THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

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There are only about 1000 Germans in the whole of Mexico.

Chicago has a penny savings bank for school children, inaugurated by the Civic Federation.

The chemist of the agricultural department in Washington thinks that the oil made of sunflower seed, which he says is a perfect substitute for olive oil, is the coming salad oil.

Southern California has a popula tion of about 320,000-comprising 64,000 families --- and the railroad mileage is equal to one mile of road to about forty families. The population is increasing at the rate of from 16,-000 to 20,000 families a year.

By the provisions of a new Texas law, bond and investment companies doing business in the state must deposit with the state treasurer \$5000 and ten per cent. of net premium receipts yearly until the amount to their credit shall reach to \$100,000.

According to the government return just issued there are in Scotland 9237 agricultural holdings of one acre and under, 20,150 of from one to five acres, 33,921 of from five to fifty acres, 25,568 of above fifty acres and seventy-six of more than 1000 acres.

"Within the last twenty-two years our southern iron product has increased 800 per cent.," declares the Atlanta Constitution, "while that of the north and east has increased less than 400 per cent. In 1880 the south produced only 3,700,000 tons of coal. Ten years later, however, the product of our mines reached 24,000,000 tons, and in 1896, 30,000,000 tons."

The local branch of the Boston loan and trust company in Kansas City has received notice from its head office that hearcafter loans may be taken on first-class properties in northeastern Kansas. This is said to be one of the first orders of the kind affecting Kansas property that has been given by a loan company in years. The order is limited to Douglass, Achison, Jefferson, Brown, Nemeha and a few other son, Brown, Nemeha and a few other counties in the portion of the state her mother that "she looked full named.

Though the tomb of General Grant in New York city is now practically her mother's folks, wa'n't apt to live completed, there yet remains some work of ornamentation to be done. It



fully across the summer fields.

don't feel for folks like some.

who sat upon the doorstep.

onym for being spleeny.

iously.

week.

it."

clump of sumacs, you know, last

and bring home a mess of blackberries

for tea. You'll feel a sight better for

valid's sister-in-law, fat, comfortable

and blunt of speech, as she laid a shin-

ing tin dish on the piazza seat at

Leafy's hand and disappeared within doors, after winking slyly at Penelope,

Penelope did not respond to the

wink; instead, the pucker deepened be-

tween her brows -a deeper pucker

than it was pleasant to see between

eighteen-year-old brows, Penelope

was dutiful and conscientious, and she

was not so sure as her Aunt Selina that

nervous prostration was, in her moth-

er's case, only a new-fashioned sny-

go with you, mother," she said, anx-

tle Persis Dowd her music lesson.

"Perhaps you'd better wait till I can

"I'm used to waiting," said the in-

valid, with bitter patience. "I haven't

any real expectation of getting as far

as the pasture wall again. That walk

I took last week came near bringing

on a numb spell; and I felt consider-

able as if I was going to have one just

Penelope's cheeks. Those "numb

spells" were the terror of her life. Her

mother was sure they meant heart dis-

ease, and Penelope had thought that

the doctor had looked grave over them.

prevent the occurrences which were

sure to bring them on, such as a visit

older'n her mother did at her age.'

and "if she was pindlin' she ought

not to be surprised, for the Pingrees,

to be more'n forty-five."

Penelope kept watch and ward to

The pretty pink color drifted out of

after I got up this morning."

"Now I must go and give lit-

spoke Mrs. Selina Todd, the in-

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

By SOPHIE SWETT.

H, I should like I s'pose I better climb across one of to go as far as them cars instead of going around the the pasture wall end of 'em all. It's just scandalous once more. I the way railroad folks leave cars standexpect the black- ing on this siding 'most every day till they want them for the suburban folks berries are beginning to be evenings and mornings." The sun glinted through the chinks

rest a little."

in Selina's battered hat-a man's hat bought at the store for ten cents in the to be along that wall!" Mrs. Leafy Todd, as she spoke, having season-and Leafy was nearleaned back in her rocking chair on sighted at the best. She listened. No the vine-shaded piazza and looked wistlocomotive was in hearing. The short cut was across a car platform. When "Perhaps you could go if you tried, she climbed up to it, she said to hermother," said her daughter Penelope, self, "I feel a mite dizzy-I guess I'll hopefully. "You walked as far as the sit right here on top of the steps and

Mrs. Todd shook her head until her Penelope had gone with a heavy wiry black ringlets quivered. "I've heart, as has been said, to little Persis failed since then. 'Pears strange to me Dowd's music lesson. Penelope was a that you don't see it, Penelope. But responsible person as well as a deeply there's considerable Todd to you; you affectionate one, and since her father's death she had felt herself to be in an "La, Leafy, you just spunk up and especial sense her mother's keeper. Take the short-handled dipper

Old Doctor Bemis, a little puzzled by nervous prostration, which was less common in North Goshen than in places where people have more leisure for it, had said very gravely that his patient must not be crossed: and Peneope felt guilty that she had even been tempted to cross her. The temptation had been dutifully resisted; a letter of many pages to Sam Nute now lay heavily in her pocket and still more heavily upon her heart.

It had required many pages to tell Sam that what he had asked her could never be, because her duty to her mother forbade it. She had set forth fully and pathetically her mother's sad and dangerous condition, the more so that she suspected Aunt Selina of having made light of it to Sam.

Penelope had to go a little out of her way to reach the postoffice, and at the turning of the road she halted, her resolution weakened by the tugging at her heart-strings. Little Persis Dowd really ought not to be obliged to wait ten minutes for her lesson; and tomorrow would be soon enough to send that letter. Old Captain Dowd, Persis's grandfather, drove Penelope home around by the river-road, so the letter was still in her pocket when she reached home and found Aunt Selina frantically tooting the horn and ringing the dinner-bell to raise an alarm.

"Be calm, Penelope, be calm!" implored Aunt Selina, hysterically; "but little Aaron Scattergood says he saw her going across the field in the middle of the afternoon, and my big hat and the short-handled dipper aint any-where, nor she aint! I thought she was taking a nap in her room, and I didn't ring the supper-bell, waiting for her and you-O Penelope, don't look like that! It's most likely she has just gone to one of the neighbors." The two women stood looking at

each other, Penelope's white-lipped,

felt that this was good advice, and waited: but the mon onous "ione two, three" of her small piano pupils seemed to pound upon her brain. But her mother did not return, and

the next day Penelope set out for Orinoco. There was no train until after-noon. On her way to the station she stopped at the postoffice to mail her letter to Sam Nute. She had a vague feeling that it was a propitiation of fate, this sacrifice which was so hard. Without it her mother would not be returned to her. Before she could slip the letter into the box the postmistress handed her one, addressed in the loose, wavering hand that had been her mother's since her illness, and she went directly out with it.

Penelope sat down upon the grass by the wayside and opened it, her heart leaping at the dear, familiar words

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: I want you to send me my best bonnet, right off. And you might send, too, your little lace cap that you think is so becoming to me. They want me to stay to the county conference, and as there are things about it that seem kind of providential, as you might say, I don't know but I shall. And Lizzie is real within the second sec stylish, you know. I'm wearing one of her hats, and they say it isn't a mite too young for me.

for me. I forgot that you don't know how I came here, but I suppose you must have kind of guessed by this time. I went across the field to the railroad track, thinking to pick a few blackberries. My head flow round, but I kept right on, for I never was one to give up easy. I went to climb over the empty passenger-cars that are most always there in the daytime, and I sat down to rest; and I guess I must have failen asleep. for first thing I knew there was a jerk, and

I thought at first that I was only dizzy, and the noise it made was in my head; but when the stone walls begri to slip along backward I knew what had happened. I got up to go inside, but the door was locked, and nobody saw or heard me till the conductor same along and unlocked

the conductor came along and unlocked the door. I told him I must be put off, but he said they couldn't, for they were behind time. He was saucy, anyhow; when I said I couldn't go to Orinoco-which was the first stopping-place—he said, as cool as could be, "Madam, what will you do? And when I said I should die before I got there, he said, as polite as a basket of chips, "In that case, madam, I will see that your re-

mains are sent to your friends!" He gave me a comfortable seat-I'll say that for him-and there I sat in Selina's old having hat, with the tears trickling down my cheeks and him and two brakemen staring at me. When I got off at Orinoco I was trembling in every limb, for I hadn't any money. I couldn't bear to ask any questions, after the blood-curdling way that that conductor answered me. But I declare, I don't know but it kept me up to be so mad as he made met e so mad as he made me!

While I was standing on the platform of the Orinoco station, wondering what I should do, who should come driving up but Sam and Lizzie Nute! You know I've had kind of a feeling against Nutes, but I didn't think of it then. I never was so giad to see, any folks in all my born days, and I said so right out. They took me right home with them, and here I am.

It seems queer that I should have been carried off so to the county conference, that I never expected to go to again. The Deer Owner of the second se Rev. Orsino Cheney is stopping here at Deacon Nute's to attend the conference. Your Aunt Selina will know who he is. He Your Aunt Selina will know who he is. He used to kind of keep company with me when I was a girl. They say he has come home for a wife, and Lizzie keeps teasing me; but, of course, that is rideulous. Not but what I should feel equal to laboring in the Lord's vineyard wherever He was pleased to call me, after what I stood yes-terdar. terday.

That makes me think that I don't know as you've treated Sam Nute just right. Maybe you've thought too much of that old difficulty between the two families. Folks ought not to treasure up such things. If I should have to leave you—and the most unexpected things do happen in this world —I should like to think that I left you with such a protector as Sam Nute would be.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER



PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

feach Us Daily - Transmuted Throug

Surrender - Inscrutable Though Not Unintelligible-A Prayer for Prepara-Sin and Selfishness-God Knows Best

O, Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else recele; My heart be daily nearer Thes From sin be daily freed.

In Thy bright beams which on me fall Fade every evil thought: That I am nothing, Thou art all, I would be daily taught.

Make this poor self grow less and less, Be Thou my life and aim; O, make me daily, through Thy grace, More worthy of Thy name!

Transmuted Through Surrender.

If you enter the Turner Gallery of Art in ondon, you are at once arrested by the flaming pictures of unrivaled magnificence You have sunrises that come blushing o'er the incense-breathing morn and sunsets that seem to open the very gateways of glory-suns in their meridian splendor, suns shining through the rifted clouds, giving exquisite shadows, turning the water into silvery sheen and clothing the heathery hillsuvery sheen and clothing the heathery hill-sides in purple robes. If you examine what gives brilliance to those pictures—jewels and all precious stones, think you? Nothing of the kind. The genus of Turner took the worthless metallic oxides and pigments which were pulverized, cleansed and assimi-lated—sacrificed, if you please—and then handled to incarnate on the canvas the ideal creations of his mind and now the worthless creations of his mind, and now the worthles creations of his mind, and now the worthless pigments are transmuted into a value which the wealth of a Vanderbilt could not pur-chase from the nation. How fine is the analogy here! If the surrender of these worthless pigments to the hands of a Turner lifts them to such peerless value, making them the ministers of beauty through the ages, the surrender of any soul to God gives the series of that, soul to God gives the services of that soul an inconceivable preciousness.—George Douglas, D. D., in "The Sacriflee of Service."

Inscrutable Though Not Unintelligible It is vital Christianity when the believer can say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This is not a shadow which we pursue, nor a dream of the night. The union of sunlight with flower, of heat with

fire, of life with the body, is not more real There is a life which is hid with Christ is God for sinful, helpless men and women; not a fancy of the mystic in his solitude, not a prize for him who has leisure and learning, but a reality for all believers amid their temptations, troubles, duties, cares. Man has a body; he is a spirit. Spiritually he may be joined with Christ and become a son But this union does not destroy ty. It is, however, vital-the life of God. personality. It is, however, vital—the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished rom external influence or assistance-se that the apostle says, "He that hath the Son hath life." It is inserutable though not unintelligible. We cannot fully comprehend It, but may know it by experience. It is increasingly revealed to every faithful dis-ciple. "Of His fuilness have all we received, and grace for grace,"-Rev. Herbert W. Lathe, in "Chosen of God."

A Prayer for Preparation.

We present ourselves to mee to see to Father. Prepare us for what thou seest to be waiting for us in the valley of the velled in mist. Let not We present ourselves to thee today, our be waiting for us in the valley of the day, now velled in mist. Let not sin have dominion over us. If tempta-tion assails, may it find no foothold in our hearts; if we pass through scenes where the infection of evil is strong, may we not be susceptible to it; if we are strongly pro-voked, may we not yield. If thou goest not with us carry us not up hence. Apart from thee we can do nothing. Be nearer to us than our dearest friend; be closer to us than the most insidious craft of the enemy. May we put on the Lord Jesus, so that he shall be the vesture of our souls. Be with us as our shepherd, keeping us; as our cap-tain, leading us; as our friend, warning and helping us. Let the secret place of the Most High be our home and the shadow of the Almighty our abiding place. Do more

June 14. Our neighbors: Lev. ziz. 18, 30.3 June 15. Helpfulness. Deut xzil. 1-6. June 16. Mercy. Zech. vil. 8, 14. June 17. Humility. John zitt. 1-15. June 18. Love. Gel. v. 6-15. June 19. Unselfishness. 1 Cor. J. 23-33 Schiptung VEASES.-Lev, zis. 14: Jer. 14 Luke xi. 52; zvii. 1, 2; Rom, ziii. 10; xiv. 1 24; 1 Cor. iz. 12; x. 13. LESBON THOUGHTS

Our Brothers' . Lesper."

3-16

OUR BHOTHERS' KEEPERS.

LESSON THOUGHTS. The laws of the state and the law of simplest morality hold man responsible in bodily murder of, or any physical injury his brother. What, then, must our accoun-ability, before the perfect justice of God, is the spiritual death of any about us! Our responsibility for others does us coase when we have merely refrained for doing them any positive injury; it is of doing them any positive injury; it is able to to go after those who have these is the spirit of the save those that is lost. BELECTIONS SELECTIONS.

- Come, let us work for Jesus By faith and entrast prayer, The wandering ones from Jesus Should claim our constant care. Then let us work for Jesus Before the sun goes down; We've hearts to win for Jesus Ere we can wear a crown.

Ere we can wear a crown. Inquire diligently what blood motivation there is on your property in the interest missions, how much you owe to the bashes because of what you owe to Christ form deeming you with his precious blood. I wan you that it will go hard with you when you Lord comes to reckon with you if he has your wealth invested in superflous lurung or hoarded up in needless accumulation instead of being sacredue devote to reise instead of being sacredly devoted to given the gospel to the lost.

Amid the snares misfertune lays

Amid the shares miniortune lays Unseen, beneath the steps of all. Blast is the love that seeks to raise And stay and strengthen these who fall; Till, taught by Him who for our sake Bore every form of life's distress. With every passing year we make The sum of human sorrow less.

The great problem is not how to save the world, but how to pursuade each Christia that it is his business to be the meaned saving some one man in the world. Let us reach into our bosoms

For the key to other 11ves, And with love toward erring nature, Cherish good that still survives:

Bo that when our diarobed spirits Soar to realms of light above. We may say, "Dear Pather, love us, E'en as we have shown our love."

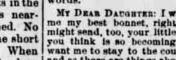
He "Drank Like # Fish."

He "Drank Like a Fish." A young man of wenith and high soid position died recently in London unpa-tionably from drink, as will be seen fra the following reports of the quantity of h quor put down to this young main daily account. On the day of his death he ray said to have had ten glasses of whisky hi a bottle of Pommery, a glass of Benefa-tine, a glass of shorry, and two bottles of Marcobrunner. This rate of consumpta was exceeded on other days, and alcoholas mar coordinater. This rate days, and alcohola clearly had marked this misguidel you man for its own. The doctors gave a ten-ple account of his condition.

Trust God With Amairs A friend went one morning to Sir Rober Peel's house and found him with a grea bundle of letters lying before him, be over it in prayer. The friend retired, came back in a short time and said. The your pardon for intruction upon your provided to the state of the stat God, for I could not manage the trusting the living God with your letters or your housekeeping, _H. W. Webb-Pepi

Lord's Smile a Recompense.

If we truly feel that the Lord liveth bin Whom we stand we shall want asthing of for our work but His smile; and we shall for our work but His smill¹⁰; and we shall that the light of His face is all were. That thought should deaden our low outward things. How the thingsthan fever our souls by pursuing and first hearts when we loss will consecte aim How small and vulgar the "prime" of the people call them, will appear. -A Mains



is intended to place upon the cap of colossal statue of peace. General Porter says that provision has been made for the erection of this statue, and that work upon it will soon begin. There remains in the treasury of the association \$12,000. The statue may cost \$15,000, but there is no fear that there will be difficulty in raising a few thousand to complete the tomb.

Vaccination against typhoid fever seems to be an assured resource in the war on disease. Two professors connected with the Army Medical school at Netley, England, have elaborated a process of antityphoid vaccination. Cultures of the bacilli are used in the process. Observations were made upon a number of persons, mostly medical men, with satisfactory results. A medical journal says the vaccinations can be practiced without risk, and their adequacy, also, can be easily controlled by examinations of the blood. Persons exposed to the risk of typhod infection may secure immunity, through this process, if the present degree of success is maintained.

On a railroad siding four miles above Hollidaysburg, Penn., stand thirty-two Pullman palace cars, closely guarded day and night by watchmen whose only duty it is to see that no one interferes with the process of decay and despoliation which the elements have inaugurated. The cars are the property of the Pennsylvania railroad company, and represent an outlay of \$400,000. These handsome coaches have been dragged through hat," she murmured. the slow and tortuous processes of litigation for over five years. Both the railroad and the Pulman company head felt a little giddy. It was long since she had walked so far; but she these magnificent vehicles of travel by rail are left to rot and crumble in the open air, exposed to all kinds of weather, and will soon be unfit for any of ivy. use except kindling wood and old scrap iron.

When the average man is not engaged in talking too much he is engaged in whistling too much.

Then there had been a numb spell after the call of Penelope's friends, Sam and Lizzie Nute, from Orinoco. the pyramidal top of the monument a Penelope couldn't understand why these callers should conduce to numb spells, but her mother explained vaguely that there had been some trouble about a mortgage between the Nutes and the Todds, in olden times, and that with her sensitiveness she knew she should never be able to bear

the sight of a Nute. "Cat's foot! Are you as blind as bat, Penelope Todd?" was the remark which Aunt Selina had made when the explanation was repeated to her.

But Penelope would have felt undutiful to harbor the least comprehension of what Aunt Selina meant. Of course Sam Nute was not quite like anybody else, and they had thought a good deal of each other ever since they were children. That was the way in which Aunt Selina connected Sam Nute with the numb spells. Perhaps Aunt Selina was, as Penelope's mother said, a trifle hard, and lacking in fine feelings.

Penelope went off heavily burdened to little Persis Dowd't. music lesson. She wished she could have helped her mother, now that the rare impulse was upon her to take a little walk that might do her good. But everything depended on her music teaching, and she must not neglect a pupil.

The invalid lay back with her eyes closed; then she opened them suddenly and looked again wistfully across the summer fields. She gazed around her furtively ; no one was in sight. She arose and walked feebly down the steps. Midway she turned and reached back for the dipper. "I used to be one that liked to have something to go for," she said to herself.

It was pleasant to her even to cross the stubby field when the grasshoppers were thick, and the locusts shrilled monotonously, and the afternoon sun was hot.

She raised her hand suddenly to her head. "I've got on Seliny's old shade "Once I wouldn't have worn it even when there was nobody to see me."

final decision is rendered in the courts persevered. Along the wall of the stubby field grew a tangle of vines; but they were raspberry vines that had already sned their fruit, and traveller'sjoy, and here and there a red gleam

"Across the railway-track, along the pasture-wall, there's where the black-berries grow," she said to herself. "I haven't been her i for two years, but I remember just as well! Here's the gap in the wall where I used to go through. Penelope, when she grew calmer, Mexico,

dry-eyed silence in strong contrast with Aunt Selina's feverish excitement. They both knew that Leafy never went to the neighbors.

Penelope had heard that nervous prostration sometimes developed into-The thought was too dreadful to endure in silence! "The pond! Aunt Selina, the pond!" she gasped.

"Now don't you go to thinking of that, child! I haint let myself think of that!" sobbed Aunt Selina. "Oh, poor old Leafy! I don't know as I had feeling enough for her sufferings-though I did know they wa'n't all vain imaginations "

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket. an awful witness to her guilt. She thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and auxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

"Oh, my poor suffering mother! Could you think I would be so heartless as to leave you?" she cried aloud, her self-restraint giving away suddenly. Then she arroused herself to action, on seeing little Aaron Scattergood standing, highly entertained and of a man of forty. His eyes are bright, curling his bare toes with excitement, and his long hair falls in unmixed in the gateway.

"Run, Aaron, to every house in this neighborhood and ask if my mother the spell of old age. She is bent al-has been there or been seen!" said most double with the weight of her Penelope, imperatively.

"I've been, and she baint," answered little Aaron, concisely. "Nobody saw her go berryin' but just me. Mebbe a bear eat her," he said, cheerfully; 'only there ain't none." Little Aaron's head drooped dejectedly with a sense of the tameness of life, and he meditatively essayed to pick up stones between his bare toes.

"Aunt Selina, the pond must be dragged at once! I'll go and give the alarm.

Penelope sped down the hill toward the willage, and at the foot she met the messenger boy from the centre with a telegram for Miss Penelope Todd, which she opened with shaking fingers. "Your mother safe with friends. Will return soon."

The telegrain was unsigned. It came from Orinoco.

Penelope drew a long, sobbing breath of relief; but the mystery oppressed her. Her mother must have wandered away, and that implied a much greater degree of mental weakness than she had hitherto shown.

"I am going to Orinoco at once she declared, when she had carried the telegram home to Aunt Selina.

"But it's a large town, and you haven't a mite of a clue! I'd just wait

P. S.-Before you send the bonnet you might get two little sprigs of those blue flowers that you thought were so becoming to me and let the milliner pin them in.

Penelope laughed a little and cried a little, sitting by herself on the grass beside the road. Then she tore the long, hateful letter to Sam all into little bits and tossed them into the air: and the winds of heaven swooped down upon them and bore them afar. ---Youth's Companion.

Husband and Wife for Eighty-Seven Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hiller, who live near La Grange, Ind., have just completed eighty-seven years of married life, and both bid fair to live a few years longer. Mr. Hiller is now 107 years old and his wife 105, and the little frame cottage they occupy has been their home for nearly eighty-five years. This house consists of one room, and this room contains all the aged couple's earthly possessions. Mr. Hiller is a vigorous looking man for his extreme old age. His hand is as strong and his step as firm as those whiteness almost to his shoulders. His wife has long since passed under "It's & years and is totally blind. caution," says Mr. Hiller, speaking of his age. "I never counted on living so long or anything like it." He tells how he was born in Jamestown, near Kingston, Canada. He was twentytwo years old when the war of 1812 came along, and he describes Canada as a very wild country in those years. The first year of the war he and his wife left Canada and settled near Marine City, and went from there to Emment, whence they came to their present home. They were married when Mr. Hiller was twenty and his wife eighteen. With his old age have come symptoms of a second childhood. the most amusing and amazing of which is the cutting of two teeth lately, The old couple have eleven children. the oldest eighty-two and the youngest fifty-seven.—Chicago Times-Herald,

Scarcity of Rubber.

Owing largely to the use of india rubber for bicycle tires, the demand for the product has increased so enormously that there is great risk of the supply failing if the natural production upon which we now depend is not supplemented by the artificial cultivation of the trees which yield the material. A company has recently been formed for the purpose of developing plantations of rubber-bearing trees in

than go with us, dwell in us, walk in us, possess us, use us. When we are most absorbed in our necessary business, may thy presence not withdraw itself, but be permainent and abiding. Amen.

Sin and Selfishness A brittle thing is our earthly happiness-

brittle as some thin vase of Venetian glass and neither anxiety, nor sorrow, nor the dart of death, which is mightier than the oak-cleaving thunderbolt, can shatter a thing even so brittle as the earthly happlness of our poor little homes, if we that happiness under the care of God. But though neither anguish nor death can break t with all their violence, sin can break it at a touch : and selfishness can shatter it ust as there are acids which will shive Sin and selfishness-God's Venetian glass. balm does not heal in this world the ravage which they cause !-- Canon Farrer.

God Stands at Threshold.

In Holman Hunt's great picture calles 'The Light of the World," we see One with patient, gentle face, standing at a door which is ivy-covered, as if long closed. He is girt with the priestly breastplate. He bears in His hand the lamp of truth. He stands and knocks. There is no answer, and He still stands and knocks. His eye tells of love; His face beams with yearning. You look closely and you perceive that there is no knob or latch on the outside of the door. It can be opened only from within-Do you not see the meaning? The Spirit of God comes to your heart's door and knocks-He stands there while storms gather and break upon His unsheltered head, while the sun declines and night comes on with its chills and its heavy dews. He waits and knocks, but you must open the door your-self. The only latch is inside. -J. R. Miller,

The Tide of God's Grave. saw a vessel which the waves did spare, Lie sadly stranded on a sandy beach, Beyond the tide's kind reach: Within its murmur of lamenting speech ong she lay there;

D. D.

Until at length A mighty sea arose in all its strength, And inunched her lovingly. nd thus, alas! our race

Lay stranded on the beach of human sin And misery, Beyond all help, until God's gracious grace

A mighty tide, All crimson dyed, Swept grandly in, And set us free. -Anon.

God Knows Best.

We may be led of God all the time, and, like Moses, we should be content with the place where He bids us dwell. I doubt not that some of you may feel that you have been, and even now are, kept back from the preatest usefulness. . . I would not have you feel thus, but rather use very care-fully all that the Lord gives you. And don't be afraid of the "back side of the desert," and never think you are forsaken of God because kept long there. He knows just how much of quiet, humble life we need to serve Him in the best manner hereafter.-Mary Lyon

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright: So full of splendor and of joy, Beauty and Light: So many glorious things are here,

So many glorious to Noble and right!

-Adelaide A. Froctor.

Arise, sad heart ; if thou dost not withsta Christ's resurrection thine may be Do not by hanging down break from he in Which as it riseth, raiseth these Arise ! Arise !

-Herbin

Some people will never know until the lives of His disciples. We must people of Christ by giving the Christals selves. We must walk so first by for the Christal Christ that people will Christ.-Bishop Thobura. will not

You can't jump away from your shale but if you turn to the sun your shale behind you, and if you stand unter m your shalow is beneath you. Wat your shadow is beneath you was should try to do is to live under thems Sun, with our shalow, self, under our -- Rev. F. E. Meyer.

You cannot trace Jesus; you curran lyze Jesus. His intense spiritanity i his simplicity of thought, his contact abnogation and his unaffected hash scended on a worn out, hopeness dew upon the dry grass. -John Wasst

"When he came her" there tians; when he went away there we heathen."-Inscription on a mount John Geddie at Aneity"

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men will recover their yo REVIVO. It quickly and ness. Lost Vitality, Impotence Lost Power, Failing Memory, all effects of self-abuse or exall effects of self-abus of et which mids one tor study, busin not only curse by starting at the is a great nerve tonic and blow ing back the pink glow to pi storing the fire of youth. If and Consumption, Insite on his other, It can be carried in vest BLOG our package of \$12 of \$00 re writ SOTAL MEDICINE CO., 271 Waters IN.

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