

"LIVABLE."

"Yes," said Mrs. Farren, decidedly, "Milly Morris is a nice girl clear through, and if anybody ought to get along easy with a tryin' mother-in-law, she ought. A more livable person I never knew."

"Livable?" repeated her listener. "Livable? That must be a local word. I don't think I ever heard it before."

"It may be local," rejoined Mrs. Farren, a trifle loftily, "and it may be bad, and may be good; but anyhow it's just what I mean. Milly's livable. She's been brought up in a big family, and she's had to be, if she meant to be comfortable herself and let other folks be comfortable too. There were more livable folks when I was a girl than there are now, and I think the big families had a good deal to do with it, though of course not everything."

"There were plenty of people then who never got their corners worn down, no matter how many brothers and sisters they had; but even when they rasped, those days, they got along together after a fashion. Nowadays, land! sometimes it puzzles me fair and square why the nice people I know in nice families can't seem to stand each other's little ways."

"O, I don't say it isn't so; when the doctors say they can't—and it generally ends in doctors—why, I suppose they truly can't. It's nerves, and nobody understands nerves unless the doctors, and I'm a long way from being sure that they do. But just you count up sometime the families where there's always one member mysteriously off visiting, and then the number of folks you know that separate when they'd naturally stay together, if only they could hit it off—lone sisters and only-surviving bachelor brothers and mothers and only daughters, and all sorts of family remnants that ought to be each other's best comfort. But as soon as they try living together, one of 'em gets nervous prostration or has hysteric spells, or is ordered off quick to travel somewhere where the climate doesn't agree with the other one. They're fond enough of each other, generally, and they aren't generally ugly tempered; they just aren't livable."

"It can't be endured, always, and it can't be cured, sometimes; but I'm firm in believing it could be prevented most times. If, when folks first began to harden in their own little crankums and fret over the cranks of the folks they care most for, they'd stop and think of what they were doing and where they were getting to, why, ninety-nine times out of a hundred they'd pull up in time, and get their nerves and feelings and foolish frettings tight in hand before they run away with 'em!"

"Yes, that's what I surely do believe. And outside the great, big, deep foundation virtues, if I had a daughter, the little virtue, if it is a little virtue, I'd rather have her than any other would be just that, being livable. It's an all-round, life long blessing to whomsoever it concerns."

"It may be good or it may be bad, it may be local," assented the listener, thoughtfully, "but whatever it is as a word, livable is a good thing to be. I'll own that."—Selected.



"Samples" at an Open Air Meeting.

A Christian worker was holding a preaching service in the open air, when a well-dressed man drew near, and at a pause in the service asked permission to address the meeting. Permission being given, he denounced religion as a hum-

bug and a sham, and advised the men to go to the atheistic meeting, which, he said, would do more good. While he was speaking, the leader of the meeting learned that he was a commercial traveler. As he closed, the Christian man said to him, "I hear you are a traveler, and go from town to town with samples of the goods manufactured by your firm. Now you are engaged in another business; I ask you to show your samples. I will show you what we are doing." Beckoning to two men to stand up beside him, he continued, "Here are two brothers. Five years ago they were the biggest scamps and drunkards in the district, but they went to a little Gospel meeting, and there they gave their hearts to Jesus. Now they and their wives are well dressed and their homes comfortably furnished; yet they are earning just the same wages as they were before their conversion, and in their homes all is happiness. That is the work of the Gospel. They are the samples of what it can do. Now show me one drunkard made sober, one dishonest man made honest, one immoral man reclaimed, and then we will listen to you. If atheism is better than Christianity, show your samples." There was a general laugh at the confusion which sat visibly on the face of the infidel, and amid the roar of derision he slunk away.

EVANGELISTIC SERMON.

A sermon is preached on some general subject, with elaborate exposition, argument and illustration, with some general object like instruction chiefly in view, and at the close the preacher says, "A word now to the impenitent." Candidly, is that the way to do this business of rescue? Whatever you or I may think about it, if we turn to the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and read Christ's matchless parables of the lost sheep, and the lost coin, and the lost boy, we shall have no difficulty in determining what our Lord thinks about it.

See that shepherd leaving his ninety-and-nine in the wilderness to go in search of the one lost sheep. Mark the seeking, eager eye, and the quick, eager step with which he pursues his search. How far does he go? "Until he finds" the sheep that was lost. And you can almost hear the beat of his heart as he lays the lost sheep on his shoulder and goes rejoicing home.

See that widow sweeping all the house "diligently"—every room in it—until she finds her lost coin?

See that father, peering out into the deep distance, almost breaking his heart with the cry, "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" and, catching sight of him at last: "a great way off," only to run and fall upon his neck, and kiss him—and tell me whether the kind of a thing which fills and thrills you in these parables is the kind of a thing you find in a sermon which has no trace of eagerness in it, no ardor of pursuit, an no purpose of rescue; but closes a long and able discussion with "a word to the impenitent." No, no brethren! You can not crowd much eagerness into an inference!—*Homiletic Review.*

THE CURE OF CARE.

One hot summer day I was driving along, when I overtook a woman who carried a heavy basket. She gladly accepted my offer of a ride, but sat with the heavy basket still on her arm.

"My good woman," I said, "your basket will ride just as well in the bottom of the carriage, and you will be much more comfortable."

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"So it would, sir, thank you," said she. "I never thought of that."

"That is what I do very often, too," I said.

The woman looked up inquiringly. "Yes, I do the same thing. The Lord Jesus has taken me up in his chariot, and I rejoice to ride in it. But very often I carry a burden of care on my back that would ride just as well if I put it down. If the Lord is willing to carry me, he is willing to carry my cares."—*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.*

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In using Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut for constipation or piles. Highly recommended because they cause no griping pains. For prompt and certain cure use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

A telegraph wire must be completely insulated before it can convey the electric communication. So we must be separated from the world before God's message to sinners can have free course through us.—*George F. Pentecost.*

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