

Heart Promptings.

I wanted to send her some flowers,
For it is just two years to-day
Since the little ones were taken
From my neighbor over the way.
But John said, "What good will it do her?
And why bring up the past?"
He was sure he wouldn't want flowers,
So I gave it up at last.

Men often think us foolish,
To do these "useless" things;
But if they call us "angels,"
They should not clip our wings.
There is something that tells us to do
them—

A feeling we can't resist
Perhaps if we gave up doing,
There'd be something lost and missed.

And I can't help feeling the Master
Still speaks for us now, as when
He defended those simple women
Before the wiser men,
And when, all worn and weary,
With hours in field and street,
That woman's tears provided
The water for his feet.

All saw that he was slighted;
Yet the men who loved him, too,
Might have whispered, "Useless, foolish,"
Had they known what she would do.
But the woman's sudden impulse,
With love's unerring aim
Went straight to the heart of Jesus,
And her deed to blessed fame.

And again, when his soul was heavy
With the burden of upshared woe,
Wounded by those who loved him,
As well as by open foe,
One heart—a woman's—answered,
With an act that met his need,
And heaven and earth still witness
To the fragrance of her deed.

But by some of his own disciples
It was judged an angry haste;
"The poor might have had the money;
To what purpose all this waste?"
"She hath done what she could," he an-
swered,

Hath wrought a good work on me;
And this she hath done in my gospel
Her endless memorial shall be.

And then, although sadly "useless,"
One voice—a woman's—rose
Nor "that just man," forsaken,
Before his bitter foes.
And all the way of Sorrows
Love's fearless protest came
From the noble band of women
To whom he spake by name

Around the cross of their Master,
They stood to the very end.
"You can do no good," was whispered,
Doubtless by many a friend.
Yet from his cross he saw them,
And Mary, standing there,
Heard his own voice commit her
To John's protecting care.

"Nay, do not go to the garden,"
Their friends, in kindness, said;
"But the women followed, weeping,
And saw where he was laid.
It is useless to gather spices—
What good will the ointment be?
The tomb is sealed and guarded,
There is only the stone to see."

But the women's strong devotion
Impelled their eager feet
To haste in the early dawning,
With spices and ointment sweet.
Had they stayed and checked their feelings
Ah, think of the untold loss!
For they were the first to see him
Who died for them on the cross.

Love speaks a simple language,
But speak it must and will,
And our Lord doth set his sanction
On its tender promptings still.
He has gone himself to heaven,
But he lives in his own to-day—
I think I will send those flowers
To my neighbor over the way.

—Parish Visitor.

—A lady in Elmira wishing to secure
the 25 useful household articles that were
advertised to be sent in return for a three-cent
stamp, received in reply to her order
25 pines.

—A beautiful person is the natural
form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds
its own house. The soul takes precedence
of the body, and shapes the body to its
own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the
meaning out of the fairest face. A cold,
selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best
looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes the
character out of the countenance. A
cherished hatred transforms the most
beautiful lineaments into an image of
ugliness. It is impossible to preserve
good looks with a brood of bad passions
feeding on the blood, a set of low loves
trampling through the heart, and a selfish
diabolical spirit enthroned in the will, as
to preserve the beauty of an elegant man-
sion, with a litter of swine in the basement,
a tribe of gypsies in the parlor, and vul-
tures in the upper part.—Golden Rule.

Richly Poor.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

When Charles Platt and Mary Dean
were married, they had just three dol-
lars in hand wherewith to begin life.
Charles was a clerk in a "general
store" in a small inland town. Mary
was a farmer's daughter who had
taught district school for a living.
They were now both orphans, and
having known each other for many
years had grown into love, rather
than fallen into it, and were of the
same mind that it was better to be
happy together, than unhappy apart.

So Mary laid out her small savings
in cheap furniture for two rooms, a
few dishes, a good store of under-
clothes, two calico dresses and a meri-
no; and Charles spent his on a stove,
a clock, an ingrain carpet, a good bed
for the bed-room, and a suit of Sun-
day clothes; this left them, as I said,
three dollars; for Charles' salary was
only just increased to such small ex-
tent as made his marriage possible.

In this little town of Durham, all
the children in their early lives went
to school together, and grew up friends
as far as their natural traits permitted;
but some of the wealthy manufactur-
ers and professional men, when their
sons and daughters grew older, sent
them to the country town, or even
farther, for better education and more
polish than they could obtain at home.

When Charles and Mary were mar-
ried and came into church the first
time one November day, they were
nodded at and smiled on by many a
kindly face, and more than one young
girl of her own age ran her eyes over
Mary's bridal attire in a way not al-
together pleasant to the bride; and
she heard more than one whisper:
"Nothing but a blue merino!"

Mary was a sensible girl, it is true,
but she was a girl still, and she felt
hot and uncomfortable. She would
have liked a silk dress, but she could
not buy one, and her mother's earnest
advice to her from the time she first
earned a cent had been "don't spend
money you haven't got, Mary, or you'll
buy trouble."

There were a good many other
things that were hard to bear, some-
times they seemed the harder because
the poverty was mutual. She could
not go out evenings, for Charles was
busy in the store. She had to give
up her girlish frolics of nutting, row-
ing on the lake, berrying, and all
such things, because she had her work
to do; and she knew all the time that
her husband needed air and exercise
even more than she did. One after-
noon in such a mood she picked up
her sunbonnet; put her work into her
apron, and ran out to see an old
neighbor, a poor lame woman, whom
she had known all her life, and whose
greatest pleasure was to have people
come in to see her, since she could
never get in to see them.

"I didn't feel over and above cherk,
Aunt Polly," she said, "so I thought
I'd run in and have a talk with you."

"Dear me," said Aunt Polly, "I
thought you looked as bright as a but-
ter-cup, Mary; ain't you well?"

"Yes, I am always well."

"What a thing to be thankful for!"
said Aunt Polly, with a half-sigh.

"But sometimes I get down-hearted
about; we're so poor, and so shut up,
somehow. I don't get out evenings,
for Charley can't leave the store, and I
hate to go away anywhere without
him; and then I never do go any-
where, since I was married, for there's
work to do at home every day."

"I suppose you'd be happier if
Charles was to leave ye for good an'
all, then, and let you have liberty to
go?"

"O aunt!" Tears choked her voice
as she answered this seemingly cruel
question.

"Mary," Aunt Polly began again,
with deep earnestness, "if you're a
Christian woman, and want to live a
Christian life, jest you stop right here

and don't count your troubles no more
count up your marcies; it's them we
had ought to look at; paid for with
blood, not deservin'—His blood, who
died that we might live."

Mary colored painfully. She had
not thought of her troubles in this
light, and being a sensible, true wo-
man, she went home with new resolu-
tion.

Charles Platt was not a strong man
or a cheery one; his tendency was to
be careful and troubled, and Mary
saw now that she had hindered, not
helped him. She was young, honest,
candid, and eager to do right; she
made new resolves, and lived up to
them. She let fresh air into her
house, since she had scarcely more
chance than Charles to go out and
get it; she let the sunshine come in,
too; and the little posy-bed by the
front door was allowed her by the
landlord, since the women who kept
the milliner's shop below had no time
to use it. One neighbor and another
gave her seeds and slips, and in win-
ter her east window was gay with
plants, and the south one gay with
her fresh face and bright smile. She
made friends with everybody about
her; for a kind word is like a caress,
and she always had a friendly greeting
a kind inquiry, or a word of sympathy
for all she met. Sometimes, of a holi-
day, she asked a few friends to come
and spend the evening with her. She
had the courage to offer them only a
dish of apples, a basket of nuts, per-
haps a bowl of popped corn, or a sug-
ar-time, a "sugaring-off," that enter-
tainment peculiar to the country of
maple trees.

But her welcome was so warm and
genial, her hospitality so genuine and
simple, and Charles was always so
glad to see all who came, that it was
one of the treats eagerly looked for-
ward to by the young folks of Dur-
ham to spend an evening in those two
cheerful rooms.

By and by the rooms grew smaller,
for a baby helped furnish them, but
she was far more welcome than the
guests even. Mary had hands and
heart full now, but strength came with
its need. She missed most of all her
weekly evening meeting, but she
lived so near the church she could
still hear the old sweet hymns float
over, and on Sundays Charles took
care of the baby while she went to her
Sunday school class, and on alternate
Sundays they went, one or the other
to church. Whatever Mary gave in
charity was as the widow's mite to
her, for she was sorely pinched for the
real needs of life. She could, and did
give away mended and faded garments
stockings she knit "between daylight
and dark," some food to the absolute-
ly starving, some small delicacies to
the sick poor; time to visit the lonely
sad, and the ailing she also gave,
for she could carry her baby along,
and found over and over again that
the bright unconscious face, the inno-
cent smile, the unsympathetic calm
and sweetness of the child, did really
more good to sick or sufferer than her
own words or feeling. Her life was so
quiet, her opportunities so small, that
it ran on like a hidden brook in a
meadow whose course you only trace
by the greener and stronger grasses
that conceal it. Yet there was not a
sick or sad person who did not want
to see Mary Platt, and her happy
laugh did "good like a medicine"
wherever it was heard. After several
years they were able to take a little
house to themselves, and from its gar-
den, solely Mary's care, came the first
strawberries, the freshest radishes, the
crisp lettuce, not only to add to
their own meals but to share with
the neighbors, and the one early ap-
ple tree that shaded her kitchen door
was a blessing to everybody who liked
the fruit. "Give, and it shall be
given unto you," was abundantly
realized; when, time after time, the
delicate baby sickened and fought, its
way back to life again with a tenaci-
ty babies only possess, watchers were

always ready to take the mother's place
at night, dainty food sent in, every
kindness that country neighborhoods
can show lavished upon her, for all
her neighbors had some debt of kind-
ness to pay.

Then her cellar never was empty,
for one would send her a barrel of ap-
ples, another a bushel of potatoes, and
still another a few parsnips, a head or
two of cabbage, a jug of cider vinegar.
"I never saw such good people in
my life," she said once to Charles,
with tears in her eyes; "they're al-
ways doing something for us."

"Strange, ain't it?" said Charles,
smiling with a queer smile, but he
said no more; he knew very well why
they were so kind, but he would not
tell Mary; he loved her with all his
heart, but he was too shy to praise
her, after the reticent New England
fashion.

So the days passed, carrying with
them their little cares and little pleas-
ures; and Charles and Mary found
that if their life was not all sunshine,
the sunshine which did come into it
was all the sweeter because of the oc-
casional shadow. The tastes of nei-
ther were expensive; they did not pine
after luxuries which they could not
afford, and were quite content with
the even course of their quiet home
life.

After a while Charles fell ill of a
fever, and the extra necessities of
sickness brought them into debt;
this was a real trouble to Mary; to
have all going out and nothing coming
in seemed hard to her; her husband
was not dangerously ill, but he could
not work; it was four long months
before he resumed his place in the
store, and they were almost two hun-
dred dollars in debt. But Mary's
cheerful faith and courage held up
her husband in this strait. If she
was troubled he never knew it; she
took in what sewing she could get,
sold her vegetables and fruit to the
tavern-keeper, instead of giving them
away, and mended the old clothes for
themselves instead of the poor about
town; for she knew well justice is
better than generosity. Slowly, al-
most cent by cent, she laid up a few
dollars, and applied them in these
small sums to their debts. Charles
came home one night in a desponding
mood enough; he had been dunned
by the village apothecary for his bill,
and though he did not mean to tell
Mary she soon coaxed out of him the
secret of his weary face and aching
head; she heard his story silently,
and then went to the drawer where
her coin accumulated, and brought
out with the little box a bundle of
bills,—for she had exacted a receipt
even for the smallest sum paid in,—
and now out of the dimes, quarters,
five-cent pieces, here and there a dol-
lar bill, she counted out ten dollars,
and running over what she had al-
ready paid on the account, found they
were but five dollars in debt when
that ten should be paid. The drug-
gist was a careless man, and eager
for money, had gone to Charles with a
bill on which none of Mary's payments
had been entered. Here was a pleas-
ing surprise for the cast-down
man; to be sure there were still debts
remaining, but there was an outlook
of hope before him; and as he sat
down that day to a meal of potatoes,
corn-bread, greens, and a bit of salt
beef so small it was but a relish merr-
ly for the vegetables, a literal "miner-
al of herbs," the text came involuntari-
ly to his lips, and he smiled as he
looked over at Mary and little Nelly,
and repeated the words of the wise
man; for he had indeed the love and
faith that made poverty sweeter than
many a rich feast.

Yes his naturally despondent na-
ture gave way sometimes; he hated
to see his wife working so hard, spar-
ing so steadily, pinching in all her
comforts, and one day the feeling
found words, as he watched her thin
fingers pulling in and out the little
household dagger that has stabbed so

many a life out with its countless
thrusts.

"How tired you look, Molly!" he
said sadly. "I hate the sight of a
needle in your hands; it seems as if
you were sewing yourself instead of
Mr. Peters's shirts. Oh, if we were
only rich!"

"Don't say that, Charley!" she an-
swered, with a keen pain in her tone.
"Don't wish for money; aren't we
rich in ever so many things money
don't fetch? What a lot of friends
we have got all round; what a nice
little house and lovely garden; and
Nelly, and each other and"—here her
voice fell with feeling and awe—"and
treasure laid up where moth and
rust don't corrupt."

"I know it dear; but sometimes,
when you work so hard, I do wish I
could give you some rest and pleas-
ure."

"Why, I don't want any," she an-
swered brightly. "I have enough.
Do you suppose Squire Smith takes
half the comfort in his beautiful house
all shut up and dark for fear of sun to
fade and dust to tarnish, that we do
in our sunny, fresh, old house? Or
do you believe he takes half the pleas-
ure in spending his money we do in
contriving and pinching and planning?
Why I've been as gay as a bobolink
all day because, when this shirt is
done, I shall have money to spare for
a new tin tea-pot; and the debts are
almost all paid; if it is after three
years' time. I'm happy every time I
think of it. Why, Charley, I think
we are the richest poor people that
ever was!"

"I think I am the richest poor man
any way!" he answered, looking at
her with his heart in his eyes. "Lov-
ing favor rather than silver or gold."
—S. S. Times.

Remind Me of the King.

La Fontaine, chaplain of the Prus-
sian army, once preached a very ear-
nest and eloquent sermon on the sin
and folly of yielding to a hasty tem-
per. The next day he was accosted
by a major of the regiment with the
words:

"Well, sir! I think you made use of
the prerogatives of your office, to give
me some very sharp hits, yesterday."

"I certainly thought of you while I
was preparing the sermon," was the
answer, "but I had no intention of be-
ing either personal or sharp."

"Well, it is of no use," said the ma-
jor, "I have a hasty temper, and I
cannot help it, and I cannot control it.
It is impossible."

And still adhering to this opinion,
after some further conversation he
went his way.

The next Sabbath La Fontaine
preached upon self-deception, and the
vain excuses which men are wont to
make.

"Why," said he, "a man will de-
clare that it is impossible for him to
control his temper, when he very
well knows that were the same provo-
cation to happen in the presence of
his sovereign, he not only could but
would control himself entirely. And
yet he dares to say that the continual
presence of the King of Kings and
Lord of lords, imposes upon him nei-
ther restraint or fear!"

The next day his friend, the Major,
again accosted him.

"You were right, yesterday, chap-
lain," he said humbly. "Hereafter
whenever you see me in danger of
falling, remind me of the King!"—
Ec.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat.

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