The tears we shed on earth God knows
In agony must fall,
But, oh! the tears we never shed Are bitterer than all.

For like the summer rain to flowers Come tears to those who weep,
But as the hot dust in their hearts
Are those that they must keep.
—Ethel Leitner, in Frank Lesile's Monthly.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.



HERE was no doubt that the Messingers were fortu-nate in possessing so charming a house as the Ness. It was built at the head of a narrow valley shut in by two hills, and be-yond the sloping lawns stretched a

wide expanse of sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Messinger were sim-Mr. and Mrs. Assumed were sim-ple unaffected people, devoted to their children, and to Nancy, Mrs. Messin-ger's young step-sister. They treated her with a kind of reverential tender-ness, chiefly due to the fact that she was entirely dependent on them. And in her turn, Nancy filled the place of a loving elder sister to the tribe of little ones, and of friend-in-chief to her gentle sister-in-law.

One sunny afternoon in early summer Mrs. Messinger sat at the open mer Mrs. Messinger sat at the open bay window of the drawing room, reading. She was a placid little lady, seldom ruffled in mind or temper, and her sweet face and soft blue eyes were pleasant to contemplate. The door opened presently, and Nancy came in rather slowly. Her expression was as sweet and gentle as her sister's, but her great dark eyes and firmly cut mouth and chin bore evidence of much greater strength and individuality of character. She came over to the window and seated herself in a low basket-chair with an air of constraint.

"I have had a letter from Jim," she said.
"Yes; I saw it on the hall table." mer Ars. Messinger sat at the open bay window of the drawing room, read-ing. She was a placid little lady, sel-dom ruffled in mind or temper, and her sweet face and soft blue eyes were pleasant to contemplate. The door her sweet face and soft blue eyes were pleasant to contemplate. The door opened presently, and Nancy came in rather slowly. Her expression was as sweet and gentle as her sister's, but her great dark eyes and firmly cut mouth and chin bore evidence of much greater strength and individuality of character. She came over to the win-

'Yes; I saw it on the hall table," know. replied Mary, laying down her book.
"Does he say when he is coming?"
"Yes; he came by the same steamship as the letter. He will be here to-

morrow, I suppose."

"Nancy! really?" asked Mary, looking almost excited. "Are you not delighted?"

"I—I—have a confession to make," said Nancy, nervously, looking out over the sea. "I thought I loved Jum when he went out to India five years ago, but I was only seventeen then, and did not realize what love meant. We had known each other allour lives, and I mistook our friendship forlove."

"Coupled with her last words, as a hint that he should go, and was more hurt than he cared to own.

"Good afternoon," he said, stiffly, raising his hat. "Your suggestion is a brilliant one, and you need not fear that I shall trouble you with my presence more often than is necessary."

"You are coming in?" she said, looking at him with pained, pleading eyes.

"Thank you," no," he said coldly.

we had known each other all our lives, and I mistook our friendship for love."

"When did you make this terrible discovery?" asked Mary, in distress.

"I have felt it dimly for a year or two, but what made it all clear to me was Jim's last letter, saying that he was coming home. It filled me with dismay and fear. I felt that I simply sould not meet him as his bethrothed wife, so I wrote last mail, and asked him to release me from my engage."

eyes.

"Thank you, no," he said coldly. "I have seen Mrs. Messinger and your brother, and the children will keep." "Good-by," she said, turning in at the open gate in order that he should not see the rising tears. "Good-by," he said, freezingly, thinking her absolutely cruel in not shaking hands. She went up the little sloping avenue slowly and sadly, trying to crush back the tears which him to release me from my engage-

"And what does he say?" Mary asked,

"And what does he say " Mary asked, anxiously.

"He is delighted," said Nancy, brightening. "He says that his feelings have changed too."

"I always think of you in the future as his wife," sighed Mrs. Messinger, whose mind was slow to welcome new iddess. "Are you sure you are wise."

deas. "Are you sure you are wise, dear?"

"Quite sure," Nancy answered, "Quite sure." Nancy answered, firmly. "And you will break the news gently to Ned, won't you? And please getreconciled to the arrangement soon. I feel so delightfully airy and free!"

"You never hinted at any change before." said Mary, a little reproachfully.

fully.

"I only knew it dimly, or I might have done so," replied replied Nancy, gently.

"And since I wrote to him I

gently. "And since I wrote to him I have been silent, to spare you any anxiety. I have felt it for the last three years in writing to him. My letters have never been from the present Nancy, but from the Nancy as I could remember her at seventeen. In fact, I have been writing down to the level of his intelligence as shown in his letters, and

frankly, "for these five years have done wonders with you in every way."

'Oh, he is so boyish that he will think me strong-minded, and therefore asked herself how Jim and Nancy dislike me," said Nancy, laughingly.

vou know

"I came two days ago," he said, red-dening slightly in irritation at her first words. "Father was anxious that I should stay with him yesterday, but I called at the Ness this afternoon, and called at the Ness this afternoon, and Mrs. Messinger told me where I should find you."

guise the fact that he finds me a disappointing failure," she thought, rather bitterly.

"Of course we are no longer boy and girl," he said. "But I hope we shall always be friends, Nancy! We have been that all our lives, haven't we?"

"Yes, let us be friends," she said. And thinking that he was eager to impress upon her that they were to be nothing more, she added. "And it was very wise to break off that childiah engagement before you came home, wasn't it?"

Nancy in t'ogarden, arrayed in a large, white sun bonnet, busily gathering strawberries for tea.

"You will find it rather hot work, I am afraid," he said, looking down gravely into her flushed face. "Let me pick some now."

"Thank you," she answered, resigning the basket; "stooping so much last ired me a little."

He had soon filled the basket, and then, at his suggestion, they seated themselves under an old apple tree to rest. Nancy took off her sun bonnet,

They had just reached the gate leading into the garden of the Ness, as she said this, and unconsciously she paused outside. Jim took this, coupled with her last words, as a hint that he should go, and was more hurt than he cared to own.

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"You are coming in?" she said, looking at him with pained, pleading eyes.

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"I have seen Mrs. Messinger and your her and the children will keep."
"I have seen Mrs. Messinger and your he said, presently, looking down into her and the children will keep." They had just reached the gate lead-

sloping avenue slowly and sadly, try-ing to crush back the tears which would rise to her eyes in spite of her efforts. She had succeeded before reaching the hall, and could answer her sister's surprised questions quite

calmly.

'My dear Mary,' she said, laughing gently, 'you forget our changed relations. You must not expect him to come as often as he used. We have both come to the conclusion that we are quite different from what we had thought each other, and we have mutually agreed to see as little as possible

of one another."
But when she reached her own

But when she reached her own room her self-control deserted her, and she cast herself down on the little couch and wept long and bitterly.
"I hate him!" she said to herself, vindictively. "I do; I hate him! No, I don t; I believe I do the very opposite. Oh, I ought to be ashamed of myself to care for one so utterly indifferent to me! He didn't even come in, and after all these venrs! He indifferent to me! He didn't even come in, and after all these years! He shall never know that I love him, never! However much I may suffer, I have enough pride to hide it. He shall think me as indifferent as he is himself.

Her mouth took a hard look, very telligence as shown in his letters, and that level is painfully low. But happilly, you see, he is as pleased to end our engagement as I am."

"He would be much more likely to object if he once saw you," said Mary, ness and wounded pride she thus smil-

"And I did send him my last photo- cording to their compact, when he was always coming to the Ness? graph, you know."

'Did you send that hideous thing?"
asked Mary in surprise.

"Well," confessed Mary, rather reluctantly, "I believe I had some secret,
unconfessed hope that he would offer
to break off the engagement if he once
saw that hideous caricature. But here
comes Ned; I shall leave you to explain things to him."

A day or two later Nancy started for
sented it, but Nancy never guessed. For he

plain things to him."

A day or two later Nancy started for sented it, but Nancy never guessed her usual afternoon walk along the cliffs. Since she had been released from the engagement, which for some years past had been weighing on her she knew that her love for him was she knew that her love for him was

years past had been weighing on her spirit, she had been in a state of exhibitantion which surprised her. The world seemed wholly beautifully; life was an unmixed blessing; sin and poverty were rarer than she had thought. Walking quickly along, absorbed in these pleasant reflections, she did not hear footsteps behind her, and was surprised at hearing herself suddenly addressed. Looking up with startled eyes she found a young man gazing at her with a puzzled, intent expression in his handsome face.

"You are Nancy, are you not?" he said, doubtfully, holding out his hand.

"Why, Jim, is it really you?" asked Nancy, regarding him with surprise "How you have grown! When did you come? and how did you find me?"

but with ho outward enect. Inward was surprised the love for him was strengthening day by day, and that no power of him was strengthening day by day, and that no power of him was in a most trying position. He knew himself to be deeply in love with Nancy; his feeling for her had never died, as he had imagined; but with the knowledge that he had forfeited the right to tell of his ow. Her letters had been of a kind of which he had wearied when he had cased to be a youth. But, anxious that his own letters should not be as uninteresting to her as hers were to him he had written in a boyish, semi-frivolous strain, which he thought would be pleasing to her, as natural to herself. He could not understand how such a thoughtful intelligent girl brainwork capacity for the time."

called at the Ness this afternoon, and Mrs. Messinger told me where I should find you."

"Let us go home now, and then you can see them all," she said, turning back. "You will hardly know the children; they were such mites when you left."

"I certainly shall not, if they have altered as much as you have done. I scarcely knew you," he said, looking down at her with intent grav eyes, and inwardly comparing this beautiful, graceful girl with the gauche schoolgirl of five years since.

"I am older," she said, her heart sinking strangely. "He might disguise the lact that he finds me a disappointing failure," she thought, rather bitterly.

"Of course we are no longer hov and "You will that is the eart of the care of the course we are no longer hov and "Will that is the eart of the care of the

Nancy took off her sun bonnet, rest. wasn't it?"

"Y-yes," he said, doubtfluly, "oh, yes, of course. Your feelings are naturally quite changed, I suppose, Nancy?"

"Naturally, she said calmly, but "oh, and leaned her bare head against the gnarled trunk languidly. Jim watched her as she sat there, thinking that he would soon have only the memory of her sweet, pure face to bear with him.

"I came up this afternoon to say goodby," he said, breaking the long silence rather abruptly.

Nancy started slightly and raised her eyes to his in wonderment.

"Goodby?" she said. "And where

"Goodby?" she said.

are you going?"

"I am going back to India; I have had enough of England."

"To India? At once? Oh, why?"

she asked piteously, growing very white, and looking at him with frightened eyes.

An expression of tremulous hope began to dawn on Jim's face as he saw how his words had affected her.

"Do you care, Nancy?" he asked,

"Do you care, Nancy?" he asked gerly. "Would you rather I stayed?

"There is one thing I want to know," he said, presently, looking down into her eyes; "when did you begin to love me, dear?"
"When did you begin to love me?" she replied, blushing under his gaze. "I don't know; I have loved you all my life." he answered.
"I don't know, either," she said: "when I was about four or five, I think."

think."
"But, my darling, you broke off our engagement," he said, wonderingly.
"Yes; from your letters I thought I did not love you. They were so stupid.
—I.—I mean—"

"Yes, they were stupid, but yours were silly, too, and I thought that was the kind of thing you liked," he said, a ray of intelligence dawning in his

eyes. "I thought you were terribly boy-

ish, so wrote very 'young' letters, thinking they would interest you," she said, beginning to laugh.

"We both fell into the same mistrate then," he waid laughing too.

"We both fell into the same mistake, then," he said, laughing, too, though a little regretfully. "Oh, Naney! we might have had such a good time! How I wish I had the letters that you might have written!"

"Yes, it is a pity" she said. "But it is all right now, and I will write the sweetest letters to you in future."

"Indeed you will not." he replied, in a calmly masterful tone. "I never mean to leave you again. We must look upon those letters as a part of the vast 'It-might-have-been.""—Waverley Magazine.

A Funny State of Affairs.

A very funny state of affairs is revealed in England through a suit brought concerning depredations by rabbits. The rabbits came out of a rabbits. The rabbits came out of a wood and destroyed a field of barley. The owner of the crop sued the owner of the wood for damages. It was decided that the plaintiff was not entitled to damages unless the defendant had by artificial propagation increased the number of rabbits on his land to such an extent as to be a nuisance. He was not liable, even though he had increased the number of rabbits by killing off their enemies. The only remedy in possession of the man who lost his barley was to kill the rabbits lost his barley was to kill the rabbits which came upon the place. But this has to be done with due regard to a somewhat complicated game law. The killing must be done by the farmer or by one member of his household comby one member of his household com-missioned by him in writing or "em-ployed for reward to kill rabbits." In killing the rabbits the use of poisons or spring guns is prohibited, and fre-arms cannot be used at night.—New

DR. TALMAGE ON ELECTIONS

A TRUE MEASURE.

Man Should Use the Ten Commandments

As a Guide in Voting.

A True of the people are to the second of the second My text informs you that the lightnings and earthquakes united their forces to wreck a mountain of Arabia Petrees in olden time, and travelers to-day finds heaps of porphry and greenstone rocks, bowlder aginst bowlder, the remains of the first law library, written, not on parchment or papyrus, but on shattered slabs of granite. The cornerstones of all morality, of all wise law, of all righteous jurisprudence, of all good Government are the two tablets of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments.

All Roman law, all French law, all English law, all American law that is worth anything, all common law, eit'l law, criminal law, martial law, law of Nations were rocked in the cradle of the twentieth chapter of Exodus. And it would be well in these times of great political agitation if the newspapers would print the Decadorue some day in place of the abile editorial. The fact is that some people suppose that the law has passed out of existence and some are not aware of some of the passages of that law, and others say this or that is of the more importance, when no ons has any right to make such an assertion. These laws are the pilitus of society, and if you remove one ollar you damage the whole structure.

I have noticed that men are particularly temperal and find no especial wrath against sins in which they are not particularly temperal and find no especial wrath against sins in which they are not particularly temperal and find no especial wrath against sins in which they are not particularly temperal and find no especial wrath against sins in which they are not particularly temperal and find no especial wrath against sins in which they are not particularly temperal and find no especial wrath against sins in which they are not particularly temperal and find no especial wrath against sins in which they are not particularly temperal and find no especial wrath against sins in which they are not particularly temperal particularly temperal particularly temperal particularly temperal particularly temperal particula

rottenness.

A libertine is a beast, lower than the vermin that crawl over a summer carcass—lower than the swine, for the swine has no intelligence to sin against. Be careful, then, how you charge that against any man. You must be so certain that a mathematical demonstration is doubtful as compared with it.

it.

And then, when you investigate a man on such subjects, you must go to the whole length of investigation and find out whether or not he has repented. He may have been on his knees before God and implored the

not experiment muon with the divine ammunition.

Cieero said he saw the "Iliad" written on a nurshell, and you and I have seen the Lord's Prayer written on a five cent piece, but the whole tendency of these tires is to write the Ten Commandments so smail no-body can see them. I protest this day against the attempt to revise the Decalogue which was given on Mount Sinai amid the blast of trumpets, and the cracking of the rocks, and the paroxysm of the mountain of Arabia Petrau.

whites always affects the ruled, and I appeal to history.

Wicked King Manasseh depressed the moral tone of all the Nation of Judah and threw them into Idolatry. Good King Josiah lifted up the whole Nation by his excellent example. Why is if that to-day England is higher up in morals than at any point in her National history? It is because she has the best ruler in all Europe—all the attempts to scandalize her name a failure. The political power of Talleyrand brooded all the political tricksters of the last ninety years. The dishonest vice-presidency of Aaron Burr blasted this Nation until important letters were written in cipher, because the people could not trust the United States mail. And let the court circles of Louis XV and Henry Viff march out, foltowed by the debauched Nations.

The higher up you put a bad man the worse is his power for evil. The great fab. all says that the pigeons were in fright at a crocodile.

D

Once by the law our hopes were slain.

But now in Christ we live again.

Aristotle says that Mount Eina erupted one day and poured torrents of scoria upon the villages at the base, but that the mountain divided its flame and made a lane of safety for all those who eame to rescue their aged parents. And this volcanic Stand divided sits fury for those whom Christ has come to rescue from the red ruin on both sides. Standing as I do to-day, half-way between the two mountains—the mountain of the Exodus and the mountain of the nineteenth of John—all my terror comes into supernatural caim, for the uproar of the one mountain subsides into quiet and comes down into so deep a silence that I can hear the other mountain speak—aye, I can hear it whisper, "The blood, the blood, the blood that cleanseth from all sin."

The survey expedition says that the Sinaitic mountains have wadys or water courses—Alleyat and Ajeish—amptying into Feiran. But those streams are not navigable. No boat put into these rocky streams could sail. But I have to tell you fhis day that the boat of gospel rescue comes right up amid the watercourses of Sinaitic gloom and threat, ready to take us off from under the shadows into the land of peace.

Oh, if you could see that boat of gospel rescue coming this day you would feel as John Gilmore in his book. "The Storm Warriors," says that a ship's crew felt on the Kentish Knock sands, off the coast of England, when they were being beaten to pleces and they all felt they must die!" But after awhile they saw a Ramsgate lifeboat coming through the span of the coast of England, when they were being beaten to pleces and they all felt they must die! They had given up all hope and every moment washed off another plant from the wreek, and they said, "We must die; we must die!" But after awhile they saw a Ramsgate lifeboat coming through the seam, onling through the man standing highest up on the wreek said: "Gan it be? It is, it is, it is, it is! I hank God! It is the Ramsgate lifeboat! It is, it is, it is!

And th in control solution of the control o