life to purchase our affections. O! while we glory in the warmth and tenderness with which we can love a fellow creature, why are we so cold to the best and truest of friends? But so it is, we have celestial flowers to pluck, but pluck the thorns of earthly pleasures, and then wonder why we are wounded! God must be first in our souls, or all that stands between Him and the creature is in mercy blasted.

## Work.

"A wholesome human employment is the first and best method of education, mental as well as bodily," says Ruskin. It was the first blessing given to man when he was put upon the earth, and it will be necessary to his welfare and happiness to the last day that he remains. Some useful work to occupy brain, heart and hand, some one to be blessed and helped by one labor, this it is that keeps us sane and safe, strong and cheerful, our lives through. Something that waits for our doing helps us to fight our battles against illness, forces us from our lethargy in sorrow, will not allow us time to sink down in despair; it is God's angel for ever saying, "Go forward!"

## Get Near the Fire.

Nearness of life to the Savior will necessarily involve greatness of love to Him. As nearness to the sun increases the temperature of the various planets, so near and intimate communion with Jesus raises the heat of the soul's affections to Him.—Spurgeon.

Every person has two educations; one which he receives from others and one, more important, which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

# Mount Vernon a Shrine Toward Which Turns Every Loyal American Heart

A hundred years have passed since Death, entering the upper chamber at Mount Vernon, laid his hand upon the heart of Washington, and stilled its throbbings; but that the love and veneration with which he inspired his countrymen has known no diminution is proven every recurring anniversary of his birth.

Perhaps even more conclusive evidence is to be found in the hundreds who daily visit the historic spot, and in the absence of merry-making which marks these throngs. They come as pilgrims to a shrine, speaking in subdued voices as they pass from room to room, or standing in awed silence before the tomb which holds all that

with money earned by the pupils of the St. Paul schools. They have since been put in working order and continue to turn out beautiful fabrics.

In the dwelling-house the apartment coming first in order is the banquet hall, in charge of the vice-regent from New York. The elaborately carved marble mantel in this room exhibits interesting proof of the power of an awakened conscience. A log's head, broken off by some ruthless relic hunter, was afterward anonymously returned, and has since—with the aid of cement—been restored to its original position. Over this mantel a French clock, which regulated the life at Mount Vernon, still ticks, telling the

with yellow stars. While the carpet was on its way to this country Washington was made President; and, being unable in that capacity to accept the gift, it became the property of the United States government. It was afterward purchased by Judge Yates, of Lancaster, Pa., and within the last two years has been presented to the association by his granddaughter, Mrs. Townsend Wheelan, of Philadelphia.

In the hall the visitor is shown the key of the Bastille, and, ascending the stairway at the foot of which it hangs, is confronted by a cabinet filled with the most interesting curios. Imprisoned behind glass doors is the com-



Washington on the Porch at Mount Vernon.

is mortal of him who in so distinctive a sense is immortal.

There is an air of such deep repose about the place, despite the ebb and flow of the tide of humanity, that squirrels, with feathery tails erect, frolic on the lawn in delightful abandon, while birds chatter in the branches of trees, or perch in rows on stable eaves, and along the upper edges of the low half doors. Glancing over one of these one seems to see in his accustomed stall Washington's war horse, Nelson, who, after the battle of Yorktown, was never allowed to feel the weight of a saddle, and to bear his whinnying response to his master's call.

Across from this is the garden, redolent with the odor of box bushes transformed from the green, outline of Mrs. Washington's day into aromatic walls of verdure. Gay with sweet williams and pinks and all the rest of the fragrant, old-fashioned flowers, it was an alluring spot to little Nellie Custis, who was sometimes discovered there during the hours sacred to harpsichord and spinnet, when only the interposition of her adopted father shielded her from her grandmother's displeasure.

Mount Vernon, as is generally known, was purchased in 1858 by an association of ladies, which now has representatives from thirty-seven states. Through these representa-

hour as veraciously now as then; while on the wall to the right of it hangs the portrait of Washington which Rembrandt Peale painted with such feverish energy, and which was donated to the association by his heirs. A chair brought over in the Mayflower stands beneath the picture, and near it is the stool on which Washington knelt at Christ Church, Alexandria, and another used by Nellie Custis.

Other objects to which the attention is directed, are a model of the Bastille made of the stone of which the prison was composed, and presented by Lafayette; a British flag captured by Washington and donated by General Grant, with many relics of equal interest. The end of the building opposite the banquet hall is occupied by the library, with its valuable collection of books and souvenirs. It is in the rooms which these apartments flank, however, ranged on either side of a broad hall, that one is brought most closely in touch with the family life at Mount Vernon.

Nellie Custis' music room, in which the general's flute lies upon the harpsichord which he presented her on the occasion of her marriage, recalls one of the most delightful relations of his life—his connection with his beautiful adopted daughter. Here she beguiled him with the songs which he loved or played the accompaniments to his mu-

pass used by Washington in surveying Lord Fairfax's land, with many other objects closely associated with him; a memento of Mrs. Washington existing in a quilt made by herself of bits of her gowns and donated by Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

On this floor, in the chamber occupied by Nellie Custis, is the mirror which so often reflected her beauty, and the steps by which she climbed to her high-estered bed. Here, too, in the Lafayette room, is the four-poster, in which the Marquis slept on the occasion of his visits to Mount Vernon and the dressing table before which he adjusted the unbecoming red wig.

Other apartments, called by the names of the states which care for them, are grouped about these. Each has an interest peculiar to itself; but above and beyond them all in sacred associations and hallowed memories is the room in which Washington breathed his last. The bed upon which more than one hundred years ago he lay dying stands in the same spot to-day. Near it is a light table stained with the marks of medicine glasses, and at its foot the chair in which the faithful wife sat watching through all the weary hours, and upon which, when all was over, lay her open Bible.

One must climb another flight of stairs to reach the room occupied by



Washington and His Generals.

lives each state assumes the care of a room, and the responsibility of fitting it up with furniture, of which it was despoiled at the sale of the late owner; or, failing this, of substituting articles possessing historic interest and belonging to the period. One of the most successful of these attempts is to be found in the Minnesota, or spinning-room, vocal in the days of yore with the music of wheel and loom and the measured stroke of the flax brake, while above the rhythmical whir might have been heard the mistress' voice, giving direction to the swarthy artisans who spun and wove most of the clothing worn by the 300 slaves belonging to the estate. The articles in this room, which were collected by Perley Poore and treasured by him at his home, were purchased by the association from his widow

sic on the flute. In the dining-room, where the family party was so often reinforced by guests, is an original piece—an old Chippendale sideboard—which descended to Mrs. Robert E. Lee and was afterward restored to its accustomed position by her, while in Mrs. Washington's sitting-room may be seen the same card table around which the household gathered for the evening rubber.

The most noteworthy object in the west parlor is the carpet, made for Washington by order of Louis XVI., and still in a perfect state of preservation, although more than one hundred years old. It is of velvet, the circular center of pale ecrú, upon which, is stamped an American eagle, with the motto, "E Pluribus Unum," beneath, being surrounded by a rich green background, plentifully sprin-

Mrs. Washington after this—a low, narrow roof room, very cold in winter, for there was no way of heating it, and hot when the summer sun beat upon it. Through its single dormer window, however, she could look out upon her husband's tomb, and there she remained until the silver cord which bound her to life was loosed and she went to join him in his long sleep by the river.

A negro sentinel guards the graves, who tells you, in the vernacular of the race, how the key which locks the vault behind them, and in which forty of their kindred are buried, has been sunk in the Potomac.

"Not," he adds, "where it can be dragged for, but deep, where it will never more be found."—Grace Devine Bostwick, in Los Angeles Times.

## ANEMIA CAN BE CURED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood and Strike Straight at the Root of Disease.

Anemia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They cure anemia just as food cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Thos. J. McGann, of 17 Lincoln Place, Plainfield, N.J., and they can do as much for any other pale, weak, ailing, bloodless person.

"In the spring of 1903 I did my usual house cleaning," says Mrs. McGann, "and soon afterward I began to have the most terrible headaches. My heart would beat so irregularly that it was painful and there came a morning when I could not get up. My doctor said I had anemia and he was surprised that I had continued to live in the condition I was in. I was confined to my bed for nearly two months, the doctor coming every day for the first few weeks, but I did not improve to amount to anything.

"Altogether I was sick for nearly two years. I was as weak as a rag, had headaches, irregular heart beats, loss of appetite, cramps in the limbs and was unable to get a good night's sleep. My legs and feet were so swollen that I feared they would burst.

"One day, while I was wondering how long I could live, feeling as I did, I received a booklet telling about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I read it and told my husband to get me some of the pills. Before the first box was gone I felt a change for the better. I have taken about twelve boxes and although I was as near the grave as I could be, I now feel as if I had a new lease of life. I have no more headache, the heart beats regularly, my cheeks are pink and I feel ten years younger. I feel that I have been cured very cheaply and I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to lots of my friends."

For further information address the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

He was describing the game. "I thought I had a clear field," he said, "when suddenly he tackled me." "What do you mean by that?" she asked. "Why, in this case he caught me around the waist with both arms and I couldn't make him let go." "But why?" she inquired, with a sigh, "why under those circumstances did you want to make him let go?" Then she added, after a pause: "You men are queer creatures."—Cleveland Leader.

It is a mighty ungrateful man who can not feel thankful that it was no worse.

## \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known for this terrible disease. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Why He Was Cheerful.

"No man," said Jerome K. Jerome, "should marry unless he is by nature a 'good provider'—unless without a twinge he can hand forth money right and left.

"Some men can in a sunny, cheerful way, spend \$10 or \$15 on a dinner in a fashionable restaurant, while they become morose, sour and fearful for the future when they are obliged to give their wives a dollar or two for the days meat.

"These men should remain single. Otherwise they will make such husbands and fathers as my old friend, Crust.

"Crust's daughter said one afternoon, in a tone of unutterable surprise: "Papa went away quiet gay and cheerful this morning."

"Mrs Crust made an exclamation of annoyance.

"That reminds me," she said, "I forgot to ask him for any money."—Exchange.

## For Charity's Sake.

"Will it be proper, mamma, to permit Mr. De Riche to kiss me twice in the play we are rehearsing for Mrs. Walpole's charity?"

"Why, of course not, dear."

"But they say he is enormously wealthy and—"

"Why didn't you tell me that at first, my love. As it is for sweet charity's sake, perhaps you may, after all."—Exchange.

## A BOY'S BREAKFAST

There's a Natural Food That Makes Its Own Way.

There's a boy up in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is growing into sturdy manhood on Grape-Nuts breakfasts. It might have been different with him, as his mother explains:

"My 11-year-old boy is large, well developed and active, and has been made so by his fondness for Grape-Nuts food. At five years he was a very nervous child and was subject to frequent attacks of indigestion which used to rob him of his strength and were very troublesome to deal with. He never seemed to care for anything for his breakfast until I tried Grape-Nuts, and I have never had to change from that. He makes his entire breakfast of Grape-Nuts food. It is always relished by him and he says that it satisfies him better than the ordinary kind of a meal.

"Better than all he is no longer troubled with indigestion or nervousness, and has got to be a splendidly developed fellow since he began to use Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Batle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in 100 pages.