

An Old-Fashioned Woman.

No clever, brilliant thinker she, With college record and degree, She has not known the paths of fame,

Home is her kingdom, love her dower— She seeks no other wand of power To make home sweet, bring heaven near,

Around her childish hearts are twined, As round some reverend saint enshrined, And following hers the childish feet

She keeps her faith unshadowed still— God rules the world in good and ill; Men in her creed are brave and true,

This sad old earth's a brighter place All for the sunshine of her face; Her very smile a blessing throws,

My Dream. BY MRS. PETER STRYKER. I had a dream, Not quite as long as John Bunyan's, but something in the same way.

I was in the wilderness with the Israelites, and I entered through the court of the tabernacle and found myself in the Most Holy Place.

The Lord is in His Holy Temple, Let all the earth keep silence before him, sang the heavenly host; and then I heard a voice, but saw no one.

How calm and beautiful that place of prayer. Who would dare to desecrate it? Surely the Lord is in this place!

Suddenly there was a change. I heard men's voices, and soon some of the Israelites entered with boards and hammers and began building a stage over the Mercy seat.

What are they about? I asked of an old Israelite near me. Oh, he replied, they are to have an entertainment here to-morrow night; and gramophones and some good old time songs will be sung, such as they sang just before the flood.

But, I said, is not the Shekinah of God's presence under the stage? Is not this a desecration of the Holy Place?

Oh, said he, snapping his fingers, I think no more of it than that! Why are you so straight-laced?

A few days after I visited the place again. The stage had been removed, but the Shekinah was very dim.

A few weeks more and again I looked in. Merry voices were heard, recitations resounded through the curtains, and an approving audience clapped, as one after another of the graceful forms appeared and disappeared.

Why do you use the Most Holy place for this purpose? I asked of another Israelite.

Well you see we have no other place, and it is the only way we can get money out of the people.

But I thought the Lord only loved the cheerful giver! I said.

Oh, yes, that was very well for the old days before Noah, but you see times have changed, the people are in very limited circumstances and this is the only way to get it out of them.

But, I said, why will they not give the same amount without the entertainment?

Well, was the reply, we live in different times; the people nowadays expect something in return for what they give.

Oh!—I said. Then my dream became wonderfully mixed up with the years that followed, and I saw the Lord Jesus with a scourge of small cords, and He came and drove them out, and said, My Father's House is a House of prayer.

What do you suppose made me think of such old-fashioned ideas, and such unlikely proceedings?—Chris. Intelligencer.

The Lower Lights.

I don't believe I'll go to church today, said Ruth one Sunday morning, at the breakfast table.

My dear, said Aunt Margaret, I've often heard you singing. Let the lower lights be burning. I wonder if you know the story that suggested it?

No, answered Ruth, I never so much as heard that there was one. Some years ago a steamer in a terrific gale was trying to make the harbor at Cleveland, Ohio.

In one of the hospitals of Edinburgh lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told he must die.

A rough and wicked life, with none but evil associates, had blunted his sensibility and made profanity and scorn his second nature.

A noble and gentle-hearted man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind inquiries, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel.

You remember George Eliot's poem of the violin-maker, who said if he did not make the very best violin possible for him to make, God would miss the music?

Oh, Auntie, exclaimed Ruth, why did I say anything? I might have known you would not let me stay at home in peace.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door.

Some years ago a certain Mr. S., being desirous of obtaining a loan, applied to a friend of his, an old and prudent German.

The note soon passed into other hands, but when it became due the original maker was either too poor or too dishonest to pay it.

Reluctant to part with his hard-earned capital, and indignant at the deceit practised upon him, he at once sought counsel of an eminent lawyer.

Returning at the appointed time he was met with the assurance, in the most cheerful tone:

My good sir, this note is worthless. You cannot be compelled to pay it.

And the lawyer went on to show that for lack of some technicality demanded by the law of the state, the promise was not worth the paper it was written on.

What is that you say? I shall not have to pay the note?

No, and Mr. B., he won't get his money?

No, the note is legally void. For a moment a look of triumph could be read on the German's

wrinkled features. But it was instantly succeeded by a more sober expression.

I must die some time. Would to God it were written over every desk in the counting-room, over every page of the ledger and the face of every draft, and across every bill: I must die some time.

What a new world it would make, if in all our buying and selling, in all our borrowing and lending, in all the relations of this most complicated thing that we call trade, in which all of us are in some way involved, our hearts might hourly admonish us: I must die some time.—Ex.

Moved By Song.

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You will let me pray with you, will you not? said the man at length. No; I know how to die without the help of religion.

Further conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged.

Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem. When shall I come to thee?

He had a pleasant voice, and the words and melody were sweet and touching as he sang them.

Who taught you that? he asked when the hymn was done.

My mother. So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her.

The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping and with a hungry heart he listened to the Christian's thoughts of death.

Many a youth has been hampered because of peculiarities which he is allowed to creep into his personality of manner, which, if realized by himself, might easily have been pruned and trained.

Young people do not easily realize how much a pleasant and agreeable manner has to do with success. Everybody likes to be surrounded by agreeable people.

Even commanding ability will not always counterbalance disagreeable peculiarities. Young men and women often wonder why they lose their situations, when they have a good education, ability and valuable experience.

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tion—those who are always meddling and making mischief among employees—and those who are always complaining, are among the people who never get on.—Success.

He Will Do It.

In a children's meeting a manly little boy, really anxious to be a Christian, said: But I can't, for all the boys swear and do other bad things, and I can't go off by myself; I like to have fun with the boys.

Who is it we ask to do that? Our Father. Can he do it? A moment only he hesitated, then said: Yes, he can and will.

Can't you trust him, then, to deliver you from evil? Yes. Will you trust him one week to keep you from swearing and doing other things that will grieve him, and when you are tempted, just whisper in his ear, Deliver me from evil?

Tears were in his eyes as he gave his hand with his promise. The next week one of the first to greet the evangelist was the little boy.

He was asked, Well, my boy, how has the week been? All right, he said, brightly; then, lowering his voice, but two times I forgot to whisper, and got mad and swore.

After a little talk about repenting when we have done wrong and how to repent, he was asked, Can you not trust the Father to keep you now? Oh, yes! he said, for it wasn't hard only the two times, and then I forgot to whisper.

Reliance on an Almighty God will bring deliverance from enemies.—Christian Life.

Face Your Troubles.

I had plowed round a rock in one of my fields for five years, said a farmer and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it.

The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it, I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should lock our trouble squarely in the face.

Imagine the farmer plowing round that rock for five years, praying all the while, O Lord, remove that rock, when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone! We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it.

The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.—H. W. Beecher.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, etc. Price 25c.

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Was Paul a Married Man? Controversy flourishes over the question whether the Apostle Paul was a life-long celibate or whether he was ever married.

A brother furnishes the following characterization, which has the merit of being colloquial, epigrammatic, and, in a large measure, true.

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I will endeavor to tell you of the many benefits I have derived from taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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