

EVENTIDE.

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
Long and hard has been the day;
I have come a weary way
Since life's morning, but at last
Night is falling sweet and fast—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep"—
I have tried—alas! in vain—
From the world's dark soul and strain
Free to keep it. Weak and worn,
With my strength all overborne—
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep"
"If I should die before I wake"—
Treasures have slipped fast away
From my keeping-day by day,
And I shrink from coming till;
This thought holdeth joy's glad thrill—
"If I should die before I wake."
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take"—
From all the sorrow it hath known,
Sin and loss, and tears and moan,
To the dear ones gone before,
To Thy presence evermore—
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."
"This I ask for Jesus' sake"
Name alone that can prevail,
Anchor-hold within the veil!
Every other plea hath flown;
Worth or merit claim I none—
"This I ask for Jesus' sake."
—Kate W. Hamilton.

WHAT WIVES ARE FOR.

What a true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with with sin, and he needs a woman that, as he puts an arm around her, feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight, who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory; thro' adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The hearts yearn for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than house work. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving them noble ideas of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.—Cleveland Sun.

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

"When the tide goes out he will die."
With the assurance born of long experience beside deathbeds, the nurse in sombre gray whispered these words to one of the sufferer's friends last night in a tenement house in Seventeenth street, says a writer in the New York World.
The man had been working on the dock and a crane had fallen and struck him on the head. They bore him away to his squalid home. The company had sent a doctor and a nurse, but these were now of small avail.
"It is only a legend."
"Yes, it is only a legend, but wait and see."

There was the faint ticking of the clock, but that was all that broke the silence of the next few hours.
The night ebbed slowly away.
Dawn was almost breaking.
"The tide—it is very near the full now," whispered the patient watcher.
"Come closer if you want to see him die."

And the little group in the room moved closer. And so, too, he died—died when the tide went out at break of day, and out on the bosom of the tide had swept away toward a great, unlighted sea, a human soul.

"It's only a legend, I know," said the nurse afterwards, "but I have been beside many deathbeds and never yet have I known the fancy to prove false. There seems to be even in death, as in life, a strange tide, and in the case of death a tide in some strange sort blended and acting in keeping with the circle of the tide that runs out to the ocean."

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A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.
"O," replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."
"Who takes care of you?" she asked.
"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"
"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"
"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning, and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter, but there isn't very much work this winter, so he is doing laboring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories, and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home; they are both so beautiful!"

Before long, the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace, and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor; nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was any man in priestly robe in costly temple.

He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens, rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.

"TALKING WITH JESUS."

A good minister of the Gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there whom no one seemed to know anything about. He continued climbing up until he found his way into that old garret, and as he entered he looked around. There was the bed, a chair, a table, with a candle dimly burning on it, a very little fire on the hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Bible on her lap. After kindly inquiries about her health the minister asked if she did not feel lonely there.

"No, no," was the reply.
"What do you do through all these long winter nights?"
"Oh," she said, "I just sit here with me light, and with me New Testament on me knees, talking to Jesus."

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster at Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite, and felt like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c a bottle, at W. M. Cohen's drugstore."

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Fullness and Beauty.

"For five years I was troubled with a disease of the scalp, which caused the hair to become harsh and dry and to fall out in such large quantities as to threaten complete baldness. Ayer's Hair Vigor being recommended to me, I began to apply this preparation, and before the first bottle was used the hair ceased falling out and the scalp was restored to its former healthy condition."—Francis A. Veto, Siko, Pa.
"A little more than two years ago my hair began turning gray and growing thin. After using one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair has resumed its original color and an occasional application keeps the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, Digby, N. S.
"Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most satisfactory preparation of its kind in the market."—M. F. Pluck, Druggist, New Corwin, Ohio.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

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"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of a yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely cured me."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.

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