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State Library

The Making of a Successful Wife

By CASPER S. YOST.

MAN'S MINIATURE FAILINGS.—Let Bill Smoke Around the House if It Keeps Him at Home Don't Expect a Mere Male Biped to Be a Paragon of Propriety—His Physical Comfort.

[Copyright, 1907, by Casper S. Yost.]

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL.—It takes some women longer than others to wake up to the fact that their husbands are not truly and absolutely and altogether perfect, and some are likewise slower than others in becoming reconciled to the commonplace. I don't know what you expected of Bill, but it seems to me that I have already put it pretty plain to you that whatever it was he would fall considerably short of the mark, being human and a man. And it's a mighty good thing that he does, too, for woman's ideal man won't fit into the everyday life of this practical age. He'd be run in by the cops before he got a block away from home just on suspicion. He'd be as lonesome as the little boy that got lost in the cornfield. Did I ever tell you that story? Remind me of it the next time I'm at home. It's a pretty good story, but just now I've got some things to say that will be hard to keep within the limit of a two cent stamp.

You present a pretty big indictment against him. At any rate, I've no doubt it looks that way to you. You say that he wants to smoke at home; that he drops various and sundry things, like magazines and cuffs and such, around the house, and that sometimes in the evening he even goes so

He'd be run in by the cops.

far as to put his feet on the library chairs. That's awful, simply awful! But, my dear little girl, it might be worse. These are grievous shortcomings; I'll have to admit it, even though I plead guilty to them myself. But these very failings prove to me that my estimate of William is correct. He's just a man, a plain, ordinary man, but still he is a man. Somehow or other we just can't make our conduct jibe with the rules laid down for the pure, the good and the beautiful, and when a woman gets a man whose faults are home grown she'd better accept them with resignation and thankfulness and then proceed to make virtues of them.

No Nonsense About Billy.

For virtues they can be, little girl, though they are negative. The very

He even goes so far as to put his feet on the chairs.

charges you make against William indicate to me that he loves his home, and when a man manifests an affection for his own fireside you can bet your sweet little life that he has in him the materials that good husbands are made of. Your charges show me that he spends his evenings at home and that he is up in the morning clear headed and ready for business. They show me that there is no nonsense about Billy. He isn't one of those fellows who want to embroider violets on the summer clouds. He's on to his job. He recognizes the fact that the chief object of his existence is to provide bread and oleo and a few other things, like stuffed olives and embroidered shirt waists, for you. Therefore and consequently he must hustle. You probably don't know it—few women do—but it's a pretty serious proposition, this business of taking care of a family. It's a responsibility that mighty soon takes the superfluous sentiment out of a man. Understand me, now, I said superfluous, the kind that slops over and runs down the sides like molasses on a jug, just as sweet as that on the inside, but gummy and useless.

A safety valve, as it were.

But, getting back to Billy's faults, I want to tell you how they look to a man, to an old man, who has always believed that good manners and courtesy, which come pretty near being the same thing, are just as important at home and a little more so than anywhere else, but who doesn't look upon the "Handy Manual of Etiquette" as the law and the gospel nor accept as infallible the teachings of the professor of deportment in the young ladies' seminary. And, firstly, as to smoking: That, I admit, is a fault, but it is one with so many saving graces that it really ought to be encouraged by the Society For the Promotion of Domestic Happiness. It is pretty generally accepted that the natural, inborn, innate cussedness of the masculine sex has to have an outlet, a sort of moral or mental safety valve, as it were, to keep it from tearing loose and breaking up things—some of the Ten Commandments, for instance—and it is a fact beyond question that a good cigar or one of its decent substitutes will answer that purpose with less harm to himself and less damage to his surroundings than anything else. You may grant all this and still wonder why he can't do his smoking away from home. If so, your college education is defective, for it failed to teach you some mighty important things about the effects of tobacco on the human system, particularly the human brain. Taken in moderation, its action is at once sedative and stimulating. It promotes digestion, quiets the nerves, and while it tranquillizes the mind it doesn't deaden it. On the contrary, its mental effect is that of oil on a squeaky axle. It makes the wheels run easier and at the same time faster.

On the curbstone alone

A Man's Physical Comforts.

A good dinner, a comfortable chair, the company of a sympathetic and loving wife and a fragrant Havana make a combination that will carry a man about as near to heaven as he can get on this side of the Jordan. It brings out all that is good in him, removes the worries of the day, straightens out the wrinkles in his brain, makes him more amiable, a pleasanter companion, a better husband. Leave out the cigar, and the cares of business are likely to stay with him; he is grumpy and irritable, ready to quarrel at the drop of the hat and about as entertaining as a lobster salad in the throes of digestion. If you make him go out and sit on the curbstone alone while he takes his after dinner smoke the effect is morally and physically bad, and the first thing you know he'll be chasing off to some place where he can smoke in comfort. That's the beginning of the end. It's a wise woman who lets her husband smoke at home, and if my advice has any weight with you you'll encourage the habit in Billy—in moderation, mind you—but for goodness' sake beg him to get a better brand of cigars than the one he gave me as I was leaving home the last time.

The other habits that you object to are just failings, and they are so nearly universal among the wearers of trousers that their absence would indicate something radically wrong. I don't know why it is, and I don't think the scientific fellows ever tried to explain it, though they have wasted their lives in investigating things of much less importance, but the fact remains that few men can be really, truly comfortable unless they can get their feet off the floor when they sit down. I have a kind of notion that it's one of nature's methods of equalizing the circulation of the blood. Possibly women had the same instinct originally, but ages of cruel repression seem to have effaced it. At any rate, it doesn't appear to worry them, while it does have a pretty considerable to do with the cheerfulness of the other sex. I think I have pointed out to you the importance of making a man comfortable in order to keep him contentedly at home. Well, my dear, pedal elevation is one of the means to that end. I don't suppose you know that Abraham Lincoln used to study law with his feet on the mantelpiece. No? Well, he did, and it was one of the surest indications of his greatness. But I wouldn't encourage Bill to go that far. It's all right in a bachelor apartment, but I'll admit that it is neither pretty nor dignified in the home. Nor is such an extreme elevation necessary to his comfort. A chair will do, any old chair, but don't deny poor William that solace for his evening hours.

The one he gave me.

Disorder Is Man's First Law.

You've probably read somewhere that order is nature's first law. Some old timer with a reputation for wisdom to maintain is said to have been responsible for it. It may be so, but my experience with nature forces me to doubt. However, that's neither here nor there. The point I want to make is that whether nature has any such an ordinance or not, first or last, it's doggoned certain that there's no law of that kind in the statute books of man. You notice I don't say mankind. I mean man, just plain man, with whiskers and starched shirts. With women it's different. Order is not only their first law, but it's the first paragraph in their constitution. That tidy must hang just so; that sofa pillow must stand exactly in this position; for the land's sake, I wonder who raised that window shade so high! Disorder is more truly masculine, and in this respect man is at his best, or, rather, his worst, at home. I am mighty sorry about this; honestly I am. It ain't right. We really oughtn't to lay our umbrellas and newspapers and cigar ashes and other belongings indiscriminately around the house; we oughtn't to muss things up so. But, Lord bless you, little girl, we just naturally can't help it. It's part of the cussedness that's in our blood. Bill ain't any worse than the rest of us. Reason with him, my dear. Show him how much it adds to your work and your worry. Show him how tremendously important it is from the feminine standpoint that everything should be in its proper place and stand at the proper angle. But go at him gently. Tell him about it when he's feeling in a good humor. We're all aware of this failing, but most of us are apt to bristle up when you come at us too suddenly. Maybe you can educate it out of Bill. I hope so, little girl; I really do. But go slow. It's a big job.

I wonder who raised that window shade.

You see, my dear, it all comes back to the very first thing I told you, that men ain't much account anyhow, and you've got to take them pretty much as they come, faults and failings and all, and do the best you can with the material. Your Bill's a good deal above the average, but he's just a man, and you can't hope to make him all that you think he ought to be. If you did so you probably wouldn't like the job yourself after you'd finished and got a square look at it. I wouldn't countenance any vices—don't believe Bill has any—but a wise wife will shut her eyes to many of the faults and failings of her husband, make virtues of others and rub out the rest like your mother used to do my headaches.

You wouldn't like the job yourself.

It's getting late and I've got a hard day's work before me tomorrow, so good night. Your loving old dad.

JOHN SNEED.

P. S.—I opened this to inclose the address of my cigar dealer at home. Tell Bill if he'll ask this man for my favorite brand he'll get a smoke that will make the sun shine on a cloudy day. J. S.

Mr. Howell to Rural Mail Carriers.

In this day when so few men care for office or position more than for the money derived therefrom, it is refreshing to find a man who takes a deeper interest in the work he is doing; one who dignifies whatever position he may hold by the manner in which he performs his work. It is for that reason that the following letter is reprinted from the Progressive Farmer and Mr. Howell's patrons will bear us out in anything we might say to his credit:

I wish to call your attention to the importance of organization, as the majority of the local associations will have their last meeting on the 30th of May before the State meeting, and I would like to see every carrier in the State in the Association by that time.

I trust the members will do all they can to get those who seem to be indifferent interested. The fraternal feature of the order seems to me should cause every carrier to be in the organization if he had no other motive, but in addition to this is the great mission for which rural free delivery was adopted, namely: the education of the great mass of the rural population of our country.

As the service could be had only through united action of the representatives of the people, it is self-evident that the carrier on whom the success of the service so much depends can not accomplish the work for which it was created without united effort.

It is as much the duty of the rural carrier to do everything he can for the upbuilding of the Commonwealth in his peculiar sphere as it is for the President of the United States in his sphere. We can no more make the service the greatest success without co operation than Wellington could have taken Waterloo with his forces unorganized.

We should at all times seek the co-operation of the Department in our work, for in the matter of rural free delivery the success and perfection of the service depends on both the Department and carrier body.

Now if the carriers are well organized it is the custom of the Department to send it representative to the conventions when invited, that they may discuss conditions and learn more of the wishes of the official heads of the system and in turn the officials can more fully appreciate our needs and conditions.

There is no other way that we can come in personal touch with representatives of the Department except through organization.

Let's live up to our opportunities, and do our very best, and our efforts will be felt in millions of homes in our great country, and we may rest assured that the Department will consider our interests.

In my next I will suggest some live questions which every asociation in the State should consider in its May meeting.

Meanwhile every carrier should join the carrier's organization.

THOS V. HOWELL.
R. 1, Peachland, N. C.

When a man writes as follows don't you think he means it? Mr. S. G. Williams, Powderly, Texas, says: "I have suffered for years with kidney and bladder trouble, using every preparation I came across and taking many prescriptions, all without relief, until my attention was called to Pineules. After 30 days' trial ($1.00), I am feeling fine." Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

FOR BETTER ROADS

Good Road Material Everywhere—Why Do You Not Take the Lead in Road-making?

(Progressive Farmer.)

Wherever practicable, in the improvement of roads attention should be paid to improving the line of the roadbed. In a hilly country a road in a directly straight line is never best, and if some attention is paid to the proper engineering of the roads there would be far better roads. Then there is not a section in North Carolina where good road-making material cannot be had. In the Coastal Plain the oyster shells are in many places cheap and convenient, and nothing makes a better road than shells. Then in other parts of the East the shell rock is handy and makes the finest of road material. In the Piedmont country the granite rocks are abundant and convenient. I once drove from Raleigh to Durham, tumbling down into the Crabtree Valley over one of the gullied excuses for a road, and then into a trench of red mud where the road repairers had been at work throwing mud and sods into the middle of the road till the mud was so deep that our team pulled the doubletree in two, and we would have been in a bad plight but that we found some bale wire in the carriage with which we lashed a pole on from the woods. And right alongside of this trench called a road, the fields were fairly macadamized over with little broken rocks, and in some places the rocks had been gathered from the fields and placed on ridges alongside the road. And yet the road workers had repaired the road with mud when they could have covered it with these rocks with the same shovels.

There is no part of the community more interested in good roads than the farmers who have to haul over them. I am glad to see the spirit of improvement in this respect in the South, and note that some cities are making beautiful roads out from the town through the township. With a little co-operation among the farmers, these roads could be extended all through the State, and the Legislature should aid in the construction of the main lines of travel. If a man has a farm for sale and it attracts the attention of a would-be purchaser, it would sell more readily and for a better price if on a well built road, for no one would want to buy a farm where he would be tied up all winter. Big loads of cotton can be hauled over the roads around the cities, but the man living off these roads can haul only what he can start with over his own country roads, so that the improved roads are of little use to him, and in many cases he has to pull up a steep hill only to go down the other side, when a level road would take him around easier and quicker. Think of this too, in improving your roads.

Brighten Up Your Own Little Plot of Ground.

The importrnt results that would flow out of a movement for the beautifying of lawns, landscapes, and parks throughout the land can scarcely be measured. In time it could not but stimulate the kindred movement for good roads, for more artistic architecture, for the brightening and humanizing of rural life, and in an indirect way would stimulate art in all its branches. It would have an important effect on the health of the people in that it would take them more in the open air and bring them close to the soil. Pure air sunlight, and Mother Earth, after all, are the sovereign medicines.

Do not leave this important work to rich men on their great estates. Your little plot of ground has as many possibilities as has the most extensive private park. Grass, flowers, shrubs, are as accessible to you as to any. The rest depends on yourself, on your creative ability and artistic taste. Remember, every idea you gain and every step of advancement by you means the beautifiing of your own home.—J. A. Edgerton, in Progressive Farmer.

The Method of "Praying Blessings." in Union.

(Monroe Enquirer.)

People passing Mr. Snider Carter's place in Sandy Ridge township last Tuesday morning saw 26 plowmen busy, plowing and planting and working like their lives depended upon getting it all done in one day. If a passing stranger had enquired why all the plowing and planting he would have been told that it was nothing more or less than a Union county way of praying blessings on a sick neighbor. Mr. Carter has been sick for some time and is unable to prepare his land and plant his crop, and his brother members of the Mineral Springs camp, Woodmen of the World, met as above stated and planted his crop for him.

Don't cough your head off when you can get a guaranteed remedy in Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for children, as it is pleasant to take, is a gentle laxative, thus expelling the phlegm from the system. For coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, hoarseness and all bronchial trouble. Guaranteed. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

PROF. FERRELL'S LETTER.

Raleigh Schools—Hazing—His Ideal Governor.

Editor of The Ansonian:

For sometime I have not afflicted your readers with anything from my pen. Those engaged in educational work have but little time for anything else but the taxing and imperative duties that come as regularly and resentlessly as the college bell rings.

Since writing you before we have had our celebration of the passing of four hundred mark in our enrollment of the students of the Baptist University. A bright day has dawned for our girls who want an education when so much interest is manifested in them as is seen in the enrollment of over four hundred in the nine years of its earnest work for the young women of our country. It does my heart good to see our young women looking through the microscopes into the secrets of nature and storing their minds with the wealth of knowledge that enables them to live the best life possible, if they will just take heed to the lessons learned.

You have heard about the hazing spirit in the colleges. The papers love to tell about such occurrences. For my part I have never seen any good to come from the hazing practice. Now and then some snivelling coxcomb or an aggressively egotistic rascal is taken down and taught a lesson or two that he ought to have learned soon after he was weaned, but someone suffers either by expulsion, suspension, demerits or alienation of friends which kills the spirit of loyalty to the college. That is not all of it. So often I have known these hazers or those who engage in the questionable college pranks to be led by fellows who themselves incorrigible and care but little, if anything, for a successful college career to induce in one way or another young fellows who love real fun and the good natured rollicking spirit in college life to join hazing crowds and devilment hunters. Then when the mischief is done these nobler spirited fellows have to suffer with the unprincipled rascal whose influence led them astray. He does not care. It was only a question of time when he was going to drop out of college life anyway. But for the other fellows, how different! If they continue at college, so often in the discipline that follows these outbreaks they become offended with the authorities at seeming wrongs done them. This takes the pleasure and success out of their course; and if they are suspended, they become so often everlastingly estranged from the college, and their parents and friends are likewise forever against that institution. All because some dare-devil fellows devoid of the finer qualities thought they had a right to punish some fellows whose conduct did not please them. There is the rub—this after effect. I have known a score of bright worthy young men thus ruined, and the hearts of their parents wrung to bleeding with wounds that would not heal. Then tell me that hazing does good! If only the really guilty suffered there might be some excuse. That is scarcely ever the case. And if the college faculty were angels these results would follow. It may be that I will talk more on school life by and by, if you will allow me.

Raleigh is quite an educational center. Over seven thousand students are here in the different schools. Then if you take into consideration the number of teachers and others necessary to run the schools there is quite an army of them.

Ex Governor C. B. Aycock delivered an address on education here recently that was a masterpiece in argument and force. How I wish every man woman and child in North Carolina could hear it. The people of Raleigh are going to vote tomorrow on whether they will increase the tax to support the schools here. There is considerable opposition to it—"mirable dictu." Before you read this the issue will be decided. Goldsboro the home of Aycock votes 33⅓ cents of tax on the hundred dollars to support the schools. Raleigh has been paying only 20cts on the hundred dollars for its schools. Goldsboro voted out saloons and dispensary long ago and prospers grandly now. Raleigh has just voted out the dispensary with its thousands that went to the school fund, and some of the people are quaking in their knees at the thought of increased taxes to support the schools. Goldsboro knows how good it is to be free from saloons. Some of Raleigh's tax payers still feel lonesome without income from whiskey. I trust they will soon learn to rejoice in the grandeur of independece from the tyranny of the Black Hand that kills all it touches.

From the papers I see you are having a warm time over the question as to who shall be governor. I like enthusiasm in every thing. This is the greatest country in the world. In it citizens can feel perfectly free to exercise their choice in office holders, in questions of politics and can speak in defence of them and sometimes even fight for them and yet be a glorious unit in defending our common country. Who is your man? A Mr. Blacknall writing in the News and Observer says he is for the man who does not make speeches, who does not preach and who does uot say his prayers. He is quite frank, is he not? I am not for his man whoever he may be. I want a man who can speak and speak well at that. I want a man who can and will, when necessary, preach the gospel of true manhood, the gospel of education, of well directed industry, and freedom from base appitite—from intemperance, if you please. I want him to preach well on these subjects, and a man who does not humbly and fervently pray is not worthy to be governor of North Carolina. W. J. FERRELL.

Raleigh, N. C.

STATE AND GENERAL NEWS

Prohibitionist believe that they will receive a majority of at least 25,000 on the question of State Prohibition in the election to be held the 26th of May.

Robert Safrit, a young machinist of Concord, was crushed to death by a road engine near that city Wednesday, by falling among the gearing of the machine.

Members of the Cosmopolitan Club of New York city created quite a little excitement last week when the members of the two races met and enjoyed a dinner together, discussing among other things, the intermarriage of the races.

Rowland Blankenship, a young married white man, was killed instantly by an electric current at Charlotte Wednesday. He was changing some light wire for the power company and in some way came in contact with a current of 1,100 units of electricity, causing death at once.

At the meeting of the Republican convention of South Carolina last week, a negro took the position of chairman for a few minutes and before the white man who was the official chairman of the meeting had returned, an indignant member thrust the colored delegate from the platform.

W. R. Taylor, a white man of High Point with a wife and two children, went to Winston-Salem early last week in a private conveyance. Soon after reaching the city he sold the buggy and horse for $65 and claimed to have lost that amount in a poker game Sunday night of last week. Wednesday afternoon he was found dead in the room he had taken at a hotel and the coroner's verdict was that he came to his death by excessive drinking.

W. J. Mills was arrested in Philadelphia last week charged with embezzling funds of the insurance companies and of individual citizens. Mills is originially from Halifax county and had operated in different parts of this state with much success. His plan was to sell an expensive kind of insurance, collect the high premium and then deliver a policy calling for a cheaper kind. So nice and clever was he that he was trusted by different parties with money, which he handled as directed for a while and then when the amount was large enough, he left the state.

Wm. H. Anderson, M. D., of Soda Springs, Ida., says that Bees Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping-cough. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

Central Academy Commencement, Littleton, N. C.

The present scholastic year will close on the 12th of May with the following program:

Saturday evening, May 9th, a reception will be given by the students at the Academy building.

On Sunday morning, May 10th, the annual sermon will be preached in the auditorium of the M. E. church, by Rev. R. C. Craven, of Henderson, N. C.

On Monday morning, May 11th, Dr. W. I. Cranford, Professor of Philosophy at Trinity College, will deliver the annual address in the college auditorium.

Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, there will be a declamation contest in the town hall for a gold medal to be given to the most successful speaker.

On Tuesday, May 12th, there will be held in the open air on the Central Academy campus, an all day farmers' institute.

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolized (acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

What a vast amount of modesty is hereby displayed by Editor Strickland of the Cheraw Chronicle:

Don't grumble if your paper is not always flush up to the high standard of your ideal. Charitably remember that no editor is capable of getting up quite as good a paper as you could yourself.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness and sick-headache. They clean the system and clear the skin. Price 25c. Try them. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Conducted By Special Editor.

SUNDAY, MAY 10.

Lesson VI.—The Mission of the Holy Spirit.—John 16:4-15.

Golden Text.—I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you forever. John 14:16.

FUNDAMENTALS.

Time.—Thursday evening, April 6, A. D. 30.

Place.—The upper room at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.

This is a continuation of the farewell address of Jesus to his disciples on the night of the crucifixion. We do not know whether Jesus remained in the upper room, or finished his address as he went along the street. It is probable, however, that the address was delivered in the upper room. Chapter XV is passed over, but should be read by all who wish to understand the lesson of today. In that chapter, Jesus told his disciples (1) that they must and could by faith and love and obedience abide in him as closely as a branch abides in the vine; (2) that all his promises for prayer and communion, and they were wonderful ones, were to help them bear fruit, for they were his friends and through them alone could the world believe; (3) that they must love each other, (4) that from the world they must expect the same hatred and persecution that Jesus had himself received. The lesson today begins with verse 26 in the fifteenth chapter, and continues through to verse 24 of the sixteenth chapter. Read the entire chapter.

LESSON STORY.

In this lesson we come to the heart of the Saviour's ministry of teaching, his revelation of the third person of the Trinity. Christ referred to him as a person, and asserts in connection with him the attributes of personality, for the Spirit to teach, convict and bear witness. Never refer to the Holy Spirit as "it" Say "he" or "him." The Trinity will not be clearly understood this side of the grave, but Jesus the Son is doing the talking. He makes frequent references in his talk in the upper room to the Father, Son and Spirit—it a great truth which runs all through the New Testament.

Maurice said, "The promise of the Holy Spirit is the characteristical one of the Paschal conversations; it is that which distinguishes them from our Lord's discourses to the multitude." This was a promise to the disciples alone, for the world outside could not receive the Comforter, their hearts not being prepared for him. The Holy Spirit is Christ's successor among men. Therefore, what can be more important from Christ's promise than to know him, love him and obey him? Our Lord disclosed him under five aspects;

The Holy Spirit a witness to Christ;

The Holy Spirit a Comforter in trial;

The Holy Spirit a Judge of the world;

The Holy Spirit a guide to truth;

The Joy and Power of the Spirit's reign.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

"The position of the apostles is that which in a certain sense, every ture Christiain must feel as long as the world stands. We must all bear witness to Christ. Wherever we live, in town or in country, in public or in private, abroad or at home, we must fully confess our Master on every opportunity, and in this witness bearing we have the allpowerful help of the Holy Spirit.

It would be a fatal error for the prisoner in a dungeon to find the open door and fail to walk out of it; the worst mistake which a man lost in the wilderness could make would be to find a road and fail to use it, and the supreme folly of a man dangerously sick would be to refuse to call a physician. Now, Christ is the Door, the Way, the Life, and the chief of all sin is to reject him.

How may we obtain for ourselves the joy and power of the Holy Spirit's presence? By driving sin from our hearts and inviting him in; but every sin must be expelled.

"God does not seek silver vessels for his service and he does not require gold ones, but he must have clean ones."—Moody

"Launch forth the arrows of your prayers, not as unto vacant air and open space, but let the very throne of God be the mark and scope which you aim at; follow them, these wonderful arrows which winged by faith can pierce even heaven, follow them with the eye of faith until they have alighted there; and then expect in one shape or another to hear of them again."

POET'S WORD.

"Only do thou O Lord thy word fulfil
And let the Spirit's might
Through all life's wars and storms be with us still
And lead us to the light;
Through mist and shadows, guide our wandering feet
And with him come thy self,
Thou first great Paraclete.

—Plumptre.

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