

TWO SCHOOLS.

I put my heart to school,
In the world where men grow woe,
"Go on," I said, "and learn the rules,
Come back when you win the prize."
My heart came back again,
And where was the prize? I cried,
"The rule was false, and the prize was
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school,
In the woods where wild birds sing,
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear,
And the blue of heaven bends near,
"Go on," I said, "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here."
And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?
The answer came with a laugh and a song,
"Find this school in home."
—Henry van Dyke, in the Atlantic.

The Bateful Eye.

PROMINENT store in Paris was that of Jean Guilleau, baker, a widower, with one child, Hortense, just seven years of age and very beautiful. Jean wisely took no part in the communitarian orgies running riot on the streets immediately subsequent to the Franco-Prussian war; but, with plenty of provisions in his cellar, he philosophically closed the doors and windows, withdrew his sign of business, and smoked his pipe contentedly in the exclusive companionship and filial love of Hortense.

One so pretty and piquant as she could not be exempt from a besieging of lovers. The two most prominent of these were her father's graduating apprentices, Henri Edouin and Giuseppe—"dark Giuseppe" and "the bateful eye"—the latter was frequently applauded by his intimates, because of the rascallous grin in his hard, black eyes and a lurking smile forever fixed about his lips.

To Henri, Hortense had long since given her heart.

It was quite late one night, when Henri departed from the embrace of his promised bride. As Hortense retreated through the narrow doorway, an unexpected form, like an apparition from the gloom, confronted her.

"Giuseppe!" she cried.

"It is I," he replied, calmly.

"Oh, you frightened me! Whence come you so suddenly?"

"From close beside, girl. Ah, thou comest! A word, I have heard all—"

"A listener—your? Shame!"

"Will me—be it true indeed I need how no more to win you?"

"You say you have heard all?"

"Yes, I am not deaf."

"And you have seen, too?"

"Yes, I am not blind."

"Much good may it do you, then, for you are answered?"

And, with the sharp speech, she slammed the door in his face, angry at his having spied upon what was to her a sacred interview.

For many nights after that her dreams were haunted by the bateful eyes of dark Giuseppe, and in her ears continually rang the fearful imprecation she heard him mutter, coupled with the name of Henri Edouin.

The favored lover was greatly surprised a few days later, at receipt of a communication from the Versailles Government. It was delivered by an entire stranger, who whispered these six ominous words:

"For your eyes only. Be discreet!" The sealed billet contained this:

"Last dispatches by balloon acknowledged. Inclosed herewith an order for 500 francs, payable when France is redeemed from her enemies. "M. Edouin, Paris."

Henri should have destroyed the mysterious scroll instantly. Instead he stood gazing at it in sheer amazement. He had had nothing whatever to do with the Versailles, though his heart was honestly with those who struggled so nobly to save the country from the doom of a bloody anarchy.

The few moments' stupefaction proved his greatest misfortune. There was a peremptory tap at the door.

Giuseppe entered, grinning internally; behind him "dressed" three ruffians of the National Guard.

"Ah, Monsieur Edouin!" he said.

"Oh, is it you, Giuseppe?" replied Henri.

Giuseppe advanced with snaky quickness, and ere Henri could anticipate, snatched away the fatal paper. Flourishing it aloft, he cried:

"Away with him! See what I hold—a paper that will have him shot, unless I greatly mistake!" And Giuseppe hissed maliciously into his rival's ear: "I am now a trusted spy of the Commune. Your death is certain. You will never wed with Hortense Guilleau!"

Unfortunate Henri was soon in prison. He fully realized his danger, and required but little reflection to convince him of the little trick played by crafty Giuseppe.

The days of his confinement went tediously by, while ever before him loomed the horrid prospect of a violent death. Then Giuseppe confronted his victim, and accompanying him—could it be reality?—was Hortense.

"I bring to you a gleam of sunlight, Monsieur Edouin," said the dark-browed villain, with grinning sarcasm.

Henri sprang forward to embrace his betrothed, but Giuseppe interposed.

"Hold! I did not bring her here for a love-scene. Give ear to me. Minutes for Henri Edouin are valuable. Judgment is to be given in your case within the hour. You know what it will be—death! I come to offer you life."

"You?"

"And pray, why not? I hold the document that is riddle you with bullets. Say the word, and I will destroy it. I will retract my charge as a stupid blunder."

"What word shall I say?"

"Henceforth you will work and fight on the side of the Commune. That will save you—if I choose, Giuseppe the spy is quite another person than Giuseppe, the baker's apprentice. Money and influence both are mine now. Besides, our prisons are cramping with too many hostages. Exchanges are slow and we need men. So, come, I have your sworn word!"

NEVER!" burst from Henri's lips, indignantly.

Throughout, Hortense had remained passive. Now she threw herself on her knees, with clasped hands, before the man she so dearly loved.

"Oh, yes—yes," she cried, passionately. "For me—for your own precious life! Promise! Swear! Here on my knees I beg you, Henri!"

Her voice was broken with wild sobbing; her eyes were brimming with tears. The young man's head drooped, then raised desperately, while his eyes flashed on the treacherous spy.

"So be it, villain Giuseppe! I give my sacred promise as you ask."

The mysterious and convincing letter was instantly torn into fragments. Giuseppe had not boasted vainly. Two days later, Henri Edouin was liberated and mounted in the National Guard.

For a long time he found no opportunity of seeing Hortense. When at last the lovers did meet, it was to realize the greatest sorrow of their two fond hearts. As the price of saving Henri's life Hortense had solemnly agreed to wed with Giuseppe.

Ever memorable will be the 28th of May, 1871, when the following proclamation appeared:

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS!

"The army of France came to save you. Paris is delivered. Our soldiers, carried, at four o'clock, the last positions occupied by the insurgents. Today the struggle is finished. Order, labor and security will now survive."

"DE MAC MAHON, Duc de Magenta, Marshal of France, Commander-in-Chief."

Crowds and columns of prisoners were being marched to Versailles. The prisoners' camp at Satory was an anomalous picture, even squalid to contemplate.

A man with bateful eyes and snaky lips approached one of the entrances to the stable-pens. The prompt "Qui Vive?" hailed him.

"Pardon!" was the affable, grinning response; "but am a quarter-master. You have here, by a great mistake, a good cousin of mine, who will answer to the name of Henri Edouin. Be so good as to summon him to me. I am not so great a fool as to ask his release just now, but would speak with him, if I may."

Villainous Giuseppe, ever treacherous, and fearing that Henri might escape to annoy him in the future—and jealous to insanity that the man should live to whom Hortense was so avowedly attached—he had sought the prisoners' camp with murderous intent. In his bosom he carried a pistol, and with the weapon he was resolved to slay the rival he hated.

His speech at the gate was interrupted by a savage cry.

A bronzed gendarme, who was standing near, threw aside his musket, and, springing forward, gripped the pseudo-quarter-master by the throat.

"This wretch lies!" he vociferated, excitedly. "He is Giuseppe, of the Commune—Giuseppe, the spy—who ordered forty of my comrades shot. I alone escaped! I know him well!"

A fierce struggle ensued.

There was a flash, a bang, and the gendarme dropped dead.

But simultaneously a musket butt crashed down through the skull of Giuseppe. The bateful eyes were dimmed forever.

It would be difficult to describe the fearful pleadings of beautiful Hortense before the gentlemen of the Military Bureau in Rue Satory. She knew and revealed the trick which had placed Henri in Giuseppe's power; she told the story of her heart's sacrifice to save a lover's life, and his unwilling yielding to the proposition of his arch-enemy. It was an appeal to touch the deepest sympathy of her hearers.

Henri Edouin was forthwith set at liberty.

He and his true Hortense were shortly afterward wedded, and when Paris had subsided to comparative quiet, old Jean Guilleau gave a merry feast to the handsome couple—Saturday Night.

FLOWERS HARD TO GROW

TRIALS OF A WOMAN WHO TOOK UP THE FLORIST'S BUSINESS.

It is Not an Easy Occupation—Hard Work and Perseverance Required For Success—Little Trade, but the Most Excessively Profitable.

A young woman who owns and manages a large wholesale flower business in New Jersey and a retail flower shop on Broadway recently talked to a New York Sun reporter about her experience.

"When you hear any one say that the flower business is an easy and profitable occupation for women, don't believe it," she said. "The magazines are full of stories about the romantic and beautiful side of the florist's work. They are enough to give any girl a tempting vision of a life all sunshine. You would think, to read them, that all a girl florist need do is to wear a white frock and gather roses and violets. I always smile when I read the fairy stories. A florist's business is profitable enough, if one succeeds; but as for its being easy, I know better."

"I was fortunate enough to have some money so that I could go into the work under favorable conditions, but as I look back at my experiences I wonder that I held on to those first months and years. I was not strong, but had always been eager to do things and injured my delicate constitution by all sorts of experiments in work. My family protested, but I vowed that I couldn't live without an absorbing occupation. I needed country life, but I wouldn't stay in the country and stagnate."

"Finally my family proposed that I should build a greenhouse on our country place and go in for raising flowers. They thought the work would be healthful and would keep me at home and I suppose they had no idea I would take it very seriously. I did. I went into the new experiment with all my might. I was utterly discouraged any number of times, but I wouldn't give up. I finally won out, but life was a succession of tragedies for the first two years."

"In the first place there was the building of the greenhouses. I had two houses, 100 by twenty feet in size, and then a smaller cold frame house. They were built according to the most improved principles of greenhouse construction. I selected a slope with the right exposure. When the men began on the cellar they found it had to be dug out of solid rock. The rock was too hard to be worked with picks and too soft to be worked with dynamite, and, as the men said, we had the devil's own time with it; but I consoled myself by thinking the cellar could never be damp. Still to make sure we dug a foot and a half below the floor and filled in with broken stone."

"The houses were finished in November. I put the flowers in at once, and just as soon as I had them in the man came tearing to the house one night to tell me that there was four feet of water in the greenhouse cellar and the fire were out. That was at four o'clock on a December morning. I knew it probably meant destruction to all the plants, but I climbed out of bed and went out in the cold to see what could be done. There wasn't any use in crying."

"We patched things up, after almost killing one workman, and then I put in an automatic cellar drain. Three weeks later there was another flood, worse than the first. After that we blasted a big ditch under the cellar and down the hill, so that no more floods, but there were other tragedies."

"Everybody had told me that I was perfectly crazy to undertake the thing, that no woman could do it, that it meant work night and day, frightful exposure, unending care, expense and responsibility—all that was true except the statement that a woman couldn't do the work. I did everything except run the furnace."

"Every leaf had to be drenched, the paths had to be wet down. I dragged hose until I thought my back was broken, and I drenched myself so thoroughly as the flowers. Then, of course, I took horrible colds. By and by I got rubber boots and a waterproof short skirt and blouse. After that things went better, but there was still plenty of excuse for colds."

"I worked hour after hour in the moist hot air of the greenhouses, and then went into the cool air outside. I got up at 4 a. m. to do the packing for shipping, stood in the cold storage room and dabbled in icy water, until my hands were so numb that I could not even tie the strings on the boxes and had to get the furnace man to come in and do that."

"I got up at all hours of the night and went out to the greenhouses with a lantern to open or shut ventilators because the temperature had changed. You know a fall of six or eight degrees in temperature may be a very serious matter in a greenhouse, and I was so worried for fear the weather would change in the night that I didn't sleep. When I did sleep I dreamed awful things about red spiders and mildew and owl worms and grubs. Oh, those diabolical red spiders that you can't see! Yet mildew is worse. A draught or damp weather, or too high temperature, and mildew will appear from nowhere and ruin all the foliage."

"Then the grubs! Did you ever see a grub? I'll never forget the first one I saw. I went to the greenhouse, one morning, and there was my favorite rose tree, looking like a wilted cello. It was utterly limp and ruined. I couldn't see anything to account for it, so my common sense told me to dig. I dug, and down by the roots, I found a fat white worm, with big, vicious, black eyes. I'm positive it glared at me, and I was in such a rage against it, that I was sorry I could kill it only once. I met lots of the creatures after that."

"Florists put tobacco stems, all around a greenhouse to drive away the green fly, but sometimes the little wretch gets a hold, in spite of the precautions. Then one has to fumigate with tobacco smoke. The green flies descended upon my plants, and I had to resort to fumigating, but I hate to have tobacco smoke, and every time I fumigated the house I was desperately sick."

"I never had any big catastrophes, but the days were full of maddening little ones. Vicious culture is very dif-

THE WORLD'S REDEEMER.

Dr. Talmage Gives Portraits of Some of His Great Disciples and Exponents.

The Love of Christ Set Forth—He That Cometh From Above is Above All."

(Copyright 1904.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sounds the praises of the world's Redeemer, and puts before us the portraits of some of His great disciples and exponents, and we shall hear of "He that cometh from above is above all."

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger of chronology, the finger of genealogy, the finger of geography, the finger of astrology—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overflowing figure of all time. He is the axis of all time, the center of all space, the pivot of all events, the root of all things, the fountain of all graces, the life of all ages, the light of all nations, the power of all ages, the glory of all ages, the love of all ages, the hope of all ages, the life of all ages, the light of all nations, the power of all ages, the glory of all ages, the love of all ages, the hope of all ages.

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The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter of the alpha and omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out with those two letters. He is the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "Above all."

It means after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a ladder of angels to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain, but mythology has piled up these three mountains and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens, but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after one of the giants—Baal and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; Columbus and Vasco da Gama, explorers; and even the greatest of men—Christ as the paragon of all men—the correction of all evil, individually, social, political, national. There is no reason why this world should be any other than what it is. There are no reasons why it should be any other than what it is. There are no reasons why it should be any other than what it is.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

April 28—Fidelity to Pledge: I Promise." Ps. lxxv. 1-4; xl. 1-8; cxvi. 12-14.

Scripture Verses—Matt. vii. 21; John xv. 11; Acts II. 41; 42; I Pet. 2: 21; Rom. 12: 1-5; I Cor. 10: 1-17; Eph. v. 25-27; Heb. x. 32-35.

Lesson Thoughts—"Am I making the best of my pledge?"

"We should be as proud of our promises as a soldier is proud of his uniform, which is his promise to serve his country."

"Our pledge is easier for us to keep, because we know that so many others are keeping it with us. Let us in turn make it easier for them by our fidelity."

Selections—The first word of the pledge is "trust." This is the main-spring of the Christian life. Without all else is vain, with it all things are possible. God requires an unreserved, complete trust. This trust is such that the soul leans on Christ for what it cannot now discover, just as the mariner proceeds in the dark with the compass to guide him, though he cannot see the polar star.

The pledge stands for growth. Whatever Christ would like to have done by the young man of twenty means more than whatever he would like to have done by the young man of eighteen. The new consecration called for every month does not mean beginning again on the first April at the same point from which one started on the first of March. "More and more until the perfect day" is the ideal ever set before the Endeavorer.

The Christian Endeavor pledge points out certain duties to be done and the helps toward doing them. It puts forth unhesitatingly the thought of duty; with that it puts thought that transpires duty's severe face so that it shines with the light of love, which is needed to make any service acceptable.

RAMS' HORN BLASTS

HERE is no gala without giving. Regret cannot bring the arrow back to the bow. Blessings will be poured in only as you pour them out. There is no profit in religion where there is no loss. The hiring has his hire but the Shepherd has the sheep. Influence is immortal. Cheap success is ever too dear. Willingness to be God's slave is the way to become His son. Sometimes God's storms are but to drive us into harbor. Every sin committed commits one more to the way of sin. He who is unwilling to face failure can never secure success. You do not need to wear a stony look to be a pillar in the church. The man who revolves around himself will never set any where. The telescope of love has the longest range for celestial vision. The accents of character are in what you are and not what you have.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

There are 32,000 Samoans under German rule. Oil has been discovered near Hartsville, Ala. Steps are to be taken to form a commercial museum in Madrid, Spain. Italy's new coins with the head of Victor Emmanuel III. will be ready soon. The population of Belgium is 70,448,000. The Prussian railway authorities are making experiments with American car couplers. A combination of gasoline lamp manufacturing interests has been effected at Chicago. Canada's Governor-General will sign fishing at Old Point Ledge, N. B. The total output of beet and sugar in the countries of Europe for 1900 was 855,000 tons. A constitutional amendment permitting women to vote has failed of endorsement in the Wisconsin Legislature.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

April 28—One Lecture. Ps. lxxv. 1-4; Eccl. v.

"When thou vowest a vow, defer not to pay it." The criticism here against the man who makes a pledge is that he does not do it. The exhortation of the wise man is that when he pledges are made they shall be kept. It is a great mistake to promise to do what we do not fully understand, and the performance of which we have not carefully considered. It may be asked whether the officers of our League are not such to blame because of the careless attitude of many. Young people are often asked to sign the pledge as though it were nothing more than signing one's name to an ordinary constitution and by-laws. The pledge is repeated often in no careless way, with so little emphasis on important points, that the attention is not secured. Gradually conscience is dulled and the pledge might just as well not be made, for its influence on many lives is concerned.

On the other hand, the pledge should be very thoughtfully read and explained to all applicants for membership. Before signing there should be a season of prayer. Then every effort should be made after the pledge is signed to persuade new members to form the habit of doing just what they have promised. A pledge like that of the Epworth League should be understood as having been made to God. Having been made to him, it should not be performed as if he were not there. He who makes a promise like that which one does make in signing the Epworth League pledge should not only determine with himself to perform it with the help of God, but should pray daily that he may perform every part of it as in God's sight and unto God.

This pledge is in three parts. The first is, "I will earnestly seek for myself the highest New Testament standard of experience and life." Secondly, "I will do what I can to help others attain this same experience." Let us note that word "earnestly," and the phrase "highest New Testament standard." What that standard is should be understood. To seek a thing earnestly is to seek it continually and hopefully. The highest New Testament standard of experience and life is an exceedingly high thing. The second part of the pledge is a promise to abstain from all those forms of worldly amusement forbidden by the discipline of our Church. The third clause is just as binding as the other two paragraphs: "I will attend so far as possible the religious meetings of the chapter and the church and take some active part in them." This, as will be seen, is made up of two parts. The first part is limited by the words "so far as possible." Let it be noted that this does not say, "so far as convenient," or "so far as it is pleasant," but "so far as possible." It should be noted also that this promise is not only to be in the meetings of the chapter, but also of the church. The second part of this last clause puts the one who has signed it under the obligation of not only taking some part in the meetings of the chapter and the church, but the taking of some "active" part. But to take an active part surely means something more than simply coming to the meetings and joining in the general exercises, though he who takes such part actively is preparing himself to fulfill his pledge in the fullest sense.

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