The Magical Bamboo.

By G. R. O'Rellly.

the mountains of Eastern Venezuela, bamboos to rest. overlooking the Gulf of Paria.

The Indians were hunting for eels, alligators, boa constrictors and anacondas we talked of.

"I've had many marvelous escapes from snakes," said Saturnino-"pois- on the billowy surface, and allowed onous ones, I mean. Boa constrictors himself to be carried along as if he and anacondas I don't much mind, unless they are over fifteen feet long; but the snake I dread the most, and have gone under. by some ill luck encounter oftenest, is 'the sleeper.' "

num that I had in mind. He is a true of you ever saw it." boa with the anal hooks-concerning which I had made some important scientific observations during my residence in Trinidad in 1890. These snakes are tree-snakes; they are rarely found on the ground. They go

"Yes, yes," said he, "that's the the bushmaster himself."

would be much more dangerous."

Not venomous!" cried both he and Cipriano together; and they looked minded me how to do it. I'll make ward between the outstretched fingers at each other and then at me, smiling broadly at my ignorance. Then both of them joined in an earnest endeavor to set me right.

"Don't be unreasonable, senor! Indians, white men and negroes all say that the sleeper is deadly. Why, there was Sebastiano, our uncle—he was bitten, and would have died if Mr. Solis hadn't had a big jar of Caru-

pano rum in the house. "They made our uncle drink rum until he couldn't hold any more; and it was four days before he recovered. It cured him completely, and he never swelled a bit, either."

"Well, then, my dear friends," said I, "they came very near to killing your poor uncle-poisoning him with rum. The very fact that the bitten part didn't swell was enough to show that the snake was not venomous at all; because if he were venomous, all the rum in the world would not have prevented the swelling. Nor would it ever cure any man of the bite of any dangerous snake, if he had once got

a fatal injection of the venom." "But, senor, you don't mean to stand against the opinion of the whole world?

"Why, certainly I do," said I. stand out against the whole world, when I know for sure the whole world is wrong. Now," I added, "you two boys have over a hundred dollars' worth of orchids already collected and stored away in that cave up the mountain. You can spare the whole day to-morrow to go with me.

We'll go down by the river. We'll find a sleeper, and I'll let him bite me; and afterward I'll catch hold of him and make him bite the dog; and if neither I nor the dog suffer anything whatsoever from the bite-without applying any remedy at allwill you believe me that the sleeper is harmless?"

Yes," said they together, "we will. But we don't wish you to take such "Risk!" said I, laughing. "There's

no risk at all " They shrugged their shoulders and

sat gazing into the fire in silence. They both looked sad and worriedblaming themselves, I thought, for having unintentionally pushed me on to make a foolhardy venture.

The next morning at an early hour we set out for the river. The way those two Indians pleaded with me not to let the sleeper bite me was most pathetic, and this great fear of theirs for my sake only made me the more determined to be bitten for their sakes. I confess I don't hanker after a bit from any creature, but I owed a debt of gratitude to these two brothers, who had carefully tended me when I was ill with ague in the mountains; and it was too bad that they should oftentimes lose valuable orchids because one of those

near-by branches. We soon came to the river, and as we had no cause, we had to make our way along the bank, which was no easy matter, as there was such a just the faintest little poke. thick growth of vines in some places that for many yards we never touched ground at all. We walked and crept I held my bamboo perfectly still over the matted tangle.

harmless snakes lay coiled in the

Any moment we might have stum- When, after a few seconds, I let it bled on a boa constrictor or anaconda, or laid a hand or a foot on a fer-de-lance or a bushmaster. All these reptiles frequent the river bank. The two Indians knew the danger along the river bank as well as I did, so we all kept silence and went on slowly, with eyes and ears alert for every

"Dear me, now this is really too much. This place isn't comfortable We must have gone on thus for any more. I'll move." fully two hours without seeing any Then we came to a long

stretch of open ground.

About a hundred yards downstream there were tall bamboos waving their feathery tops on the hither

There were three of us—two South | as well as on the farther bank. Tired American Indians and myself—sit- with scrambling through the thicket, ting over our camp-fire one night, in | we sat down in the shade of those

The river tumbled noisily by us. It was in flood; and on its yellow orchids, and I for snakes, but each of water driftwood and floating rubbish us, in his pursuit, had had encoun- went bounding swiftly seaward. And ters with various beasts, birds and while we sat watching the tossing reptiles. Jaguars, monkeys, electric waters, a great alligator came floating round the bend. We sat quite still while he passed; and he probably never saw us, for he lay there lazily were enjoying a toboggan ride. If

he had seen us he would doubtless "This ought to be a good place to "The sleeper,' " said I. "Is he as he paused and looked about him.

about six feet long, a yellow fellow "Yes," I replied. "I've often seen with a big head, a great biter, aloft them in bamboos—and just look! in the branches coiled up and sleep- There's one coiled in the top of that ing all day?" It was the snake known leafy cane stretching out over midto scientists as Xiphosoma hortula- stream right opposite us, and neither

"Yes, I saw it," said Saturnino.

"Well," said I, fearing that they might refuse me their assistance in about hunting by night, and feed catching the snake, because of their largely on tree-rats and birds. They anxiety for my safety, "I want to are great biters, much dreaded by the get that snake, anyway, because he people, but really quite innocent of looks different from those I have caught before."

"Why, hombre," said Cipriano, very one. Many a fine root of orchids "how are you going to get him? I've had to lose on account of those Don't you see that his bamboo same sleepers. I dread them more reaches out from the farther side, than I do the rattlesnake, or even so that he hangs just over midstream? 'Tis a long pole that would "O Saturnino," said I, "you needn't reach out to where he is. You can't fear the sleeper! He's not venom- get at him. And unless you can make ous. The bite of a rat or a mouse the snake come over to you, I don't see how you are going to get him."

strangth.

help me."

about thirty feet.

skinned companions.

easy to handle."

Desire wedded to expectation.

"Senor, I'll help you on one condi-

catch him without letting him bite

you."
"All right!" said I. "I promise!"

to about midstream, that would make

the distance between us and the snake

The plan which I was now about

I felt sure of success if I could de-

the strict obedience of my two red-

"Look here!" said I. "I will do

what I've said if you will obey me

exactly in what I'll tell you to do.

There will be no danger whatever to

not allow the snake to get at any time

carefully and exactly all you tell us."

"Yes, yes!" said they. "We'll do

"First of all," said I, "we'll cut

two bamboo poles, long, but light and

So, in the bamboo clump behind

us, I picked out the poles I needed.

Cipriano cut one and I the other.

When trimmed of leaves and branche

each pole was somewhat over thirty

feet long and fairly easy to handle,

although, being green, they were not

by any means as light as fishing rods.

Sharpening the butt of one of these, I stuck it firmly in the bank

near the edge of the water, and then

leaned it over till its very tip was

just above the snake and among the

tops of the leaves and branches in

which he lay. From the snake to the

Calling the Indians over to me,

got them both to lay hold of the

leaning bamboo, and told them to

Taking up my own pole, I carefully

advanced its tapering top toward the snake. Very gently indeed I ad-

vanced it; and I held it more steady

and advanced it more gently as I

slowly pushed it in among the

With the slightest movement of my

He woke up at once and shot out

his head to see what was the matter.

touch him again, he shot out his head

somewhat farther, as much as to say,

"Yes, something did certainly touch

A few seconds more clapsed, and I

gave him another little poke; where-

upon he seemed to say to himself,

So he stretched up his head and

neck to climb higher. He found only leaves and twigs, too thin and yield-

ing to climb on; but among them he found the strong top of the Indian's

where it was-almost touching

wrist I made its top give the snake

hold it exactly in the same position.

water was about ten feet.

branches

either of you, or to me, either.

nearer to you than fifteen feet."

The optimism of the soul.

The sun shining through a sorrow.

What makes the poultry good as gold, When eggs are at a big price sold, What makes the happy colts all play. While mothers graze throughout the day? Alfalfa.

What is the crop that always pays,
And will mature in forcy days,
Resisting drought, the frost, the heat,
Whose roots reach down one hundred feet?
Alfalfa,

"Aha! This is convenient," thought he, and he reached his chin over it. Just then I touched the coiled part of him again, and he drew himself farther up on the pole, for he had nothing else to climb up on. A little touch on his tail made him draw himself yet farther up on it; and soon he lay with his entire body stretched along it. Again I touched his tail, and he began to advance along it, evidently desirous of getting away from whatever was troubling him. moved very, very slowly.

He was coming down the pole toward the motionless Indians, whose deathlike immobility prevented him from recognizing them for living beings. From time to time he would seem to hesitate, but a very, very light touch on the tail kept him com-Soon he was half-way.

"Keep just as you are now," said I to the Indians. "I am going to take the pole from you." So I gently laid down my own pole.

and took hold of theirs. "Now," said I, "both of you move off very slowly up-stream for a few steps. And you, Cipriano, take up my pole and gently touch his tail

with it whenever I tell you." Now the snake, as soon as ever he noticed our movements on the bank, had halted in his approach, and lay perfectly still. He saw the two Indians moving slowly away up the "but I wouldn't tell you, because I river bank, and he watched them. They drew his attention away from

> "Touch him on the tail, Cipriano." So Cipriano touched him on the tail, and he came on steadily, while I slowly got the pole between my legs, and with my left hand and knees held it steady, while in the same manner I advanced my right hand up the pole and laid it, resting on it, back down and palm up, with the fingers extending to one side and the thumb to the other, as if they

were broken-off branch stumps. To the snake they must have appeared so, for he came on without suspicion. Just as he was a few inches from my hand, I said, "Touch his tail, Cipriano," and the slow-mov-"Aha!" said I. "You've just re- ing sleeper at once ran his head for-

But he meant to fight for his lib-

round my arm, drawing his colls

tighter and tighter.
"Magic! Magic!" cried the In-

"Oh, yes," answered they. "He's

"Look here, Saturnino!" said I

"I've kept my promise. I've caught

him bite me for your sake, as I said

So I let the sleeper nip me twice

on the left arm. Little blood-drops

appeared on the skin, and the Indians

were horrified. They watched me

narrowly for some time after, think-

ing that they would begin to see me

But that night, after supper and

"Senor, I am going to prove your

So he went to the bag, got out the

For a few moments he looked quite

bag, he came over and sat down again

"I thank you from my heart, senor," said he. "You have given me

knowledge that has taken away my

fear. The sleeper is never terrible to

me any more. For the future I will

take the orchids if a hundred sleep-

ers guard them."-Youth's Com-

Educated Pig Does Police Duty.

dog-or-that is, watchpig? Thomas

Kerens, of No. 200 Osago avenue, in

Kansas City, Kan., has no need for

a dog, he asserts, because Fannie,

an educated pig, does police duty in

his yard. Fannie doesn't allow

strangers to enter the yard. Of

course she doesn't show displeasure

by barking or grunting, even, but

she has a certain repulsive expression

that makes people hesitate before en-

tering when she runs toward them.

Fannie is a clean hog, Mr. Kerens as-

serts, and doesn't care about wallow-

ing in mud. Instead she prefers a

nice, clean bed of autumn leaves .-

Luck in a Horseshoe.

tre County, probably believes there is

luck in a horseshoe. The other day

several men and boys were pitching

horseshoes in the alley at the L. C.

Thompson store. When one of the shoes was pitched to a stake it struck

picked it up to see what it might be.

Much to his surprise it was a \$5 gold piece,—Philadelphia Record.

The Japanese system of licensing individual opium smokers has greatly reduced the number of drug fiends in Japan, and especially in Formosa.

nething bright, and the young man

Horace Schenck, of Howard, Cen-

New York Telegram.

Ever hear of a pig that's a watch-

his left arm exactly as I had done.

suffering some evil effects.

much talk. Saturnino said:

HOPE.

The heart's understudy to certainty.

The dawn of new inspiration.

Lights from the future illuminating present sorrow.

The phoenix of new strength that rises from the ashes of

nununununununununununi

was my snake.

a real sleeper."

told you is true."

words on myself.

by the fire.

panion.

that snake come right over here to and thumb. My hand closed on his

me. But both of you will have to throat like the jaws of a trap. He

tion, and that is if you promise to erty. In an instant he was coiled

Now the river was fully sixty feet dlans. "That's a magic bamboo."

was coiled, hung out over the water enough sleeper, isn't it?"

across, and as the bamboo, in the "Well," said I, "it's no magic tip-end branches of which the snake snake, anyway. It's a real sure-

to try I had used before on the Caroni the snake without letting him bite

River, in the Island of Trinidad, and me. But now I am free, and I'll let

pend on the steadiness of nerve and I would to prove to you that what I

nans Pecilin

too familiar.

the home.

Try to Be Sweet.

Do try to be as sweet and charm- It is better always to err on the side ing at home as you strive to be else- of being over reserved rather than where, says the New York Herald, speaking to girls. Get up and go to bed good natured. Speak to the members of your family as courteously as you would to Mrs. Modish. It will charm the ear of your mother and gratify her. And keep a careful watch of your voice as well as your words at home, for one of the greatest attractions one can have is a speaking voice of sweet, modulated tones.

Take Warning, Girls.

Cupid is always painted with wings, perhaps to show how easily he can fly away. Many women forget this once they are married, and the man who fell in love with his wife, because, before marriage, the always looked so dainty and well groomed, is sometimes woefully disappointed to find how little care she takes over her appearance for ordinary, everyday occasions afterward.

It isn't fair to any husband to let oneself go in this way. If you do, and find that very soon Cupid flies out at the window, you will have only yourself to blame .- Home Chat.

Goes Into Detail.

It is cause for a man to go along the streets calling to people to look out for their horses: A Woman Who She recently bought a spool of thread at a store, and told a busy clerk why she preferred forty to fifty, what she was making, how fast she was sewing and in just what corner of the room she kept her sewing machine. A man who was walking to work overtook was a fine morning, and in reply she life. told him her grandmother's last ter the man had left her he was found | English. in an alley having a fit. It would be

overcomes good sense, or in wondrous moonlight, wherein responsibility ceases. This being the case the situations are among those to be avoided, for not even the most lenierit Goes Into Details is visiting in town. chaperone may approve, and not even then is it proper for a man to kiss a girl .- New York Telegram. Aired Her Knowledge.

although the act may be questioned.

It is not good form for a girl to be

kissed by the men she knows, not

even though she regards them as

brothers. They may call themselves that, if they like, and she may treat

them informally, but it is always well

to draw a line and kissing should be

the deciding poil . No girl ever kept

her men friends by allowing them to

take liberties, and to kiss her may

certainly be classed under that head,

Parenthetically it may be remarked

that real brothers are not given to

embracing their sisters, not even

when they are marrying and leaving

Punch's advice of "don't" might

well be given to girls who ask if it is

all right to let their men friends kiss

them when they have known the men

for years. A man kisses the girl to

whom he is engaged, and his own sis-

ter at times, but not some other man's

sister-not if she has real sense. She

merely cheapens herself should she

permit it, and the man who wishes to

is not apt to be of a kind worth her

knowing. There are, of course, mo-

ments-at a dance, for instance-

when the glamor of the conservatory

She was a Vassar graduate and didn't know a little bit about househer the other morning and was com- keeping when she married her last pelled to walk with her. He said it beau and settled down to domestic

Her first order at the grocer's was words, and why her great-grand- a crusher, but that good man was father always wore something with a used to all sorts of people and could touch of blue in it. Five minutes af- interpret Vassar as easily as plain

"I want ten pounds of paralyzed proper and show consideration for the 'sugar," she said, with a business air.

Bacon and Eggs .- With a broad-bladed knife slice bacon as thinly as possible. Cook in a hot frying pan until bacon is crisp and brown, turning frequently, and occasionally pouring off fat from pan. Drain on brown paper. Return fat to pan, and when hot carefully slip in an egg which has been broken into a cup; then slip in one or two more eggs. Cook until the whites are firm, taking the fat by spoonfuls and pouring it over the eggs during the cooking. Remove eggs with a small skimmer to a hot platter, and surround with bacon.

people if a warning were passed from door to door upon the approach of A Woman Who Goes Into Details in order that storekeepers might lock their doors and hide .- Atchison Globe.

Love's Labor Lost Indeed.

It was misdirected zeal and patience that moved Mrs. Lena Wilson, of Brazil, Ind., to write a sentence of eight words 1716 times on one side of an ordinary postal card. In all Mrs. Wilson wrote 13,728 words, or 68,640 letters, an average of five letters to a word. The writing was done with a blue steel pen, and every word | no use, as we don't keep a horse." shows clearly under a magnifying It has been est woman spent eight full weeks, or patent washboard. Vassar had taken 1344 hours, or 80,640 minutes on the work. The result certainly does not justify the outlay. Two solid months mean six months, working eight hours a day, and for that Mrs. Wilson has a single postal card. which is merely a curiosity and of no artistic value. With an equal amount of patient labor, Mrs. Wilson might have produced enough fancy work to decorate her home, or gained a working knowledge of a language, or perhaps written a play.-New York

Knows Her Mind.

The Span'ards are beginning to realize that Victoria is made of stronger stuff than her husband and, despite her open leaning to English ideas, she continues to gain in popusnake by the throat, and made it bite larity. It is known she attends bullfights only as a concession to public wish and national custom, and it grave. Putting the snake back in its would excite no astonishment were she to announce her absence from all bullfights in the future. Against de- in its train many new and exquisite termined opposition, she has effected weaves. a revision of the rules of the Spanish court, and has introduced a system which makes for the liberality of the white border. English court in which she was raised, and from which Alfouso carried her off a bride less than three years ago. Old-fashioned Spaniards profess to be shocked by the reforms the young Queen has wrought, but, just the same, they have been unable to withhold admiration for her strength of will. It has taken brief time, in truth, to mark Victoria as the most authoritative of the women sharing as consorts the thrones of the Old World .- New York Press.

When Kissing Girls is Not Improper. smoke.

The matter of when it is proper for It is a fad to tie around the centre tain occasions it would be manifestly used on the hat. indecorous, at others it is quite to be the inevitable, and give, or accept, a and Valenciennes laces. caress when he fain would not. Promiscuous kissing is, however,

not to be indulged in; not even at weddings, where the bridegroom expects to be martyred by girl friends and relatives, or the bride finds berself being embraced by casual acquaintances. This custom is not good orm. Only the close friends of the bridal couple should congratulate them in such manner, and the man who takes advantage of the bride's her, though he knows her but for-mally, can only be called impertinent. Every cornstalk in the field is at if he has been on informal terms liberty now to consider itself the likes her, it may then be permissible, per-

"Yes'm. Anything else?" "Two cans of condemned milk."

"Yes'm." He set down "pulverized ing," "condensed milk." "Anything more, ma'am?" "A bag of fresh salt—be sure that

t is fresh. "Yes'm. What next?" "A pound of desecrated codfish."

"Yes'm." He wrote gilbly "dessi-cated cod." "Nothing more, ma'am? Here's

ome nice horseradish just in. "No," she said, with a sad wabble to her flexible voice, "it would be of Then the grocer sat down on a kit

of mackerel and faned himself with a the cake .- Indiana Farmer.



Sleeve puffs have entirely disappeared. The new handbag is almost a car

Gold is a conspicuous note in pres ent fashions.

The newest muff is of the bolster variety, long and big. Many of the best coats have de-

tachable fur linings. Brides are selecting wedding gowns In Empire styles.

Filagree silver butterflies are quite in style for coiffure adornment. The bride's veil is no longer con-

sidered necessary, but is optional. The popularity of satin has brought

Smartest colored handkerchiefs for women are of a solid color with a

Long-trailing and tight-fitting gowns are prominent for elaborate

evening functions. A long coat is always more becom ing to a stout woman than a short

one, and her skirt must be long, too. While black is highly fashionable for grown-ups, children are dressed in delicate shades, and white is popu lav.

Deep shades are modish, the favor ites being old rose, mole, mushroon and a curious cinder tone that rivals

a man to kiss a girl is undoubtedly and even around the ends of the muff an important one. And while on cer- the same color ribbon velvet that is White cotton French crepe waists

expected and there are even times are in growing favor. They are when a mun must brace himself for trimmed with Irish crochet, torchon There is something not only smart

in the appearance of the very long Directoire handle of the up-to-date umbrella, but it is exceedingly convenient to carry. Black for general wear is evidently

destined to have as great a vogue at last season, and black cloth gowns Print Jelly .- Sonk one-half package of gelatine one-half hour in onedesigned for wear with black fur or half pint of cold water, pour one-half velvet jackets are among the smartpint of hot water over it and stir unust of all the new models. til dissolved, add the grated rind of one lemon, sweetened to taste; strain in fancy dish or mold; into the jelly put thin slices of banana, small pieces

with her for a long time, and feally agricultural column of some newspa-

HOUSEHOLD

MATTERS ---

To Take Out Mildew.

sun, or lay the cloth in buttermilk for a short time, then place in the hot

sun, or wet with lemon juice and

On a Lobster Plate.

ties of lobster origin, the big red lobs-

ters being posed picturesquely on

white china plate, bowl or platter. A

salad plate shows his lobstership re-

posing on a lettuce leaf. A pate dish

is protected by two big fellows with

claws clasped around the rim. All in

china, of course, and true to life in coloring.—Washington Star.

Dainty Hangings.

materials in purest white are not only

prettiest and daintlest for bedroom

hangings, but they are fashionable.

And a most effective decoration is the

narrow white soutache braid which

has been used on summer frecks and

suits. The need of the sash curtain

for such a room is done away with by

having the two parts-the curtain

and the short valance, hung on separ-

ate rods so the long parts can be eas-

ily thrown together .- Hartford Cou-

To Preserve Shoes,

Patent leather shoes are not an

economy in cold weather; their life is

as precarious as is the new born kit-

Unfortunately they are the only

kind of shoes worn for most formal

afternoon occasions, and the girl who

hates cracks and is limited to one

pair of dress shoes a season is in a

If she is provident, however, she

can prolong the life of the leather

surprisingly. Here are some rules

given by a shoemaker which may help.

Warm the leather by rubbing gen-

Do not go immediately out of doors

On bitter cold or snowy days walk

around in a room with the windows

open for five minutes before going

Never wear overshoes over patent

leather. If it gets wet or muddy wipe

it dry as soon as possible.-New Ha-

A Kitchen Cabinet.

I am very much interested in your

Household page, and having derived

much help from it, thought, per-

the middle space it is not shelved and

gar, another with lard, a couple of

bottles of flavoring and a tin contain-

ing eggs. I then covered the top of

the box with oilcloth, painted the

sides and hung a piece of muslin,

split up the centre, over the front.

When soiled the muslin can easily be

taken down and laundered. On top

of the box I keep cooking knives and

forks, two old cups and a mixing dish,

and also the egg beater. I find this

homely but useful cabinet saves me

many a step and much time; you see

I can stand at this table and do al-

most anything in the line of baking.

MOUSEMOLD

RECIPES

Spice Cake Without Emgs. - One

cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of

lard, two cups of sour milk, one tea-

spoonful each of alispice and cinna-

mon, flour to make stiff batter, and

Buttermilk Pie,-Two tablespoon-

fuls of butter, one cupful of sugar.

yelks of two eggs, two seent table-

spoonfuls of buttermilk and the

whites of two oggs, well beaten. Fla-

vor with lemon and bake with one

New Dress For Hash .-- Heat a pint

of gravy left from a pot rosat to make

a real brown gravy, add a cup each of

boiled spinach, chestnuts and French

mushrooms, chopped, and a teaspoon-

ful each of current jelly and thin,

large slices of cold ment; warm thor-

oughly and serve with pleses of toast,

Japanese Rice .- Put one cup of

rice which has been theroughly

washed over the fire with five cups of

boiling water. Add salt and when it

has boiled fast for fifteen minutes set

in a saucepan uncovered in a moder-

ate oven. In fifteen minutes the wat-

er will be completely evaporated and

every grain distinct and finfly; not a

of orange, one fig: let cool and turn

on on platter; out in thin slices to

sliced lemon and watercress.

grain will stick to the pan.

serve and serve with cake.

crust. This will make two pies.

fruit if liked; mit in order given,

-Boston Post.

tly with the palm of the hand before

putting on the shoes.

into the street.

ven Register.

after donning patent leather.

ten's in a cat-hating household.

bad fix.

Lawn, batiste, etamine and like

treat the same way.—Boston Post.

Wet the cloth and rub on soap and chalk mixed together, and lay in the

From the Writings of Great Preachers.

RELIGIOUS TRUTHS

AFTER COMMUNION.

The Lord of Glory (O wondrous story)
Hath made His home within my breast,

Bowed down before Him, My soul adore Him, Who 'neath thy roof vouchsafes to rest, Crustacean dishes are ready for the serving of newburgs and other dain-

Ah, softly sing Him Sweet songs, and bring Him Your burning love, your worship blest, The Lord most holy, All meek and lowly, racious dwells within my breast.

My Jesus: Never Shall creatures sever My happy heart from love of Thee.

Ah, do not let me. My King, forget Thee: And, O do Thou remember me!

In strife defend me And come in death to set me free.

In joy and gladness, In pain and sadness, Oh, let me, Lord, be nigh to Thee

Good Shepherd feed me,
And guard and lead me,
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea.
—Canadian Messenger of the Sacred -Canadian Heart.

Sons of God Now.

Sonship is a present experience. Our hearts tell us so. "The Spirit of God witnesseth with our spirits that we are the children of God." Sonship is an inward experience in the soul.

I think I hear some one say: Per-haps you may be cheated, and this feeling you have is only imagination; give us stronger proof than heart proof, which may be only passing fancy. This is the only proof I can give: I know, as every believer knows, the Spirit of God is in me, and this Spirit speaks with the voice of the Father to my heart. The man of the world laughs at such an ex-perience; let him laugh. The things or God are spiritually discerned. You cannot prove the reality of God in the soul by the rules of logic. The soul is too big, and God is too vast to be measured by the littleness of the

unregenerate mind.
As sons, God speaks to us every day; this mystical communion is of great service to our souls; it is by the inward voice that He inspires our frooping hearts. When we are carrying heavy burdens and walking dark ways the mystic voice speaks within, saying: "Comfort your heart, My beloved, I will not put upon you hurdens ereater than you can hearburdens greater than you can bear; I am your Father, and love you too tenderly to cause you undue anxiety. Listen this morning for the inward voice, it is full of tenderest pity: *Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that rear

haps the following might be of use Him." There is yet another thought on to some one. I call it my "kitchen cabinet." First, have your kitchen this inward experience; we hear in addition to the inspiration, the voice table a good sized one, with a large addition to the inspiration, the voice of correction. There are times when no visible rods are laid upon our backs, and yet in soul we have felt beaten with a switch of small cords, the voice whipping up to duty. Who has not been led to do certain actions which have brought great glory to Christ, and yet in the doing of them our neighbors wondered at our movements, and thought us strange but drawer in which you can keep your bread board and rolling pin. Cover the top of your table with oilcloth. Now get a box about thirty inches long, twelve inches deep and twenty inches high. Take two thin boards the same height and depth of the box and partition off, making three separments, and thought us strange, but we were moved by the Spirit. When ate spaces. Have the third space we were moved by the Spirit. When a man is indweit by the Holy Ghost he lives and moves according to his about two inches wider than the others and board it half way up. In this space I keep flour; it will easily hold dictates. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of one bag, and I keep the sifter on top of the flour. Now put two shelves God," and thus by inward experience we know we are the sons; in addition to this, however. Scripture plainly says we are the sons of God. "Beequal distance apart in the first space, and on these I always keep, in small jars such things as spices, ginger,

pepper, soda, cream tartar, baking loved, now are we the sons of God. "Be-powder, sait, raisins and currants. In | It is a delightful thing to long and to dream about Heaven, but you are it contains a lard pail filled with su- as truly a son of God now as you will in the other world, "now are we, This very moment, now, you are a son of God; do not wait till you see the Father's face to experience His love: have it now, live like a son who has the best of fathers. There will, however, be a greater realization of your sonship in Heaven. One day you will go home to the mansion prepared by Christ; you will take up your poright hand .- W. R. Bryce.

> A Truth to Live and Die With. . An old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin. old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying, with

great earnestness: "Is that there, my dear?" "Yes, grandpa.

Then read it to me again; I never She read it neate "You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."
"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want She took the old blind man's hand

and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said: "Now, read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice, she read: And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin. You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa"
"Then, if anyone should ask how I
died, tell them I died in the faith of
these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all

Life's Basis.

When the mason carries up the wall, the course of brick which he laid yesterday is the foundation on which he is laying another course to day. All that you do to-day on the structure which you are building will remain as a basis for that which you are to do to-morrow.—H. W. Beecher.

The Meet Reward.

I do not care how or where I live, what hardships I go through, so long as I can gain souls for Christ.

Aged Woman's Walking Record. Miss Olivia Blamey Williams, of

St. Mabyn (Cornwall), walked 2358 miles last year, or an average of for-ty-six miles a week, and her record for the present year has already beat-

en taat. Last week she walked over fifty miles, visiting her customers in other parishes, where she helps with plain tewing. She is over seventy years of age.—London Standard.

Recipe. いいっというというとうとうとうとうとうとう Cut-out Warming to-day's hands at to-morrow's fire.

A bud of promise that cheers, though it may never blossom.

Nature's antidote to worry.

Discounting possible future joy in order to have present

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