The ragged rail Fence just loafed alen-In a leisurely zigzing line, Down the side of the Hill, and wandered out To the murmuring slopes of pine,

And I had only to climb the Fence. Or go through a crumbling gap, To let gold spill down out of my arms, And overflow from my lap.

And the Fence never cared a single bit, For all it was there to guard, And I might have doubled my golden spoils Untroubled of watch or ward.

A careless old Fence, and yet the Hill Broke splendidly on the eyes-Gold clear out to the West, my dear, And gold clear up to the skies!

And you needn't say: "Oh, it's a fairy

With that odd, little scornful nod, For it happens to be our own East Hill Grown over with golden rod. - Fanny K. Johnson, in Youth's Companion.

A Darning Combination.



HERE isn't one thing that I know how to do thorough. ly," mused curly-head ed Jessie Power as

she wrinkled her pretty white forehead into a dozen fine little lines, the result of the serious self-examination she was

"Let me see," and she sat bolt upright among the numerous soft and downy cushions that made the windowseat her favorite retreat. "If I trim a hat I get along pretty well if I pin on the feathers and don't have to put in anything, but that would never do. People want their hats to look as though they came from a fashionable milliner's and not be botched together by a novice. It's all right for me,' and she glanced over the table where a jaunty little velvet toque was lying with, it must be confessed, several pins showing amid the fluffy pompons that adorned the front.

"I know I have a taste in that direction, but I could not face a hat brim smoothly to save my life. If it needs a puffing or a shirring I can manage. Millinery is out of the question, for 1 would have to take a course of lessons, and that would take time, and what I do must be attended to at once.

The frown deepened on the girlish | face as one after the other the little accomplishments on which she had heretofore prided herself were now, one after another, discarded as being unworthy to bring aid to her mother and herself in this most trying time of

brought up to do nothing really sen-

she ow have appreciated far nore han the smattering of mil. the gay little French sentences or the meaningless sachets and banners painted with impossible roses and lilies that had heretofore been her pride and joy. just add

How she envied Emma Morton, who had a good position as typewriter and stenographer. "I suppose I can go and the end of it all was I came to the in a store," she sighed, "but then conclusion that I was about as useless there is mother," and at the thought a bit of humanity as you could find in of the delicate, fragile woman who a day's walk until this stocking, dear seemed more like her child than her mother, the tears would well up until ally that commonplace article of at last they overflowed all barriers, and Jessie gave herself up to the luxury of a good cry. Poor little woman; hers was a sad

and trying position, though to the casual visitor entering the room, with all its dainty knickknacks, low, easy chairs, well-filled bookcases and the one hundred and one little trifles dear to the feminine heart, it probably would seem as though she had no cause for tears; but how many homes could show the same sad history and the fatal mistake of bringing up its daughters to do nothing. Jessie was the child of the most indulgent parents. In all her life she had not known a care unless it were the protracted invalidism of her mother. Even this after a while ceased to affect her, other than that she looked to her father for all help, and he and she regarded the ailing wife and mother as their precious charge, from whom every unpleasant thing must be kept, and for whom all that made life sweetest and best should be done.

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Jessie being a bright girl had gone through her school days winning prizes and receiving the congratulations of her friends, and the adoration of her father and mother until, it must be confessed, her pretty head was rather turned by all the flattering attention, and she began to think she was just a little bit superior to Emma Morton and other girls who were not in her set, and who did not wear New York dresses and have their shoes made to order. Also in her secret heart she believed that she was unusually clever, and had serenely pitied those poor girls who had actually learned trades or taken up professions. For she could do so many things well that really it seemed folly to apply herself persistently to one thing.

The awakening had been sharp an sudden when it came. Dr. Power, stricken down in the prime of life, passed away, leaving his business af fairs in a tangle that took months to unravel, and which left to Jessie and her mother only the house they lived in and a small income not sufficient to

Grief at her father's death had for a time bewildered and benumbed poor Jessie, leaving her in a half-dazed condition, until the lawyer explained matters to her-then her dormant faculties were aroused and she was forced cess of it."

to look the situation in the face. Today's reverie was the result of this unpleasant knowledge, and in her pretty room had come the bitter but selfevident fact that with all her society accomplishments and the compliments of admiring friends, she was utterly unable to earn one dollar for her mother and herself. Wiping her eyes on the scrap of black bordered lines that served her for a handkerchief, "Don't you thin she walked over to the washstand to try, if possible, to obliterate the traces of tears before she went in to talk to her mother, for must not everything unpleasant be kept from the dear little woman, who bore her great trial

Jesse had learned that lesson well. With a deep sigh she twisted up the sunny curls and turning to the workbasket picked out a pair of silk stockings that needed darning sadly. For a moment she stood regarding the sorry looking hole in the toe, and then with a sudden flourish of the black banner and a merry laugh that startled the canary in his cage—so long had it been since he had heard anything like it—rushed out of the room pell mell into the sitting room, where Mrs. Power was taking a sun bath, with a weary face that touched Jessie to the heart.

"Mother, darling, I have it," she cried joyfully as she kissed her. "Have what?" smiled bewildered

Mrs. Power.

"Such a grand scheme, mother," and Jessie waved triumphantly the black stocking, from the toe of which two white fingers protruded. "And you are in it, too, dearest. You could never guess if you sat here all day and thought and thought until you were

"I am quite consumed with curiosity," gently interposed Mrs. Power, the sight of her dear girl's happiness being enough to bring a brighter light into her own tired eyes.

"But what is it, daughter? I hope not boarders.

"Boarders," sniffed Jessie. you suppose I would have a lot of troublesome boarders come here and worry the life out of us with their airs and graces? 'You won't object, Mrs. Power, to my just heating an iron, will you? and, of course, you will allow the use of your piano. My daughter is taking music lessons, and would like to practise a few hours every

"And if you will please change the bed in my room for the one in the third floor front, and oh! I forgot, my husband is likely to be detained at the office several evenings in the week, and would you mind keeping a little something hot for him'-which means a course dinner," rattles on Jessie. I know them. No, ma'am; this is ours alone-just yours and mine, momsey-with all the profits our very

"But what is it, dearie?" Mrs. She, like so many girls, had been Power is by this time quite overcome by the flood of eloquence.

"A darning combine, madam "A what?"

"A darning combine; there are coal combines, iron combines, railroad con bines, and why not a darn-But to be serious, g com mother, rd. I mean it. You see I just 6 de retty him bink this say in the novels. morning ... stocking," and she kisses enthusiasticclothing, "put just the loveliest idea into my head, which, with your help, will be the grandest and most novel scheme of the nineteenth century. "In what way am I to help, darl-

ing? You know, dear, your mother cannot be to you as other girls' mothers"-this with such a tender, wistful look at the pretty flushed face

You are ten times sweeter and lovelier than any girl's mother I know, and I wouldn't exchange you for the iggest, stontest and heartiest woman a the world, though I would giadly have you stronger for your ownsake.

"Even yet I am in the dark as to the scheme," gently smiles Mrs. Power after the impetuous caress that her ast remark had called forth.

"Now for the awful disclosure," laughs Jessie.

"Unfortunately for you and me my numerous accomplishments were not such as could be turned into solid actual cash, and having at last come to the conclusion that I would have to go into a store-'

"Oh, Jessie!"

"Yes, indeed, I had determined to wallow my pride and go right down in the village and apply from door to door for a situation, but thank goodness, this stocking came to my rescue. I can darn well, can't I, mother?

"Yes, dear, it's really wonderful how well you can make a dara look, and as for picking up a thread you are almost my equal.

"Just so," goes on Jessie. "Well in this town there are no less than 1200 mortals who would like to have their socks darned in the truly artistic style commended by Mrs. Ferris Power and daughter.

"The students, Jessie?"

"The students great and small shall our patrons-you see, mother,' wheedled Jessie, this is really the only one thing I can do thoroughly, and why not make it pay? What's the use of living in a college town if you can't make something off the boys?

"What is your plan, dear?" Mrs. Power is at last beginning to see daylight, and a dawning hope and confidence adds an unwonted sparkle to her eyes and a faint pink tinge for a moment flushes the pale check

"That is only roughly outlined as yet, but you and I will talk it over and, together, I am sure we will make a suc-

"You would have to have printed

circulars," suggested her mother. "Yes, and after a while a call and delivery wagon, but at present I will go after them myself."

"What are you going to charge?"
"A think about ten ceuts a pair would be fair, unless the holes were unusually large and numerous, and

"Don't you think that rather steep?" "Bless you, no, momsey. You know yourself that darning makes a sock as good as new, and isn't it a great deal better to spend fifteen cents than thirty-five for new ones, and lots of the rich boys wear silk, I'm sure, and they cost heaps more.

"When are we going to begin?" goes on Mrs. Power, who by this time is quite as enthusiastic as even Jessie

could desire.

"To-day-now-this minute-I will go right down to the village and lay in a stock of daring cotton and silk, andyou may, while I am gone, compose the most taking circular your fertile brain can evolve.

A few days later Jessie, in her dainty black gown with all her pretty golden curis drawn into a most becoming fluffy knot under the black toque, with a bundle of circulars and an air of businese unmistakable, made her appearance at the President's house, and after a little pardonable fear in the august presence laid bare their little plan.

The grave eyes of the Professor watched the earnest young face as Jessie warmed to the subject and a suspicious mist dimmed for a moment the keenness of the kindly eyes as the small hands trembled over the refractory knots in the string that tied the bundle of circulars. "My dear, I will help you in every way I can. consider it a very sensible plan, and I am sure the boys will be only too glad to put work into such trustworthy hands. Your dear father was a great friend of mine and I am sure that he would feel very proud of his little daughter could he know how bravely she had set to work to be of real help to her mother," giving a fatherly pat to the golden hair. With a warm hand clasp Jessie left him and hurried home to tell the good news to the waiting invalid.

A very happy heart best under the stylish sealskin coat and a tender little smile hovered on the sensitive mouth as she thought of the Professor's last words.

Dear papa, I know he would approve, and somehow I feel as though he was very near and knew that I was looking out for the 'little mother.'"

Very fragile looked Mrs. Power as she sat in her easy chair with the afternoon sun shining on the soft brown hair just streaked with gray, and a wonderful longing in the motherly eyes that looked out toward the sunset as if to follow through that golden gate the spirit of the dear one that had gone before.

"My darling, box bappy xon look Pa. Chave been successful, for your eyes look all 'shiny,' as you used to say when you were a little girl. Was the Professor very stern and was the ordeal as bad as you anticipated?"

"Oh, no; he was quite polite and grasped my hand so tight when I went away that he made my ring cut me, see?" and she pulled off her glove and showed the wound. "Poor little hand! to think that it

is really all we have to depend upon,' sighed Mrs. Power. "Nonsense, mother darling, your

hand is going to help, too, and with such a force as that we will get along, never fear. The Professor said it was a good plan and that he would help me in every way he could."

"He was an old friend of your father's.

"Yes, he said so," replied Jessie, but she did not add what he had said regarding her helping her mother, for it was a very sore point with Mrs. Power to think that her tenderly reared child should have to labor for them both because she was physically enfeebled so that such a labor of love would only end in her bringing on some greater and more serious trouble. It was a great joy to her that in this new venture she could in reality lend a hand and in the discussion of the plans for the "business," as Jessie would insist upon calling it, they both grew quite animated and for a time forgot their troubles.

"They've come," shouted Jessie flying into her mother's room next morning with a dab of flour on one cheek and dough clinging to her hands, for in the excitement of the moment, I regret to say, she had neglected to remove these evidences of culinary occupation.

"Who?" ejaculated Mrs. Power, omewhat startled as she conjured up visions of visitors who under a pretense of condolence has swooped upon them to interfere materially with the advancement of their plans.

"The socks, momsey, the socks. Sarah is bringing them up, and, dear me, such a great package.

'The Professor's little grandson brought them in his express wagon. 1 verily believe those blessed boys were in crying need of just such a scheme. Great head, darling," and Jessie waltzed about the room until every little curl bobbed about like a cork on an ocean wave.

go and remove the dough from your hands before we proceed to take account of stock.' "Just hear her ordering me about! Isn't it just too delicious!" soliloquized Jessie, as she retreated to carry

"I would suggest, as a senior mem-

ber of this firm, Miss Power, that you

out the order. "Mother, I do not see what possible need any boy has for fifteen pair of socks of every conceivable hue. Just

look at this bundle." "Who is the young Crossus?"

arranged according to the size of the

"I can't quite make it out, but it looks like M. W. Chamberlain. Whoever he is, he writes fearfully," Jessie, as she scowled over the slip of paper that had accompanied the bun-

"Chamberlain," mused Mrs. Power 'I once knew a Jacob Chamberlain when I was a girl. I wonder if it could be any connection of his?"

"Now, dearest and best of mothers, don't go weaving any romances over these boys' socks, for from the number of them you and I will have all we can do to get through by Saturday night. I really don't believe they ever had any socks darned before.'

This remark of Jessie's did seem reasonable, for after they were all sorted out they made a very formidable array, but if Jessie could have heard the warm, earnest appeal of the Professor to the students assembled in the chapel after her departure, and had seen the tremendous rummaging through bureaus and closets that followed this speech, while her little circulars were sown broadcast, she would not have been surprised.

"Can you realize that every pair of these means ten cents, madam, and some of them fifteen," smiled Jessie, with a comprehensive sweep of the arm that took in even those unsightly objects in the fifteen-cent corner, as she had laughingly dubbed the table strewn with the wrecks of many a struggle.

"Yes, dear, and I can also realize that unless we get to work we will never earn even ten cents- what is it, Sarah?" as this personage appeared in the doorway.

"Please, ma'am, the little boy that came with the work"-Sarah would not demean herself by saying "socks" -"said as I was to tell Miss Jessie that he would call for and deliver the bundles in his little wagon, so she would not have the trouble of that."

"Isn't that just splendid; every one is so kind to me," beamed Jessie.

"And why shouldn't they?" sniffed Sarah. "They know a real lady when they see one, even if she is obliged through unfortunate circumstances to earn her living by the sweat of her

Sarah was an old and privileged servant, who had been with Mrs. Power since Jessie was a baby, and who indulged in flights of eloquence which were at times simply appalling.
"Of course, Sarah, we all know you

think that I am perfection, but if you don't go down and stir up the furnace the 'sweat of my brow' will be cold, clammy beads of perspiration, for it is cold up here, and for mercy's sake take those cookies out of the oven," for a strong smell of burnt cake now reminded the young housekeeper that you cannot successfully carry on two distinct operation at the same time.

By Saturday afternoon the socks in great packages, with the .wner's name and the bill on top, were carried by he list's expressmen up to the torlege, and in a short time he was back with the money carefully wrapped in a salt bag.

"You are my little express messenger," said Jessie; "but you must not let any highwaymen rob you. Now, suppose I employ you at twenty-five cents a week to carry the socks to and fro and to look after the money?"

This plan was hailed with delight, and there was never a more faithful little helper than the small man that trudged back and forth, taking the greatest pride in his business and keeping his accounts most accurately, carrying the money in a leather bag which Jessie provided, and of which he was intensely proud.

Every week the business grew, and pretty Jessie, with a new and unaccustomed feeling of independence, went about her daily task with a heart that had lost all the old feeling of repression, and even Mrs. Power apcared to grow stronger under the health-restoring process of constant occupation for thought and hand. One day, as Jessie was about starting on one of the necessary shopping tours for silk and darning cotton, there came a ring at the bell, which she answered in person, Sarah being at that moment particularly busy below stairs preparing a certain dainty dessert of which her young mistress was very fond. Standing on the veranda was a tall youth, whom Jessie had prior to this discovered to be the owner of the many very holey, but very expensive silk socks. The M. W. Chamberlain, whom all the students called familiarly "Mac" and who voted him the best fellow alive. Having heard that Mrs. Power had been acquainted with his father, he made up his mind to use that as an excuse for calling. Jessie's sweet face having been secretly admired by him as he passed her frequently on the streets of the old college town. His first call was followed by many others, Mrs. Power heartily approving of his gentle manners and deferential attitude towards both Jessie and herself, until one day, he came to her and told her as was orly to be expected, in a frank and manly way of his love for Jessie. Of course, graduation had to come first. But at the end of two years the darning combine was broken up and a new partpership entered upon, the one stipulation being that Jessie should darn only those socks belonging to a certain M. W. Chamberlain. - Philadelphia Times.

A conductor on a Paterson (N. J.) rolley car has given up his position pecause he is short of stature. He was of such a small height that when he wanted to ring the bell he had to jump for the bell cord, and the remarks of the passengers were so insulting that he was forced to resign.

To the habit of burying gems with the owners we owe the preservation of laughed Mrs. Power, as she sorted and many of the autique jewels.

RESTING-PLACE HERE

EVERLASTING LIFE.

The Conditions of Life in this World Ren der Perfect Rest Impossible.

Texre "Arise ve and depart, for this is not your rest." - Micah il., 10.

your rest. "—Micah ii., 10.

This was the drum beat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition, but it may just as properly be uttered now as them. Bells by long exposure and much ringing lose their clearness of tone, but this rousing bell of the gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life a great many vexations and aunoyances take after us. We may have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to midlife who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. Aship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns and hung the clouis and sharpened the tusks, from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the ened the tusks, from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that econsume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully, and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few hours. Indeed it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixel this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill* and hird and ocean, so that Go I has but to lift His hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splenchestra. But, after all, it is only the splen-dors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patternage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads and in "safety deposits" great rolls of Government securitres. They had emblazoned carriages, high mettlet steeds, tootmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their tables, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the walls, exquisitesplendor of canvas on the walls, exquisite spiendor of curvas on the wais, exquisite-ness of music rising among pelestals of bronze and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights. It is II o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the cyclids and the air float through the nair connect lattice drops with midsummer peropened lattice drowsy with midsummer per-fume. Stand back, all care, anxiety and trouble. But, no, they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulses. They ery out at 12 o'clock at night:
"Awake, man! How can you sleep when
things are so uncertain? What about those things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that firebell! It is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings! How if you should get poor? Wake up! Rising on one elget poor? Wake up? Rising on one el-bow, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room and wipes the damp-ness from his forehead and says, "Alas, for ness from his forehead and says, Alas, all this scene of wealth and magnificence

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the fluest houses on the street. He said. "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity; in that one, a dissi-pated son, in that, a dissolute father, in that, an idiot child; in that, the respect of bankruptey." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction This is not your

You and I have seen non try b. indher. direction. A man says: "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of han I clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would five, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound! The tide turns in his favor. His name is on 10,000 lips. He is bowed to an I sought after and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his flery words the multitudes huzza. From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From housetops, as he passes in long pro-cession, they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is 11 o'clock at night. On pillow stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush all disturbant In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it a coronation. Hush, bush! 'Wake up,' says a rough voice. 'Political sentiment is changing. How it you should lose this place of honor? Wake The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Hearken to the execretions of those who once caressed you. By to morrow night there will be multitudes snearpected would be universally admired. can you sleep when everything dependupon the next turn of the great tragedy!
Up, man. Off this pillow." The man, with
head yet hot from his last oration, starts
up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but
sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief, exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival, yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims, "No rest, no rest." rest, no rest.

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What won-Webster: "What a statesman! What won-derful exposition of the constitution! A man for any position." That same world said after awhile: "Down with him! He is an office seeker. He is a sot! He is a liber-tine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge that would be the making of him; got to be that would be the making of him; got to be judge and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it and then drank himself to death because be could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he ould give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment when poets and orators and duchesses were adoring his genius wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt when he wrote of the

Daisy, wer, modest, crimson tippe I flower. Napoleon wanted to make all Europe fremble at his power, made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of mili-tary boots which he insisted on hav-ing on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena : oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumon; the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver tongued Sheridan in the midday of prosperity harangued the people of Britain, and how they howled that and executed him when, outside of the room where his corpsed lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them.

and sell them.

This world for rest? "A'a:" cry the waters. "no rest here! We plungs to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here! We crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here. We follow Babylon an! Thebes an! Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers, they tale.

No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to propare you for the text, "Arisa ye and depart, for this is not your rest." I am go, ing to make you a grand offer. Someof you remember that when gold was discovered in California large companies were made us and started off to get their fortun. To-lay I want to make up a party for the ian to gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company 10,030 above. shares of infinite value in a city whose atreets are gold, whose haves are gold. You have rest of the crusaders—now that many thousands of them went off to conquer the holy sepulcher. I ask you to join a grander crusade, not for the purpose of conquering crusade, not for the purpose of concurring the sepulcher of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers. He tests their eyesight, he sounds their impa, he measures their stature. They must be just right or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipations, whatever your waxtness. I have a commission from the Lori Almighty to make up this regiment of released souls, and I cry, "Arisa ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

No rast for the stars ; they die. No rest for

your rest."
Many of you have lately joined this com-bany, and my desire is that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to reat in There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary!—weary with sin, weary with trouble, weary with beseavement. So me of you have been pierce! through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts, in which you have ble! at every pore, an! you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove that I might fly away and be at rest! You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures an! drunk it to the dregs, an! still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fover strikes to your brain. You have chased pleasure through every villey, by every stream, amid through every villey, by every stream, and every brightness and under every shadow. but just at the moment when you were ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock

to repair the split bulwark.
Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fixers worn with the needle that in this world you worn with the hosels that the warry some may never lay down, ye discouraged ones who have been waging a hand dight for bread, ye to whom the night brings little rest and the moraing more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and of the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about

Look at that company of enthrone I ones.
Look at their hands, look at their feet
look at their eyes. It cannot be that those
bright ones ever tolled? Yes, yes! These
packed the Chinese teaboxes, and through
missionary instruction escaped into glory.
These sweltered on Southern plantations. and one night atter the cotton picking went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overtoil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills. Those helped build the pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. more harvests to raise; the garners are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toll, arise

ye and depart, for that is your rest!
Scovill McCallum, a boy of my Sundayschool, while dying said to his mother,
"Don't cry, but sing, sing

"There is rest for the wear There is rest for the weary.

Then, putting his wasted band over his heart, said, "There is rest for me."

Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dews of the night of grief: ye whose hearts are heavy because those well known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder to the terms of the said triumphant. your rest! There is David triumphant, but ones he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abra ham enthroned, but once he wept for Sarab There is Paul exultant, but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health, but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough to night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea No alarm to strike from the cathedra towers. No dirge throbbing from scraphic harps. No tramor in the everlasting song,

ut rest-perfect rest-unending rest.
Into that rest how many of our loved one have gone! The little children had been gathered up into the bosom of Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following its father, who died a few weeks before. In its last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, look-ing upward with brightened countenance,

a, take me up ! Others put down the work of mid life, feeling they could hardly be spare I from the of-fice or store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Your mother went. Having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her chil-dren, her heart full of that mock and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne.

hover about the throne.

Glorious consolation! They are not dead.
You cannot make me believe they are dead.
They have only moved on. With more love
than that with which they greet us on earth,
they watch us from their high place, and
their voices cheer us in our struggles for the sky. Hall, spirits blessed, now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown! With weary feet we press up the shining way, un-til in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh, won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands and cry out, "This is

The Washer vonian.

The greed of the steam laundry. men and the tricks of the Chinese washee-washee has put the civilization around us back one step so that the old-time washerwoman is once more in great demand. Whether it is the acids that sream laundrymen use, or, as some say, the machinery with which they save time and labor, the fact is that they wear out fine linen faster than poor men and women can replenish their wardrobes.

The rich of course have their laun-

dry work done at home, where the linen achieves that dull gloss which is called "home made tinish" and is much sought after by the steam laundries because it is so different from the high polish that Chinamen put off their work. But both kinds of laundrymen manage to peel the outer skin off cuffs and cellars and to bring about fearful gaping wounds where the bosom of shirts ought to ioin the bodies. Therefore the young men about town are now hunting washerwomen, and some old, familiar street scenes of twenty years ago are coming back, such as the women with big baskets in the residential districts and in the street cars, to say nothing of the miles of fine linen fluttering on the pulley lines behind the tenement-houses.