

Not Your Own.

'Not your own!' but his ye are,
Who hath paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth's store of gems and gold.
With the precious blood of Christ,
Ransom-treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Full salvation is assured.

'Not your own!' but his by right,
His peculiar treasure now,
Fair and precious in his sight,
Purchased jewels for his brow.
He will keep what thus he sought,
Safely guard the dearly bought,
Cherish that which he did choose,
Always love and never lose.

'Not your own!' but his, the King;
His, the Lord of earth and sky;
His, to whom archangels bring
Homage deep and praises high.
What can royal birth bestow,
Or the proudest titles show?
Can such dignity be known
As the glorious name, 'His Own'?

'Not your own!' To him ye owe
All your life and all your love.
Live that ye his praise may show,
Who is yet all above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power
Consecrate to him alone,
Who hath claimed you for his own.

Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only, thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high,
Thee to serve and glorify;
Ours no longer, but thine own,
Thine for ever, thine alone.

The Way Of Truth.

BY CORA S. DAY.

Now, Miss Curtis, some dictation please, and the business man wheeled around in his revolving chair, and pulled out the slide of his desk, ready for his stenographer's notebook.

Yes, sir, she replied promptly, and laying aside the work over which she was busy at her own desk, she crossed the office and was soon making her nimble pencil fly taking down in queer lines and pot-hooks, the letters her employer dictated.

Quite a bunch of them there were; for this man was the head of a large business house, and every day the mails brought many letters to be answered.

The days were filled to the utmost with work for Miss Curtis. But she was too glad to have the position with its liberal salary, to complain at the amount of work she was called upon to do, so long as it did not really overtax her strength.

Aside from the salary, she liked the position best of any she had filled. Mr. Brown was kindness and courtesy personified, and in many little ways made the rather exacting position with his stenographer a pleasant one. She often thought with relieved satisfaction, that he was agreeably different from a former employer who had told her once that he considered her in exactly the same light as he did the machine she manipulated so deftly—that she and it represented to him only the capacity for so much work; and that the thought that she might have personal views or feelings in regard to that work, had never occurred to him, until she protested against some unjust demand upon her time and services.

She had resigned, at that, and was glad of it now that she had obtained this better position. Mr. Brown too, expected her to do good and faithful work. But he did not put more into her hands than she could do without overwork, and when the work came a day when there was a little less to do than usual, and she finished before closing time, he very kindly suggested that she go home early.

It was rather an ideal position, she had decided in the two weeks she had been there. She hoped to hold it for a long time, and work up a thorough knowledge of the business, so that she might become more and more valuable and indispensable. Mr. Brown picked up the tenth letter to be answered, glanced over it thoughtfully, and began to dictate as follows:—

Kirk, Freeland & Co.,
Gentlemen: In reply to your letter of the 17th inst., making inquiry in regard to goods recently consigned to our house, I would say that—and the business man went calmly on making a statement which Miss Curtis knew to be false, she paused involuntarily and glanced up.

Too fast for you! asked Mr. Brown pleasantly.

No sir. But that last sentence—and she hesitated. How could she tell him that she did not wish to write it, knowing as she did that it was not true? And yet how could she write a lie? He misunderstood the meaning. Thinking that he had not heard it, he repeated the offending statement clearly.

Still she hesitated, and a little puzzled frown was between his

brows as she looked up into his face again.

But, sir, she faltered, that statement is not—I cannot put that in—I—and then he understood, and the puzzled frown changed to an angry one. I alone am responsible for the statements I make in my letters. You are supposed to take down anything I dictate. Shall we go on now? in a chilling tone which she had never heard from him before.

I cannot write anything I know to be untrue, Mr. Brown, she replied, quietly enough, although her heart almost stifled her with its beating. She knew by the cold, sneering expression that came into his face that she had cast away her chances for any future in that position.

It was terribly embarrassing and nerve straining. She never clearly remembered the events of the rest of that last interview. She knew that he asked her once more, in that freezing business tone, if she would go on with the letter, that she refused with all the dignity she could muster, and resigned her position at once, before he could tell her that her services would no longer be available; and that the bright sunshine and careless, hurrying crowds on the street seemed pitiless and mocking in her excited, despairing brain.

Was she right in her course? Or was he right in saying that she was not responsible for the truth or untruth of what he dictated? Should she have said nothing and have written and sent the letter, knowing it contained a lie? Oh, if she could only have done it! It would have been so much easier all around. Mr. Brown had been so kind—she had hoped so much for the future—and now the future was spoiled and black and uncertain.

But, try as she might, she could not persuade herself that she ought to have obeyed her employer's demand. And in spite of all the trouble she felt in her heart a tiny spark of joy that in the trial she had borne witness to the truth as best she could.

However, she was not quite satisfied with her own judgment and decision, unsupported by that of some one older and wiser than herself. She longed for a friend with whom she might talk it all over. She was rather early for lunch when she got back to her boarding-house. There was but one other person at the long table when she sat down. She was glad to miss the others, and hurried a little to get away before many more came in.

The elderly gentleman who sat opposite her place, and who had spoken to her kindly when she sat down, was a minister, she had learned, who had made this quiet, select boarding-house his home for several years.

They were both silent for a few minutes. But he saw trouble in the young face across the table; and presently he spoke, claiming the privilege of his age and profession as well as that of the quiet friendliness that had sprung up between them in their intercourse in the house.

Has anything seriously gone wrong, my friend? Your face tells me that something troubles you, he said, very gently.

Miss Curtis looked up with a brave attempt at a smile, an attempt which nearly ended in tears. Then almost before she realized it, she had told him the whole story.

He listened in silence until she had finished. Then he said:

I will not ask your employer's name. But you will want another position soon, will you not?

As soon as I can get one. I am going to begin looking for one this afternoon, she replied, trying to speak bravely.

If you will allow me—if I might suggest—in fact, Miss Curtis, it strikes me that I know of a position for you, if you care to apply for it, and he watched her face closely.

A position! Oh, where? and she flushed with eagerness and the sudden new hope.

I have a friend, a minister, who does a great deal of literary work in addition to his pastoral duties. He wishes to engage an assistant, and is very anxious to secure just the right one at the first trial. But I think I can give you such a recommendation as will secure you the position, if you care to try for it, and Miss Curtis thanked him from the depths of her heart and accepted the offer.

The recommendation he had promised was simply a repetition of what she had told him, and it proved a sufficient endorsement to secure the new position, which she found in time to be a most delightful one. And over and over her happy heart sang a song of joy and thankfulness, that in the hour of temptation and testing she had been given strength to choose with the Psalmist, the way of truth.—American Messenger.

A Quarter Christian.

BY LETTICE A. KING

Oh, I have had such a happy week, said Uncle Dan one day, I'll tell you how it began.

On Monday morning I got up with the feeling, 'Hurry up now, Dan, I say to myself (for I talk to myself a good deal). Hurry up now, Dan, there's plenty of work waiting; there are those three chairs to cane.'

As I talked to myself in that way, it seemed like the dear Lord said to me, 'Go work today in my vineyard.'

Yes, Lord, I says, I'm ready. What shall I do?

I had hardly finished my breakfast when a young woman came in. She was an agent for soap and wanted orders.

I told her I did not want any soap.

Oh, dear! she says, I've had no luck this morning!

Did you pray about it before you started? I asked her.

No, she says, I didn't. She had such a sad, sorrowful look about her as she stood there a-talking to me.

I see, she says, that you're afflicted.

Yes, I says, but all the same I'd take your soap if I wanted it.

I didn't mean that, she says; I was only a thinking, how was it you was so cheerful?

Because I'm happy, I says. I'm a King's son. Are you a King's daughter?

Her face got a little sadder.

I'll tell you what I am, she says: I'm a kinder quarter Christian.

What does that mean? I says.

Well, she says, I guess I serve God about a quarter of the time and the devil the other three-quarters. I suppose it's the devil if it's not God.

Now, why don't you reverse that? I says. Give the devil one-quarter if you must give him anything, and give the Lord the three-quarters. Don't you think you'd be happier?

I don't—know, she says, kinder considering.

You try that, I says, and see if you don't soon want to give the Lord five quarters, if that could be.

The Lord has been very hard on me, she says. I used to be religious once, but I've given it all up; my heart's got bitter.

Then, poor thing, she sat down and cried. She told me how she had lost her husband, and how hard it was to support herself and her two children on what she earned. It seemed to ease her mind to talk.

Well, I tried to comfort her; and I told her that the dear Lord wanted her and her troubles.

You haven't given up your religion, I said; you've only put it by, and it's a mistake; take it up again, and see if it don't make you a happy woman.

If you'd just kneel down and pray for me, she says.

That I will, I says.

So we knelt down, and I prayed.

I am much obliged to you, she says when we got up, and she left me.

I hope the poor thing will find peace in God.

Then the Lord has been sending me one another to speak to, and giving me such precious times, too with friends in Christ.

The following week I found Uncle Dan yet happier, if possible.

You remember that young woman I told you of, he said. Well she was going along again on Saturday.

Oh! she says, I've come in to tell you that I am now a three-quarter Christian!—and I wish I could be a six-quarter one!

Oh! she says, the Lord has been blessing me so!

I left you, she says, determining to serve the Lord.

All the rest of the week he blessed me. I got orders wherever I went.

On Friday night when I went to my employer to make up my weekly account, he looked at my book, and he says, 'How's this? You have never done as well in any week since you have been in my employ.'

The devil whispered to me to keep quiet. No, I won't I says to him.

I'll tell you what it is, I says. I'm a-serving the Lord.

He looked at me quite astonished like. Why! he says ain't you a church member?—ain't your name on the books?

My name is on the books, I says, but that don't make me a member of the church, that don't make me a Christian. But, I says, I am a Christian now, and the Lord is blessing my work. But, I says, I ain't a-serving Him for the loaves and fishes!

Then I told him of the talk with you, and how you prayed with me. And will you pray for me? he says, and his eyes just filled up. I too, he says, am a church member, but only that.

Well, on Monday the employer came to see me.

There's a great change in that girl, he says.

Is there a change in you? I says. Possibly at this point in the story I raised my eyebrows involuntarily, for Uncle Dan smiled at me, as one smiles at a child, as he continued.

Yes, he says, there is; I'm trying to serve the Lord myself.—Christian Intelligencer.

Do Something to Stop It.

At the national meeting of the Woman's Christian Union, Philadelphia, one of the members told the story of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son in prison.

Said the speaker:

She handed me a picture and told me to show it to him.

I said, This is not your picture!

Yes, she said, that is mine before he went to prison; and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charley.

I went with these two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said that he had been in there twenty-four hours; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell, and announced a lady as from his mother. There was no reply.

Let me step in, I said.

There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat.

Said I, Charley, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother; and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her.

Don't mention my mother's name here, he said. I will do anything if you will go. As he walked along the cell I noticed that he reeled.

Said I, What is the matter?

He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours.

They brought him something, and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread without any butter, and I think, a tin cup of coffee. By-and-by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture; and he looked at it and said,

That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world.

He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it.

Who is that? he asked.

That is your mother.

That my mother? I said.

Yes, that is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him.

O God, he cried, I have done it! No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it! Why don't you do something to stop it?—Christian Mirror.

An improvement on blind man's buff is the game of Boston, in which all the players are seated except the "blind man," who stands in the centre of the room. Each one has a number, and the blind man calls out, Nos. 2, G, 15, 6 change seats! Then the aforesaid numbers creep stealthily about, avoiding the blind man, who tries to catch some one. If he succeeds, he must guess whom he has caught, and if he guesses aright he takes a seat and the number of one caught, who now becomes blind man and calls out numbers. Occasionally the cry is, All change places! and a wild scramble ensues, when somebody is sure to be caught.—Ex.

Words break no bones but God alone knows how many hearts they have broken.

The diminutive chains of habit are generally too small to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken.—Dr. Johnson.

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from any cause whatever. Price 10c and 25c.

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How to be a Gentleman.

Let no boy think he can be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house that he lives in, or the money that he spends. Not one, or all, of these things do it, and yet every boy may be a gentleman.

He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how, and, finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments. — Sunday-school Evangelist.

The largest suspension bridge is the Brooklyn. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches. The entire length of the bridge is 9,969 feet.

"Love lightens labor," the saying runs, and in a sense it is true. But even love cannot lighten labor or make it easy for the woman who is in constant suffering from inflammation, bearing-down pains or other womanly diseases. The one thing that can make work easy for women is sound health, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the thing that will give sound health to sick women. It cures womanly diseases which cause weakness, and cures the backache, sideache, nervousness and other ills which are the result of womanly diseases.

"I suffered from female weakness for five months," writes Miss Belle Hedrick, of Nye, Putnam Co., W. Va. "I was treated by a good physician but he never seemed to do me any good. I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce for advice, which I received, telling me to take his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' When I had used the medicines a month, my health was much improved. It has continued to improve until now I can work at almost all kinds of housework. I had scarcely any appetite, but it is all right now. Have gained several pounds in weight. Dr. Pierce's medicines have done wonderfully well here. I would advise all who suffer from chronic diseases to write to Dr. Pierce."

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