

Sunday Reading.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

It was an all-day meeting, with different women leading the hours. The Mothers and Son's hour was conducted by Mrs. Sarah Lettenburd, a saintly matron, whose sweet persuasive accents penetrated to every part of the great crowded church...

'Friend,' she said earnestly, 'What we need is a strong literal faith. We need to lift up our heads and expect a blessing, to pray as our children pray, when they come to us for bread, and ask, and we give it to them.'

The dear lady ceased and sat down, and another sister stood up and prayed. You know that tender reverent hush in a meeting when you grew awed and conscious of the presence of the Holy Spirit, when souls answer one another, and a thrill goes from seat to seat.

I have never been able to explain the thing, but in the very middle of that prayer I had an impulse to lift my head, raise my eyes, and look about me.

I looked up. The sea of heads was bowed, each on the pew in front of it. Not a person moved. Five seats to the left of me sat a little woman nicely dressed, with a spring bonnet full of apple blossoms, and a ruffled and fluffed cape.

'Give that woman twenty dollars.' And I listened and I answered: 'Yes, Lord, I will, but let me not lose this hour and its blessing.'

'I cannot at all explain how I knew which woman in that hushed throng was meant. I simply did know, and had no manner of doubt that my knowledge was accurate. As the prayer ended, and the congregation joined in singing,

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary.

the lady in question quietly rose and left the church. I as quietly rose at once and followed her. But when I arrived at the outer door of the building she was not in sight. I looked up the street and down. The pretty woman with the apple-blossom hat and the fluffy cape had melted out of sight, as if the ground had opened and swallowed her.

'Well,' said I, preparing to go back into the meeting, 'I was deceived by my imagination. She is gone, and I cannot find her.'

As I turned to retrace my steps up the aisle, it was as if an invisible hand tugged at my sleeve, and again I heard the words: 'You are to give her twenty dollars.'

The curious thing about the precise sum named was that at the beginning of the year I had made a vow that all the gold pieces which fell into my hands, whether larger or smaller, were to be dedicated strictly to the Lord's use.

I turned, obeying the inner leading, and walking toward the nearest avenue, I saw my lady standing with a perplexed and irresolute look at a crossing. A blockade of trolley cars and carriages kept her there till I could reach her side. As I came close enough I saw that her eyes were very sorrowful, and her lips were moving slightly as if in prayer. I spoke to her.

'Friend,' I said, 'I don't know why, or what you are to do with it, but I have been directed to give you twenty dollars, and here it is.'

She did not belong to the Salvation Army. Neither did I. At least neither of us had joined such an organization, nor did we wear a badge, or any sort of uniform. But both of us belonged in truth to that great host, everywhere on earth,

partments of your religious life before his eye be sure that He will not stint the expression of his good pleasure whenever it is possible, and that when he withholds it or indicates the necessity of readjustment it is well to have submitted to One who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind.

The Spirit Manifestations. The Spirit does not always work in exactly the same way; no two seasons of refreshing are identical in their outward manifestations.

'Come with me,' she said, and, my dear, you'll see what use the Lord had today for your bits of shining gold.'

'How is Tim today?' said my companion. 'Indeed, ma'am, no better,' was the mother's plaintive reply. 'Doctor keeps on ordering change of air, change of air. Sullivan country for a fortnight, or a trip to Richmond by sea. But, goodness knows, we can't raise the money to send our boy away, even if we had relatives for him to go to, not to save our lives, or his either.'

'Oh! but mother,' exclaimed a sweet, young voice, and its owner, a girl with the face of an angel, appeared, smiling and confident behind the pale mother. God will open the way. Why, I've prayed to him, and Tim's prayed, and dear Miss Eleanor here has prayed, and you know the promise is, 'Where two or three of you seek anything in My name, it shall be given you!'

'I hear people talk learnedly about telepathy and science, and mental sympathy. I let them talk. All I know is that I act under orders, and when I obey God sends me signs. The older I grow, the more truly and fervently I repeat that sentence in the creed which always thrills me with its solemn music, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.'

The Rev. Dr. Wells remarks:—'When the great Earl Cairns was a boy he attended Dr. Cook's church at Belfast, and one Sunday during the service Dr. Cook used three words that greatly impressed him. He said, "God claims you." After the service the little fellow said to himself, "God claims me! That is right. He made me, and He alone has the right to me." Then he continued, "What am I going to do with the claims of God? I shall own them; I shall give myself to Him." He went home, and said to his mother, "Mother, God claims me, and I have given myself to Him." At school it was "God claims me." As a member of parliament it was, "God claims me," and when he was made Lord Chancellor he was engaged on Sunday evening teaching a large bible class. When his appointment to that exalted post became known his minister came to him and said, "I suppose you will give up your class now?" "No," was the reply; "God claims me." Oh, ye who seek pleasure in the unsatisfying and giddy pleasures of the world, harken! "God claims you." You have no right to waste your substance in the far country; man's chief end is to glorify God, and God claims you to do so.'

When some young merchant is beginning his business career it is of incalculable assistance for him to be able to obtain the wise and experienced help of some older man who has passed through the successive processes of his manufacture or trading enterprise. Let him open to his kindly adviser every ledger, each transaction, the responsibilities he has assumed, his methods of trading, his investments and proposals. If all is well he will gain confidence in knowing that his friend's judgment countersigns his own; but if matters are going wrong how salutary that the little rift should be detected and the dry rot stayed before the whole fabric of his fortunes falls to pieces!

God's Claim on us. The Country Was Dry and Dusty and Seemed Burned to a Cinder. It was fiery hot. It was noon when we reached the junction of Bobadilla where we turned eastward toward Granada. The carriage seemed a furnace, its wood was fire to our touch, the air that came through the windows was burning. The country was scorched to a cinder; the mountains glittered in the heat; the shadeless towns quivered in a hot haze like a mirage. We lay back panting, fanning ourselves with our hats and our guidebooks. We came to baked, dust-driven stations; at each was the same cry of "Water! water!" from the women who made a living by selling it and the people in the train who were trying to drink it.

To names—Antequera, Loja, San Fernando—that earlier had thrilled us in Murray and Washington Irving we were now indifferent, as they were spluttered by the dust choked guard. For hours the horizon was bounded by low mountains, with here and there tiny patches of snow on their upper slopes. But where were the dazzling, glowing snow-peaks of the Sierra Nevada, that loom up so magnificently in the romance of Washington Irving, and in the story of every traveler who has been to Granada?

True, through the cane-brake, stifling in the torrid air, we had seen two or three low hills crowned with live groves, planted like a map, and on the top of each something that looked like the ruins of gigantic brick-kilns or tumbled-down factories. Granada must be near, for we had passed San Fernando; but neither to the right nor to the left could we see the minarets of the Moorish city, or the domes of Catholic Spain. Slower and slower went the train, and then it stopped. Evered got out, and we knew it was Granada. "Lights and shadows of the Alhambra," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in the Century.

Nature's Spring Garb. No Wonder that every one hails with delight the appearance of Dame Nature in her emerald Spring gown. After the long dreary winter when we have been wrapped and muffled up like mummies it is a treat to throw off heavy clothing and enjoy the mild air. Winter is specially trying in the country where there are such long distances to travel and so much outdoor work to attend to. The cold seems even more penetrating than in the cities and the quest of suitable clothing is one of vital interest. Fur lined coats are warm, but too heavy and cumbersome to move about in with comfort to say nothing of the expense and a Fibre Chamois interlining seems to be the best thing yet found for all round satisfaction. It gives no weight or bulk and is absolutely wind and weather proof, and what's more is cheap enough to be in every one's reach.

Married. "Emily," said old Mr. Thibbets, sternly, "who was that young man I found kissing you at the door last night?" "It was Mr.—Mr. Lippincott," stammered Emily, in a faint voice. Old Mr. Thibbets glared at his daughter fixedly for a moment and then a softer light shone in his eye. In both eyes in fact. "B'George," he cried slapping his knee, "he's well named too!"

THE POETRY OF PLACE NAMES. They are More Admired When Called by a Foreign Name. We are always prone to accept the unknown as the magnificent—it may translate the Latin phrase—to put a higher value on the things veiled from us by the folds of a foreign language.

When he came to these United States as an amateur immigrant on his way across the plains, he asked the name of a river from a brakeman on the train; and when he heard that the stream "was called the Suquahanna, the beauty of the name seemed part and parcel of the beauty of the land.

Sometimes the hard facts are twisted arbitrarily to force them into an imported falsehood. Elberon, where Garfield died, was founded by one L. B. Brown, so they say, and the homely name of the owner was thus contorted to make a seemingly exotic appellation for the place.

WHAT AILED THE MAN IN 35. I HAD just blown out the candle and crawled into bed. It was at the Lamb Inn, at one of the cathedral cities of England. My room was 34, and presently I heard a man bid the waiter good-night and enter 35, the next room. Ten minutes later, having fallen into a doze, I was startled by a tremendous racket in 35. The bell downstairs rang an alarm, peal on peal. Jumping from bed I pulled on some clothes and rushed into the hallway. The landlady and two or three servants had just arrived. Together we entered 35, where we found a big burly man seemingly half choked to death. He was purple in the face, his eyes were staring and bloodshot, he wheezed and whistled, he went from chair to chair, he ran out into the hallway. I saw what ailed him. I gave him salt volatile and brandy, opened the window and made the servants carry away the feather bed. In a little time he was better, but he wouldn't lie down; he spent the rest of the night in a big easy chair.

There are lots of people like him. Here is another, namely, Mrs. Eliza Mary Cantle, who lives at 4, Throgmote Buildings, Foyton Road, Gosport. She says, "I was taken with shortness of breath, and for over two years I couldn't lie down in bed for fear of being suffocated. Something like a ball used to rise up in my throat and seemed to choke me. For years I sat up in bed propped with pillows, and got what sleep I could this way."

That was bad—very bad; and yet very common. You know what it is called, of course—asthma; substantially the same thing as epilepsy, catalepsy, hysteria, and that kind of spasms which end in making the body as stiff as though it were three days dead.

But what causes it? Can it be cured? you ask. One thing at a time. Let's first finish with Mrs. Cantle's experience. The beginning of that lies behind us—seven years or so—August, 1886. She began by feeling weak, nervous, and generally ailing. She had a bad taste in the mouth, poor appetite, headache, heaviness, and a sense of want of warmth and vigour in the stomach; and the looking-glass showed her that her skin and eyes were getting of a sickly yellow complexion. By-and-by matters were much worse with her. After taking even simple morsels of food she had pain in the chest amounting to agony. One time, she says, she became afraid to eat. We can well believe it.

Now it must be confessed at once that we have no guard against a trust like that. Such names do abound and they are of unsurpassed hideousness. But could not the same blow have got home as fatally had it been directed against his own country? A glance at any gazetteer of the British Isles would show that the British are quite as vulnerable as the Americans.

We take the unknown for the magnificent sometimes, no doubt; but sometimes also we take it for the ridiculous. To us New Yorkers, for instance, there is nothing absurd or ludicrous in the sturdy name of Schenectady; perhaps there is even a hint of stateliness in the syllables. But when Mr. Lawrence Hutton was in the north of Scotland some years ago that happened to be in his party a young lady from that old Dutch town; and when a certain laird who lived in those parts chanced to be told that this young lady dwelt in Schenectady he was moved to inextinguishable laughter. He ejaculated the outlandish sounds again and again in the sparse intervals of his boisterous merriment. He announced to all his neighbors that among their visitors was a young lady from Schenectady, and all who called were presented to her, and at every repetition of the strange syllables his violent cacklings broke forth afresh. Never had so comic a name fallen upon his ears; and yet he himself was the laird of Balduthro (pronounced Bulduthy); his parish was Ironcross (pronounced Aron Crouch); his railway-station was Killoonquhar (pronounced Kimocher), and his postoffice Littenweem!

Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scotchman who had changed his point of view more often than the laird of Balduthro; he had a broader vision and a more delicate ear and a more refined perception of humor.

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

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cash into guns and ammunition now buy bicycles. But nobody would suppose there isn't any shooting going on. Thus 80,000 cartridges were fired during the Guttenberg Park tournament in May. Somewhat over a ton of powder and three tons of shot, and besides there were other tournaments from California to Maine, and from Florida to Oregon. Then there are the shooting galleries, the hunters, and the target shooting.

THE LUNCHEON BASKET.

Suggestions for Appetizing Things to Take Along on a Picnic. In addition to sandwiches—always piece de resistance for an outdoor luncheon—lobster or crabs can be made most appetizing. Fricassee of crabs, for instance, are easily compounded and very delicious.

Remove the meat from four dozen boiled crabs and chop it fine. Put in a saucepan the crab meat, one onion, one ounce of butter, one dozen chopped mushrooms, chopped parsley, four ounces of bread crumbs, which have been soaked in consommé and then pressed nearly dry, pepper, salt, cayenne and half a gill of tomato sauce. Mix well and soak five minutes. Wash the shells and fill them with the mixture; cover with bread crumbs and add a bit of butter—then bake until brown.

For deviled crabs, put a tablespoonful of mustard with the meat and a thin layer of mustard on top of each crab before covering with the bread crumbs.

As to sandwiches, their name and variety are legion. Only let the bread be thin and evenly buttered with the sweetest and freshest product of the dairy, and the meat, whether beef, ham, tongue or chicken, chopped fine and well seasoned and your sandwiches are toothsome and, of course, a success. Cool, crisp lettuce leaves are always an addition to sandwiches.

Among savories suitable for an al fresco luncheon are anchovy eclairs. Roll out some thin puff paste, wash and bone one dozen anchovies, inclose each in the paste, season and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and bake in a quick oven.

Cheese biscuits, another savory, require one quarter of a pound of flour, the same of butter and Parmesan cheese, grated; add cayenne and salt. Work this together with the hand and then roll it out until quite thin. Cut into biscuits and bake in the oven. Still another savory—croustes of caviare. Cut some slices of bread one half inch thick and one inch wide. After taking a little piece from the centre so a hollow is formed, fry the piece of bread a golden brown and then fill with caviare, seasoned with lemon juice, butter and pepper. These must be browned in the oven, when they are ready to serve.

A very nice choudroff of salmon may be made by frying some nice pieces of salmon in boiling oil and then setting them aside to get cold. Cut some aspic jelly into pieces to match the salmon, garnish with chopped aspic and serve on lettuce leaves. To be eaten with cheese straws. The aspic tartlet is a delicacy which is seldom absent from the English luncheon basket, whether the party is bound for the race, the hunt or the river. It is made with half a pound each of grated cocoanut and chocolate a quarter of a pound of ground sweet almonds, one pound of powdered sugar and a little cinnamon mixed to a paste with white of egg. Line some little pans with puff paste and fill each one with the mixture; then bake in a quick oven.

Coffee soufflé, in small cases, is another luncheon. Boil one quart of milk, put in half a pound of coffee, which has been freshly roasted and ground, and let it steep for an hour. Then strain it and make the soufflé paste, by putting the milk in a saucepan with five ounces of flour, three ounces of sugar and a small pinch of salt. Mix this well and put it on the fire till it boils, stirring it constantly with a wooden spoon, till smooth. Break five eggs, beating whites and yolks separately and very stiff and then add to the batter (which must be quite stiff), stirring very lightly. Fill some paper cases with this soufflé and bake in the oven afterward sprinkling fine sugar over each.

Babas and savarins, iced tea or coffee and claret cup may very well find a place in the luncheon basket, taking it for granted that the basket or hamper itself is a modern one fitted up with "all the conveniences of home," including a small ice box. Fruit beverages are most delightful drinks for hot weather and are easily made for they are but mixtures of different fruit juices, having the desired one predominate.

Strawberry or raspberry sherbet is easily made as follows: Mix with a pint of fresh strawberry juice one-half cup of orange juice, one-quarter cup of lemon juice, one-quarter cup of sherry and some pineapple juice. Sweeten to taste and let it stand for two hours, if possible, then mix with one quart of ice water.—Kansas City Star.