

The Old Pastor's Dismissal.

"We need a young man to stir the people, And lead them to the fold." The vestry said: "We ask your resignation, Because you're growing old."

Above the violet hills the sunlight's glory Hung like a crown of gold, And from the great church-spire the bells...

Assembled were the people for their worship; But in his study-chair The pastor sat unheeded, while the south wind...

A smile lay on his lips. His was the secret Of sorrow's glad surcease. Upon his forehead shone the benediction Of everlasting peace.

"The ways of Providence are most mysterious," The people gravely said. As wondering-eyed, and scared, the people crowded About their pastor dead.

"We loved him," wrote the people on the coffin, In words of shining gold; And above the broken heart they set a statue Of marble, white and cold.

The Wrong End of the String.

Oh, dear! I can never, never get it open. You have hold of the wrong end of the string, dear.

Why, there is no other end. What a strange string it must be!

There was a moment's silence. Grandma would look up her knitting and Madge bent lower over the dainty box, her fingers working nervously at the bow of rose-pink ribbon.

Oh, oh! How lovely! Look, grandma, and a dainty, cobwebby, lace handkerchief was held up for the other's inspection. How lovely of Aunt Blanche to send it to me for my birthday!

After the two had duly admired the pretty gift, Madge exclaimed: How petulant I was grandmas! What makes me always so impatient?

You get hold of the wrong end of the string. Madge sat for a moment, looking thoughtfully out at the lawn where the May sunshine lay, warm and bright.

It was thoughtless. A gentle reminder would have proved a pull upon the right end of the string. Madge's face grew very red. She might have been hasty, but Ray was so trying!

You and Ray had—well, some cross words about his wearing his muddy rubbers in on the carpet last night. You know it was wrong in him, grandma, for mother had forbidden it.

Madge's face grew very red. She might have been hasty, but Ray was so trying! Then there was your misunderstanding with May Graves. It was not you of whom she was speaking, but a third party thought it was, and repeated the words to you.

Madge caught up her embroidery and began pulling hasty stitches in a half complete yellow violet. Yesterday there was another pull at the wrong end of the string—the hasty words when your dear mother gently spoke to you of your untidy room. You were sorry the next moment. You found the right end, but the tears had come into your mother's eyes.

Converted By Telegraph. I suppose you know that the operators at the telegraph offices along any line of road do a great deal of talking back and forth over the wire, said the man who had served his time at the key. You take it at night when only a few of the offices are open and the wires are clear most of the time and the operators will joke back and forth just to keep themselves awake.

I used to be a night operator at a good-sized town down in Illinois. There was a junction about twenty miles away, and the night man there was named Joe something or other. I never saw him, but I was well acquainted with him. That is, we used to chin over the wire a good deal, and he used to say some clever things. Whenever I would be sitting in the office at night and some funny crack would come clicking over the instrument, I'd know it came from Joe down at the junction. Besides, after you listen to a man's sending every night you come to know his style, just as you come to know a man's voice or his handwriting.

Well, it seems they had a big revival or protracted meeting down at the junction. Joe would attend these meetings early in the evening before going on watch, and about the third time he went they had him up to the mourner's bench, and he professed religion. From the minute that Joe joined the church he became a missionary. No more frivolous jokes went over the line. I should say not. I would be sitting in the office at one o'clock in the morning—and you know the deadly stillness of one o'clock in the morning in a country town. You can hear yourself breathe. As I say, I would be sitting at the table, and then the sounder would begin to click: F-l-e-e-r-o-n-t-t-e-w-r-a-t-t-o-c-o-m-m-

Well, I can explain that, said the visitor. You haven't let the world know that you changed partners.

can not ask Jesus to do such things for me. Ab, dear child, you must trust him for all things. Take his presence unreservedly into your heart. Then there will be no room for doubts and misgivings.

A thoughtful look rested upon the girl's face. She began to see. Is it self—the wrong end of the string, grandma?

If so, Madge, the right end is love—love for God and for our fellows. Do not you and I sometimes get hold of the wrong end of the string?

On of The Sweet Old Chapters. Mother was dying, and we, her grown-up children, were gathered in the old-fashioned room to witness the closing scene. We had known for some time that it was coming, or she walked with a feeble step each day, and a sweeter smile rested upon her face every time we looked into it. Mother's smile had always been very sweet to us, but it seemed to become more tender and heavenly as the days went on and we sometimes thought that she was looking right into the glory of the better life. Her eyes grew brighter at times, just as though unseen hands had lifted the thin veil between this world and the one to which she was going.

All that day we sat or stood around her couch of death, although it did not seem like death at all. The smile lingered constantly on her face, and her eyes were as clear and bright as the summer sky. She was evidently too happy to talk to us, and too much absorbed in heavenly things to notice earthly scenes. Sometimes her thin lips moved as if in prayer, and once she sang in a tremulous voice, Nearer, my God, to Thee.

None of us dared to weep in mother's presence, even if we had felt like it, for we had caught, too, something of her holy joy and peace. So we could do nothing but smile also, as we stood around her bed. Just as the light of the setting sun crept into the west window and fell upon her pillow, she suddenly said: Read to me one of the sweet old chapters.

Which one, mother? we all asked in unison as the old family Bible was brought out. She did not answer, and one of our number began to read the last chapter in the book that she loved so well. When the fifth verse was read she repeated the words.

And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light and they shall reign forever and ever. We thought that mother did not notice any more of the chapter as it was read, for a far-away absent look crept over her face, and she kept repeating that one verse.

Soon a sweet, solemn stillness settled down upon her, and we knew that her happy soul had gone home. At first we thought that the sunlight upon the pillow had stolen up to her face and thus glorified it, but we soon saw that it was a fairer light than of setting sun. The peace of heaven was hers at last, and she would never need to listen again to one of the sweet old chapters, for all of its precious promises had been fulfilled and blossomed out into eternal joy.

How sweet to meet the Master with the wedding garment on—how blessed to drift out upon the pulsing sea with every white sail unfurled in the pure breeze! Mother was ready to go, and this was why she went so sweetly away with the King of Glory.—American Messenger.

The Influence of a Mother. Not long ago an old man lay dying. For days he had lain almost unconscious, only rousing himself to take a little nourishment. Suddenly his strength seemed to return. He raised up in bed. Mother, he called. Oh, I thought I heard my mother, and frequently thereafter until his death he talked to those about him of the personal appearance, manner and life of the mother who had died when he was nine years of age.

Think how strong an impression was made by that mother in the brief years, her boy had been under her control. He had grown to manhood without her, had taken part in the business, social and political life of his native place, yet at the last, business cares, social pleasures, political triumphs, were forgotten. His mother and his early life at home alone remained in his thoughts. It seemed remarkable that mothers so often fail to realize the impressions they are making on their children.

He will never remember, said a mother lately when her conscience smote her over some acts of injustice to her seven-year old boy. But that boy will remember, and his mother's influence will be weakened by just so much. A young officer was asked recently how it was he was able to live so noble a life in the midst of such tremendous temptations. His answer was, I had a good mother.

Another well-known man in London society was remarked upon as taking a strong line of his own, both moral and religious, and the question was one day put to him, By whose preaching did you become the man you are?

It was nobody's preaching, but my mother's practicing, he replied. Her daily teaching and example were enough to influence her children.

This magic power of influence is one of the greatest of God's gifts—and it is in a special manner granted to mothers—only they cannot exercise it if they are giving too much time to society, to visiting, to traveling, or to philanthropic work, which takes them away from their homes, and if they decline to give up many pleasures for the elementary duty of devoting themselves to their children's training in the first years of life.—Presbyterian Record.

Dissolve The Partnership. A Buffalo man had a dishonest partner who almost wrecked the business of the firm by his questionable financial methods. The only way to win seemed to be to buy out the scamp's interest, and get a more reliable partner. But even after this was done, business did not pick up. One day an old business man came along, and the remaining member of the firm complained of the way fate had used him.

Well, I can explain that, said the visitor. You haven't let the world know that you changed partners.

They still think that Smith is in your firm. The old sign still hangs over the door. You must take down Smith & Jones and put up one reading, Brown & Jones.

The next day the new sign was put up. The old sign came down. A notice was put in the windows, and on the doors, and into the newspapers. It read as follows: John Smith and George Jones have dissolved partnership, John Smith retiring from the business. Charles Brown has been admitted to the firm, and Brown & Jones will continue at the old stand. Everybody read it, and trade picked up.

Has your repentance found words? Have you let the world know that you have renounced the Devil and all his works? It must be done. Proclaim it, brother, in word and deed, and in whatever way you say it, the world will read it.—The Lookout.

The Better Way. Richard Morton and Samuel Whitfield were well-to-do farmers, who lived on adjoining tracts of land. One morning Richard saw his neighbor coming slowly up a lane near the house, seemingly in search of something, and hastened out to meet him. Good-morning, neighbor Whitfield, was his salutation; it's your gray horse you're looking for, is it? An affirmative answer having been given he went on: Well, then, listen to me. I caught the beast yesterday evening wandering in the lane close to the gate of clover pasture. I thought to myself, He'll push his way inside next. So I shut him up in the pound, and told the village constable. You can get him out whenever you are willing to pay the fine, but I give you fair warning that I shall always do the same when I find your horse loose in the lane.

Samuel Whitfield's answer was a very quiet one. Listen to me now, Richard. This morning from my window I saw your cows stamping in my garden. I ran down stairs, turned them out, and drove them to your yard, carefully shutting them in and fastening the gate. And look you, friend. I give you fair warning I shall do the same thing if I ever find those cows straying again. Is there any question as to which of the two was the better way.—The Baptist Commonwealth.

Rough Material. You are building a good wall there, said a passer-by, stopping to look at a workman by the roadside. Some of your material looks rather poor to work with, too; and he glanced at a pile of rough, jagged stones.

I ain't pickin' my material, the man answered, simply. What I'm here for is to build as good a wall as I can, with the stuff that's brought me.

The same is true with the life we are building. We can seldom choose our material. Circumstances we cannot control; they bring us this happening or that, bring disappointment instead of the joy we looked for, weakness instead of the strength with which we mean to do so much. Many a rough and unexpected thing befalls us; many an occurrence which we not only did not desire, but against which we cry out in bitter protest. Still it comes to us—material that some way, for good or ill, must find its place in our building. We cannot choose our material; but we can choose what we will do with it and what it shall do for us—whether it shall weaken or strengthen the character we are forming.—Young People's Paper.

Harmony at Home. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day; so let us prepare for it. 1. Every person in the house has an evil nature, as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much. 2. When inclined to give an angry answer, let us lift up the heart in prayer. 3. If from sickness, pain or infirmity we feel irritable, let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves. 4. Observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness. 5. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way. 6. Take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers can be applied when at home, and is uniformly successful in coloring a brown or black. Hence its great popularity.

The Root of Evil. A remark fraught with wisdom was uttered under tragic circumstances by a New York physician a day or two ago. He was called to the bedside of a young man of a fine family, who had just ended his life by putting a bullet through his heart. The doctor was a family physician and had known the youth for years. He shook his head sadly as he raised the lifeless hand and let it drop.

He was a boy of brains, he said, but he had too much money ever to amount to anything. That was the root of the evil in this case, as it is in so many others. The young man had a "settled income." He led the life of an idler. He had no ambition, no pride. He dived here and there, he became a lounge about theatres, he picked up acquaintances who were a dis-a-m-a-e to him. And finally when he tired of it all, he resorted to the revolver and brought the worthless game to an end.

He had too much money ever to amount to anything, said the old family doctor, and it is a remark rich in moral warning.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Duke of Argyle is to publish speedily the life of Queen Victoria.

"I did not sleep a night for seven long weeks." That prolonged period of sleeplessness is most expressive of the pain and suffering caused by womanly diseases. It is pleasant to contrast the medical inefficiency which said "I could not be cured" with the prompt and permanent cure effected by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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