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place, I hang the sairt out off the life and give it a thorough beating, especially around the bottom, with a light cane. Then I brush it to get out all the dust. Even when this has been done the amount of sand and dust which falls out when the bottom binding is ripped off is not inconsiderable. I spread a sheet on the floor of the sitting room if I am working there, to catch this dust and any threads which catch this dust and any threads which may fall. First, I rip off the bottom binding, and the flounces or trimings if there are any. Then I take off the band and the placket pleces,

The most becoming ruches are made of pleated maline, sprinkled with a tiny silky dot. Those in rose pink are the

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Goodness and Mercy Follow Us.

Some people can see providence in their past lives, and hope for them is their future lives, but never trust entirely in their being there in the present. Yet God is as truly working out His plans for His children in each hour to-day as at any time in their lives. Goodness and mercy follow us all the days of our lives if they follow us at all. The present trial, the present drudgery, are put there to work out good for us, and more than good—grace and glory, too.—J. R. Miller.

may and ought to be within the church.

They are outside the church, but they are interested in the Christian religion. I have been deeply impressed this summer with the desire and eagerness of men to hear the Gospel. When two or three hundred men, working at the navy yard, will stand in the sun at noon during the hottest days of July to hear a man speak about the joy and peace and strength of a religious faith, when you can speak on the corner to as many men as can hear you above the roar of the streets, when a vast the roar of the streets and eagerness of our lives if they follow us all the present trial, the present trial,

A Wilderness Library.
One of the larges: libraries in Russia belongs to Genadi W. Judin. It consists of over 100,000 volumes, and the oddest thing about it is that it is not situated in a large city, but in the neighborhood of one of the most naccessible Siberian towns, Karsjo-

The porters of the market place in Paris carry, strapped on their backs, great baskets full of garden produce.