

God Save The King.

The nation, comforted by prayer, Lifts up its eyes and hearts to Thee, O God, whose on and gracious care Made England mistress of the sea.

His mother's God, stand Thou by him, As by the Queen, through all his reign; If future days are bright or dim

Grant him to reign through times of peace, In strenuous days O make him wise, Let war, and strife, and trouble cease,

Give him to comfort him, through all The times of strain, his people's love, The household loves and joys withal

A Transferred Ticket.

As the 7.40 train began to pull away from the Alexandria station, an old white-haired negro hurried across the platform and swung himself onto the rear car.

Evidently he was very tired, for his shoulders began to slope, and every few minutes he shifted his feet as though they hurt him.

At last a young man lowered his newspaper. Here's a seat, uncle, he called; you look tired.

The negro shuffled forward eagerly. Yes, sah! tank yo', sah! he said gratefully, as he sank down.

No, sah; goin' back home—goin' back to ole Georgy. Into his eyes came a look of eager expectation, and he stroked the back of the seat softly, as though it were his old home in far-away Georgia.

What did Marse Henry do? Marse Henry indignantly; why he's gentleman, I tells yo'. He ain' do nutten. He ain' nebbber learn do t'ings like common white fo'ks.

But dat's all right. I kin wuk, an' folks don't need money w'en dey's home. Money's fo' trabblin'.

In the seat behind them was a shabbily dressed woman, whose face had an anxious, frightened expression.

The conductor touched her shoulder, she started uneasily. Ticket, please! A red flush of shame spread over the woman's face; then it disappeared, leaving her white and dogged.

The conductor grew stern. Very well. If you get off at the next station it will save us the trouble of putting you off, and he turned to the opposite seat.

The woman's eyes grew big with terror, as she sprang up and caught him by the arm.

Don't do that, sir! Don't put me off! she implored hoarsely. I've got to go. My husband has written for me to come.

Off at the next station, broke in the conductor, harshly. We'll be there in a minute. If it was not so near I'd slow the train and put you off—this poor woman has some excuse, but you!

Before the conductor reached the end of the car the speed began to slacken. The old negro rose and turned to his companion.

How is your wife, Mr. Williams? The scene of my story is a shop in a little town on the south coast of England.

The man addressed looked up from the counter, where he was packing together the purchases the speaker had just made.

Yes, it is serious, serious in more ways than one, I can assure you, Miss Rowe. I've had a bad month of it.

You look surprised, ma'am, I'll tell you what I mean: You see if I was not a Christian I just could not bear it; but I am glad to say I am a Christian, and that makes all the difference.

But Jennie what am I to do with the trials and temptations that everywhere beset me. You know I have a hasty spirit and it is difficult

for me to be resigned under adverse circumstances. Accept life as it comes, in quiet submission and unflinching faith in Him who rules it.

No wonder you never envy others their gifts, or utter harsh words, for you are too richly endowed by the grace of God to have any but kindly thoughts for all.

Oh, Florence, it is not that I would parade my feelings, but if there is a cause in which it is glorious to serve, it is the religion of Jesus Christ.

Every day hath toils and troubles Every heart hath care; Meekly bear thine own full measure And thy brother's share.

It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty, muttered Dick, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him.

It's a great blessing, said his grandmother, as he sat at her knitting, to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless.

Jennie laughed softly. Florence, it is better to blame to little than too much, and there comes a time to all when kindly words are remembered with much pleasure, even if faults have been apparent and seemed to merit rebuke.

Well, Jennie, I can forgive an injustice but I cannot forget it. It rangles in my memory, strive as I may.

Oh, but that was not the way the Lord forgave a world of suffering sinners. What does He say, Florence? For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

But what are we to do with the trials and insults that sometimes come to us? Just live above them, dear friend. Don't try to live them down, or coldly face them, but calmly rise above them.

People need from us nothing so much as good cheer and encouragement. Life is hard for most and needs inspiration.

Strength and beauty combine in the making of the truest manliness. Two good rules for life are: Never be discouraged; never be a discourager.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

With but little care and no trouble the beard and mustache can be kept a uniform brown or black color by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Thank God For Mother. After one of the hard-fought battles of the War, a chaplain in the Southern army was called to see a dying soldier.

He supposed, of course, that the young fellow would want to cry to God for help in his extremity; but it was not so.

For what? asked the chaplain. For giving me such a mother. Her teachings are my comfort now.

And so, said the chaplain, I kneeled by his bed with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace, and an eternal home in glory.

The Law

Of health has no uniform guardians of its peace. If it had there would be arrests innumerable in every restaurant every day of the year.

What's that? cried Dick, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings.—Phrenological Journal.

On a cold Winter day a young man, carrying his father to the workhouse, sat him down on what they called milk stones.

His father replied that he was not weeping because he was being taken there, but because of his cruelty to his own father.

There is a blessing in hardness. Enduring it with courage and persistence makes us strong.—J. R. Miller.

EVERY DRUGGIST in the land sells Pain-Killer. The best liniment for sprains and bruises. The best remedy for cramps and colic.

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