- At night the stars are wonderful— Remote the; blaze—aloot—apart; Oh, northern night-sky, far and cool, Your stars shine in my heart.
- I want the hills of home again;
 And aye my heart is yearning—yearning
 To feel the hill-road up the glen
 Carcas my feet returning.

 Grace Hazard Conkling, in Everybody's.



By MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.



know how Dillaye got such a start in found his voice. life? No? Then I must tell you the story. Ascot had every advantage. him, you would not believe me, so let He was brought up by an uncle, a it be that I can tell you nothing," he vary indulgent old fellow, but with replied. some strict notions, who turned sour when the young chap began to reap his crop of wild oats-for Ascot was wild in his day, though he made it a short one. He was head over ears in debt for one thing and in a tight corner, when the uncle decided to cut him, and made his will, devising his property to sundry missions and charities. It was here that Dillaye stepped He undertook to show the old fellow the error of his ways and to plead the cause of the nephew, with so much success that the break between them was patched up, and he himself was given a responsible position in the business. Understand that Ascot had been meant for this place, but by Dillaye's advice - everybody knows that it was by his advice-he took a subordinate position, staved his uncle's approval. And meanwhile Dillaye is growing rich and swelling the possessions of Ascot, senior, by his judicious management of affairs. It's my belief that he accomplishes everything he sets his mind to, and I So full of energy, so breezy, so much in earnest whatever he does-going at it with all his heart and mind. If I had to be worsted in any fight, I'd

All this eulogy, delivered by one of his friends, was possibly intended to have its effect with Miss Vardevelt where her two rival suitors were concerned, but what woman ever yet loved in accordance with reason? Not Miss Vardevelt, certainly, who had been a little spoiled, and was fond of having her own way to the disappointment of others, or the next scene I have to record would not have oc-

"Is it true that you are going to marry Ascot?"

"I have promised him, Mr. Dillaye." "When you knew I loved you?" "I must beg your pardon for consulting my own liking rather than yours," said Miss Vardevelt, saucily. But there was a strength of emotion in Dillaye's face that awed her.

What if I should prove that he is not worthy of you, that he is so much less than worthy that you will wonder how he has dared to ask so much?" She threw back her head with a de-

"Prove it if you can." "And have you hate me forever after," said Dillaye, turning his eyes of an idle moment, the restless im-gloomily away from her. "No, I pulse of a hand which could not be ude. She had the vivid contri annot risk that, but I will save you

from him yet, in spite of yourself." It was in his plan to save her that he faced Ascot at a later hour, and the result of that interview was a letter which was handed to Miss Vardevelt next morning:

"Forgive me for having come into your life at all. Forgive me, since have done so, for paining you, as must, by the confession of my atter unworthiness. I have been a default er to my uncle's trust; I have stolen from-him the means to repay webt which it is my shame to have ever incurred, and by this act I have placed a barrier between us for all future The only reparation I can make is to leave you aware of my guilt, and to pray you to banish my memory as completely as I shall banish myself."

Dillaye stood in his own chamber, his face showing worn and haggard the morning light, when she knocked at the door and held out that miserable admission of guilt. You knew of this?" she asked.

"And he has gone?"

"He has gone," Dillaye repeated mechanically. "Is-is it known?"

what known? Oh, I under stand. It is not and never shall be made known through me. If it be a softened expression on her face to possible to-to arrange matters-in way to avoid the compromise of his name-" he spoke slowly, choosing his words with an effort -- "I shall endeavor to spare you that pain.

Something on the hearth, a line of be the alarm of some vessel in danfeathery ashes, where a strip of pager. She rose hastily at the thought, per had been burned, kept attracting and gazed antiously out over the vis-ta of tossing white waters. No his gaze, and when she had gone he stood and swept it away. stranded hull met her sight, but as

One surprise followed fast upor another at the old house on the lake shore where the party of young people had congregated during the summer. Ascot's incontinent desertionit was supposed he had obeyed in structions from the firm, and salled an outgoing ship on the shortest -had scarcely ceased to be the topic of interest, when it was known that Miss Vardevelt would not remain lable during his absence. Before the season was over she had married his rival, but they were not a happy pair. The tender sweetness which had been Miss Vardevelt's greatest charm faded from the face of Mrs. Dillaye. Her husband brought more energy than ever into his busi-ness, and became absorbed in it to the neglect of society, even, some whispered, to the neglect of his wife. Be that as it may, the coldness between them grew, but the only emewhen the cause of it was alluded to

"If I were to say I know nothing of

"Because you are afraid to trust me?" she seemed goaded on to ask. "Because what I could tell would only heighten your regret. Because in the depths of the lake, and for her any idle dream I may have had of banishing him from your thoughts has left me, and all that remains is which will end there, rather than the red-haired girl may wave her colto hide the secret of your regret and our misery as best we may."

"My regret. If he had died and been buried, and his sin with him, I might have known regret," broke bit- but how my responsibility in his terly from her lips. "I might have death was to rise up and haunt me, believed then in a love that would to murder my peace, and to poison neither desert its object nor be my joys, all the time since has been turned from it by sordid cares. I slowly revealing. I have tried to have little enough cause to believe crowd out the remembrance with busy in such now."

one, fell without effect upon Dillaye. hand holding me aloof from you, my Hard work began to tell on him as love, my life!" off his liabilities by some means, and the months went by, but the only is turning out well enough to regain recreation he would take was an occasional day snatched from the busi- coloration where the man had bowed ness which people began to say was killing him, and spent in the quiet nook where the one summer holiday of his life had been passed.

It was this fact that set his wife How many minutes passed before her must confess that I admire the man. to thinking during one of his ab- eyes—full of horror and pain—to see sences. Did some spark of lingering, him standing just within the door tender sentiment remain in his breast, she could not have told. He must unchoked by the haste to grow rich which had taken possession of his from her nerveless grasp to the floor. take it as an honor to be worsted by faculties? Strange actions of his but he gave no sign. He came forarose in her memory. She recalled, ward as if it were no surprise to see how, at various times, she had gathered up fragments of torn envelopes

them. Questioned, he had said:

"I am developing a Micawber-like

propensity for letter writing, I be-

lieve. I have diverted myself that

did cravings she had resented, and

beart. She had heard of a particular,

strong inclination, in some persons

monomaniac in his acquisitive de

sires? Pondering these things, a sud-

to the retreat by the lake, so bright

with life and gayety as she remem-

bered it, so dismal in its loneliness

as she found it in reality when she

came that October evening within

A heavy rain had beer, beating

down all day. She was dreached with

it, buffeted and chilled by the strong

wind which hurled great waves to

break upon the sands with deafening

roar, but she had set her face toward

her object with ac much earnestness

as Dillaye himself had ever dis-

played. The place was deserted when

she reached it. A fire in one corner

had burned down to sullen coals

There were traces of his late occupan-

cy, a shawl strap thrown carelessly

down, a glove lying on the floor, some

torn papers, and she sat down with

await his return. The rain was ceas-

ing now, and a glow of angry red be-

gan to tinge the west. A bell was

tolling out dismally at intervals.

sounds, but several minutes passed

before it struck her that this might

she turned from the window some-

thing else did-a sheet of paper cov-ered with her husband's handwriting.

the first words of which caused her

"My Darling, My Wife: How often

I have been driven in these mad fron-

zies of mine to write out the sacret

which is consuming me by slow tor-

ture, how often I shall continue to do

so until the end comes, Heaven only

knows. I wake from my sleep in cold

horror, sometimes, thinking that one

of these confessions has found its way

to your eyes, but I can no more re-

frain from making them, even in the

face of such a danger, than I can blot

out that hidden tragedy of the past, or my responsibility in causing it.

"How the truth starts up and

burns itself in words of fire in my

rain while I write - Ascot never

shivering through the strife of other

sight of the old house in the point.

secoming a mania-might he not be

What Do You Remember of Your Courtship Days?

From the Buffalo News.

Remember the time she—suspicious gazelle!—took you across the "swing bridge" to find out if you had been drinking, and you had!

II. Mind the little red haired Thompson squirt who finally got to keeping company with Her sister; mind how sore he used to make you by beating you to the hammock on the front porch and compelling Her, and yourself, to sit on the side stoop with the hired man?

III. Remember the Women's Relief Corps home talent where She recited "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and, when she got down to that old familiar recurring line, she said: "Oh, George, what may it be?" and everybody tittered?

scattered about his room with her struck on the bar," he announced

name ir his own handwriting upon "She will beat to pieces before the

way sometimes," leaving the impres- the one chance to save a hundred

light now. She began to think there their eager interest in life, doomed,

den impulse moved her to follow him to the open air, where he joined her

No

ought to exert over her husband's with a wistful smile.

sion that these were but the scrawls souls from going to the bottom."

Mind the little red haired Thompson squirt who

when he was harassed by duns, and on the brink of ruin through debt, when his uncle had softened, but not wholly relented, and he took a desperate way out of his difficulties, by appropriating the money of the firm to his own needs. His timid nature would never have resorted to that course had he not been aided and abetted by me. I made the opportunity; I screened him afterward; and it was through my efforts that the sum was restored in time to avert suspicion and exposure-slight extenuation for my own part of the crime. Yet I did it through motives in which I justified myself, in my love for Ascot, and my wish to save him. It was all a matter of the past when we first met you. Jealousy then, the knowledge that his suit was successful where I felt, but for him, I should have won, suggested the use of my power over him in the matter you know. I dictated that confession, I who was the guiltier of the two. had no mercy on him, but exacted that return through his gratitude more than his fears. Before it reached you a slip he had written afterward came into my hands.

" 'I have done your bidding, Dillaye, but I shall not live to be disgraced in Miss Vardevelt's eyes. Before this reaches you I shall be at rest chance of future happiness, I leave her unconscious of the existence a miserable life.

"How desperately earnest he way I, who knew him well, realized then, cares, but the madness of remorse is The reproach, if it was meant for more potent than they. It is an iron that it is more important to instruct

And then a great irregular blot where the pen had fallen, and a dishis head and shed bitter tears.

It seemed to Constance Dillaye that the hand of iron had taken hold of her heart and was wringing it dry. have seen that paper before it drifted

night is half over, the fishermen say."

"A man might go out with a rope

"Constance, will you tell me God-

She stood for a moment watching

speed? I shall make the effort to go

his hasty preparations, then went in

presently. There was a monotonous

drip from the eaves, but the rain had

ceased. The bell, which had been

silent for a time, began again, but

drowning its alarm came an ever in

creasing sound like the deep roar of

wind and waves rising out of all

bounds to encompass earth and space

They looked awestruck into each

other's eyes, and the silence between

"Oh, Constance, forgive me when

"Dear husband, I loved you always

even when I deluded myself by think

ing otherwise and in my waywardness

turned to him. I have not beer blameless, I fear-I fear!"

It was as much as they could do

clasped close to each other, to hear

these words. Then both their facer

were turned toward the west, where

something rose like a white tower of

driving foam. It was one of those

sadden currents which sometimes

sweep the lake with their devastating

flood, spreading wreck and ruin it

their wake. The force of the curren'

of a building gave way before it and

was tossed in fragments far and wide

the point itself was cut of as if if

puny resistance, and the two clasp

ing figures that had stood there and

now were gone made a dot in the

destruction wrought. But the ship

was lifted by the same tide bodily

from the bar, quivering through all

her length from the shock of waters

then righting herself, was born'e by

it into safety. Such are the ways of

Providence, mysterious and inscruta

The Count's Wooing.

love with me," excitedly exclaimed

"He asked me to-day how much

was worth."-The Catholic Standar

Australia's government envins

What makes you think so?" in

ble.-Good Literature.

the first helress.

quired the other.

and Times.

head, never salled in that ship, but banks have \$204.871,324 on deposition deposition of the commowealtr.

*Let me go back to the beginning.

The accounts average \$162.75 each.

them broke in a simultaneous burst.

I have made explation with my life."

but no boat can be launched. It is

"And can nothing be done?"

"A ship has been driven in and

The Red Haired Girl.

"A new value has been placed upon the red-haired girl," says the Liverpool Post. "Many of the largest stores in America," the article goes on to say, putting the word "stores" in quotation marks so that the British mind may recognize it as meaning have advertised for these girls with red locks for the unique reason of their surpassing sunny temperament.

The manager of one of the large down-town restaurants explains his preference on the ground that the red-haired girl is more optimistic, energetic and adaptable than any other kind. Moreover, she is generally gifted with a clear complexion, and is usually the pink of neatness, this astute restaurant man has discovered. and all men particularly appreciate these qualities.

The threadbare saying about the flery hair and a corresponding temper ts another one of the groundless superstition: that must go down before bear the burden of her scorn through ors in token of her meekness and docility.-Argonaut.

Bables More Important Than Trees.

Since she listened to a lecture on forestry by Enos Miller, Government expert, Mrs. Olaf Guldin, of Fort Wayne, Ind., has been busy spread-ing an idea. She believes the Government should send out lecturers on home economics. "It impresses me us about the child than about a tree," says Mrs. Guldin, who is a leading clubwoman in the Indiana "But the Government seems to attach more importance to the life of a tree than to the life of a child. Of course, forestry has its place, but I cannot understand why a lecturer should be sent out to tell all about trees when we women should be left to find out for ourselves, if we can, how to rear a child. I am sure the careful rearing of children is of more importance to the nation than the careful raising of trees, and I for one wish the Government would recognize the fact and send us practical land are the idle wives and daughters lecturers. Of course, there are wom- of the rich. en who know all about children, just

life?" It seems this young woman has struck the truth squarely on the head. After all, the big things of life are the fruit of little things, and the wise husband will turn a responsive ear to his wife's little worries. Another reason en'tht spring from a desire to give her that companionship which in turn gives the ideal marringe.-New York Press.

First All Directory Wedding. London's first out-and-out Directory wedding was that of the Hon. Siby! Roche to Nigel Baring. It held in St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, and, the bride being Lord Fermoy's daughter, was one of the most fashionable marriage ceremonies of the season. The bride wore a Directory gown of soft satin with a tulle clomisette and a satin train. Her robe was folded sheath fashion about her figure in graceful lines. Her vell of embroidered lace was fastened with diamond brooches. She wore a big diamond pendant and carried a bouquet of orange bloseoms with Hiles of the valley. Each of the ten bridesmaids was dressed in a Directory gown of pale cream satin with chemisette and sleeves of transparent tucked tulle, finished with a squarecut lattice of satin. Two of the bridesmaids were little girls. Miss Muriel Brenton and Miss Veronica Christie-Miller, the latter youngster three years old. Little Miss Christie-Miller is believed to be the youngest devotee of the Directory gown in the world. In addition to the costumes like those of the grown-ups, the wee bridesmaids wore large Directory bonnets of emerald satin lined in

rectory dresses:-New York Press.

We are apt to envy the wives of rich men. But the envy ought to be on the other side-and is. The unhappiest, most restless women in this

It is true they have fine houses

French Toast With Sliced Peaches .- Cut as many slices of bread as there are people to be served; stamp out the slices into rounds or cut in squares, discarding the crust. For six rounds, beat an egg and add to it one-fourth a cup of milk, and a few grains of salt. Put the prepared bread into the egg mixture, and let stand until the whole has been taken up by the bread. Have ready butter melted in a frying pan, and in this cook the bread to a golden brown on both sides. Serve with sliced and sugared peaches above each slice. Soft, mellow peaches are meeded. Harden peaches cooked in syrup may be used, the syrup serving as a sauce.-Boston Cooking School Magazine.

as there are men who know all about | carriages and automobiles, fine trees, but I fear the women who don't know are in a great majority."-New York Press.

Recipe.

Our Cut-out

Charms of Pleaders.

A new element, insidious and prejadicial to the equal administration of justice, is said to have crept into the law courts of Paris with the advent of women atorneys. The acumen which once went to the disentanglement of involved points of law is now being She did not understand his quiet | firected to the solution of this fresh problem. The leaders of the Paris her mind-the brave ship with her bar are discreetly hinting that the They appeared to her in another human burden, all probably with learned magistrates are not wholly insensible to the physical charms of might be a struggle between the sor- and they two, with the hope gone the women pleaders, and that logic is now which made life endurable, it no longer enthroned in its pre-emin the influence which every true wife safety here. He read her thoughts ent niche in the temples of justice. The women speak so fair and with such a tuneful eloquence that justice is now and then caught nodding. Those who have been placed in cus tody or who have property rights in jeopardy are said to have been quick to discern the truth and to avail themselves of this extra-legal appeal.

There are professional regulation against advertising, but recently the editor of a legal publication hit upon the clever expedient of publishing the photographs of women pleaders in his journal. Thus it was possible for the public to avail itself of the most charming members of the profession. Now that particular publisher and his journal have fallen into disrepute with the leaders of the bar. It is alleged that such a practice should be discountenanced, because it subjects the less well favored feminine pleaders to a handicap in their quest for clients. Whether this protest is absolutely sincere may be doubted since it comes from the men, not from the women. Although women have now invaded almost all the professions, it would seem that the process of adjustment so far as the men are concerned is not even yet complete. They are still quick to seize upon a pretext to frame an indictment, but they can scarcely expect to achieve anything but an opera bouffe success .- Chicago broke against the point, the old shel | Record-Herald.

Why They Nag Their Husbands, English husbands have been comhad been so much dry ashes in its plaining in London newspapers of their wives running to them with household troubles, but they have been less assertive since a courageous young wife replied to them in the following effective fashion: "The reason why women tell their husbands what they don't want to know is because they must tell some onc. The wife is locked up in the house all day with stupld and irritating servants and trying children. She has no one to whom she can unburden her mind and with whom she can discuss these lit-"I'm almost sure the count is in tie worries, each of which may seem trivial enough, but which, taken to gether, spell irritation and despair. The man of the family has other interests which serve to distract his mind from business worries. meets his friends in the course of his business, and I suspect strongly that he discusses the iniquities of office boys and clerks with them. should he complain, then, if his wife

dresses, magnificent jowels, stately calls upon one another, grand din-

ners, brilliant receptions and all that, But it is all a vencer. It is merely mahogany finish upon a base of ordinary, common timber. It is not happiness, but only a presense of itan extravagant attempt at imitation

The great mass of women without wealth, who work in their homes, rear their children themselves, cook the meals, mead the clothing and do the thousand and one unending tasks of the busy housewife need not envy the glistening butterfly of fashion.

The happiest women in the world are the hard working ones. Not overtaxed drudges, but the women whose time and minds and hands are ever occupied in making the home happier and life for those about them sweeter.

To put a fine drees on a girl accustomed to nothing one since birth is to give no more real enjoyment to her than would be given to a doll by the same process. But the pretty dress bought by a

girl with her own earnings means a triumph and a joy as the human heart can know.

That dress is a part of the girl herself. It stands for her heart, her brain, her bone, ber blood. It makes an epoch in her life. It is the happy culmination of happy usefulness.

None who observe even casually can fail to perceive the growing restlessness among the women of the great cities. The enormous increase in divorces is but one symptom. The increasing popularity of apartment houses, where babies may not come, is but one cause.

The woman who appreciates her possible influence in the home will never fall to find plenty to do and find joy in doing it.

It is from the home she makes that most men-husbands as well as sons -form their ideals of life and fir their aspirations.

If she is idle, restless and discontented, the home, instead of being a solid cornerstone of society, becomes heap of sand that sinks under every weight of trouble and shifts with every tide of passion and caprice.

There is one great cure for the restlessness and discontent of women. It is in common sense application of mind and hand and heart to useful work.

spite of wealth. But it is possible for any woman to be equally happy with out it .- Columbus Citisen.

Some women may be happy, in

Crime and the Telephone.

Although both on the stage and between the covers of sensational romances the telephone has become an almost indispensable adjunct of plot and counterplot, in real life the telephone as an aid to crime rarely soars above the petty swindle or the feeble and senseless hoax.—National Telephone Journal,

No Longer Secret. *Does your bushand belong to any secret societies?* inquired Mrs.

"No," answered Mrs. Middleblok: seeks his advice about the affairs "I have found out the name of every which form the greater part of her one of them."—Chicago Tribune.



Place Cards.

Seasonable place cards are very handsome this season, and since the water colored cards have been so much in vogue, a very interesting and profitable field has opened for girls with talents in this line of art. Some of the daintiest cards are flower girls opening bix boxes of roses, lilles or violets. Other pretty ones represent green jack-in-the-pulpits, colonial dames, Dutch girls and birch bark logs. For auto parties there are numerous cards suitable for the table, also wedding and engagement place cards.

Photograph Frames.

The latest frames for photographs from Paris have a light blue mat which makes an attractive setting for a picture. A framer can easily duplicate one, as the colored mat is really the thing and can be chosen to match or contrast with any room. One often does well to supply their own mat when having pictures framed, for certain rooms, especially if tapestry is used. Many picture shops can furnish handsome ellk or cloth mats, and it is cheaper to use these and quite as satisfactory, as one must purchase so small a piece for one picture.-New York Evening Post

Lamp Shades Important. When choosing lamp shades for a room remember that color is of more importance than the material used. Porcelain and colored glass are often very satisfactory, but softer and more pleasing effects are obtained with shades of paper or silk. Be sure to shoose a shade which distributes the light properly, at the same time saving the eyes from glare. The color front with white lace, sleo pearl and gold heart pendants. Lady Fermoy, of the shade should harmonize with the walls. Red walls reflect red light the bride's mother, was in a Directory best, and green walls are best suited gown of saxe blue and wore a hat for green shades. Contrasting colors dim the light and make a room aptrimmed with blue ostrich plumes. pear gloomy .- New York Evening All the women guests also wore Di-Post.

New Rugs From Old Carpets.

Our upper hall is a passage hall in antique oak with green and brown burlap. The carpet on the stairs leading to it is brown, old yellow and green. In recarpeting the hall it was our wish to use the same carpet as on the stairs, but when we wanted to order it we found that the design was no longer on the loom and that It was impossible to get any more of it. Nothing else seemed to match in color or design and we were sadly perplexed.

At last a thought came to us. We gathered together the Wilton and velvet carpets that were so worn and faded from their latest service in the laundry that the storage attic wouldn't take them in. Even the rag man wouldn't pay his customary cents for them. These we sent to a rug company to have two new rugs made of them in sizes of two and one-half feet by fourteen feet and two and one-half feet by five feet. These firms weave any old carpets you may have into durable rugs and are highly to be commended. When our old, faded, worn out, dirty rugs were returned to us we found them transformed into two beautiful rugs of softest color. They were woven as a filler and contained grays, yellows, light browns and an old French blue. They cost just \$6.

For weaving old carpets into new s I am told the ingrains and Brussels are preferable. If you have any old carpets about the house do not be ashamed of them and throw them away. Keep them until you need a new rug. It is also well to tell the weaver that you want a blended color effect and what the predominating tone should be. Then, if your carpets do not have the requisite colors the weaver can add the color in new materials at a cost of eight cents a yard .- Good Housekeeping.



Fried Squashes .- Cut the squash into thin slices, and sprinkle it with salt; let it stand a few minutes; then beat two eggs and dip the squash into the egg; then fry it brown in butter.

sages dry. Dip them in beaten egg and bread crumbs; put them in the frying bucket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook ten minutes. Serve with a garnish of toasted bread and pars-

American Toast .- To one egg thoroughly beaten, put one cup of sweet milk and a little salt; slice light bread and dip into the mixture, allowing each slice to absorb some of ; the milk; then brown on a hot buttered griddle; spread with butter and serve hot.

Pear Preserves,-For each halfoushel of pears take the fuice pressed from four quarts of cranberries; make a syrup of the cranberry juice, adding one cup of water to every quart of juice and two cups of sugar. immer the pears in the syrup till tender and add one-third stick cinnamon for every quart jar. Seal air tight.

Cream Pie .- A piece of butter the size of an egg; two-thirds of a tea-*up of sugar; one teacupful of cream; one tablespoonful of flour. Stir butter, sugar and flour together, then add the cream and flavor vanilla; poer into a pan lined with pastry and bake. Let cool and spread over the top a cupful of whipped cream.

Potatoes a la Creme.-Heat a cupful of milk; stir in a beaping table spoonful of butter cut up in as much lour; stir until smooth and thick; pepper and sait, and add two cupfuls of cold boiled potatoes, aliced, and a little very finely chopped paraloy. Shake over the fire until the potatoes are bot all though, and pour into a



QUIETNESS AMID STORM.

Far beneath the noisy waters Of the raging, tossing sea, It is said there flows a current, Smooth and placid as can be.

No rough waves disturb the flowing Of that calm and peaceful stream; All the noise of tempest raging Lies as distant as a dream.

So, to all who listen truly

For the Saviour's loving voice,
Comes that "peace that passeth knowl-And the soul can e'en rejoice-

When the storm of life is keenest;
For, beneath the tempest wild
Is the quiet, firm assurance
That the Lord protects His child.

Rest, then, soul, for God gives quiet
To the heart that trusts His will;
"I will never, never leave thee,"
Is the promise—then, be still,
—Alice Foulger, in London Christian.

The Petty Trials of Life.

But you know a great deal of the trouble of your life does not come from the major trials at all, but that a great deal of the downright misery of our life comes from petty trials. You get a letter in the morning be-

fore you begin your day's work, a carping and insolent letter, and the carping and insolent letter, and the poison goes into your blood and makes it sour all the day. You wran-gle at the breakfast table in a family about some arrangement of the day, and go fretted to the day's work. A friend passes you on the street, and you believe she saw you perfectly well. Some meddler brings you a criticism passed by some candid friend, and which he carried to you because he thinks it right that you should know. There is a feline amen-ity at that tea-table, and the two ladies go home all on edge. What are they? Such little things, but they mount up into evil temper, darkened outlook, sore heart and bad blood.

My point is this, that not one of them was inevitable; not one of those little trials would ever have happened if you and I had some common sense, and without common sense, some kindliness toward our brother. It is our social insolences, it is our irritating manners, it is the pin-pricks of our conversation, it is our regardlessness of other people's feelings that darken our neighbor's lives.

Well, then, is not life—is not life heavy enough for you and me? If, there is anybody that says it is not heavy enough for him, and he doesn't suffer from unkindness, I rule him out of court; he may go home boasting and rejoicing. Is not life heavy enough for you and me without all, this addition of vexation and of irrisation? Why should you and I spoil our neighbor's temple? Why should we disturb his peace? Why should we lessen the poor little joy he has in the world? Why should we make his life rougher, when we could have helped him?—John Watson, D. D.

Premature Old Age.

The Lancet has recently declared that premature old age is not so much a question of time as of "over-eating and under-thinking," and that "pros-perous members of the trading com-munity die at the age of sixty years or thereabouts; first, because they have ceased to think, and secondly, have ceased to think, and secondly, because they continue to eat and drink in excess of the requirements of their bodies."

Longevity, swording to the the Lancet, is may be found in men of high intellectual endowments, "who

have become dependent upon the ex-ercise of those faculties for their chief pleasures." And what shall be said of those who have devoted such endowments to the service of God? Only the other day it was the writer's happiness to listen to a masterly exposition and a remarkably powerful serrion from a pastor who had spent over sixty years in the ministry, and the utterance seemed inspired in its spiritual and mental strength, and in its Christ-like yearning for the salvation of men. There are numbers of others of equal age and of similar de-votion. "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still prais-ing Thee. Blessed is the ing Thee. Blessed is the whose strength is in (Psa. 84: 4, 5.)-London Christian.

Controlling Our Right Purposes.

Souls need controlling as surely as odles. Even inspiratious must be ruled by conscience and judgment. Good feelings, like good horses, have run away with a man and landed him in a ditch. Jesus taught the impulsive Peter that lesson, when, first being unwilling to be washed at all, Peter then wanted in the inspiration of a new situation to be washed too much

Paul wrote, "The spirits of the Breaded Sansages.—Wipe the sau-ages dry. Dip them in beaten egg openings and equipments, but He has also set certain lines which we must watch in using them. Lost the sorvants of the Lord serve Him in the manner as well as in the purpose of their service .- S. S. Times

> Lightens Our Burden. way to lighten our own bur-

den is to add to it the burden of another. The highest of all joy is the foy of a life so consecrated to service that there is left no thought of self, of a self-sacrifice so complete that self does not know that it is sacrificated ficed.

Hint to Preachers.

Reinte some story or incident that ou have read, to illustrate some have of the topic. A thought warm it's life never falls to bit the mark. Avoid set phrases. Speak naturally.

No Real Prosperity. No matter what appearances may wleked.

An Example. Every man is a page of the Bible so some other man.

The One That Was Sorry. Teacher-"Now, children, the subect is the story of the Prodigal Son. Can any one tell me who was glad when the prodigal retur- ed?"

"The father," was the unanimous "And who was sorry" asked the

"The fatted calf," promptly ponded a little girl.—Pittston