nished walls are tumbling down d streets are always lined tone work of every kind; world just legs behind Half-Way Town.

mp straight along, and don't look down
Toward Helf-Way Town.
my my, if every one should try
a keep on moving, brisk and apr,
a chould discover, by and by
Them'd be no Half-Way Town.
—Youth's Companion.

Stella's Summer Prip Dy Ella M. Mess. **全年2日世界市民国第四日**

AM sick and tired of this life! I would rather die now than endure it year after year, with out a hope of release! Monito threw her crochet work to the other side of the small room. "If I could go to the scanide like other girls might make a suitable match might make a suitable match—one at would cave me from the bondage

setta sadly looked up from her

You have much to be thankful for. r Shella," she said softly. "Your

mean stead, and said soluty. Lour beautiful face..."
"What is the good of my beauty?
Whom do I see now? No one but Dr.
Zames, and he is old and stout, and wa our poverty too well to

At this juncture Mrs. Monito, dylike woman, entered the and looked from one to the other

What is the trouble?" she asked. "Mamma, Stella is tired and wants go to the seaside," Netta said soft-By. "Poor Stella is weary of this life, and I think I had better give her Uncle Escrime's gift, and then she can have

"Netta?" exclaimed the astonial

Yes; my money increases very clowby, and perhaps, after all, I may not t better"

At the girls' last birthday their other had given each \$100. ils had bought some handsome my with her money, but Netta, who wary with her money, but Netta, who and been for years crippled by a fail, and here saide, hoping to save enough take her to some celebrated physician. Buoyed up with that hope she and painted little pictures for the sames, and saved each dollar ctreaming, but Stella's constant repining the wearing, and she determined to five up her hope and let her have her mig looked formatter.

you really mean & Netta? Tes

en I will tell you what I'll do you desirest of sisteres! I shall be sure to make a conquest, and when I am meaning I will take you to France, to the physician you wish to see." At that mom

cut some one tapped at the door, and a moment later Dr. es, a tall, rather stout man of forty-five years of age, with a grave, kind face, entered.

weeks later Stella Monito was Sourding in an aristocratic resort. Time went by, and her letters home es not very frequent. Finally one raing the postman brought one that

"My Dear Mother and Sister-I am about to be married and bid adieu to a life of poverty forever. Mr. Leland. my future husband, is immensely mealthy. He owns a magnificent res e in the city and one on the Had But there is one thing which I sorry to mention—he does not wish no to acknowledge my relatives after marriage. Of course I shall not forget m the money which brought me m at the earliest opportunity. My m my fortune. Stella." Mrs. Moutto covered her face with

"My child has forsaken me!" she

esselation. What was there to say? he knew her sister worshiped at the hrine of wealth, and cared not how by hearts she broke if she only her longed-for goal.

A few weeks later Dr. James m im a visit which was not strictly

etta." he said, sitting down beside "your sister's summer trip has ber a husband. I read the marso notice in the paper yesterday. W. I have a favor to ask of you. I a. Afred of being atone in the world: w is no one else who would please in but you. I have loved you ever were that high"-with a mo-"and if you will ye me I will take you to France to a physician you have set your heart smeing. If they cure you I shall re-cer; if they do not, I shall love you

ore." his words were so unex-

We no" she ried. "I will no take advantage of your generous offer. I will never be a burden to any man."
And all the arguments he could use would not induce her to change her

gowns, and waited upon like a queen, I have not a penny of money under my control. Everything I have is or-dered and paid for afterward, but byand-by I shall contrive a way to get it

for you."
"Poor Stella," the mother sighed. "I am afraid that in the end abe will think her summer trip a failure."

"And her marriage, too." Netta, "as all marriages not based on

"I have some good news for you!" Dr. James cried, as he entered the room followed by a strange gentlemen. Put away your letter, Netta, and lis

Netta did his bidding, and the stran ger introduced himself as a lawyer. He informed that an uncle of Mrs. Monito's had died and left her helress to his wealth-a goodly sum.

Several weeks later found Mrs. Mo nite and Nelta en route for England. Dr. James's nephow intended to cross the ocean, and the doctor had intrusted

them to his care.
"God grant your dearest wish may
be granted. Netta," he said to her when parting.

Months went by, and Netta was or the road to recovery. By degrees she found her old strength returning, and at the end of a year was able to walk about without assistance.

She was very happy, and to crown

all, her sister Stella and her husband visited them. They were making a tour, and as her relatives were wealth now, Mr. Leland had no objection to his wife's associating with them. They insisted that Mrs. Monito and

Netta should be of their party.

"For Stella's sake," Mrs. Monito said, "Netta, I will consent. She is unhappy enough. She sold herself for gold, and only too late realizes what that bargain means."

Another six months passed away.

Ketta had a number of suitors, but to none did she give encouragement and

Theadore Dunscombe, the doctor's interpreted that sign favorable to himself.

He wrote to his uncle that Netta's health was perfect, and her life was now a happy one; then he hinted that, in time, he dreamed of winning her.

"Theadore is a good boy," the doctor rhispered, when he read the letter. "They will be a suitable pair, and I must forget my wild dream."

He went to meet them when they eturned, and congratulated Netta on the fulfillment of her dearest wish.

After that he called but seldom, and was grave and restrained when they

Dunscombe's wooing did not prosper nd at last he begged of his uncle to

use his influence for him.
"She thinks so much of your opin

ion that she will heed you," he plead-ed, and the doctor at last consented. He went to see Netta, and made his errand known. She looked at him with a flushed face.

"I cannot accept your nephew." she acid decidedly. "I do not care for him as a weman should for the man "But in time you might."

"Never! I shall never love but one man, and he has had my heart since

"Netta, I nover dreamed of this" he aid. "Who is he? Tell me?"
"Need I?" she asked softly. "Who said.

cared for me when I was poor and afflicted, and would have burdened himself with me then? If he has changed, I---

"Netta!" He opened his arms to fold her in his embrace. "I never dared

hope for this moment?"
Thendere Dunscombe did not stay to his uncle's wedding, but Stella and

er husband came to witness it. "May God bless you. my unselfish sister?" Stella whispered to the bride. And to all appearances her prayer is answered.—Waverley Magnaine.

Packed in Plaster.

The ingenious Germans have deve! oped a novel method of packing and shipping butter, which may be of interest to American dairymen. A light wooden case or box is lined thorough-ly at the bottom and sides with a layer of plaster of paris a quarter of an inch thick, on which pieces of common glass are laid before the planter acts. The edges of the glass slabs are made perfectly air tight by means of gummed paper, and into the perfectfitting box thus formed wrapped in good water-proof paper, in ten-pound cakes, is placed. The glass top is now put on and made air-tight with strips of gummed paper. A layer of plaster of paris one-quarter inch thick is now run over the glass cover and the lid nailed on the box. Each case is made to contain about two hundred pounds of butter. The plaster of paris being a non-conductor. very little heat reaches the butter. which arrives at its destination in

Touched with infinite pathos, as well as with surpassing weirdness, was the courtship of a young Lancashire miner who woodd his cousin, a girl of nineteen, across the dying bed of the former's father. The girl, who had been summoned to nurse the old man, fell in love with the son through watching his tenderness to his alling sire, and thus it came about that while the aged life was ebbing away two young lives were converging toward each other. The father in his final moments guessed their secret and joined their hands, and thus did this

remarkshie wooting wear to its end.

La Germany, where the mortuary
system is far more complete than our
own, and where both male and female attendants are employed, it is no un-common thing for courtships to be carried on in these halls of the dead, and many marriages have been planned and arranged amid their enroundings.—Ti. Nice.



Effect on Property Values

Do State roads increase the valu of abutting property? is a question often asked of the Massachusetts comn. As a partial answer, it can be said that information has been received from distant parts of the State setting forth the fact that certain farm lands which were on the market for come years, without a customer sold shortly after the completion of the State road, and at prices above what they had been offered for. As there are neither steam nor electric railways within several miles of some of the pieces of property referred to, it is fair to assume that the judgment of the local informants, who attribute the sale and the rise in price to the State road, is correct.

Although it is difficult to obtain direct evidence as to a rise in the value of property, there is no lack of testimony as to the value of the roads to the users of them. From all parts of the State reports have been received which clearly show a material reduc-tion in time between given points, a decrease in the number of horses ou certain stage, mail and milk routes, and large increase in loads with the same number of horses. These re-sults surely mean that the social conditions are improved, the cost of maintaining regular lines of transportation by highway is reduced, and the product of farms and isolated manufactories is moved in a manner to inrease the margin of profit.

Real property is subject to the same laws, whether it be urban, suburban or rural. Its market value is regulated by its earning capacity, its near-ness to beautiful or picturesque scenery, and still further by its religious, educational and social opportunities. A rise in value may follow an improvement of any one of these con-ditions, but it must follow a better-ment of all. The commission is confident that the case is not misstated when it says that wherever a State road has been begun, a betterment along the lines suggested will follow its completion.

The Farmer and the Automobile. Ordinarily the chauffeur on pleasure bent takes only scant interest in that branch of automobilism which is concerned with transportation of freight. Nevertheless, there is an intimate and necessary connection between the pro-gress of heavy motor wagon traffic and the pleasures of those who never expect to operate an automobile for expect to operate an automobile for utility purposes. These pleasures depend very largely upon the mileage of good reads that are at the disposal, and the goods roads problem depends for its solution almost exclusively upon the advancement of automobile freigh traffic and automobilism for agricultural implements and the general hus-bandry of the farmer. So long as the farmer is compelled to employ horses anyway, for plowing his fields and hauling produce and provisions to and from town, so long will be be disinclined to purchase automobiles for any purpose, but the moment he can dispense with all horses, save perhaps one team, and can begin to see a saving in doing so, he will also be willing to listen to the financial argument in favor of good roads, and this argument being immensely strengthened when he can measur the traction effort on a poor road in the dollars and cents expended for gasolens (or perhaps alcohol), he will soon be willing to pay his share for road improvement. It might be a pay-ing investment if all automobile manufacturers would endow a special institution for advancing the application of mechanical power to all kinds of work incidental to agriculture. It would at all events be a novel and meritorious departure, and might be made successful under competent leadership, although most other form of co-operation which look so tempting to the theorist prove so futile in practice.—Automobile Topics.

A dispatch from Wabash, Ind., the State Journal says that farmers in the northern part of Wabash County are building gravel roads, independent of the county commissioners, at a rate which will soon leave few of the old mud highways in existence, under a system which makes construction easy and chesp. One turnpike of ten miles extending from North Manche Disko, is now being completed, and the burden, under the self-assessmen system evolved, has scarcely been felt among the land owners. These farm ers entered into an agreement to build the road, every owner of property abutting joining in the pact to pay \$1.50 per acre in work or cash, within three years. Land assessed extends back a half mile on either side of the road. The work is done in dull sea sons, and the loss of time is not felt by the farmers, while the construction of the road is pushed rapidly. At the end of the three years the county com-missioners are notified of the comple tion of the work, the county surveyo inspects the road, and if it compiler with all requirements, it is accepted, and the commissioners, under the gravel-road repair act, undertake to keep it in good condition.

Always Room For More. "The man who thinks he knows it all," says the Manayunk Philos "generally lives long enough to learn that even the biggest encyclopedia ocnerds a supple



was a man who worked all day d ant up late at night, toiled and planued and schemed

And ant will and planned and And toiled and planned and To gain the dirry height;
He longed to have the right to at and High o'er the crowd and hear men say, As, looking up, they any him there:
"How great he is, how grand!"
At last, when he was bent, when care And toil had marred his visage, when The moid of time was on his hair.
He stood high up o'er other men And, listening, heard the passers by Say lightly: "What a queer old gay."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Cheerfuluess is riches." "Ob, no; if you can't pay a bill, being cheerful about it only makes the other man madder."-Detroit Free Press.

"What is the key, to success?"

The ability to make people pay." "Pay for what they get?" No: pay for what you tell them they are getting."-Chicago Post.

Getting On. The Good Man-"So, Willie, you're going to school, are you? That's nice. And what have you learned so far?" Willie-"To whistle without puckering my mouth."-Chleago Record-Her-

She-"She comes of a grand old family, I believe?"

He-"Yes, very! An ancestor of hers was beheaded in the Tower during the reign of the fourth Edward."

She—"How perfectly lovely."-Tit-Bits.

No Surface Accomplishment. Dorothy-"How would you define a

Katharine-"Well, my idea of a gentleman is a man who looks and acts like a gentleman even when he isn's dressed like a gentleman."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Recenting on Imput

Dicky-"I ain't got no use fur a kid wot's too good to fill his pockets wit' apples when a barrel of 'em falls off wagon an' busts in de street." Billy (with indignation)—"I wusn't too good. De copper wus a watchin' me?"—Chicago Tribune.

Differences Promptly Disclosed. 'All people," remarked the carnest citisen, "are born equal."

"Perhaps," answered the deliberate friend; "but they don't stay equal any longer than it takes for their parents to provide them with clothes and play-things."-Washington Star.

Concerning Industry.
"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "did you know some people says your brain "I don't believe it," answered Mean-

dering Mike. "I'd rather do wit'out sense altogedder dan have such a fool-ish brain."-Washington Star.

The Right Conditi Briggs-"They say that if files were left alone—that is, if all those that are born were allowed to live-there would nothing else but files."

Griggs-That is, supposing the earth were nothing in the solar system but a big railroad restaurant.

Concesiment

"You say you are a detective?" "Yes."

"But ought you not to conceal tile fact to some degree?"

"How ?" "By not detecting anything."-Wash-

ington Star. The Motive

"Do you write because of inspiration?" asked the idealistic young wome

"Not usually," answered the coldlooking man with ink on his fingers. As a rule I write because of the expiration of the time for which the rent has been paid."

Significant Philosophy. "I am straid Bliggins has met reverses.

"What makes you think so?" "He goes about with a gloomy look, saying there is no such thing as disin-terested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money."

Two Civis "If ten men should ask you to marry them, what would that be?"

"A tender." "And if one should ask you, what would that be?"

"I don't know; what?" "A wonder."-Life.

Question For Question. "Why do poets wear long hair?" asked the young woman who is anxious to learn.

"My dear," answered the young woman who believes there is no thing as modern literature, "if they didn't wear long hair how know they are poets?"

In the Fute "Do yes keep an assistant to the cook?

"And do be the assistant have a helper? "She bas."

Brooklyn Life.

"And have yes a kitchen maid to clean up after the assistant's helper?" "We have." "Well, I'll give yez a week's trial."

TO BLESS OR BLAST

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Discusses the Influences of the Good and Evil Deeds We Do in Our Life's

(Copyright, 1904.)

Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows that the good or evil we do returns to bless or blast us; text, Isaiah xi, 22. "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."

While yet people thought that the world was flat and themsands of years before they found out that it was round Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it—Got sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on a plan of the circle.

There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograme, disconsis, quadrangles, but these evidently are not Cod's favorites. Almost Overly here where you find llim geometrizing you find the circle donninant, and if not the circle then the curve, which is a circle that died young. If it had lived long enough it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed only a little too hard at the sides.

Giunt's causeway in Ireland shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over 35,000 columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and compass. Every artist has his molding room where he may make fifty shapes, but he chooses one shape as preferable to all others. I will not say that the Giant's causeway was the world's molding room, but I do asy out of a great many figures God seems to have selected the circle as the best. "It is He that sittet on the circle of the carth." The stars in a circle, the universe in a circle and the chrone of God the centre of that circle and the circle as the best. "It is the that sitted on the circle and the certe and the audience in a circle, knowing that the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of His right hand. But He did not throw it out in a straight hine, but in curvilinear, with a leash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from His hand pure and Edenic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice

of living creatures, analysis of species?

Pomology will go on with its achievements until after many countries the world will have plums and pears equal to the paradissical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborescence of the year 1.

If the malsers of colored glass go on improving they may in some centuries be proving they may in some centuries be

doos their best in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborescence of the year 1.

If the makers of colored glass go on improving they may in some cunturies be able to make something equal to the east window of York minster, which was ballt in the year 1200. We are air centuries be shad those artists. But the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men.

If the world continues to improve in masonry, we shall have after awhile, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw in the wall of an exhumed English city built in the time of the Romans 1600 years ago, that mortar to-day as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years masonry may advance to that point. If the world stands long enough we may have a city as large as they had in old times—Babylon. five times the size of London. You may go into the potterics of England and yous find them making cupa and wases after the style of the cups and vases atter the style of the cups and it is swinging in a circle. And will come around to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeli. The world is not going back. Oh, no. But it is swinging in a circle. The curre will known so long ago as the days of Pompeli. Well, now, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ruzkiel's wheel. All commentators agree is saying teat the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turns, and if it turn it turns around. and if it turns around it noves in a circle. Well, machine which around it is not sound and around whether we will or

turns around, and if it turns around it moves in a circle. What then? Are we parts of a great iron machine whirled around and around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So lar from that I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions, and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions!

again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those but or good actions may make the circuit of many years, but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth, Jezebel, the worst woman of the Bible—Shakespeare copying his Ludy Macbeth from her picture—slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth Edijah, the prophet, put down his compass and marked a circle from those dogs clear around to the dogs that should cat the body of Jezebel, the murderees. "Impossible:" the people said. "That will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Jezebel. A few hours after they came around, hoping to bury her. They find only the palms of the hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Jezebel and the dogs that devoured Naboth. Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit!

But it is sometimes the case that this

Naboth. Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit!
But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century or through many centuries. The wor'd started with a theoraxy for government—that is. God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theoraxy. They smid: "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world, Give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy at the going to have a limited monarchy will be given up and the republican form of government will be greywhere dominant and recognised. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all.

And then all nations, finding out that

will have an anarray, when is no government at all.

And then all nations, finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for theorney and my, "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world."

Every atap—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy—only different steps between the first theorracy and the last theorracy or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits.

But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curre of crusts and But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curre of creats and

therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the pyramids it took 2000 men two years drag one stone from the quarry and put it into the pyramids. If men short lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of eternities afford to wait?

What though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch which we have to wind up every night less it run down and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages. If, eccording to the Bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then, according to that calculation the 6000 years of the world's existence has been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

But it is often the case that the rebound is quicker, the return is much quicker that that. The circle is sooner complet. You resolve that you will do what if if you can. In one week you nut a world counsel in the heart of a Sabbath-schild. During that same week you gib letter of introduction to a young monitoring the supervext you make an exhortation in a praif meeting. It is all gone. You will new hear of it, perhaps, you think. A fixen, and if it is all gone. You will new hear of it, perhaps, you think. A fixen, and it is all gone in the your safer a man comes un to you as saw, "No. I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was hit is says, "You don't know me, do you?" You say. He says, "Dat is where I preach," or, "Do "on ese that governo's home? That it where I live."

One day a man comes to you and says "Good morning." You look at him and ay. "Why, you have the advantace of me! I cannot place you." He says. "Don't you remember thirty years ago giving me a letter of introduction to a young man—a letter of introduction to word and man is letter of introduction to word and man interests. Come up to my house and see me."

On a man comes to you and says "I am the man. That was my first step toward a fortune. But I have retired from housiess now and am giving my time to philauthrouse and see

thes and unblic interests. Come up to my house and see me."

Or a man comes to you and says: "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer meeting some years ago. I sat back by the door. You arose to make an exhortation. That talk changed the course of my life, and if I ever get to heaven under God I will owe my salvation to you." In only tee, twenty or thirty years the circle awept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes it is a wider circle and does not return for a great while. I saw a hill of expenses for burning Latimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses has these items among others:

rolls in after it, saying: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreated an aged parent. You begrudge him the room in your house. You are impatient with his whimsicalities and garruity. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot masticate. You wishe was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After awhile your eye will be dim. and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and you rchildren will wonder if you will never he taken away. They called you "father" once. Now they call you the "old man." If you live a few years longer they will call you the "old chap." What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago.

A goutleman passing along the avenue aw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender, when the old man srose and said: "Don't hart him. It's aff right. Forty years ago this very morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head!" It is a circle. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment of parents is punished in this world. That circle is made quickly, v. y quickly.

The meanest thing a man can do is after some difficulty has been settled to bring it up again, and God will not do anything the hold all the events of the ages. but there is one thing that is sure to slip this memory, one thing He is sure to forzet, and that is pardoned transgression.

How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember your of the prove of the member your one of "Plersed is he whom

to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to stip His memory, one thing Ha is sure to furget, and that is pardoned transpression.

How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgreds."

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life. It rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says it "lieth four square." That does seem to militate against this idea of a circle. But do you not know there is many a square house that has a family circle facting each other and in a circle moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. St. John says, "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the ciders." And again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne four and twenty seats." And again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne four and twenty seats." And again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne four and twenty seats." And again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne four and twenty seats." And again he says, "There was a rainbow round about The throne four and the angels facing each other, the angels facing each other, the seats of her. Heaven an amphitheatre of glory. Circumference of patriarch and prophet and apontle. Circumference of Scotch Covenanters and Theban legion and Abiceness. Circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have a centre, and what is the centre of this heavenlend rown shout Him. Take off the imperial sandal from His foot and hebold the sear of the spike. Lift the economy of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have a centre, and what is the centre of this heaven weathed into a garandal from His foot and hebold the sear of the spi

"On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; All other ground is shifting sand."