

The New York Press marvels that "Her man Ostrich's offer of \$500 to any one who can prove that a human being has ever been bitten by a shark has not yet been claimed."

In Germany 5,500,000 women earn their living by industrial pursuits, in England 4,000,000, in France 3,750,000, in Austria-Hungary about the same, and in America, including all occupations, something over 2,700,000.

It is said that the majority of business men in Paris, France, give up their business at forty, if by that time they have acquired even a modest competence, and do not trouble themselves about commercial pursuits for the future.

The Scientific American boasts that the finest stationary engines made in the world, for economy, durability and elegance in design, are made in the United States. English engines are often bulky and clumsy. French engines are frequently erratic in design and fragile in construction.

The Agricultural Department, Victoria, Australia, has imported thirty varieties of American corn and millet, together with samples of American can-growth flax and hemp, as well as Russian flax for experimental purposes. Farmers wishing to cultivate these samples and furnish reports of the results are being supplied with seed.

General O. W. Howard, commanding the Department of the Atlantic, says in speaking of the Chilean ruction: "We are in much better condition for a coast attack than many people dream. We have only to mention new cruisers, new torpedo boats, abundant torpedoes, floating batteries, new guns of longest reaches and heavy caliber, splendid mortars, new mortar batteries recently constructed, not forgetting our young, gallant and ambitious navy."

The Louisville Courier-Journal remarks: "No less than six of the United States of America have at various times become railroad proprietors, but in every instance State ownership has proved a failure, and the properties have been conveyed to private owners. This fact is of considerable interest at the present time, when many ill-advised enthusiasts propose State management as a panacea for all ills. It may be added that the difficulties attending the Government management of railways in South Africa and Australia are notorious."

The Adjutant-General of the United States Army has written a letter to the Presidents of military colleges, saying: "The Secretary of War is of opinion that the law of Congress and the action of the college authorities in accepting, under the law, arms and ammunition and the detail of an officer of the army for the purpose of military instruction, establishes the national character of that institution. Under these facts he considers that the National Government has the right to require and should insist that on all occasions when a flag would be required by United States army tactics or regulations the national flag of the United States be used."

Southern California has had the gold fever and the real estate craze, and now it sees riches beyond "the dreams of avarice" in oranges. There is the El Cajon Valley, thirteen miles south of San Diego, for instance. It is eight miles by four, and under the blessed influence of irrigation begins to exhale the sweetness of orange blossoms and the ripening fruit. A short time ago it was a parched wilderness. Water is supplied by the flumes of two companies, the Riverside and the Alhambra, which charge the agriculturist \$120 a year for 4,730,400 gallons, a quantity sufficient to irrigate ten acres planted with orange trees the year round. The air is balmy and frost an infrequent visitor. Land sells for \$150 to \$500 the acre. Orange culture begins with the shipment of young trees from Florida, and misin growers are now plowing up their vineyards and planting oranges, because the crop is easier to harvest and the income from it greater. A ten-acre orchard will contain about 750 trees, planted twelve by twelve feet apart. Each tree when fourteen years old will produce say four-teen boxes, which sell for \$2 to \$3 a box, according to quality, each box holding 200 oranges. The buyer pays so much for the grove, and packs and ships at his own expense. Trees begin to bear at five years, but the product, which increases every year, is then only two boxes to the tree. From the figures given above it can be estimated that ten acres of twelve-year-old trees would be worth \$21,000 to \$31,000, less expense, to the grower every year. This, of course, if the maximum showing, but, admitting the cost of labor and materials to be an small item, a very comfortable margin of profit would remain.

SEND OUT THE SUNLIGHT.

Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer,
Shine on earth's sadness till hills disappear,
Souls are in waiting this message to hear.

Send out the sunlight in letter and word;
Speak it and think it till hearts are all stirred—
Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard.

Send out the sunlight each hour and each day,
Crown all the years with its luminous ray,
Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way.

Send out the sunlight! 'tis needed on earth,
Send it afar in scintillant mirth,
Better than gold in its wealth giving worth!

Send out the sunlight on rich and on poor,
Silks sit in sorrow—and tatters endure,
All need the sunlight to strengthen and cure.

Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile,
Often it shortens the long, weary mile!
Often the burdens seem light for a while.

Send out the sunlight—the spirit's real gold!
Give it freely—this gift that's unsold,
Shower it down, on the young and the old!

Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!
Blessings will follow, with none to compare,
Blessings of peace, that will rise from despair!

Send out the sunlight! You have it in you!
Clouds may obscure it just now from your view
Pray for its presence! Your prayer will come true.

—Ellen Ware, in Chicago Inter-Ocean

THE NEW CURATE.

BY KATE WALLACE CLEMENTS.

"You haven't seen him yet? Well, that's a pity. He's quite a catch I'm told; young, handsome and single. Why don't you set your cap for him, Mattie? You've got as good a chance as the rest of them, and twenty-six is not old by any means."

She leaned over the garden gate, as she spoke, this veritable village gossip. I can see her now, with her great poke bonnet, from beneath which the clustering gray ringlets peeped; the keen blue eyes that seemed to read your very thoughts, the trim little figure clad always in ample skirts of some brown or Quaker gray.

Never was there a wedding, funeral or christening in the village without this estimable lady's presence. What a harmless little lady she appeared, and how incapable of carrying about that wonderful budget of information. How nicely she imparted her knowledge to her listeners, beginning with, "Well, I don't mind telling you," or "They do say, but of course you can't believe everything," and ending with, "That's between you and me, it will go no farther."

I was busy in the garden that morning, training some early June roses; my thoughts were not the brightest, scarcely in harmony with nature, who was decked in one of her brightest mantles. It was quite unnecessary for Mrs. Briggs to remind me of my age, I was thinking seriously of it. "Twenty-six! not very old to be sure, and yet, not very young to an unmarried woman."

I must be content with fewer laurels, less conquests. I must step out of the field as it were, and leave the romance and the day dreams to younger and fairer girls.

It mattered little to me, whether the new curate was young and unmarried, or a portly old fellow with a wife and grown daughters. At heart I disliked this interloping old woman who had broken in upon my reverie. I thanked her kindly for her advice, telling her that at present I had no intention of setting my cap for any one, not even the new curate; so saying I went back to my work and the roses.

"There, Mattie, don't get riled," she said. "Of course it's nobody's business if you're going to leave yourself an old maid, but take my advice and don't spend your time fretting and worrying over Bob Preston, for he ain't wuth it now."

She shook her head wisely and was off, before I had time to recover from the cruel thrust that had opened the old wound, Robert Preston and the past. I had tried to guard my heart to trample under foot the old love. I could have laughed at my girlish folly as if it were a dream, until a thoughtless word had brought back the past, like the dead risen to life again, or a smouldering fire that needed but a gentle breeze to make it a burning flame.

One by one, the roses dropped from my hands. One by one, the blinding tears fell. I was only a weak woman after all, as, covering my face with my hands, I sobbed, "Robert, oh, Robert! why were you false?"

It all came back to me, that visit to Aunt Martha's, where I first met Robert Preston, a young student just returned from college.

I cannot tell you all those bright, happy day dreams. How I loved him and waited for the happy day when he would ask me for that love. He read his answer in my tell-tale face before my lips uttered it.

So, engrossed with Robert's society, I took little heed of other matters, scarcely giving a thought to the fact that a young lady, the daughter of a deceased friend of my aunt's, was going to make her home with us.

She came. From the moment I looked upon her lovely face my happiness was gone. I was a pretty girl, fair and fragile, yet one might as well compare a simple little daisy to a full blown poppy or a rich, red rose, as my frail beauty to this girl's exquisite loveliness.

For a time my love was unchanged. I laughed in my foolish heart at my doubts and fears. At times I would find his serious eyes wandering from me and resting admiringly on the beautiful face of Kathleen Lee.

No man could resist that wondrous fascinating face. She never encouraged him, but the drooping lids, the faint flush, the trembling of her little hands, all told plainly that she too loved him. How I suffered. In my mad jealousy

I grew to almost hate the child. He loved me before she came with her beautiful flowerlike face to rob me or that love. Was she blind that she did not see that we were betrothed? I prayed that she might go away and leave us to ourselves once more, and Robert would go back to his old fond ways. His caresses were growing colder, his kisses lighter. I spoke of his seeming neglect; he answered lightly, taking both my hands in his, and looking fondly at me: "Nonsense, Mattie. Do you know, my little girl, that you are growing nearer and dearer to me every day?"

For a time I was satisfied, trying to be content with but a share of his love. We were seated in the garden one afternoon in the early autumn, Robert, Kathleen and I. She was looking unusually pretty in a dress of soft India mull. My lover had just paid her a well-merited compliment, when Aunt Martha came to us.

"Robert," she said, placing her hand fondly on his shoulder as she spoke, "will you gather some grapes for me? I find some of the bunches hang so high. The girls will go with you and hold the basket."

He arose to comply with her request, Kathleen was at his side in a moment, while I refused to join them, feigning a severe headache.

"They do not want me," I reasoned with myself. I watched them as they walked away together, he carrying the little wicker basket, and she tossing her bright curls with that coquettish air that came so natural to her.

I cannot tell you what tempted me to follow them; it must have been some evil genius.

Slowly, I walked down the pathway, taking every precaution, however, not to be observed. Seated upon a little rustic bench, I could see every movement of my lover and Kathleen. How lovely she looked standing in the orchard, the sunlight falling athwart the lovely upturned face, on which a smile rested. Never was seen a fairer vision. Her sleeve of soft tulle falling back showed the shapely outstretched arm.

Sometimes a peal of merry laughter would fall upon my ear. They did not miss me, not even Robert; he was content with Kathleen.

The basket was full to overflowing and still they lingered. One bunch of luscious grapes, the last gathered, was in Robert's hand. He stooped to place it with the others when their eyes met, their hands touched. Was I dreaming? Alas, no. I saw him stoop and kiss her fondly.

I waited no longer. With a cry of pain I turned and fled to the seclusion of my own room, where I sobbed out the troubles of my young heart with only God to hear me.

I went away quite unexpectedly. I was homesick, I told Aunt Martha. I left a letter for Robert, giving no explanation of my conduct, simply telling him it was better that we should part. I was a proud girl and would not stoop to acknowledge a rival.

I remember taking the ring he had given me, from my hand. Oh, what a struggle it cost me to place it with that letter—the last I should ever write to Robert.

I came home to mother, who was quite an invalid, and needed all my care. I never heard of Robert save once through Aunt Martha who wrote: "Oh, course, Mattie, you've not forgotten Robert, whom, to speak candidly, you treated rather unkindly. He has gone to New York to practice medicine. He is doing well."

An old newspaper had fallen into my hands where an account was given of a brilliant reception. Among the guests were the names of Dr. Robert Preston and wife, I knew that it was Robert and Kathleen.

I made no inquiries, and receiving no further information, took it for granted that Aunt Martha's kindness of heart prevented her from again referring to the past.

I closed my heart forever. The world will never know me as a disappointed woman I thought, dattering myself that I had quite succeeded in deceiving humanity in general, until the gossip had come upon me with her idle words, bringing to life the bitter past that I thought I had buried years ago.

"Going to service, Miss Kenwood?" It was my neighbor who asked the question, Marcia Hall. A dear little girl with the utmost faith in mankind in general. I smiled faintly as I caught sight of the new bonnet with its dainty ribbons, evidently gotten up for the new curate.

"Young and foolish," thought I. "Wait until she is six and twenty and I'll wager she will not buy a new bonnet for all the new curates in town."

I had not yet fully recovered from Mrs. Briggs's unkind remarks and was determined to show her my disinclination to "set my cap," as she termed it, by appearing in an exceedingly unbecoming gown.

I was really disappointed, on catching a last glimpse in the mirror, to find that notwithstanding my plain toilet and my six and twenty years, I was still a pretty woman, and to hear my mother say, "How well you're looking, Mattie."

How crowded the little village church was. Everybody was there, even that hateful Mrs. Briggs. I caught a glimpse of the great poke bonnet as I walked quickly to my seat. They were singing as we entered yet I scarcely heard them, feeling rather embarrassed at coming in late to be stared at by almost the entire congregation.

I sank wearily back among the soft cushions, gladly taking refuge behind a huge palm-leaf fan kindly proffered by a portly old gentleman beside me.

Now a hush, a slight flutter among the congregation, a rustle of garments, with now and then a subdued whisper as the pulpit was rolled close to the chancel, and the new curate ascended. "He's just lovely!" whispered Marcia, pulling softly at my sleeve. "Do look at him Miss Kenwood."

I kept my eyes downcast. If every woman in the congregation cast glances of admiration, I was determined to do otherwise.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" was the text.

Clear and distinct came the words of the speaker. The first words had caused my heart to beat wildly. How like that voice of long ago, that rich, soft voice that had pleaded for my love.

I listened like one in a dream, until I raised my eyes to see before me Robert Preston! Changed, to be sure; not that bright boyish face of long ago. There were lines of care and suffering on it now, while the dark hair was streaked with silver.

Was Katherine dead? I wondered. Had he given up his practice? Was he happy? Fifty different queries crowded upon my memory. Why had fate thrown us once more together? One thing I was determined upon. I must leave the village. I dared not trust myself further. Reason as I would, my heart told me that I loved him still.

It was all over! I could hear the whispered comments of the worshippers on the eloquence of the new curate. The singers were chanting in that nasal, drawing tone so natural to village choirs, and still I sat dreaming.

"Are you coming?" asked my companion; then as I arose mechanically to obey: "Don't you like him, Miss Kenwood? Do tell me. You listened so attentively, and once, as I looked at you, I thought you were going to faint. Are you ill?"

"Yes, I like him," I said aloud, while my heart whispered: "God pity me, I love him."

We were out once more in the bright sunshine, coming quite unexpectedly upon a little group, comprised of the wealthier members of the congregation gathered around the new curate. They had learned that he was a man of wealth and standing, choosing his calling simply as a matter of taste.

Some one, I think it was the pastor's wife, presented me to him. Our eyes met; our hands touched, as, resting these serious eyes upon me, he said: "I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Kenwood before."

I cannot tell you how it all happened that we were all walking through the churchyard toward the highway, and I found myself alone with Robert. I was the first to break the silence. It pained me to think it was a commonplace remark.

"How is Kathleen?" I asked, on endeavoring to show how little I cared for the past; and how, without betraying the slightest emotion, I could inquire for his wife.

"Kathleen?" He looked rather dazed at the question. "I believe she is well, but not happy, poor girl."

He believed she was well. How strange? He had grown weary of her as of me? Was he utterly devoid of honor? "Not happy, I said, and toyed nervously with the roses of my bodice. "She should be very happy as—as your wife," I faltered.

"As my wife?" he said, gazing at me in blank amazement. "Did you—O, Mattie, you have judged me wrongly. I never married Kathleen."

He looked like a man upon whom a sudden truth had dawned, or one accused of a great wrong who was at length able to prove his innocence.

It was in the twilight before service that he told me all.

The notice concerning Robert Preston and wife referred to his cousin.

He had entered the ministry from choice, having come into possession of an ample fortune. True, he had admired Kathleen, as a man would admire a beautiful woman, never entertaining however, the slightest feeling of love for her.

The scene in the orchard was but a simple ruse gotten up by Robert and Kathleen to excite my jealousy, little dreaming of the serious result.

Kathleen made a most unfortunate match. Like most beautiful women, making a poor selection from her many suitors.

Poor girl! what a dear, kind letter she sent us, telling how pleased she was to learn we were reunited.

"Just to think of it," said Mrs. Briggs. "He came back to her after the other girl had given him the mitten. I wouldn't take him, would you?" We can afford to laugh at her idle gossip, we are so happy, Robert and I. I smile proudly to think that without "setting my cap" I have captured the new curate after all.—Yankee Blade.

The Man With a Lantern.

After nightfall, along the 3000 miles of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, no matter how bare the prairie nor how wild or desolate the mountain or lake shore, any one standing on the rear platform can see every few miles a lantern in the hands of a trackwalker, who, after the train passes, resumes his duty along the track. It is a rule on this road that after the passage of each train the roadway shall be carefully inspected, and particularly the bridges, for fear that some spark from the locomotive may have set fire to them. Along hundreds of miles between Ottawa and Winnipeg, over the prairies of Assiniboia and Alberta, and through the mountain ranges far west, the humble but of the railway track repairer or guard, is often the only human habitation that is seen for long stretches.—Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.

The Swamp Angel.

The Swamp Angel was an eight-inch, 200-pounder Parrott rifled gun, mounted by the Federal troops in a morass on Morris Island, Charleston Harbor, in 1863. On August 22 and 23 the city of Charleston, five and one-half miles distant, was shelled, the gun bursting at the thirty-sixth shot. After the war the Swamp Angel was sold for old metal and conveyed to Trenton, N. J., but having been identified it was set up on a granite pedestal at the corner of Ferry and Olcott streets in that city.—Detroit Free Press.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, DEC. 13.

"Christ Risen," John I, 1-18. Golden Text; Rom. vi 4-8. Commentary.

1. "The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulcher, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulcher." She was one of those who saw His death and burial, then with the others returned and prepared spices and ointments, and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment.

2. "Then sheweth and cometh to Simon Peter and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid him." There had been an earthquake and a resurrection not only of the body of Jesus, as He had foretold, but also of the bodies of many of the saints (Math. xxvii, 51-53; and when taken up by the Father, or for the tomb an angel sat upon the stone by the mouth of the tomb and said that Jesus was risen (Math. xxviii, 1-9) Mary Magdalene was the first to run with the tidings to the disciples, but she did not take in the angel's word that He was risen any more than she had received Jesus's own word that He would rise. How fearful is unbelief!

3. "Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, who loved Jesus, went on ahead of him." So they ran both together, and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came to the sepulcher.

4. "And he stooping down and looking into the linen clothes lying yet upon the ground, he believed." Impulsive as usual the same Peter who would die with Him was the first to deny Him, who would walk on the water to go to Jesus, who would cast himself from the boat into the sea to go to Jesus. And yet it is Peter who by the spirit teaches us that "a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price." It was the sure and certain foundation of His faith, and He took it as the basis of His revelation of Jesus Christ. (1 Peter i, 13 ii, 20, iii, 4, v, 3, 6.)

5. "And when she saw the linen clothes there, she believed." The napkin that was about His head, and lying by the linen clothes, was wrapped together in a place by itself. "Who wrapped up the napkin that was about Jesus's head and laid it by itself? Or better still, what is the significance of the fact? Let us see what the Scriptures say. 'And when they were in the night, while waiting for the garments of light never to be laid aside.'"

6. "Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulcher, and seeth the linen clothes lie." Impulsive as usual the same Peter who would die with Him was the first to deny Him, who would walk on the water to go to Jesus, who would cast himself from the boat into the sea to go to Jesus. And yet it is Peter who by the spirit teaches us that "a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price." It was the sure and certain foundation of His faith, and He took it as the basis of His revelation of Jesus Christ. (1 Peter i, 13 ii, 20, iii, 4, v, 3, 6.)

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8. "Then went in also that other disciple, who came first to the sepulcher, and he saw the linen clothes lying, and he believed." The napkin that was about His head, and lying by the linen clothes, was wrapped together in a place by itself. "Who wrapped up the napkin that was about Jesus's head and laid it by itself? Or better still, what is the significance of the fact? Let us see what the Scriptures say. 'And when they were in the night, while waiting for the garments of light never to be laid aside.'"

9. "For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead." "Then the disciples went away again unto their own home." Had He not risen all preaching and faith would be vain, all people would be yet in their sins, all the dead have perished (1 Cor. x, 13, 10), and yet this great fact had been proved to these twelve most disciples, they go home to their homes. Oh, what patience our Lord has with them and with us. Let us be patient with all who still cling to earth instead of heaven.

10. "But Mary stood without at the sepulcher weeping, and as she wept, she stooped down and looked into the sepulcher." She loved Him greatly, she was truly His disciple (see Peter and John), but it was still dark, her heart was sad, her tears flowed fast, and why? She was unbelieving, and looked for the dead when she ought to have been looking up to see the living.

11. "And when she saw the linen clothes there, she believed." The napkin that was about His head, and lying by the linen clothes, was wrapped together in a place by itself. "Who wrapped up the napkin that was about Jesus's head and laid it by itself? Or better still, what is the significance of the fact? Let us see what the Scriptures say. 'And when they were in the night, while waiting for the garments of light never to be laid aside.'"

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RELIGIOUS READING.

MY HOME ABOVE.

There I for me a home above,
Which every day brings nearer,
Where dwells the Christ whom I so love
Whose name grows ever dearer.

Oh glorious sights that I shall see!
Earth's hills and crystal fountains
Will seem but childish toys to me
When on the heavenly mountains.

There shall I meet the friends I love
Who long ago departed,
They dwell in those bright realms above
Where none are broken-hearted.

And yet sometimes my heart doth sink
With foolish dread of dying,
Aid to stand on Jordan's brink,
No fearly gates descending.

O foolish heart, why dost thou fear?
Why shrink at thought of meeting
The One of all to these most dear?
He waits to give thee greeting.

—[By Egbert L. Bangs.

UPON WHOM IT FALLS.

I remember, away up in a lonely valley,
Where health and vigor were
Weather-worn and seamed, there lies at the foot
Resting on the green sward that creeps around
its base, a huge rock that has fallen from the
face of the cliff! A shepherd was passing
beneath it, and suddenly, when the anger
of God's will touched it from its ancient bed
in the everlasting rock, it came leaping and
bounding from pinnacle to pinnacle, and it
fell and the man that was beneath it is there
no more! "I will illustrate," says the Lord,
"that is not my illustration,"—this is the
parable I say unto you, since all that stand
against him shall become as the chaff
of the summer threshing floor and be swept
away, and he that buildeth his foundation on
which you build, and when the rains sweep
away every refuge of lies, you will be safe
and serene, build upon the Rock of Ages.

—[Dr. MacLaren.

GOING TO HEAVEN.

People talk strangely of going to heaven
when they die; but what gratification could
it afford a man whose enjoyments are of a
sensuous or sensual nature? It is not
pleasure but in the acquisition of worldly objects
or the gratification of brutal appetites?
You hope to go to heaven! I hope you
will, unless your heart is sanctified,
then you will never see it, for heaven is an
aherent vacuum. The day that took you
there would end all enjoyment, and throw you
in a castaway, on a solitude more lonely
than a desert island. Neither angels nor
saints would accompany you, for when you
seek theirs. Unable to join in their
hallowed employments, to sympathize with,
or even to understand their holy joys, you
would feel more desolate in heaven than we
have felt on earth. It is not a place where
crowds who spoke a language which we did
not understand, and where aliens alike in
dress and manners, in language, blood, and
faith.—[Guthrie.

WHAT TO DO WITH LITTLE WORRIES.

Why is it that we worry so much, and so
often, about our little troubles and vexations?
These "little foxes that spoil the vines"—for
getting that our great burden-bearer is ready
to help us with these as well as our greater
troubles and sorrows.

I have in mind a most excellent lady friend
of mine who was anxious to have her little
girl's hair grow long, while her good husband
insisted on having it cut short. About this
time she was in the city, and one day
morning, in talking over her trials and