Bellefonte, Pa., November 4, 1910.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later, the storms shall beat, Over my slumber from head to feet; Sooner or later, the wind shall rave

I shall not heed them where I lie Nothing their sounds shall signify.

Nothing the head stones fret of rain; Nothing to me the dark days pain

Sooner or later, the sun shall shine With tender warmth on that mound of mine Sooner or later, in Summer air

I shall not feel in that deep laid rest The sheeted light fall over my breast Nor ever note in those hidden hours The wind blown breath of the tossing flo ner or later, the stainless snows

Shall add their hush to my mute repose Sooner or later, shall slant and shift And heap my bed with their dazzling drift. Chill though that frozen pall shall seem

That wrecks not the sacred dread Shrouding the city of the dead. Sooner or later, the bee shall come And fill the noon with its golden hur Sooner or later, on half-poised wing

The bluebird about my grave will sing Sing and chirp and whistle with glee Nothing his music can mean to me. None of those beautiful things will know

Sooner or later, far out in the night The stars shall over me wing their flight, Sooner or later, the darkling dews

Catch the white spark in their silent ooze. Never a ray shall part the gloom

That wraps me round in the silent tomb; Peace shall be perfect on lip and brow ner or later, oh, why not now?

-Mrs. W. S. Norwood.

MINNIE'S BISHOP.

"Really, Ronald,," said Ethel Mendel, "your mother is very unreasonable. Just now, too, when we are having such a

She spoke to her husband, who was arranging a salmon cast in the smoking-room. The post had just arrived and she held an open letter in her hand. He glanced at it apprehensively. His mother was an old lady who made unreasonable demands of her children and usually carried through any scheme in which she was interested without regard for the feelings of other people.
"What is she at now?" he asked.

"She is sending a bishop here," said Mrs. Mendel. And he is to stay a week." "Good God! We can't possibly have a bishop here. It—it wouldn't be decent." The Mendels had taken a house in Connemara for the month of August, a house with some good fishing attached to it.
Gilbert Hutchinson, a keen angler quite
uninterested in bishops, was with them.
Minnie, Ronald's youngest sister, had been admitted to the party as a companion for Mrs. Mendel. "This is a most unsuitable place for any bishop," said Ronald, "and we are not at all the sort of people—"

Mrs. Mendel drew herself up.

"After all," she said, "we are not doing anything wrong. The aposites fished." "But they didn't play Bridge after din-

"We shall have to give up Bridge while he's here. Your mother says he won't stay more tban a week, and he may go

away sooner."
Ronald referred to the letter which his wife handed to him.
"He wants," he said, "to see something
of the west of Ireland while he's at home.

At home! Where does he come from?" "India, apparently. If you'd begun at the beginning of your mother's letter in-stead of the middle you'd have seen that

"Then he's not a proper bishop, at all."
"Oh yes, he is. He's a missionary bishop, and that's just the same as the ordinary kind, only worse; more severe,

"Minnie will have to stop smoking cig-arettes in the drawing-room," said Ron-

"Minnie is rather a difficulty. She's just the sort of girl who enjoys shocking people."
"She mustn't do it in my house," said

Ronald. "I may not care for having bishops dumped down on me in this way, but while they're here they must be treated with proper respect. I'll speak to Minnie myself "Do. And, Ronald dear, before he

comes I think you might lock up that novel you got the other day. I haven't read it, of course, but from what you told me I don't think—" "There's nothing in the novel half so

Risque as the things Minnie frequently says. I hope you'll make her under-

"I thought you said you'd speak to her." "I shall, about the smoking. The other warning will come better from you.

When does the bishop arrive?" "He may be here tomorrow," said Mrs. lendel. "His plans appear to be rather unsettled. He is to drop in on us when-ever he finds himself in this neighborhood. Your mother says we're to have a room ready for him. Be sure to give Mr. Hutchinson a hint not to leave those sporting papers of his lying about. I wouldn't like the bishop to think we read them. They're—well, not very re-

ligious, are they, Ronald?"
"If I know anything of Gilbert Hutchinson he'll clear out of this before the bishop arrives. He's not what I call an irre ligious man, but I don't think he could stand sitting down to dinner every night

Mr. Hutchinson acted up to his host's expectation. He recollected suddenly that he had an aunt in County Cork, and that it was his duty to pay her a visit while he was in Ireland. Minnie, on the other hand, expressed the greatest de-

Minnie. "Bessie Langworthy's husband has a sanctum, not a study."
"I don't see," said Ronald, "how my

smoking-room can be turned into a sancthow little you know about the clergy. A sanctum is as different as possible from a sanctuary. If you'd ever been inside Bessie Langworthy's husband's are little and sanctum!" he said "It is a sanctum!" he said sie Langworthy's husband's sanctum, you'd see the absurdity of what you say." Mrs. Mendel interposed to save her

"I hunted about the house this afternoon," she said, "and I found a few books that we might put there for him. They were stacked away in the box-room, but had them brought down and dusted. There are five volumes by a man called Paley, who seems to have been an archdeacon. I glanced into them and they looked all right. They are theology, aren't they, Ronald?"

"They won't do at all," said Minnie. ops don't read books of that sort. What we want in the sanctum is a few novels of a rather— You know the sort I mean, Ronald. I see that you have got On the Edge of a Precipice. Now that

would be the exact thing."

"Minnie," said Mrs. Mendel, "surely you haven't read that book! Ronald, I told you not to let it out of the smoking-

"Of course I've read it," said Minnie.
"That's how I know the bishop will like
it. Bessie Langworthy's husband, who is "I won't give that book to any bishop,"

"I'm not asking you to force it on him," said Minnie. "I simply say that it should be left in the sanctum so that he can get it when he wants it. Bessie Langworthy's "Bessie Langworthy's husband be hang-

ed!"

"If you swear while the bishop's here, Ronald," said Minnie, "you'll shock him. I must also have a pound of tobacco for the sanctum; not cigars. Bishops don't smoke cigars. The reason is that it doesn't do for them to appear opulent, especially nowadays when people are so down on the Church. I'll have a box of my own cigarettes on the chimney-piece in case he doesn't care for a pipe."

lently.

"My own impression is," she added, "that he generally went to sleep."

Her eye lit on the five volumes of Paley as she spoke.

"Dear me," she said, "I thought I had those books cleared away! You don't want them, do you?"

The bishop took the volume containing the "Christian Evidences" and looked at it.

"That reminds me," said Ronald, "that I can't have you smoking cigarettes all over the house while he's here."

"My dear Ronald! Don't be perfectly absurd. Bessie Langworthy's husband supplied me with cigarettes while I was there. Church dignitaries like women who smoke. It's a pleasant variety for who smoke. It's a pleasant variety for them. Their own wives never do. By the way, is this bishop married? "Is he married?" said Ronald to his

"Your mother doesn't say." She referred to the letter as she spoke. "Anyhow, his wife if he has a wife, isn't with him."

know no more about bishops than they do. You'd simply make a muddle, and what we want is to give the poor man a really pleasant time while he's with us."
"Ronald, said Mrs. Mendel a few minutes later, "I'm afraid that Minnie-Ronald lit a cigar gloomily.

"Your mother," she went on, "won" like the flippant way in which Minnie evidently means to treat the bishop. When she hears about it she'll blame

"I rather think," said Ronald, "that I'd better go down to Cork and pay a visit to Gilbert Hutchinson's aunt till this busi-

ness is over."
"If only Minnie would do that! But of course she won't. She's enjoying her-self."

Two days later the bishop arrived. It was half past four o'clock when he drove up to the door. Ronald was out on the river. Mrs. Mendel and Minnie were in the drawing-room waiting for afternoon tea to be brought to them. The bishop was a young man, as bishops go. He did not look more than forty-five, but the fore were learnered beautiful fired. his face was lean and heavily lined. He gave Mrs. Mendel the impression of begreeted him nervously.
"I expect," said Minnie, cheerfully,

had a long drive."

Mrs. Mendel wished to ring the bell and summon a servant, but Minnie insisted on showing the bishop to his room. Before leaving him she glanced at his "I dare say," she said, "that you'd like the loan of a clothes-brush. Ronald's dressing-room is next door. I'll get you

"Thanks," said the bishop, "but I see my bag is here, and I have a clothes-brush of my own."

"I thought," said Minnie, "that being a missionary bishop, you might perhaps—" "Missionary bishops are poor, of course; but I have managed to save up enough to buy a clothes-brush."

"That's not what I meant. My idea was that, having lived so long among people who wear no clothes, you might have got out of the habit—"

"I assure you," said the bishop, "that our Indian fellow subjects dress most decorously.' "How nice of them! You must tell us all about them later on. Tea will be ready in the drawing room and I mustn't keep you know. By the way, do you object to china tea?"

'No, I prefer it." "That's all right. I merely asked be-

himself," said Mrs. Mendel. "We shall have to turn your smoking-room into a study, Ronald."

"Sanctum is the proper word," said Minnie. "Bessie Langworthy's husband has a sanctum, not a study."

The said Mrs. Mendel. "We shall five o'clock and she regarded the bishop's like to know how to do it. With a little practice you'll be able to take in anybody. These little arts are so useful abroad, aren't they? I'm sure you'd find a thing like that most attractive to the heathen."

The Elizabethan Era is renowned in the jeweled picture of Christ, held it out toward them and said, "Christ is risen!"

The Elizabethan Era is renowned in English history, not only for its literature but gazed at Minnie with an expression.

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The Elizabethan Era is renowned in English history, not only for its literature but gazed at Minnie with an expression.

The Elizabethan Era is renowned in English history, not only for its literature but for its growing power upon the sea. of some bewilderment. When it became quite clear that he did not mean to drink any more tea, she put down her cup and

only a canon."

The bishop, smiling apologetically, fol-

lowed her out of the drawing-room.

"Here we are," she said, opening a door for him. "I hope you'll find it comfortable. I dare say now that you'd like to meditate a little over your sermon."
"Do I preach while I'm here?" The bishop asked the question in a tone of

surprise.
"No," said Minnie. "Not unless
"No," said Me sha'n't ask particularly want to. We sha'n't ask you to. As a matter of fact, we none of us like sermons. But you will have to preach again some time, I suppose."
"Yes; but not for a few weeks." "Still, you'll naturally want to meditate

over your sermon whenever it has to be preached. You can't meditate too much beforehand. Bessie Langsworthy's husband always went to his sanctum after tea to meditate over his sermon." She paused for an instant and then winked at the bishop. He started vio-

On the Edge of a Precipice. My sister-in-law must have carried it off. I'll fetch it." "Please don't. If she's reading it—"
"She isn't. Or if she is she ought not to be. It's not at all a proper book."
"Perhaps," said the bishop, "I'd better stick to Paley, after all. The novel may

be exciting.

cigarettes for me when I am with them." Langworthy," said the bishop. "He seems to be quite a remarkable man.' "He's a dear," said Minnie. "You're sure you don't mind my smoking?"

"There is a prejudice against ladies dopting the habit," said the bishop.
"So silly, isn't it? It's not really wrong,

don't see how any self-respecting girl could put up with a second-hand husband. When I marry—But I really "Not exactly," said the bishop. "What mustn't disturb you any more. Your ser-mon will be on your mind."

Dinner, that night, began badly, begave Mrs. Mendel the impression of being a man of severe integrity, very little inclined to human weaknesses. She greeted him nervously. "I expect," said Minnie, cheerfully, longed discussion about the Athanasian "that you'd like to wash your hands before tea."

"Thank you," said the bishop; "I've about the public recitation of that formula. about the public recitation of that formula. But the bishop answered very vaguely, and did not appear to be much interested in the Athanasian Creed. He had, he thought, intercepted with his foot a kick which Minnie meant to reach her sisterin-law. It seemed to him that she was trying to call Mrs. Mendel's attention to the fact that there was something humor-ous about the discussion which Ronald had started. The idea of finding a latent joke in the Athanasian Creed was new to the bishop. He feltembarrassed and was afraid to commit himself to any remark, lest he should, unconsciously, contribute to the merriment in Minnie's eyes. Before the fish-plates were taken away Ronald's effort collapsed. He looked piteously at his wife, mutely urging her to start a fresh and more congenial topic. It was Minnie who came to the rescue of the party. She asked the bishop whether he knew how to crack the joint of his nose. He set down his wineglass abruptly and looked hard at her. Then he said that he did not believe that either his or any other nose had a joint. Ronald, frowning severely, said that the idea of cracking a nose was absurd. Minnie maintained that the thing could be done. By way of proving that she spoke the truth she seized her own nose, pulled it slowly down, gave it a sudden twist toward her left

The bishop laughed suddenly. It may have been the idea of teaching high-caste Hindus to crack their noses that moved him. It may have been the way in which Minnie smiled at him. He seemed, for the rest of the evening to prefer her conversation to Ronald's efforts to get back to the more orthodox subject of the Athanasian Creed.

"Yes," said Minnie, "you have. I arranged it for you myself. It used to be Ronald's smoking-room, but—"

"I mustn't turn Mr. Mendel out of his room," said the bishop. "It's bad enough to come here as an uninvited guest. I and his wife sat on the gravel sweep in

don't want to put you all to unnecessary inconvenience."

"It's a pleasure to us," said Minnie.

"We know that a bishop can't get on "I think," said Mrs. Mendel, "that he "We know that a bishop can't get on "I think," said Mrs. Mendel, "that he without a sanctum. My friend Bessie has enjoyed his visit. Your mother is Langworthy's husband has one, and he's greatly pleased. I had a letter from her this morning in which she said that she'd heard from him and-"

Nothing could be more outrageous than Minnie's behavior from start to finish. I've never for a moment felt safe. I've sat, so to speak, on the edge of a volcano." "She took him off our hands," said

Mrs. Mendel. "Be a little grateful, Ronald." "She ought to be whipped."

"Ronald dear!"

"Well, she ought. Fortunately, I don't believe he understood half she said. Besides, I don't approve of dragging bishops into dangerous places. He came in wet to the waist the day she took him up the river in the punt. She must have upset

"He didn't seem to mind."
"No, but I did. I may not be much of a man for going to church, but I think bishops ought to be treated with some

"Still," said Mrs. Mendel, "your mother seems greatly pleased."

"She won't be when she sees him. I don't know how Minnie managed it, but his face is all scratched."

"That happened when she took him out to gather blackberries. It doesn't seem to have been her fault. He said he slipped and rolled down a bank."

"Bishops ought not to be taken near banks of that sort" said Popular "And banks of that sort," said Ronald. "And yesterday I found him reading On the Edge of a Precipice. If he tells my mother that he got that book in my house I

shall never hear the end of it." "He won't tell her. He has too much "He has very little sense-

than any bishop I ever heard of. Good Lord! Look at him now!" The bishop and Minnie emerged from the shrubbery at the far end of the lawn. Their appearance justified an exclama-tion. Minnie had grasped the bishop's wrists and was towing him toward the house. He was hanging back; but every

"Thank you," said the bishop, "but I quite true. Isn't it Harold? Didn't you don't smoke." Minnie took a cigarette say your name was Harold?" "Harold Cyril," said the bishop.

"Ronald thinks," she said, "that you'll be shocked at my smoking; but I told him you wouldn't mind. Bessie Langworthy's husband keeps a special box of cigarettes for me when I am with them."

Haroid Cyrii, said the bishop.

"I shall probably call you Hal after we are married," said Minnie.
"No bishop," said Ronald, "would married," said the bishop.

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"I shall probably call you Hal after we are married," said the bishop.
"I shall probably call you Hal after we are married," said Knie bishop.
"I shall probably call you Hal after we are married," said Minnie.
"No bishop," said the bishop. garettes for me when I am with them."
"I assure you," said the bishop, "that if
"I should rather like to meet Canon Miss Mendel—I mean to say—Minnie can only bring herself to— You know I'm only a missionary bishop."

"That's just it," said Minnie. "You

don't understand in the least, Ronald. What the bishop says is that I'll be a help to him in his work. You said that, didn't you, Harold?" you know, not like marrying your deceased sister's husband."
"That," said the bishop, "is distinctly forbidden in the Prayer-Book."
"Quite so," said Minnie, "and even if it wasn't, I shouldn't dream of doing it. I don't see how any self-constitution."

You, Harold?"
"Yes," said the bishop bravely.
"You'd be a help!" said Ronald. "Oh, hang it all, Minnie, that's a bit too thick!"
"Not at all," said Minnie. "My manners and general gayety of disposition are just what are wanted to attract the

I feel is-"Still, I shall attract them. You can't The bishop thought, but was not quite certain, that she winked again as she left By George A. Birmingham, in Harper's

Weekly.

Fancy a man dying of thirst, by the side of a spring of sparkling water. Thousands of thirsty people pass him, quench their thirst at the spring and go on their way rejoicing. But he doesn't know whether the water will quench his thirst or not. He never will know until he tries. But the fact that the other thoustries. But the fact that the other thousands have slaked their thirst at the spring is evidence enough. There are people bearing the burdens of disease, who are offered healing in Dr. Pieree's Golden Medical Discovery. It has healed hundreds of thousands whose lungs were diseased, whose blood being impure bred disease in other organs nourished by the blood. And yet these people have never yet made the trial remedy. They are not sure it will cure them. It has cured ninety-eight per cent. of all who have used it. It always helps. It almost always cures. When there is constipated habit use

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Easily Explained

"They have to admit in the old world," said a New York theatrical man, "that we've got them beaten on every count. Talk to them about the matter and they can only quibble.

other hand, expressed the prospect of entertaining a light at the prospect of entertaining a bishop.

"There are one or two things I wan you to be careful about," Ronald said to her. "When we have a bishop in the house—"Don't start lecturing me about the proper way to treat the clergy," said Minnie. "Beseic Langworthy, who is my greatest friend, happens to be married to a canon. I spent last Easter with them and lived for a fortnight in a cathedral close. What I don't know about the habits and attasts of Church dignitaries isn't worth mentioning."

"I suppose he'll want a sitting-room to make the proper may be a customed to enjoying a solid meal at which was a customed to enjoying a solid meal at light at the proper size of the proper moment she secured an example of the servants, tried his own accustomed to enjoying a solid meal at light at the proper moment is a manual light at the matter of the bells seemed. The bishop great proper moment is a manual light at the proper momen

but for its growing power upon the sea, and especially for its hardy and skillful seamen. Most notable among these were Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh and his half brothers. Drake was the first to put into practice the policy of weakening Spain by attacking her in America. Drake it was who made the great voyage around the earth in 1580. Eight years after he took an important part in the most momentous event of the century in which he lived-the defeat of

the Spanish Armada.

The defeat of this armada has been pronounced the opening event in the history of the United States. From that moment North America was open to colonization with little danger of hindrance from the Spaniards. Sir Walter Raleigh must ever be considered the "father of English colozination on the soil of the

Raleigh was one of the best represen-tative Englishmen of his age. He was a student of books and a leader of men. A pupil of Coligny, a friend of Spenser, he was a statesman and a scholar, a courtier and a soldier, and in each he was one of the leading men of his times. Raleigh was granted a colonization charter by Queen Elizabeth. He first sent two exploring ships to the coast of North America, and they returned with glowing accounts of the beauty of the land and the gentleness of the natives. The first of these exploring ships landed at Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina, on the last of the coast of North Carolina, on the first of the coast of North Carolina, on the first of the coast of North Carolina, on the first of the coast of North Carolina, on the first of the coast of North Carolina, on the first of the coast of North Carolina, on the first of the coast of North Carolina, on the coast of North Caroli July 13th, 1584, and they were the first to name the eastern coast of North America Virginia in honor of the Virginia Queen.

The following year Raleigh sent over a large colony under Ralph Lane with 108 men, who settled on Roanoke Island, but after a year of hardships they were picked up and carried to England by Sir Francis Drake, who happened to touch at that point in one of his great voyages. They brought back with them tobacco and the potato, and first introduced the use of these in England. Raleigh was disappointed at the failure of his colony and he determined to try again. In 1587 he sent a colony of 150, 17 of whom were women under John White, and soon after they leaded at Pasancke Virginia where they landed at Roanoke, Virginia, where Virginia Dare was born. She was a grand-child of Governor White and was the first English child born on the soil of the

The Governor soon found it necessary to make a voyage to England, intending to return to his colony. But the war with Spain interfered, and three years passed before an English vessel reached Roanoke. When at last help came the colony had utterly disappeared and its fate was never known. Years afterward the people of Virginia found children among the Indians with light hair and eyes, and it was believed that they were

"That's a comfort," said Minnie. "I could never have got on with a Mrs. Bishop. Now, if you two will excuse me, I'll go and give some instructions to the servants. There are a few things they mightn't be up to if they're not accustomed to bishops."

"I suppose," said Ronald, "that you know exactly how gaiters and arrons ought to be folded."

"Really, Minnie, said Mrs. Mendel, "I readly, Minnie, said Mrs. Mendel, "I was been a deep chair."

"Certainly not," said Minnie. "You know no more about bishops than they were, and it was believed that they were descendants of members of White's colonnow and then Minnie, exerting her full only who were probably adopted by Indian tribes.

"Don't say another word," said Minnie. "Onn't say another word," said Minnie. "Onn't say another word," said Minnie. "I find that you haven't heard the dressing-gong, I'll come and knock the deressing-gong, I'll come and knock the dressing-gong, I'll come and knock the deressing-gong, I'll come and knock the deressing back to the deressing back the was hanging back; but every now and then Minnie, exerting her full and the the might hat a was believed that they were descendants of members of White's colon tow his the descendant to be a good the deal embarr making known the advantages of its soil and climate and creating the spirit of colonization among his countrymen.

On July 13 was passed the famous "Ordinance of 1787" for the Government of the Northwest Territory; Junius Brutus Booth, the actor, made his first appearance in America in 1821; anti-draft riots in New York City occurred in 1863; the Great Eastern started to lay the third Atlantic cable in 1866; and the Berlin treaty of "peace with honor" was signed in 1878. It is the birthday af James Aldrich, poet and editor (1810); General Nathan B. Forrest, of the confederacy (1821); Roger Wolcott, the Massaschu setts statesman (1847); and the date of the death of Richard Cromwell (1712); Jean Paul Marat (1793), and Rufus Choate, the American statesman (1859).

Easter in Jerusalem

After the wonderful midnight mass on the eve of Easter, when at 12 o'clock bells sounded within the church, and, as each one of the thousands assemble lighted his candle, the cry went up, "Christ is risen!" came the Easter morning ceremony in the court of the Holy

Ah, how gentle, how tender, how touching, how vital it was, that simple greeting of the wonderful morning after the delirium and the fury of the holy fire! All hearts were excited to frenzy by the holy fire. The Easter morning proces-sion moved hundreds to tears, held them

tensely silent. Instead of the blue dome, spangled with artificial stars, a faint blue sky was over our heads. Instead of the glare of the torches, the sunbeams fell mildly upon us. Instead of the yelling multitudes, we heard the sound of the wonderful bells. They began to peal forth just before the procession entered the court from the city. By the door of the church the Abyssinians, in white and black, were already waiting. And the bells, one deep and booming, the others lighter in timber, were harsh and very barbaric, but thrill-ing and full of meaning—bells never to be forgotten. They sounded like strange, emotional voices of living things, proclaiming a great, a superb truth.

Down below me I saw tears streaming

over the seamed faces of many Russians as they signed themselves, kissed one another, told one another, "Christ is "'Oh, yes,' said an English banker to me the other day, you've got a great country, the greatest country in the world, there's no denying that.'

another, told one another, that is another, told one another, that is another, told one another, that is another, told one another Then he gave a nasty laugh.

"But look at your fires," he said "Your the court, and a man carrying the cross, blue and red and gold came slowly into terrible fires are a disgrace to mankind," and boys in red and in gold with swing"Oh, our fires," said I, "are due to the
friction caused by our rapid growth."

and boys in red and in gold with swinging lamps on chains, and many priests in
black. And there followed a priest with

As his voice died away, the priest with the flowers raised his arms and showered blossoms over the crowd; the bells pealed forth again; the procession moved on; and the pilgrims, eagerly lighting their candles and embracing one another closed in behind, crying, "Christ is risen! Christ

And so into the darkness of the great church, quietly, softly, the procession gradually vanished. The gloom was lit up by the candles of priests and pilgrims. Through the doorway I saw Damianos in his gorgeous vestments sink humbly down to kiss the stone of unction. Then the Russians, weeping with joy, moved for-ward and hid him from my sight.

The crowds melted away; but the bells never ceased proclaiming their message. It was as if they knew that their voices were destined not only to tell to Jerusalem, but to all the world that lay beyond the confines of the city of Jesus, the truth of the resurrection—"Christ is risen! Christ is risen from the dead!"—From Robert Hichens's "Holly Week in Jerusalem" in October Century.

Influence of a Poem.

A story which shows how a human life may be influenced by an ideal to self-sacrifice of the completest sort, however unnecessary the sacrifice may actually seem to have been, is found in the life of seem to have been, is found in the life of Charles F. Cripps, a well known merchant of Philadelphia. His parents had been of the deepest submerged tenth in the city of London and he had spent his boyhood as a newsboy, roaming the city streets. At 19 he came to this country and despite lack of education and all sorts of hardship, worked his way up into the iron business until he became a proprieiron business until he became a proprie-tor and a rich man, with a host of warm

tor and a rich man, with a host of warm friends among the business men of Philadelphia, though he had no immediate family of his own.

This lad had escaped the vicious influences of his childhood, and it is with high hope for the human race that one notes the record of his life. He stood as one of the publish of his community. of the noblest of his community, using every enlarged opportunity of his successful life to help others. He was an earnest christian and taught himself Greek and Hebrew that he might read the Bible in the original. What he found as he often smilingly remarked, made him "very unorthodox." In his efforts to do good he became a director of the Home Missionary Society, 533 Arch street, Philadelphia, and gave large sums to the work of placing children in suitable homes and helping those in need. While living in a beautiful home at Oak

Lane, near the city, surrounded by every luxury, and very happy in the possession of fine horses and dogs which he loved almost as much as human beings, the poem which follows came into his hands. Haying once read it, he could not forget it. It haunted him night and day, until it became impossible for him to live any longer in what he called "selfish ease. He said he realized that he had been liv-ing in a little heaven of materiality, and this poem was the call to give up all for Christ. Many might say he was mistaken, but who can fail to honor the sincerity of Christian purpose which led him to dispose of the home so dear to him and follow where his ideal led at every cost of material things? He took up resi mean street, one side of which was occupied by a coal yard. He secured to himself an income of \$15 a week and became his own executor, administering all of individuals and causes. Although feeling keenly the change of surroundings he never wavered from his course and spent his earthly existence in this poor ho For him a God of love demanded this personal sacrifice, and he made it because he loved God and would obey to the ut-termost. He gave what he had to give and this is certainly demanded of every

Christian. Here is the poem which made so mark-

ed a change in the course of his life: I said "Let me walk in the fields:" He said, "No. walk in the town." I said, "There are no flowers there."

He said, "Ne flowers, bnt a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black; There is nothing but noise and din.' And wept as he sent me back, "There is more," he said, "There is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick, And fogs are veiling the sun." He answered, "Yet souls are sick, And souls in the dark undone. I said. "I shall miss the light. And friends will miss me, they say.

He answered, "Choose tonight If I am to miss you or they.' I pleaded for time to be given: He said, "Is it hard to decide? It will not seem hard in heaven To have followed the steps of your Guide.

George MacDonald in the Home Forum. A simple leak has sunk some of the stoutest ships that ever sailed. When a ship springs a leak, it is no good to crowd on more sail and hope to escape. The first thing to do is to find the leak, and then to stop it. It is the leakage of health then to stop it. It is the leakage of health which ruins many a splendid woman. It's no good in such a case to take tonics and stimulants. The first thing to do is to locate the leak, the next thing is to stop it. There is a constant leakage of health in every woman who suffers from disease or decapagement of the delicate womanly or derangement of the delicate womanly organs, such as unhealthy drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. This leakage can be stopped by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Over half a million women have testified to the wonderful curative power of this medicine. Sick women can consult Dr. Pierce free. All correspondence confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

-"So you think worry kills more people than work?"
"I'm sure of it," replied the sarcastic scientist

"Because so many people find it easier than work and devote their time to it."

-"What's that boy yelling at?" asked the farmer of his son.
"Why," chuckled the boy, "he's just yelling at the top of his voice.

-Scandal is the one thing that never gets worn out at the edges by being pass-

—He is happiest who renders the greatest number happy.

-For who knows most, him loss of