

THE UNFAILING CONSOLATION.

How beautiful to be dead! Where nothing dreams or grieves, To lie where sunshine weaves The shadows of the leaves Above my head. How blessed to be dead!

'TWTIXT LOVE AND HONOR.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon of a dark November day. The clerks in the office of the great manufacturing firm of Coleman & Parker were all working at high pressure. At 6 o'clock the great horn in the works would sound, and the army of operatives, 3000 strong, would pour from the gates like a turbulent flood.

house in Crosshill, one of the suburbs of Glasgow. A bright fire was burning in the grate, and a shaded lamp in a corner of the room diffused a soft glow throughout the apartment. The furniture in the room was inexpensive, but a few delicate water color drawings on the walls and the fresh chrysanthemums in vases on the mantel shelf and on the occasional table and piano were evidences of a refined taste of their owner.

partner's room that gentleman was seated at a desk absolutely bare of all papers save the cablegram that had arrived the previous day. Mr. Coleman was the son of the founder of the firm and a man of about 45. He came little into contact with the general office staff, as most of his orders were conveyed through Bunting, and he made it a rule not to interfere with his manager's arrangements. His manner was sharp and decisive, but the clerks who had been in the employment of the firm for some time had a great respect for him as an upright and fair-dealing man of business.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE Subject: Religious Creeds—A Plea For the Doing Away With the Dogmatics and For the Substituting of a Creed Founded on Faith in Christ. [Copyright 1900.] WASHINGTON, D. C.—At a time when the old discussion of creeds is being vigorously and somewhat bitterly revived this discourse by Dr. Talmage has special interest. The text is John xi., 44, "Loose him and let him go."

What makes him sulen, so savage, and cross? And for words of profanity or at a loss? What makes his breath so offensive and strong? He doesn't drink anything all day long. But hard cider. What makes his face such a cardinal red? Suggesting the thought that he ought to be blest. His eyes look exactly like ripe melon seeds, and to cure all these ailments it must be he needs More hard cider.

THE GREAT DESTROYER. SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE. I had Cider—in Episode Which Reveals the Utter Helplessness of the Average Rum Seller—Opened His Bar to a Drunken Man Despite a Wife's Plea. What all that man? He walks with a swagger. So very pronounced it is almost a stagger; Now, that he is tipsy don't ever be thinking, For how can that be when he's only been drinking. Hard cider? What makes him sulen, so savage, and cross? And for words of profanity or at a loss? What makes his breath so offensive and strong? He doesn't drink anything all day long. But hard cider. What makes his face such a cardinal red? Suggesting the thought that he ought to be blest. His eyes look exactly like ripe melon seeds, and to cure all these ailments it must be he needs More hard cider.