

BITS OF THINGS.

THE LESSON.

Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

Dosed.

There is no end to the funny
Things told about our colored brethren.
The Griffin (Ga.) News

The colored people have some
strange ways, and one of these is
a disposition to grunt or have ail-

My Boss, I've mighty ailing dis-
easing; aint you got something
to cure me? I've got a pain in my
side.

Acting out the Character.

Children's plays are all charac-
ter plays to a degree, but little
boys are not apt to choose the

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"Husband dear, stay with me
to-night."
"Well, darling, (kisses her) I
would so much like to, but I
must go up town and settle a case
requiring immediate attention. It
will not take long, and I will
soon be home."

"Now, please do, I am so lone-
ly after the children go to sleep,
and I am alone."

"Well, I will." Kisses her and
leaves in a great hurry. The
children are asleep. She sits and
sows or knits and waits, while he
"settles" all those pins by a "ten-
strike," and yells "set 'em up
again" till 11 or 12 o'clock—
when he goes home "tired out"
with the trials and toils of the
day to the darling wife, who is
so sorry he is so heavily taxed
with the cares of business and
the burdens of a profitless office.

Only Me.

A mother had two little chil-
dren, both girls—the elder a fair
child, the younger a beauty and
a mother's pet. Her whole love
centered in her. The elder was
neglected, while "Sweet," (the
pet name of the younger) received
every attention that love could
bestow. One day, after a severe
illness, the mother was sitting in
the parlor, when she heard a child-
ish step on the stairs, and her
thoughts were instantly with the
favorite.

"Is that you, Sweet?" she in-
quired.
"No, mamma" was the sad and
touching reply, "it isn't Sweet,
it's only me!"

The mother's heart smote her,
and from that hour "only me"
was restored to an equal place in
her affections.

Under a Bushel.

"Where do you put the lamp
when you have lighted it?"

"On the table."

"Why?"

"So that father and mother and
all the family can see."

"Suppose you should light your
large lamp, and then go out in
the store-room and get a bushel
measure and put over it. How
would that seem?"

"It would be very foolish."

"Why would it be foolish?"

"Because it would do no good
to have a lamp hidden in that
way; besides, it would not burn
long."

"Did you ever see any one do
this, boys?"

"No; never."

"I have seen it."

"When?"

"A year ago. I asked a boy
then, if he loved Jesus and he
said, 'I hope so;' but he spoke as
if he did not want to say it. If
I say anything in the class about
loving Jesus, his face did not light
up one bit. If he had a light in-
side, he put it under a bushel.
He tried to be a Christian, and
not let any one know it. He was
afraid the other boys would laugh
at him if he said anything about
it. I don't think he enjoyed it
it very much. What do you
think of him, Thomas?"

"I think he was mean. I don't
think he had much of a light; or,
if he had, the bushel must have
put it out. A light won't burn
without air. I've tried that. I
am the very boy. I'm ashamed
of it now. I don't think I had
much light to hide. Oh, I don't
feel now as I did then. My light
is small, but I want it to shine,
and when it shines I am very glad.
I will never, Christ helping me,
try to hide it again under a bushel!
It is too small a place, and Jesus
is not here." —Sunday School News.

"A BRUISED REED."

You have seen the lithe reeds
on the river marshes moved by
the faintest breeze, and never mo-
tionless except in the calm of
some listless summer day. The
low winds had sighed through
them, and the long pipe-stems
seemed scarcely able to sustain
the feathery panicles.

You may have seen a bruised
reed, swaying and bending as a
cloud came over the sun and the
wind arose. It marred the sym-
metry of the long lines of harp-
like stems; but the wind swept
over it and died, and the cloud
uncovered the sun, and the shad-
ow glided away, and it did not
break or fall.

A bruised reed is thus beauti-
fully made to represent the long-
suffering, the tender forbearance,
and deep compassion of Christ
for those who are truly penitent,
while conscious of the greatest
human weakness and imperfec-
tion. His mercy is not like man's
mercy; His love transcends hu-
man tenderness. "A bruised reed
will he not break."

Francis Bacon, viscount of St.
Albans, was the most accomplish-
ed man of his times, and one of
the most accomplished of any
age. His name rose like a star,
and in literature and science still
holds its place in splendor.

He was a scholar, a wit, a judge,
a statesman, a philosopher whose
writings will endure as long as
the language in which they are
written. He entered the Univer-
sity of Cambridge at the age of
thirteen, and at the age of sixteen
he wrote a thesis against Grecian
philosophy. He was a favorite
of Queen Elizabeth from boy-
hood. The tide of his popularity
increased until he became Lord
High Chancellor of England.

But at the height of his fame
Bacon fell. His pride led him to
assume a style of living beyond
his means, and to meet his expen-
ses he accepted bribes in the ad-
ministration of the law. He was
accused, tried before the House
of Lords, and acknowledged his
guilt with deep contrition and hu-
mility. One of the lords at the
trial said to him,—

"Is this confession yours," said
he?

"It my act," said the fallen
statesman, "my hand—my heart.
O, my lords, spare a broken
reed."

But his penitence did not save
him. He was deposed from his
high offices, fined and sent to the
tower. His works of genius no
mischance of his could efface.
The good he had done nothing
could destroy; but under human
law his punishment was inevitable
and in the eye of man's judgment
his moral glory was dimmed for-
ever.

But the compassions of Christ
are not so. The appeal of the
broken heart goes not up to him
in vain. Earthly fountains run
dry; friends forsake, and human
love fails; but the streams of his
mercy are fresh in the desert, and
in our friendlessness He is still
our friend. A bruised reed will
He not break.

Does such a Savior as this de-
serve the choicest service of your
love?

H. BUTTERWORTH.

CONFOUNDING THE WISDOM
OF THE WORLD.

Here is a cheering clipping
from the Richmond Christian Ad-
vertiser. If ever God confound-
ed the wisdom of this world, he is
doing it now. On every side he
is bringing it to naught. The

proud, lying prophets are amaz-
ed and bewildered; they know
not what to think or say. A sim-
ple Bible-reading gathers more
people in one hour, than the
ablest man of science can com-
mand in a month. A hearty
Gospel song stirs a vast assem-
bly beyond the most startling rev-
elations of the astronomer, the
chemist or the natural philo-
sopher. Men shake their heads
and say, all fanaticism, all fanati-
cism! Secular papers criticize and
talk of the bad grammar, and the
nasal whine, and the rough and
ready manner of the preachers
and teachers, starched and trained
theologians call for order and a
technical presentation of the truth;
but, in the midst of all, the simple
story of the cross wins its way
and the poor and the rich receive
life-giving power, and believe and
rejoice.

Herein give most hearty thanks
to our Father in heaven. Let
him save by whom he will. And
we can and do devoutly pray that
the whole membership of the
Church of Christ may take part
in the work of saving the world.

The Magic of Silence.

You have often heard "it takes
two to make a quarrel." Do you
believe it? I'll tell you how one
of our little friends managed. Dol-
ly never came to see Marjorie
that there was not a quarrel. Mar-
jorie tried to speak gently; but
no matter how hard she tried,
Dolly finally made her so angry,
that she would soon speak sharp
words, too.

"O, what shall I do?" cried poor
little Marjorie.

"Suppose you try this plan,
said her mamma. "The next time
Dolly comes in, seat yourself in
front of the fire and take the
tongs in your hand. Whenever
a sharp word comes from Dolly,
gently snap the tongues, without
speaking a word."

Soon afterward Dolly marched
Dolly to see her little friend.

It was not a quarter of an hour
before Dolly's temper was ruffled,
and her voice was raised, and as
usual she began to find fault and
scold. Marjorie fled to the hearth
and seized the tongs, snapping
them gently.

More angry words from Dolly.
Snap went the tongs.

More still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" screame-
d Dolly in a fury. Snap went
the tongs.

"Speak!" said she. Snap was
the only answer.

"I'll never, never come again,
never!" cried Dolly.

Away she went. Did she keep
her promise? No, indeed. She
came the next day, but seeing
Marjorie run for the tongs, she
solemnly said, if she would only
let them alone, they would quar-
rel no more for ever and ever.

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Appointed under Resolution of
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lips, W P Hines.

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