A SONG IN THE DARK.

Come, whistle through the dreary wood
And stars shall gleam above you.
The night shall breathe of naught but good,
The stillnesses shall love you;
The sighs you waste, the griefs you taste
Are shades the sunshine scorning,
And they shall flee in utter haste
When dawns the morrow morning.

Come, tune your heart to happiness
And set your lips to laughter,
For none may know nor even guess
The joys that follow after.
The frets you know, the fears you show
Are all an empty warning;
They will not blur the genial glow
When dawns the morrow morning

So clasp your comrade by the hand
And clap him on the shoulder;
The heart whose throbs you understand
Is never growing colder.
The faith of friends—it never ends;
Have done with servile fawning
And wait the joyous sky that bends
Above us at the dawning.

Aye, stumble though you may betimes,
The goal is growing nigher;
'Tis only he who hopes and climbs
That ever gets the higher.
So trudge along with smile and song,
Be blithe in your endeavor—
There is no endless rule of wrong;
One night lasts not forever.

Come, whistle through the dreary wood,
For stars above are gleaming;
A song of joy is understood.
The rest is but the seeming.
The clouds shall fly along the sky
Forgetful of their warning;
Your song shall have its glad reply
When dawns the morrow morning.
—Chicago Post.

In Love as In War.

By Mary Louise Buzzell.

It was the last night of the Rockville Fair, and so far Margaret Carruth had firmly refused to have her fortune told by Madame Narjalo, the Persian palmist, whose booth, just beyond her own, had been the most successful feature of the fair; for the gray-haired priestess holding court within had generously predicted such perfectly felicitous terminations to the tangled love affairs laid before her that each seeker after knowledge left her mystic presence thoroughly convinced that he or she had individually "cornered" the Cupid market.

But Margaret had laughed at them all, declaring that she had no patience with anyone believing in such nonsense! But tonight she began to waver, for so enthusiastic had been the nightly reports of Madame's powers that it almost seemed as if there must be something in it! If only she could consult the oracle without the knowledge of her girl friends! For oh, she did so want to know the reason of Billy Travers' defection and the cause of his taking no notice of her humbly written overture toward a "peace conference" sent him after their last quarrel! Why, always before he had fairly flown to her side at the first wave of a flag of truce, and now, after a whole month, he, he—

She swallowed convulsively, hiding her face behind the aprons she was piling up for delivery. A sudden cessation of the gay talk and laughter, caused her to raise her head. She was practically alone, everyone having drifted to where the surplus food was being auctioned off.

Leaving her work she slipped between the portieres of the next booth. Sinking into a chair she looked shyly across the polished table at the imposing, gray pompadoured woman opposite, and who, though so near, was scarcely visible through the thick cloud of incense lazily curling its sinuous way upward from the open mouth of a coiled silver serpent. Half frightened she gazed dumbly into the burning eyes holding her own with a weird fascination. And then:

"You would know the future?" interrogated a low voice from beyond the wavering cloud, and under the spell of her uncanny surroundings, Margaret could barely manage a faint, "Oh, Madame—I wish to know—to—to find out—" before her voice died away in silence.

But Madame Narjalo seemed unaware of her embarrassment. She was intently watching a shallow silver vessel, and its limpid contents caught the light from above she began in a low monotone:

"You seek to know many things—I can tell you many things! Listen!"

The lifeless tone changed to one of sharp decision, as Madame rapidly sketched her visitor's life with startling accuracy. The present reached, she hesitated—then finished with:

"You have quarrelled with your lover. You are unhappy. You think his love has grown cold; perhaps that another has won his heart. It is not so. His every thought is of you—and one kind word would bring—'

"But I—I—wrote—and he—he—never c-a-ame*" tearfully.

The silver bowl was hastily pushed aside.

"You have broken the spell! I can see but this—in a three or a five he will come to you if—' hardly above a whisper—"you truly love him!"

"Oh, I do! I do!" with impulsive candor.

"And his whole heart is yours!" murmured Madame. Then rising abruptly, she uttered a low "Good night," and the girl passed out.

But a moment later she was back with a breathless, "Madame—pardon! I forgot—" then stopped short. The booth was empty save for the fast thinning cloud of incense and the uncoiled body of the silver serpent, now stretched in glistening repulsiveness across the table. With an irrepressible shudder, she turned and fled.

At home, away from the dominating presence, the old doubts assailed her. But they were needless; Madame Narjalo had predicted truly, for in less time than the mystic "three" a chastened and contrite Billy appeared, ready, even anxious to swallow an unlimited quantity of "humble pie." But Margaret was generous, and taking advantage of her leniency, he urged his suit so ardently that she found herself engaged and the wedding day was set almost before she realized it.

And then, alas, even in the first flush of triumph, poor Billy met his Waterloo!

Margaret insisted that Madame Narjalo's name should head the list of wedding guests!

"Because you know, Billy," she said, "that if it hadn't been for her knowledge of the occult we might have been quarrelling now, instead of being the happiest couple in the world." Billy coughed and turned a lively scarlet.

"You will find her, won't you, de-ear?" cajolingly.

"I—I would if I could, but I can't."

"But why?"

"Well—er—she's—she's gone! Very likely she's—er—dear by this time; or getting married herself!" desperately.

"Bil-lee Travers."

"Well, anyway, I simply can't produce her, even to please you!"

Margaret laughed wickedly.

"Bill, now tell me! Have you burned up that lovely gray-pompadoured wig, and the beautifully-spangled gray velvet gown, and the nice wiggly tin snake—"

"Margaret Carruth!' exploded Billy in an injured tone, "You knew me all the time I was babbling that fool jargon? Well, of all the deceiving young persons!"

"M-m-m, I like that! Deceiving, indeed! And what of yourself—asking me such shamefully personal questions!"

"Margaret, forgive me!" wilting into abject contrition. "I've felt like a perfect cad ever since! But I simply had to find out if you cared."

"And I simply had to let you, Billy," she confessed. "So let's cry quits and agree that 'All's fair in love and war.'"

"You're a darling!" declared Mr. Travers warmly. Then wrinkling his forehead perplexed, he exclaimed:

"But I can't see now how you knew me! What was wrong with my make-up?'

"Nothing, excepting the size of the feet you stretched out under that table!" answered Margaret with a reminiscent smile.

IN HOTEL SAFES.

Valuables Kept There by Guests for Years at a Time.

A woman walked up to the counter of a fashionable hotel and asked for a package of valuables which was in the safe.

"If I had not wanted one particular thing I suppose I should have left the package where it was for another three years," she said to the clerk.

"Yes," said the clerk in answer to a question after the woman left, "that packet had really been in our safe for three years. Why, we have all sorts of valuable papers, jewelry and even money that are entrusted to our keeping for years at a time. People seem to prefer a hotel safe to a safety deposit vault. One reason, perhaps, is that it costs nothing. Another is that the standard of hotel clerks has improved.

"It is astonishing the amount of jewelry that people keep in hotel safes. Of course the owners have originally stopped in the hotel, but they go away, leaving their valuables, and I have known such persons to be gone as much as two years and never make an inquiry about their property in that time.

"To show you how much confidence people have in hotels and their employes, I might mention that the other day a man came in here and put four $1000 bills in an envelope, wrote his name on the latter and asked me to put it in the safe. Not long ago another man actually did the same thing with seven $10,000 bills."

The clerks of several other hotels talked in a similar strain without any outside suggestion.

"I'll bet I have handled more than a million dollars worth of jewelry today," said one. "Look here," and he opened the safe and piled six or eight big jewelry cases on the counter, but hurriedly put them back. "In one of these I know there is over $200,000 worth, and what I showed you was only a few of what the safe contains."

Up to a big hotel near the park the employes are greatly concerned about the freedom with which a wealthy foreign woman who is stopping there displays her jewels. Every evening she wears a rope of pearls that goes twice around her neck and then falls to her knees, to which is attached a lorgnette.

Everybody who has seen the jewels has exclaimed at their size and perfect matching, and wealthy patrons of the house who have sold as well as bought jewels say the necklace is worth not a cent less than $200,000. The owner went the other day into one of the big jewelry houses and business was immediately suspended while everybody crowded about to admire the necklace.—New York Sun.

Queen Victoria's Surname.

During the reign of Queen Victoria, mother of Edward VII., there were many persons who supposed that her family name was Guelph, but that was erroneous. Her Majesty and the other members of the houses of Brunswick-Luneberg and Hanover descended from Azon, Margrave of Este. Victoria's name therefore was Azon, or Azon von Este.

It must not be assumed, however, that this family name passed down to her son, the present King. Being the son of the Prince Consort, Albert of Saxe-Coburg, his Majesty is neither a Guelph nor an Azon. He belongs in fact to the Wettin line of royalty, which was founded by the first Count of Wettin in the twelfth century. Properly speaking, then, his family name is Wettin.—New York Times.

The Old Man's Worry.

"I reckon this advice to the early Christmas shopper, is all right," said the "Old Man," "and since it's got to be done, the sooner it's over with the better. But the trouble is they won't shop early and stop there. There are six girls in the family, and they'll all want to be early, but they'll also think it their duty to be as late as the latest shoppers. They'll be in the last Christmas shopping crowds, and what is puzzling me is just how my pocketbook is going to stand the racket."—Atlanta Constitution.

Other Interests.

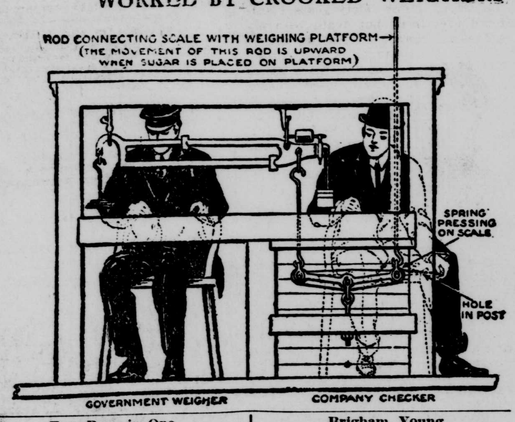
"Just a word, my dear."

"Yes?"

"Can't I interest you in votes for women?"

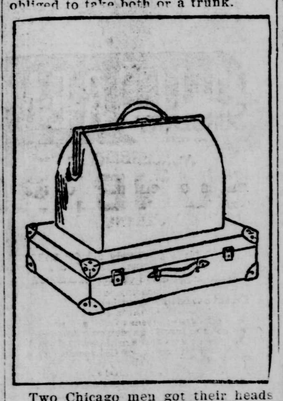
"Not until after I get my winter furs."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HOW CROOKED SUGAR SCALES WERE WORKED BY CROOKED WEIGHERS



Two Bags in One.

How often have we stood thoughtfully in front of a pile of clothing, a suit case and a valise and wondered which bag to take. The shirts wouldn't go in the valise and the suit case wouldn't hold it all, so we were obliged to take both or a trunk.



Two Chicago men got their heads together and decided to combine the two and get a patent on it, so now we have the combined suit case and valise, which will hold as much as a small trunk and can be carried about with ease. The illustration shows how the two are combined. Necessarily the suit case used is one of the smaller sizes, as otherwise the contrivance would be so bulky that it would discount its convenience in other directions. With this combination a man may feel sure that his suits and shirts are lying flat and not creasing and at the same time he will have all the smaller articles he needs ready to hand in the valise on top.—Boston Post.

Sherlock Holmes Again.

"Do you know your chickens come over into my garden?"

"I thought they did."

"Why?"

"Because they never come back."—New York Telegram.

The peat bogs of Sweden are capable of producing ten billions of tons of air-died peat, suitable for fuel. This quantity, as compared with the present import of coal, would be sufficient for a period of 1500 years.

Brigham Young.

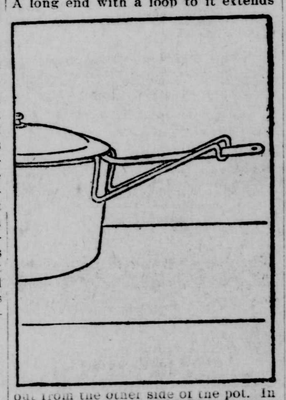
Brigham Young had just been presented with his hundred and fifth son. A careworn look came over his brow as the news was broken to him, and he sighed deeply.

"I don't know what I shall do if this thing keeps up," he said. "Looks to me as if sooner or later I'll have to start a fresh air fund."—New York Times.

Keeps Spoon in Place.

When the number of kitchen utensils and helps invented is compared with the number of inventions in other lines, the percentage of the former is nothing short of remarkable. It will not be long before the cook will be eliminated entirely and the dinner will be cooked by a series of wires, weights and pulleys run by the kitchen clock.

One of the latest devices to help the cook is the spoon rest, designed by a New York woman. This consists of a single length of wire bent to form vertically arranged hooks, which fasten over the side of a pot. A long end with a loop to it extends



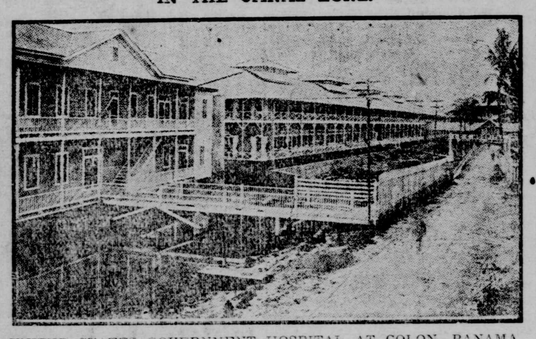
out from the other side of the pot. In cooking some dishes it is necessary to have a spoon always handy to stir the contents. Heretofore this spoon has shown an annoying habit of falling in or out of the pot at critical moments, but with the rest just described the handle can be placed in the loop and the whole kept in place by the lid of the pot, or even without it.—Boston Post.

Street Railway Fares Abroad.

In the cities of Great Britain the population of which is 200,000 or more the average rate of fare for street railway travel is 1.1 cents a passenger mile. In the cities of Continental Europe the average rate of fare paid for urban transportation is one cent a passenger mile.

On the overhead and underground railway in the city of Berlin, Germany, the average rate of fare paid is 1.25 cents a passenger mile. It is quite apparent that the people of Europe—in spite of the general impression here to the contrary—are paying a higher price for a poorer service than are the people of the United States.—Railway and Engineering Review.

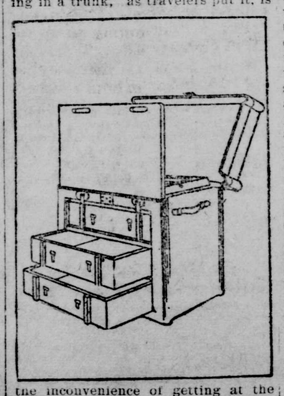
IN THE CANAL ZONE.



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL AT COLON, PANAMA.

Trunk is a Bureau.

One of the chief objections to "living in a trunk," as travelers put it, is



the inconvenience of getting at the stuff packed there and the trouble of packing and unpacking wherever you happen to stop a while. This has been overcome by a New York man, who has invented what might be termed a "bureau trunk," as differentiated from the convenient wardrobe trunk. The New Yorker's invention has a series of drawers which slide in and out just as the drawers of a bureau. The corners have heavy posts on them, and in the front posts are grooves, in which the front of the trunk slides up and down. When the lid is down, of course, the front section stays in place, but when the lid is open the front can be drawn out, and there is a regular bureau, the drawers of which slide easily out and give access to anything in them, without the necessity of clawing up everything else on top. The advantages of such a trunk can be seen at a glance.—Boston Post.

Billiards and pool on shipboard are now possible through the recent invention of a self-leveling table which accommodates itself to every movement of the vessel.

HOME IDEAS and ECONOMIES

Washing Chamois Leather.

Make a weak solution of soda and warm water; put in the leather and rub well with the soap and let it soak for two hours. Then rub till quite clean. Rinse thoroughly in warm soapy water (if clear water is used the leather will dry hard), wring in a rough towel and dry quickly in the open air—then pull till soft—Everyday Housekeeping.

Cleaning White Velvet.

Take one pound of hard, white soap, half an ounce of gum arabic and a gallon of water. Cut the soap into thin slices and boil with the gum until all has dissolved into a smooth, thin cream. When cool enough to bear the hand, dip the fabrics in the liquor and wash by drawing them through the hand, but do not rub, until they are clean. Then rinse in cold water, dry them, and pin out on a table cloth and carefully, with a clean brush, raise the nap by brushing the way of the grain of the velvet.—Everyday Housekeeping.

For Hot Dishes.

Very attractive plaques for the table are of crystal and silver, with a lace or embroidered doily between the two parts of the glass.

They are round or oval, and are in a wide variety of sizes and designs. The two sections of glass are held in the filigree silver frame, which screws together, and the doilies are placed between the glass placques. They are saved from wear and from becoming soiled, but still feature as a dainty addition to the table.

These are used for centrepieces, for finger bowl stands and for hot dishes.—New York Times.

A Chiffon Bag.

Quite wonderful and most beautiful are the lavender flowered bags made as gifts and to hold the most delicate pieces of embroidery. They are chiffon, white with some rambling spray in pale lavender. The bag is shirred into a lavender-covered circular bottom, and at the top of its twelve-inch height it is folded to provide material for a casing, folded over an embroidery hoop and sewed over it in casing shape.

There are neither strings nor ribbons, but after the work is put into the opening of the bag formed by the shirred-in hoop, the bag is twisted as it is dropped from the hands. The twist incloses the work as securely as would a drawstring.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Curious Stencils.

Among the medieval and oriental our own American Indian designs have not been forgotten, but they are not used on garments.

Repetitions, at least in spirit, of the Indian blanket-patterns have been stenciled with gorgeous red, brown and yellow dyes upon little wall hangings, made from a single width of coarse cotton and linen tea toweling.

The smooth or mangled surface of this particular linen shows a glaze not heretofore considered for decorative purposes, such as cushion tops, table centers and portiers. For these last the narrow widths are overcast together.

This cheap, much-stiffened material holds the dye surprisingly well, and provides, among many other curious effects, a new one which is attractive and durable.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Recipes.

Egg Toast—Beat up two fresh eggs and mix with them about half a pint of milk, or rather less; add salt and pepper and a very little onion juice. Then dip your stale bread into this mixture and thoroughly soak it. All you have to do is to fry the slices in lard until nice and crisp.

A Dish of Scraps—Take some cold potatoes, a few pieces of dry bread, some scraps of cold boiled or fried meat; chop it until quite fine in the chopping bowl, season with salt, pepper and sage; put in a piece of butter and cook it the same as hash. It is much better than potatoes, alone warmed over.

Popovers—One cup flour, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 7-8 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1-2 teaspoon melted butter. Mix salt and flour, add milk gradually, in order to obtain a smooth batter. Add egg, beaten until light, and butter. Beat 2 minutes, using an egg beater, turn into hissing hot, buttered, iron gem pans and bake 30 to 35 minutes in a hot oven.

Cherry Vinegar—This is a refreshing drink for the hot weather. Cover any quantity of sour red cherries with good cider vinegar in a wooden or earthen vessel. Bruise and stir them at intervals for four days. To every pint of carefully strained juice add 1 pound of sugar. Boil for a quarter of an hour, skim. Keep in well-corked bottles. Half an inch of cherry vinegar to a tumbler of ice water.

Chocolate Cake—Grate into your double boiler two squares of sweet chocolate, add 1-2 cup of milk, yolk of one egg, and cook all together, stirring until it thickens, then stir in butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two scant cups of flour into which has been sifted a teaspoon of soda, add a teaspoon of vanilla when cool, and bake either in a loaf or in layers with frosting between.

Peanut Wafers—Half cup butter, one cup sugar, three-fourths cup sweet milk, two cups flour, 1 1-2 teaspoon vanilla, two quarts peanuts. Cream butter, add sugar, egg, vanilla and flour. Shell and chop peanuts fine. Butter the outside and bottom of dripping pan and spread the dough over it, thin as tissue paper, using knife dipped in hot water to make it smooth. Sprinkle thickly and evenly with chopped peanuts. Cut in squares while hot.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JANUARY 30.

Subject: Some Laws of the Kingdom, Matt. 5:17-26, 38-40—Commit Verse 44.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt 5:48.

TIME.—Midsummer A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Horns of Hattin.

EXPOSITION.—I. The Law of the Kingdom Regarding Anger, 22-26. By the old law murder was forbidden (v. 21; cf. Ex. 20:13; Deut. 5:17); by the higher law of the Kingdom anger, which is incipient murder, is forbidden. Terms of contempt, whereby a brother's feelings are injured and his reputation endangered, are forbidden. Jesus teaches that there is a "hell of fire" (v. 10). If we have wronged another in the smallest matter so that he "hath aught against" us we should first be reconciled to him before we seek to bring an offering to God. The secret of many an unanswered prayer is that some brother has a just claim against us which we have not settled. One should not allow a just claim to remain unsatisfied a moment. He should seek agreement with every adversary quickly. "Have aught against thee" does not mean, as so often interpreted, have a grudge or bitterness against thee, but have a just claim. We are not necessarily responsible for the grudge others hold against us, but we are responsible for the just claims. All just claims must be settled sooner or later.

II. The Law of the Kingdom Regarding Injuries, 38-41. The law of Moses required exact justice in the punishment of offences. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth;" but the law of Christ, the law of the Kingdom, which is not for the administration of public justice, but for the government of individual action, demands the most thoroughgoing forgiveness of injuries. Evil is not to be resisted, even as Jesus Himself did not resist it, leaving us an example that we should follow in His steps (1 Pet. 3:18-23). When one injury is done us, instead of resisting we should stand willing to receive another.

III. The Law of the Kingdom Regarding Giving and Lending, 42. The heart should be open in love toward all and the hand ever ready to give. We should not only be ready to give to the good and to the worthy, but to the unworthy, to the unfaithful and evil (cf. Luke 6:30-35). We should give to every one that asks of us (Luke 6:30). Should we take this literally? Yes, but note that it does not say that we should give to every one that asks the very thing that he asks. "If a man will not work neither shall he eat" (2 Thess. 3:10). But while we may not give the very thing that is asked, we ought to give. Giving with unstinting hand, always giving, giving to all, is the law of the Kingdom. That most bothersome of men, the borrower, should not receive the cold shoulder, but a hearty welcome.

IV. The Law of the Kingdom Regarding the Treatment of Enemies, 43-48. Love should go out to all, not merely to friend and neighbor, but to the enemy as well. The man who does everything in his power to undermine us, to blast our reputation, to curtail our influence, should be the object of our kindest consideration. When others curse us, we should bless them; when others hate us, we should do them good; when others persecute us and despitefully use us, we should pray for them. The more people there are to persecute us, the more there are for whom we will have the privilege of praying. In this way persecution becomes a means of unalloyed blessing, a stepping stone on which we step higher into the life of Jesus Christ. Happy is he, indeed, who takes these words literally. He will have no more anxiety from persecutions and lies and slanders. By loving our enemies we shall ourselves be sons of God, for the son is like his father, and this is the way the heavenly Father acts; He returns blessing for cursing, kindness for hate; He maketh His sun, with all its healing, fruit-giving power, to rise on the evil and the good. That is a very suggestive phrase, "His sun." When you look up at the glorious sun again just say, "That is His sun and He gives it to me." To love them that love us is no indication of grace; even the publicans do the same. The last verse is very wonderful, holding up the perfection of God as our standard. It is really a promise more than a command, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, even as your heavenly Father is perfect" (R. V.). The immediate reference is to perfection in love, loving enemies as well as friends, bad as well as good (cf. Luke 6:35, 36). But it is clearly implied that in all things God's character is our standard (Eph. 5:1). Nothing short of absolute likeness to Him should satisfy us, and it is to this that we are finally to attain (1 Jno. 3:3).

Fit For the Master's Use.

If the joy of youth has more foam and sparkle, the joy of age has greater depth and substance. One is like the reflection of sunlight on the lumps of ore, where there is much dross mingled with the metal, the other like the glance of tempered steel which has been through the furnace and between the anvil and the hammer, and has come forth wholly fitted for the Master's use

Realism.

During one of his Presidential trips, Mr. Cleveland, accompanied by Secretary Olney, arrived at a town in a heavy storm, and they were driven from the station with hailstones rattling on the roof of their carriage. A brass band, undismayed by the weather, bravely stuck to its post and played the welcoming airs.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked Mr. Cleveland.

"What are they playing?" asked the Secretary of State.

"'Hail to the Chief,' with real hail."—Success Magazine.

NOT GUILTY.

It was 4 a. m., and Bilkins crept softly into the house and removed his shoes; but as he tiptoed up the stairs one of the treads gave a loud creak.

"Is that you, John?" demanded Mrs. Bilkins from above.

"No, my love," replied Bilkins "It's the stairs."—Judge.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JANUARY THIRTIETH

The Most Stirring Events of Foreign Missionary History. Acts 14: 8-22.

The gospel in Samaria. Acts 8: 14-24.

The Gentiles enter in. Acts 10: 34-48.

Organized missions. Acts 13: 1-12.

Medical missions. Mark 16: 14-20.

Misused missionaries. Acts 14: 19-28.

The gospel and the king. Acts 26: 24-32.

The wonders of missionary history depend on faith—the faith of the missionaries, and of their converts, and of the churches at home (v. 9).

The missionaries have won their triumphs, as all Christians must, by being nothing in themselves and by making God their All-in-All (v. 15).

Paul's persecutors left him, "supposing he had been dead." How many times the church has thus been left, as in China and Turkey! (v. 19.)

Paul had the courage to return to the fields where he had been so cruelly persecuted. Thus the missionaries have gone back when driven from China, and Madagascar, and many other regions (v. 21).

Great Missionary Scenes.

It was a stirring event in India when, on July 3, 1878, after careful examination, 2,222 Telugu believers were baptized in a single day. And this was in a mission that had been so discouraging—the "Lone Star" mission—that the church at home had often been on the point of abandoning it.

A terrible event in Burman missions was the imprisonment of Judson during the war between England and Burma. He spent seventeen months in horrible confinement, his heroic wife ministering to him.

The most stirring event in Chinese missions was the Boxer massacres of 1899 and 1900, in which 188 Protestant missionaries and their children were slain, and about 50 Catholic missionaries, with 5,000 native Protestants and about 20,000 native Catholics. The stanchness of Chinese Christianity was proved beyond all possibility of future doubt.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30.

The New Acts of the Apostles—(Matt. 28. 20; Acts 18. 10.)

Matt. 28. 20. Here is the commission; it leaves the Christian no alternative. We are under bonds, as surely as were the Christians of the early church, to spread the tidings of the salvation that is in Christ to everybody we can reach. And we are to teach them not merely a few selected parts of the gospel but all of it, "all things whatever I commanded you." That text alone is sufficient excuse for all forms of missionary effort, all forms of social service, all forms of teaching and healing and preaching and helping. There were deacons and deaconesses in the old church, as there are in the new; revivals and ministration to bodily needs are not modern Christian inventions.

Acts 18. 10. The promise of immunity from all real harm is God's pledge to every servant of his, from Paul down to the latest convert. Not always by the same means, not always with the same outward results, but always in his own perfect way, God has kept his people and has saved them from the power of the evil that sought to destroy them.

The book of Acts has been called the first volume of missionary history. It tells of the beginning of the great endeavor to win the world; and it tells of the perils which came to the early church and its leaders.

To read the book of Acts is to get into the very heart of the missionary movement. Here we find active, eager evangelism; messengers of the gospel speed from city to city and from country to country. And here we find peril, persecutions, and even martyrdom.

WISE WORDS.

A nautical song should naturally be written in the key of sea.

No man has such a horror of old age as to want to die young.

When a man becomes a crank he must expect life to be a grind.

It is hard for a woman to conceal her faults in a decollette gown.

Makes things hot for us—Pepper.

Most girls are sweet enough to eat—and they do.

Eat, drink and be merry is the fool's idea of the three graces.

A fair-weather Christian is a man whose religion isn't waterproof.

The blush of a really bashful girl is a straight flush that always wins.

It is just as well to remember that when the furnace goes out heated language won't help much.

The fellow who admits there are a few things he doesn't know is worth two of the fellow who knows it all.

Treating a creditor to a drink won't liquidate the debt.

Isn't it strange that when a man gets fat his hair generally gets thin?

Few married men can really afford the Christmas presents their wives give them.

The trouble with people who can only talk on one subject is that they always do.

Never tell a girl who thinks she's pretty that a thing is as plain as the nose on her face.

The woman who goes through life playing bridge is not always prepared to cross it when she comes to it.

The girl who marries for money may discover that a rich lover sometimes make a mighty poor husband.

The marine architect was submitting his plans of the great ocean liner to the president of the steamship company. "Here we have the race course," he said. "But that crowds too much on the golf links," objected the president. Whereupon the architect was obliged to curtail his plans to a nine-hole course.—From "In and About the City," in the Philadelphia Record

HER CHOICE.

"May I offer you my umbrella and my escort home?"

"Many thanks; I will take the umbrella."—Fliegende Blaetter.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3538-0016.jpg