The best friend is an atmosphere Warm with all impirations dear. herein we breathe the large, free breath Of life that hath no taint of death. Our friend is an unconscious part Of every true beat of our heart; A strongth, a growth, whence we derive God's health, that keeps the world alive. -Lucy Larcom.

Love's Reward. ****************

Plill P had known her ever so long, ever since she came here, a little, rose-lipped child. He drew ber to school on his little cart, he taught her to ride when older, and when her favor was no longer to be won by snowy kittens or sugared sweetmeats he had laid at her feet a man's strong love, a heart that was brave and loyal and true as steel.

short month before, the dark, band-some face that had lighted into a look her, the face of the wealthy city stranger-Edgar Reynolds.

Only one month ago, and already the lustrous eyes had learned to watch for his coming, already the girlish heart had learned to throb at his voice.

And he? No wonder he was faselnated by that fresh young face, and as the days went by he smiled to see how the love of the woman crept into the innocence of the child. And so when Philip Howard asked her for her love him so with womanly tenderness and very sad, very silent man.

The following day broke fair and bright, will golden sunlight on the hilltops and June-time mists in the valley. Along the white, winding road leading to the village, in the coolness of the dewy morning, walked Florence

Thorne The birds are singing their matins in the tree tops; the brook is laughing as it ripples o'er its pebbly bed. In the midst of all this glorious sylvan beauty the clusticity of youth reasserts itself, and the girl's step grows lighter, her heart happier, till she almost forgets her little troubles.

In the village she posts her letters and turns to retrace her steps. She meets many laborers on their way to work, and each man touches his hat and smiles pleasantly on seeing the their wives and little ones,

ground attached. It is far more pre- sweet, imperious grace wholly her own, tentious than her own cosy house. And and is walking away, on a partner's and bronzed and travel stained. well it may be, for it is the boarding arm, when she looks up and sees be house of this rustic little village. It is fore her a late arrival-Edgar Reynfilled with fashionables just now who olds. have fled from the crush and heat of The dark, debonair face is handsome the city, and, among others, Edgar as of yore, and it brightens as if with Reynolds.

At the gate a sudden thought strikes her. The housekeeper's little cand as apriling to the presence of others, held out the visits of the presence of others, held out the visits of the doctor. In this case to distinguish this, and the younger up yet. She pushes open the gate and

note paper. She picks it up and a moment in his, coldly, courteously, glances around. It must have blown from a window left open on retiring. Yes, there is one directly overhead. She is about to take it to the house

keeper to return to its owner, when her eyes chance to fall on two words written in a firm, bold band, "Florence Thorne." It is but a short letter, and the girl, forgetting all honor in the intensity of her surprise, reads every word of it almost before she knows what she has done. It runs:

"Dear Will-Expect me back on Thursday. Am tired of rusticating. It would have been an unbearable bore were it not for an awfully pretty girl, flirting with whom has helped to pass the time. She is the daughter of Allen Thorne, the millionaire's brother, you know. Made a fool of himself by marrying a school teacher's daughter years ago. Florence Thorne is a shy, wild rose-poor, pretty and proud as a princess-but I couldn't afford to ruin my prospects for her, you know, Much a I could do to keep from losing my heart in earnest. Had half a mind to throw over Agatha Vere's thousands. but-pahaw, the bank account carries

There is little more relating to business matters, then the letter closes with the hastily scratched signature, "Edgar Reynolds."

The girl stands stiff and rigid in the bright morning sunlight, a great starthat horror in her eyes. All the pretty, childish beauty dies in the strained in-

tensity of that gaze.
Hark! Is that some one coming?

For a moment she lifts her band to her head in a confused, helpless way. Then, crushing the letter into her bosom, she turns and flies fast as her leaden weighted feet will bear her down the path, through the gate, along the dusty highway-home,

Her uncle came to her on receipt of Philip Howard's letter, stating how ill she was, his lonely old heart warming with love toward his brother's orphan child. As for Edgar Reynolds, he had heard of her illness with his usual wellbrod indifference.

"Poor little thing! Perhaps it's the best way it could have ended after he said, and so, congratulating himself, he had gone back to town, while Philip Howard, far out on the broad Atlantic, a self-made exile from home and friends, carried in his heart of hearts the picture of a lovely, wistful, girlish face, with shyest pansy purple eyes.

Three years afterward James Thorne's palace home is a blaze of



Oil cloth trays may be considered a | 'f it suits his purpose is a perfect neg- four times. ******** as desired for the size you work, few tacks is all that is necessary. And she she thought of the face she had seen for the first time but one frame and tack it around the outside four inches larger each way than your one and a half inches from the edge. The surface is not so liable to scratch of involuntary admiration at sight of your prints, and it is easy to clean when through with.

In his address before the convention America, Lucius W. Hitchcock said the she had no heart to give him. She told four miles to find something to paint, oped in hydroxinone, metol, amidoi or believe it. blm so with womanly tenderness and and the master doing beautiful things rodinal. In the perfect negative there I have been unable to give more than plry, and he had left her presence a in his back yard. Not that everything should be only absolute opacity in the a short sketch of the social life of antais beautiful, and worth painting, for it very highest fights, such as the Let each one study it for himself and isn't but there are lots of beautiful glancing of the sun on the crest of the he will experience in doing so the deep things that you will pass every day waves, and absolute transparency only enjoyment that comes from sounding time. You are just as apt to see them all the tones and half tones. Over ness, and will perceive at least the in the street cars as anywhere else, and exposure tends to produce the middle main lines of a social example that we If you store up a reserve of souvenirs lones at the expense of the lights and ought to be able to imitate, though we of this sort you will do more original shadows. Under-exposure gives the cannot do so on account of the too large and better pictures. It is far better extremes at the loss of the half tones, dose of egotistical and feroclous inand does before you."

There is a wide difference of opinion make a negative for a certain paper printers, do not do themselves justice and with a certain object in view, that, on paper. Camera and Dark Room.

bright, pretty face, for, young as she light and beauty. The massive doors lit room till, parting the velvet curis, she has spent many hours helping are flung open; the perfume of the tains at the end, she enters a cool, dim, with kindly offices and gentle pity flowers floats out on the night air. The shadowy alcove. heir wives and little ones.

Coming home, she passes a house liers, through curtains of amber satin

new life when he sees her.
"Plorence-Miss Thorne!" He has her. The housekeeper's little child is sprung forward engerly, and, regard-

Florence Thorne looks up at him in Florence Thoras loose of at him bouses open the gate and noiselessly filts up the garden path to the rear of the house.

She accomplishes her mission and is returning, when she sees fluttering on the path before her a sheet of creamy a moment in his coldily courteously.

Florence Thoras loose and at his both her slender white hands rest in the direct knowledge of the pathent the direct knowledge of the pathent the direct knowledge of the pathent to the direct knowledge of the pathent his own—not reluctantly now.

The hard man in the shadow of the velvet porman in the direct knowledge of the pathent the direct knowledge of the pathent the direct knowledge of the pathent the direct knowled "Have you come back at last-at Innt yet

"Yes, we returned a fortnight ago," rings out the clear, allver voice. "Captain Arthur, will you take me to the

She bows a trifle haughtily to Edgar Reynolds, and leaves the drawing room on her partner's arm.

The night goes by with the ripple of laughter, the crash of music, the tread of dancing feet. Everywhere admiring eyes follow

Florence Thorne, and her uncle looks fondly on and suffes to see the world ow down before his darling. "Such wit, such repartee, such match-

less grace!" they say. "She is the beauty of the senson," "One dance, only one," pleads Edgar Reynolds, "for the sake of old times." She laughs, that clear, happy laugh of hers, and leaves him.

He stands where she has left kim and looks after her with hot, angry He has staid single and let Agatha

Vere's bank account slip through his hands for the sake of this girl and James Thorne's wealth.

Oh, now-now for one hour of the old dominion. He sees a servant approach her in he crowd, sees her bend her haughty

head and follow him. "I must have it out with her now," he says, clutching his hands flercely

many trays around as solutions used, are as a general rule under-exposed, vail. there is the cleantiness. Stains on they are especially liable to turn our common annoyances when black and white negatives, more esciable animals, and especially to those that have received ample exposure, Ortol is a good all around developer

because you have not the eyes to see where the lines require to be pure the secrets and laws of nature, while them. Keep on the alert for beautiful black. Between these two extremes at the same time he will enjoy the most combinations and arrangements all the these must be even gradations through delightful satire upon human wretchedthan copying what another fellow sees | Thus in a known case of under ex- stincts that we have inherited from our posure the pyro developer by its stain ancestors, retards the printing and tends to bring out on the paper every bit of detail as to what is the perfect negative. Of that is in the negative, while black course, the experienced worker will and white negatives, sithough rapid

He is just behind her, but draws that stands in its own grounds—a and creamy lace, streams forth on the house with snowy curtains, stretching street below.

She has received them all with a farther end of the room, against which ing room and noted her pulse while in gested that other further end of the room.

"Oh, Philip?" checks.

Little Flo?" he says softly.

time his eyes are suspiciously moist, day, I said, 'Give her my respects, With a woman's quick perception she 'Why,' she said, looking mystified and sees it and withdraws her hands,

sultors and a countess' coronet, she has my sister and you decline to see her.' faithfully guarded the love awakened It flashed over my mind in an instant. three years ago-the true love that I had prescribed for the wrong sister. flourished when the false love died.

"Have you no better welcome, Florence-no gift of love? Have I loved and waited in valu? Oh, my darling!

rage, who speaks, but Plorence turns to him with her calmost, sweetest

"You are mistaken, Mr. Reynolds. A pretty girl with whom you flirted three years ago helped to pass the time, but she was only a shy, wild rose, and you could not afford to ruin your prospects for her, you know."

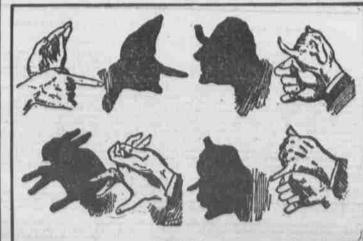
breast and bands him a sheet of crum pled paper.

Then she turns to the lover of her childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and I took that, too, while maw looked on, lays her hands in his, and he clasps An' maw—say, she jest roared! the figure in its trailing satin robes 'Nen paw—th' king-row's where he wants close in his strong arms as "little Flo" cries out in alarm:

"Oh, Philip, you have crushed my

And Edgar Reynolds goes forth from I must awake the old love to-night if the room and forth from their lives, and for once true love has its royal re He follows her through the long, gas- ward.-Waverley.

SHADOW PICTURES ON THE WALL.



SOCIAL INSTINCT OF ANTS.

Innects Who Preferred Duty to the Call of Pleasure.

A swarm of formica pratensis was losely pressed in its nest by an army of the same species, and crowds of alarmed defenders issued from the entrance to the nest and flew to take part in the fight. Like Satan, the tempter of old, I placed near them a drop of honey on a piece of paper, says a writer in the International World. At any other time the honey would have been covered in a few instants with ants gorging themselves, but this time numerous working ants came upon it, tasted it for scarcely a second and returned to it restlessly three or Conscientionsness, the cheap and sloppy substitute for the ative, although it may be useless for feeling of duty, invariably prevailed real thing, but if you will try them other papers. But it is to dispel the over gormandism, and they left the once when making bromide or velox idea in the mind of the beginner, that honey to go and be killed while defend-prints you will continue to use them a perfect negative must be orisp and ing the community. I am bound to for that purpose. Apart from the small clear, black and white. As most ama-cost which enables one to have as teurs make "snap shots" and these social in whom gormandism does pre- and required the use of several tons of

one tray is used for various purposes. pecially if they use prepared develop of man, the manner of ants exhibits a Procure a few rough wooden frames ers, which are mostly hydrokinone, on profound and fundamental aggregation lights up a mass of sinc sulphide a thou-about three inches deep and as large account of its keeping qualities in solution. Now hydrokinone is a harsh de- cial life. Let me mention devotion, the yard or two of white oil cloth and a veloper and only suitable for negatives instinctive sentiment of duty, slavery. torture, war, alliances, the raising of cattle, gardening, harvesting, and even for snap shots, where pyro is disliked, social degenerescence through the at-but, with all its staining qualities, pyro traction of certain harmful means of can be excelled. Pyro and metol in combination is a developer that can be adapted easily to long or short expos- this series of acts individual reasonures by diluting the developer and a ing. the result of calculated reflection. Milne testifies that their screaming much under exposed negative can be analogous to ours. The fact that each often gave notice of preliminary tremade to yield a fair print by leaving is fixed and circumscribed within one of the Photographers' Association of it in a diluted pyro-metol developer species, as well as the fatalistic char-America, Lucius W. Hitchcock said the until well stained through the film, acter it has in that species, proves this following, which is excellent advice for Such a negative is a disappointment to superabundantly. But it would be as any amateur: "Get your impressions look at, but the print is better than grave a mistake to refuse to recognize from nature, and don't try to manufac. the negative in detail and contrast, the deep natural laws that are concealture them in cold blood. Art is largely The amber color of a pyro developed a matter of seeing. It is the same old negative, although thin, makes it a different as regards our actions, though story of a young student starting out slower printer than a much more they are infinitely more plastic and with his sketching outfit, and walking dense, black and white negative devel more complex individually? I do not

***************** DOCTOR WAS TOO CLEVER.

\$+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++ was taking scarlet fever. I responded back quickly in the shade of a tail, at once. The patient was one of two At the proper age a certain number are he had been leaning a man bearded the act of shaking hands with her. By might be domesticated and propagated some witty remarks I contrived to in a similar manner. make her laugh, which enabled me to The girl sprang forward, a gleaming see her tongue. Then I said in a playlight in her eyes, a vivid color in her ful tone: 'If you will get me a glass I striking success of M. Heller, of Vienna. It was the old pet name for her when let in the water, and she drank it. I five years, could see nothing, the was a little child. When she grew want you to know that I take pride in eyes appeared to be normal. up a "fair girl graduate, with golden my original methods. I try to educate training began with looking at a bright Both her slender white hands rest in all of my work had been done without boy, who progressed more rapidly than "Little Flo," he says again, and this upstairs and see my sister?" Not to examination showed a defect of the ing accident of Lake Mooselookmarees it and withdraws her hands.

For a moment she is a shy girl again, "Strangely?" I echoed. "Why?" "Befor she knows how, in spite of wealthy cause I sent for you to prescribe for I was entirely too clever.'

mee—no gift of love? Have I loved and waited in valu? Oh, my darling."

"Silence! This lady is my promised wife."

It is Edgar Reynolds, white with age, who speaks, but Florence turns

"Nen I give him a man."

"Nen I give him a man." 'Nen he jumped me, an' chuckled out, "Jest beat me of you can."

'Nen I moved one, an' he took that, Jest then I seen a zignag line,
'Nen jumped—an' I took four!
My paw—he rubbed his chin, an' thought, As she speaks she draws from her An' says, "Um-m-m, lemme see!"

An' says, "Um-m-m, lemme see!"

An' when he moved, I saw my jump,
An' that time I took three.

'Nen paw he moved another man, An' hitched up to the board. To get, like anything, But 'fore he knows where I am I says, "Paw, crown that king."

Nen I jest moved the way they do Down there at Griggaes store,
An' first thing paw knows he ain't got
No checkers any more.
'Nen paw gits up, an' slams the board!
I can't say what he said— "Twas somepin' 'bout "smart Aleck kids,"
'Non he sent me to bed!

-Woman's Home Companion. Tree Turned Into a Newspaper. A foreign paper tells of an experi-nent. It was made to see how quickly a tree could be turned into a newspa per. At 7:35 a. m. a tree was sawed into a newspaper. It now becomes the gia. Yankee to beat that record. Perhaps it has been beaten, for something of the sort was done in New York several years ago.-Cincinnati Commercial

Plainly Stated.

-Philadelphia Press.

Science

For years the fertile soil of France has been cultivated mainly with the aid of cown and oxen instead of horses. Now, however, in consequence of the introduction of American agricultural machinery, horses are rapidly coming into use on French farms, and, as in the case of the mackinery, America is called upon to supply the larger part of purchased in large numbers for the French army.

One of the most remarkable and interesting products of German chemistry is the cubic inch of radium lately pro barlum salts. It shines like a lamp, also exciting phosphorescence in other materials like zinc sulphide. So energetic is this action that a small particle phorescence continues a considerable time after removal of the radium.

The terror of cattle, dogs and wild an unls before the cruption of Mont Pelee adds to the evidence that the senses of the lower animals are unlike our own. The late Prof. S. Seklya, of Toklo, kept pheasants to study their behavior before an earthquake, and Prof. John more of an earthquake that were unfelt by human beings. This being the case, it seems not unlikely that the creatures on Mont Pelee beard sounds and felt

vibrations not perceptible to man. It has been long known that the colors of butterflies are influenced by temperature. Experience during the last ten years has given Dr. E. Pischer some startling results, and have shown not only that cold sensons may produce new butterflies from the old, but that abormal heat may yield the same varieties, the changes being due to retarded development. Extreme cold, moreover, brings out other variations that may appear also in extreme heat. He suggests that these varieties of extreme temperatures may become permanent at a future stage in the earth's evolution, although Standfuss contends that they never were and never will be anything but singular freaks.

Within the last fifteen years the new industry of "fox farming" has been developed in Alaska. It originated in the desire to preserve the valuable bine fox have been chosen for their social valfrom extermination. The experiment was begun by placing twenty foxes on an unoccupied island. In the course of a few years some thirty islands were 'n anonymous physician who has thus turned into fox ranches. It was written some "confessions" for the Infound that the animals soon became now devotes herself to society. My cannot be gotten for gold. What Jeb dependent tells this story about him-sufficiently domesticated to cesse fear-imagination breeds disturbing thoughts says of wisdom will in Jewish judgdependent tells this story about him- sufficiently domesticated to cesse fearself: "I received a request to call ing their keepers and to assemble at from an old patient who was afraid she feeding places. Eight hundred or a thousand foxes are included in a ranch.

That a certain portion of the blind may be taught to see is indicated by the will treat you to some of my patent When brought to him three years ago, sods water.' She did so. I put a tablet in the water, and she drank it. I five years, could see nothing, but their field of vision was so narrowed that the and wonderfulness of the aboriginal feeble impressions reaching the brain Be- attracted no notice before the unusual inland waters of the Pine Tree State teaching.

> TURPENTINE FORESTS GOING. Ruthless Depletion of Pines Brought

to Notice. The first organization of turpentine men, known as the Turpentine Operators and Factors' Association, which recently held its first annual convention in Jacksonville, Fin., was confronted by the question of complete annihilation of their business, due to the ruthless tapping of young trees and the rapid depletion of pine forests. Ten years ago Norfolk, Va., was the great naval store port of the industry, two years ago Savannah and now Jacksonville, and next Tampa and then-what? Professor Herty of the United States Department of Forestry has been called upon, and was present at the convention. Newspapers in the South have pre-

ented able articles on this same subect for years, but the writer has seen oung trees no thicker in diameter than eight inches boxed; once, twice, yes, three times, so that a step ladder was used for the top boxing, and the strip of bark left was insufficient to gather the sap to feed the tree. The life of a turpentine tree after the first boxing is about two years. That means that after the sap has been taken the third time the tree must either be cut for timber or it dies. A trip through the pine forests of Georgia and Fiorida will demonstrate the reckless manner in which the boxing has been done, and, worse still, where clearings have been made no effort has been made to check the growth of scrub oak and the young pine rearing its head where down. Just two hours later it had its parent stood. Gradually the operbeen converted into pulp and paper. ators have been driven south, and to-At 10 o'clock the first printed and day it is estimated that at least one folded copy came from the press. In hundred camps are located in Florida 145 minutes the tree had been turned alone, and about fifty camps in Geor-

Nine hundred operators were at the convention. Each man has either bought or covered with options moror less pine forest, and in spite of his knowledge of what the future will bring is rapidly killing the goose with Mr. Yerning-If you will only mar- the golden egg. The end is near in the ry me, I promise you I'll make you a turpentine and roain industry. A few more years will see a tremendous rise Miss De Termind-Never fear! If I in these commodities, and no effort has decide to marry you I'll make you that yet been made to restore the depleted forests of Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, big meal.

North Carolina or northwestern Flori-da. The "fat pine" is indigenous to these States; it grows rapidly, but is easily exterminated by the more sturdy plants which spring up in the forest

RICH, BUT WRETCHED.

'A Miscrable Millionsire" Forth a Pathetic Tale. Money does not make men happy dear Lady Betty, though the want of it may make them unhappy. The following letter, which has been address. ed to me by "A Miserable Millionaire," "Sir-Poverty is to happiness what

the demand. American horses are also hunger is to food; it is appetite. The simple pleasures delight the poor, and ness and commerce to-day is not Chris-those are innumerable. Eight-and-tian, but heathen.—Rev. A. W. Hitchfifty years ago I was born in a cot- cock, Worcester, Mass. tage, with no hope or prospect of rising | Labor.-Before the coming of Christ stances had placed me. As a laborer time! It is sufficient for the present purpose to add that I emigrated, pros-pered, and eventually smassed a colosand fortune. I now live in palaces, and rights of the public.—Rev. A. B. Chal-

am wretched! "Care is my master. I have a multitude of interests, and in many directions, and my mind is never free from anxiety. I am in continual dread of losing some of the money which I have so painfully acquired, and a thousand and one unexpected occurrences could materially affect my Mass.

ery. Money is made to be spent, and Reemsnyder, Tiffin, Ohlo, artificial pleasures which money can all your heart and with all your casures-which I do not understand. Byrd, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga. only know what they cost, and the them. My butler, gamekeeper, coach-man, cook and the captain of my yacht are masters in their respective departments, for I know little or nothing of the management of a big establish beating of covers, the art of cooking. and the government of a ship. The sense of inferiority is always activethough I am the nominal superior. The mon; they are companions, not friends. My wife, who formerly took so great every instant of the day; my wife is ment be applied to true education friends are designing, my servants are N. Y. swindlers. I am alone and in the way. was immeasurably happier when

from day to day I dodged starvation. "But this misery is mostly caused by my being an upstart! I find those who were born rich are only apparently happier. The wealthy are always preparing to be happy. 'When our new house is built,' 'When my picture gallery is complete," "When my viscountcy has been changed to an earldom, When my daughters are married'so it goes on, and death calls before the last element for happiness is

NAMES OF LAKES IN MAINE Peculiar and Wonderfully Constructed,

but Borrowed from the Indians. The mention in a press dispatch from Farmington, Me., describing a drownretina, and it was concluded that the guntic recalls to mind the fearfulness titles with wihich some of the charming are burdened.

> Indian names of American localities and natural features have much reason on their side. Certainly those who have substituted for them modern English names have seldom been happy in their selections. But such aboriginal local names of lakes and mountains as Medguntic can command unreserved admi- on wrong thinking. Coarse thinking is likely to strike euphoniously on the un-prejudiced ear. Possibly they are re-life.—Rev. Dr. Harian, Brooklyn, N. Y. plete with poetle suggestions, but they Spirit of Christ.-The spirit of Christ don't convey them very clearly. Theo- is a spirit of seeking and searching. It dore Winthrop had the poet soul in him, is a spirit that cannot rest until success but he strove in vain to get poetry out has crowned its efforts. Ask yourself, of the names of some of the Maine is that the spirit of me? Yet we call lakes he loved best. Mooselookmaguntic ourselves Christ's disciples. If people suggested to him only the effort of an have lost their habit of going to church, Indian bunter, with an exceedingly im- what does it mean? It means that they perfect command of the English lan- are suffering from a diminution of spirguage, to tell how he had unexpectedly itual interest.—Rev. Dr. Alsop, Episcoshot a moose, and Mollechunkemug sug- pallan, Brooklyn, N. Y. gested to him nothing more romantic than the thought that the lake had been We learn our best lessons in this school named by some woodman after his of suffering. We learn, for instance, to hamed by sold with the short-faced Mary, his love truth and to know it by suffering Molly of the chunky mug.

Now and again the residents of tocaltties afflicted with such names as these petition the powers that be to change them to something better fitted for ordinary daily use and are therefore is the hardest thing in the world for you abused as vandals by all cultured persons in other parts of the country. But it is possible that the most cultured persons would sympathise with the vansaw palmetto, which effectually choke dals if they had to summer and winter with Mollechunkemug and Mooselookmaguntle and the rest; had to say all that every time they were asked whence they came or whither they were going; had painfully to write it all out every time they sent forth a letter or a telegram.-Rochester Democrat.

Inferential,

Madge-How in the world can all her bathing dress modest? Marjorie-Probably because it's so shrinking.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fast Time Over Sea. A message travels over an ocean cable at about 700 miles a second.

Some little people can ent a mighty



Nature.-Nature is God's book.-Rev. Dr. Gregg, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Knowledge,-It is best to have knowledge with our zeal.-Rev. In Moore, Akron, Ohlo.

Not Christian.-The system of busi-

above the position in which circum- in the world labor was totally despised. It is true that labor is a pen-I passed my youth; would that my alty attached to human nature.—Rev. millions could reproduce that happy J. J. Donlan, R. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Rights of the Public.-The time is past for arguing as to who is right in

the strike. It is time to consider the mers, Congregational, New Haven, Conn. True Life.-The reason why we have so little true life is because we do not look for it near enough at home. We

think other places better than ours,-Rev. Dr. Blabee, Universalist, Boston, fortune. The raid into the Transvani Modern Faiths.—There are those who ost me a quarter of a million, though believe in so-called "modern faiths," was not concerned in that despicable but they are all false. France attempted to dethrone the Bible-the result

"That is but one source of my mis- was the French revolution,-Rev. B. H. I do not know how to spend it intel- Religion.-Religion demands all from ligently. It requires special instincts, every man and yet no more than each education and training to enjoy the man can give. So you love God with provide. I have collected many art all your own and yet all his.-Rev. Dr.

Increase the Power. - Experience cost represents to me their value, In teaches that you can have educated my library are stored the best editions villains; that education without sanctiof celebrated books, but I have neither ties of religion or restraints of mornilthe inclination nor the time to read ty increases the power for evil.—Rev. Dr. Dana, Presbyterlan, Philadelphia,

No Climax.-Sin has no climax, It gains in speed and momentum as ment, the rearing of game and the goes. Frightful is the libusion that where, may render the choice of God less difficult.-Rev. J. C. Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.

finest wines require the finest taste to appreciate them, and my tasts is, of thought, and thought means the enlike my nature rough. My friends largement of men. It has been so in An Age of Thought.-Ours is an age ue; they are the best which money can in a moment. The story of our old command. We have nothing in com- planet is in its growth.-Rev. Dr. Prince, Methodist, Carlisle, Pa.

Wisdom,-There is no finer attribute an interest in whatever concerned me, to wisdom than when Job says that it asbamed of me, my son is eager to suc- wisdom is only the fruit of the best ceed to my estates and fortune, my education. - Rabbi Lyons, Brooklyn,

Purchased Man.—It is a sad thing to contemplate, but true, that Christ had purchased man from perdition, while man preferred to remain in the hands of the enemy. Christ did not enforce payment, because man was endowed with free will.-Rev. Dr. Crawford, Toronto, Canada.

Divine Purpose.-The sacrifices of the past reveal, dimly, somewhat of the divine purpose for humankind, but they foreshadowed all too dimly the tremendous purpose of God. The gist of God's purpose is that all men may be saved.-Rev. M. P. Fikes, Baptist, Baltimore, Md.

God's Fatherhood.-When men have fully learned that God's fatherhood means their own brotherhood, when the universal reign of righteousness shall have dawned, we shall not be here to detect and correct our blunders. Our work must be done no never.-Rev. C. J. Hall, Denver, Colo.

Fullness of the Gospel.-In Christ we see all the fullness of the Gospel. The Those who urge the retention of the glory he had with his Father. If Paul were alive to-day he would not forget the unsearchable greatness and riches of his Savior. When we see the beauties of his life we do not see how con descending he was.—Rev. J. Povey, Congregationnlist, Detroit, Mich.

Embodied Thought .- A man is as redybemps and Passadumkeag and Sists. sponsible for his thoughts as his actions dobals Bushabeegan, Umbacooksus, —in fact, a man's actions are but his Mollechunkemug and Mooselookma. embodied thought. Wrong doing feeds ration only from enthusiasts. They are the nearest kin to coarse actions. Bight undeniably cumbersome and hardly thinking about Christ beings right

Buffering.—Suffering is a great school. from errors. We learn to love righteous ness as we suffer from sin. But the greatest lesson we learn from our experience in life is the great central lesson of obedience. Do you know that it and me to become obedient as we pass through the school of suffering? I have learned obedience by the things I have suffered. Not only do we learn the lesson of obedience in the school of experience and suffering, but we really develop and consolidate our character Rev. Dr. MacLaurin, Rochester, N. Y.

"Rata!"

In mnemonics this is perhaps the best thing out. It is related of a reporter. who had to write about A. R. Colquhoun, the well-known engineer. He was told that after Mr. Colquboun's name should be placed the letters "M. I. C. E."-Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

"That's easy to remember," thought the reporter. "M. I. C. E. spells 'mice." Can't forget that."

When he gave in his copy to the editor, however, the letters after Mr. Colquboun's name wers "H. A. T. B."