NO. 43.

REMEMBER HOW TO SMILE.

Whatever you may forget, my triend, Traversing the path of toil; Of all the sorrows that come to you In the midst of life's turmoil,

You will always travel a brighter way
And happier be the while,
If you only look on the sunniest side
And remember how to smile.

A king may carry a golden crown
And a queen her jewels wear,
But they cannot comfort a burdened heart
Nor lighten a load of care,
But you may garlands of beauty twine

And gloomiest hours begulle,
If you have the gift of a cheeerful face
And remember how to smile.

Success is waiting for every man Who is willing to work and win, And a cheerful heart is the capital

That is needed most to begin.
For he who looks on the pleasant side Has hope for many a mile;

Retain the treasure of cheerfulness To sweeten sorrow and toll,

And failure threatens awhile,

Searle did sleep, but his rest was uneasy. Next morning he awoke in a high fever, and it was at this stage of events that I was sent for although

> not for some time after did I learn the now narrating.

more!"

know it.

full particulars of the story that I am In a few hours he was delirious.

The mental strain and reaction had been too much for him. The great centre of his nervous system had succumbed. Brain fever had set in. Among other things I enjoined perfect quiet and ease, especially from the cares and thoughts of business. And of this, with an obvious object, his

And why shouldn't we yet make

Even then relief had come and was

already in the house, but they did not

partner was duly notified. "What shall I do with these!" said Mrs. Searle, showing me a packet of private letters addressed to her hus-"They came last night. He was so late and so worried that I pur-

posely kept them from him." "I would advise you to open them, and if you need my help you may have

"Here is one," she said, after per-using several. "Read it," which I accordingly did. It ran thus:

"BANK OF BALTIMORE, Nov. 17, 18-"SIB: I am advised by our depositor, Mr. William Van Duzen, to forward you the inclosed check for fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000), paymen! in full, with interest to date, of a for, mer debt. Mr. Van Duzen desire; me to say that he will call himself on an early opportunity and explain.

"I am, sir, yours respectfully, "J. JOHNSTONE, Manager.

"TO WILLIAM SEARLE, "You ought to forward this at once to Mr. Seibert," I said, "as it may be and evidently is, of importance to tla

Searle's illness was both dangerous and tedious. The delirium lasted for a week and not for another was ! prudent to admit an interview with his partner or any conversation relat ing to business. At Seibert's special and urgent request, however, I relented so far as to convey the following message: "Keep your mind easy, for it is all right." I did not then know the full meaning of the sentence but Seibert said it was certain to aid my remedies, and so it did.

A month after, though weak, Searle was again at work in his office, and when I called to see him he related the whole affair in confidence. He knew that his wife had wisely, at the commencement of his illness, told me of his embarrassment, mental distress and its sequel as a guide for my treatment, and also that I had seen the mysterious letter which Mrs. Searli opened on the morning of the attack

The run on the bank continued for some days after the beginning of Mr. Searle's illness, and little more than \$50 was left when the \$50,000 draft arrived from Baltimore. This timely succor kept the firm affoat and saved them from bankruptcy. But for its arrival, ere another hour had passed, the doors would have been closed and Searle & Seibert declared insolvent.

Van Duzen, who sent the money, had been a partner of Searle in Bostor some 20 years before. He had gone to Chicago to transact business for the firm and at the same time pay a heavy bill, but absconded with the money and had not since been heard of.

He had fled, however, to Peru, where, under an assumed name, he had judiciously invested his ill-gotten capital and been successful. He was now rich and desirous of returning to his native country to lead a creditable life and end his days.

As a preliminary step and anxious to make his peace with Searle, whom he had so deeply wronged, he sent him the draft in full for his now half forgotten defalcation. Fortunately it arrived in time to save his o'd partner

from ruin. Not long after he called at Searle's private residence and requested an interview. He was fully forgiven by my kind-hearted patient, although in former days he had unjustly suffered for a time from the suspicion of having been an accomplice in Van Duzen's

flight. The banking firm of Searle & Seibert is now flourishing and bids fair to be one of the foremost in the city. I often pay the Searles a visit in street, where the little bird, to which they owe so much, is fondly exhibited to every visitor by Charlie and Clara. who tell each one of its surreptitions flight and wonderful capture by papa but do not fully know under what circumstances this occurred and, of course, cannot realize how much they are indebted to the affection of "little Dick," the pet canary.

A simple method of preparing draw ing paper so that the work upon it may be ineffaceable is to slightly warm a sheet of the paper, and then lay it in a dullew bath containing a solu tion of white resin in alcohol. When

Making Pencil Sketches Permanent.

it is quite moistened, remove the paper and dry it in a current of warn air. After the drawing upon the prepared sheet is fluished, the paper should be held before a fire until slightly warm, and the pencil of crayon strokes With my husband and chil. | will then be indelibly fixed.

dren's love, it will be little loss to me. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Pleasures of Life"-Has No Sympathy With the Wholesale Denunciation of Amusements-Glorious Work of the Y. M. C. A.

TEXT: "And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house and he made them sport."—Judges

There were three thousand people assembled in the Temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to ciap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out!" Fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house, so he says to the iad who leads him, "Bring me where the main pillars are." The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his hands on one of the pillars, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself for-ward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the sudience like grapes in a wine-press. "And so it came to pass when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport." In other words there are amusements that are destructive and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The three thousand who perished that day in Gaza are nothing compared to the tens of thousands who have been destroyed body, mind and soul by bad amusements and

good amusements carried to excess.

In my sermons you must have noticed that I have no sympathy with ecclesiastical strait-jackets, or with that wholesale denunciation of amusements to which many are pledged. I believe the Church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amuse-If God ever implanted anything in us He implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature. the Church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the Mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant the batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. They talk as if they would like to have our youth dress in blue uniform like the children of an orphan asylum, and march down the path of life to the tune of the Dead March in Saul. They hate a blue sash, or a rose-bud in the hair, or a tasseled gaiter, and think a man almost ready for a lunatic asyium who utters a conundrum.

Young Men's Christian Associations of the country are doing a glorious work. They have fine reading rooms, and all the influences are of the best kind, and are now adding gymnasiums and bowling aleys, where, without any evil surroundings, our young men may get physical as well as spiritual improvement. We are dwindling spiritual improvement. We are dwindling away to a narrow-chested, weak-armed, feeble-voiced race, when God calls us to a work in which he wants physical as well as spiritual athletes. I would to God that the time might soon come when in all our colleges and theological seminaries, as at Princeton, a gymnasium shall be estab-lished. We spend seven years of hard study in preparation for the ministry, and out with bronchitis and dysp and liver complaint, and then crawl up into the pulpit, and the people say, "Doesn't he look heavenly!" because he looks sickly. Let the Church of God direct, rather than attempt to suppress, the desire for amuse-ment. The best men that the world ever knew have had their sports. William Wil-berforce trundled hoop with his children, William Wil-Martin Luther helped dress the Christmas tree. Ministers have pitched quoits, phil-

anthropists have gone a-skating, prime ministers have played ball. Our communities are filled with men and women who have in their souls ur, measured resources for sportfulness and frolle. Show me a man who never lights up with sportfulness and has no sympathy with the recreations of others, and I will show man who is a stumbling block to the Kingdom of God. Such men are caricatures of religion. They lead young people to think that a man is good in proportion as he groans and frowns and looks sallow, and that the height of a man's Christian stature is in proportion to the length of his face. I would trade off live hundred such men for one bright-faced, radiant Christian on whose face are the words, "Rejoice ever-more!" Every morning by his cheerful face he preaches fifty sermons. I will go further and say that I have no confidence in a man who makes a religion of his gloomy looks That kind of a man always turns out badly I would not want him for the treasurer orphan asylum. The orphans would

Among forty people whom I received into the church at one communion, there was only one applicant of whose plety I was suspicious. He had the longest story was suspicious. He had the longest story to tell; had seen the most visions, and gave an experience so wonderful that all the other applicants were discouraged. I was not surprised the year after to learn that he had run off with the funds of the bank with which he was connected. Who is this black angel that you call religion—wings black, feet black, feathers black? Our re-ligion is a bright angel-feet bright, eyes bright, wings bright, taking her place in the soul. She pulls a rope that reaches to the skies and sets all the bells of heaven a-chiming. There are some persons who, when talking to a minister, always feel it politic to look lugubrious. Go forth, people, to your lawful amusement. Go means you to be happy. But, when there are many sources of innocent pleasure, But, when there why tamper with anything that is danger-ous and polluting? Why stop our ears to a heaven full of songsters to listen to the hiss of a dragon? Why turn back from the mountain-side all abloom with wild flowers and adash with the nimble torrents, and with blistered feet attempt to climb the hot sides of Cotopaxi?

Now, all opera houses, theatres bowling alleys, skating rinks and all styles of amusements, good and bad, I put on trial amusements, good and had, I put on trial to-day and judge of them by certain car-dinal principles. First, you judge of any amusement by its heathful result or by its beneficial reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring: If you show them a beautiful rose, they will to a botanical analysis, which is only the postmortem examination of a flower, and bone of which is consecrated to right They never do anything more than feebly uses. Oh, a seems to me outrageous that There are no great tides of feeling men through neglect should allow their

surging up from the depth of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laugh-ter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job out of it. But, blessed be Ged, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose life is a song, an anthem, a pasan of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawi up the side of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold light sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are the people I like to have come to my house. Now, it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman; in proportion as a borse is good to want a strong driver, and a horse is gay it wants a strong driver; and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so you cannot sleen and you rise in the morning, not becaus you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they are wrong kinds of amusements. There are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons be-cause they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair-breadths escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of un-sanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up, and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength, you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

Still further: Those amusements are wrong which lead into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you a hundred or a thousand dol-lars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusement? The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The table cloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages; ladies whose lifetime business it is to "go shopping," have their counterpart in uneducated children, bankruptcles that shock the money market and appall the church, and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror, and drowning out the carol of music with the who bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart. when men go into amuse-ments that they cannot afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment and then into theft, and when a man gets as far on as that he does not stop short of the peniten-tiary. There is not a prison in the land tiary. where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements. How often I have had parents come to me and ask me to go and beg crimes that he had committed against his employer-the taking of funds out of the employer's till, or the disarrangement of accounts! Why, he had salary enough to phy all lawful expenditure, but not enough salary to meet his sinful emusements. And again and again I have gone and im-

alas! the petition unavailing. How brightly the path of unrestrained musement opens! The young man says: amusement opens! The young man says:
"Now I am off for a good time. Never
mind economy; I'll get money somehow,
What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack the whip and over the turnpike! Come,boys, fill high yourglasses Drink! Long life, health, pienty of rides just like this!" Hard-working men hear the clatter of the boots and look up and say, "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from. We have to toll and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and an excitement. They stare at other people and in turn are stared at. The watch-chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush, the eyes flash. The midnight hears their guffaw They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee; and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out:
"Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend, "Who are you?" Passing along the street some night you hear a shrick in a grog-shop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grog-shop Carry him home to his father's Parents will come down and wash his wounds and close his eyes in death.
They forgive him all he did, though he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal has got home at last. Mother will go to her little garden and get the sweetest flowers and twist them into a chaplet for the silent heart of the same and th the silent heart of the wayward boy and back from the bloated brow the locks that were once her pride. And the air will be rent with the father's cry: "Oh ny son, my son, my poor son; would God had died for thee, oh, my son, my son!" You may judge of amusements by their

effect upon physical health. The need of many good people is physical recuperation. There are Christian men who write hards things against their immortal souls when there is nothing the matter with them except an incompetent liver. There are Christian people who seem to think it is a good sign to be poorly, and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids they think by the same sickness they may come to the same grandeur of charac ter. I want to tell Christian people that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your own fault, and when through right exercise and prudence you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the an-imal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like the hieal proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion or the tiger or the hear, while his disposition will change and become flerce, cruel and unrelenting. and become flerce, cruel and unrelenting.
The body has a powerful effect upon the soul. There are people whose ideas of Heaves are all shut out with clouds of to-baceo smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies were out by their own neglects, Magnificent machinery camble of propelling the great machinery capable of propelling the great Etruria across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickely North Biver propeller. Physical hesitate is to die! development which merely shows itself in a fabulous lifting, or in perlious rope walking or in puglisatio encounter, excites only our contempt, but we confess to great

admiration for a man who has a great soul in an at lette body, every nerve, muscle and bone of which is consecrated to right

physical health to go down beyond repair, spending the rest of their lives not in some great enterprise for God and the world, but in studying what is the best thing to take for dyspepsia. A ship which ought with all sails set and every man at his post to be carrying a rich carge for eternity employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may through some of the popular and healthful recreations of our time work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn back from such a grand medicament.

Again, judge of the places of amusement by the companionship into which they put you. If you belong to an organization where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation. But the day comes when the men who have exerted evil influence upon their fellows will be brought to judgment. Scene: the last day. Stage: ence upon their fellows will be brought to udgment. Scene: the last day. Stage: ence upon their fellows will be brought to judgment. Scene: the last day. Stages the rocking earth. Enter dukes, lorder kings, beggars, clowns. No sword. No tinsel. No crown. For footlights, the kindling flames of a world. For orchestra, the trumpets that wake the dead. For gallery, the clouds filled with angel spectators. For applause, the clapping floods of the sea. For curtains, the leaves rolled together as a scroll. For tracedy, the doard together as a scroll. For tragedy, the doom of the destroyed. For farce, the effort te serve the world and God at the same time. For the last scene of the fifth act, the tramp of nations across the stage-to the right, others to the left.

Again, any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements? The father went off, the mother went off, the child men off, the mother went off, the child, and There are all around us the fragments of blasted households. Oh! I you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "Home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are sound to go out into the world. children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and, alas! if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neg-

Let me say to all young men, your style of amusement will decide your eternal destiny. One night I saw a young man at a street corner evidently doubting as to a street corner evidently doubling as to which direction he had better take. He had his hat lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest; he had a robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were go-ing up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, And there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel, "I will take you home. I will spread my wing over your pathway. I will lovingly escort you all through life. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, sweat when you toll, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answerto your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of Heaven to be your guar-dian spirit. Come with me!" said the good angel, in a voice of unearthly symphony, it was music like that which drops from a lute of Heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel, "come with me; I have something better to offer; the wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal; the dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indul-gences; there is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I trend are through meadows daisied and primrosed; come with with me." The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away, until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history; for the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beaufi-ful at the opening, but blasted at the last, The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open. Passed each portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts; and the seenery on either side the road changed from gardens o deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth and the eyes of the light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains, that at the start bad tossed wine, poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of sting-ing remorse." On the left side of the road ing remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" and the answer was, "That is the lion of all-devour-ing despair." A vulture flew through the and the man asked the bad angel "What is that vulture?" and the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcases of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off of him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awfu convolution?" and the answer was. "That is the worm that never dies!" and then the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of the street that night; I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the char-mer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul; I watched my chance for many a long year; when you hesitated that night on the street I gained my triumph; and now you are here. Hall ha! You are here. Come, now, let us fill these two challess of fire and drink together to darkness and woe and death Hail! hail!" Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ, or the bad angel sent forth by sin, get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Appennines engle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may de-cide your destiny. God belp you! To

To Insure Cattle.

The Swies caston of Berne will adopt an official system of insurance for the 278,469 head of cattle in the canton. The maximum value of a cow is estimated at \$160.

Shoomakers in Germany average \$3.57 a week and work ten hours a day.

The sweetest secret a soul may know Is the secret of how to smile

So whatever you may forget, my friend, In the midst of life's turmoil,

And when success seems a far-off prize.

O! let forgetfulness win your frown, But remember how to smile. -Arthur Lewis Tabbs.

Shut the window, Charlie, before the breakfast table one dull morning. "Charlie can't, mamma; he isn't

daugh er, laughing at her brother's futil efforts. "Shall I do it?" ever mind; the servant can, after nish breakfast." aving completed his morning meal

m. Searle looked at his watch and started up to go, saying: have been in the city by this time." "Oh, papa," cried Clara, his favor-

ite, as she ran for their pet capary, "do make Dicky jump before you go." "Well, be quick dear, as I am in a

hurry today.' But Dicky went through his perhis master's curt manner and the weather had something to do with it. For everything, as sometimes will happen, seemed to go at sixes and

sevens that morning. "There, children, that is enough. You may put him into his cage, now,' said Mr. Searle, as he held the bird, perched on his forefinger, toward his

daughter But Dicky, instead of hopping on to Clara's outstretched hand, unexpectedcould shut or even thought of the open air and on a neighboring housetop. All their efforts to allure him stream. back were fruitless. He was soon out of sight and away. The family pet in tears and inconsolable at the loss

of the favorite. "You need not expect me home early," said he, as he embraced his wife and children on the doorstep. "This is club night, and I may dine there:

Searle was senior partner in a New good repute, but the panic and recent failures pressed heavily on them.

"Anything new, Mr. Seibert?" he said to the junior partner, as he entered the inner office.

"Our issues yesterday exceeded the deposits by \$2300. Indeed, there was quite a run on the bank, and it threatens to be worse today. We have already paid out \$600. Davidson & Co. of Chicago have stopped payment, and their liabilities to us amount to \$10,000.

"You don't say so," said Searle, in an auxious tone.

"Brown & Hoyt of Boston," contintinued Seibert, "who owe us bills to the amount of \$15,000, and Willis Brothers, whose paper we have to the extent of \$20,000, are both reported to be shaky."

"Well, we must try to stem the tide somehow," said Mr. Searle, wearily. The run on the bank that day was worse than ever, and as the doors closed there was little more than \$500 left for the morrow. But for some unexpected stroke of good luck and an unusual deposit, ruin stared the firm in the face. Long was the conculation between the partners that evening in their sanctum regarding their position. But they could see no solution of the difficulty. For hours after Seibert left, Searle, the more experienced financier, sat scheming and throwing aside plan after plan devised to carry them safely down the swollen financial stream which threatened to swamp them in its irresistible progress. Ten o'clock, 11, 12 passed, and still he sat with his brain in a whirl of perplexity and doubt. But not a ray of hope could he see. Ruin, nothing but certain destruction, stared them in the face. And the crash was

sure to come tomorrow! It was not Searle's first mishap which made him feel his present illluck all the more keenly. Years ago, a young man, he had come igh the dishonesty of a

But this failure then probity on his cly recognized the up-hill life with ation of His

At length he looked at his watch. you sit down," said Mrs. Searle to It was 1 o'clock. Dinner and club her little boy, as she took the head of had both been forgotten, but he felt

neither hungry nor sleepy. The deep weight of care had taken both away. tall enough," said Clara, the only A walk might restore him. So he left the office and slowly wended his way uptown, hat in hand, thinking that the night air might cool his fevered brow.

It was a long walk; but he was too deeply absorbed in thought to notice this. At length he arrived opposite "Nine o'clock, my dear; I ought to his home and looked up at the windows. All was quiet and dark. Every light was out, and apparently no one was awake. He did not feel inclined then to enter, lest he might disturb them and perhaps worry his wife if she should discover, as was almost certain, his present unenviable trame formance slowly and sulkily. Perhaps of mind and its cause. So he wandered on down the street toward the

North river. He scarcely knew where he was going and did not seem to care. How different life appears as success smiles or fortune frowns on us! He reached the river and on one of its piers stood watching the night craft plying to and fro on its swiftly flowing bosom, brightly lit up by the rays of the full moon overhead. Then he looked down on the water as it whirled and eddied in ly flew round the room; and, ere they a quiet pool at one corner. How calm and still it looked as if it had gladly half-closed window, was out in the found rest by slipping aside from the strong and rapid current of the main

He looked long and earnestly, his thoughts wandering between his pewas gone. And Mr. Searle left them | cuniary troubles and the apparent tranquillity of the quiet water on which his gaze was riveted.

A thought suddenly struck him. Wouldn't this be a solution of his difficulties? Why not end them and accept the rest from trouble which this quiet pool offered? A plunge, a short struggle, a comparatively easy death, York banking and commission firm of and all would be over. No more earthly ups and downs; no more reverses of fortunes and hopes of happiness formed only to be suddenly dashed to the ground.

It was one of those alluring suggestions which the watchful and wily tempter flashes into the tempest-tossed brain in its moments of sorest stress and deepest agony. The prospect of speedy and certain release seemed so easy that he determined to accept it.

He flung down his hatand stick and was preparing to plunge when his attention was suddenly arrested by the pecking and twirling of a little bird which had perched on his shoulder and was thus trying to attract his at-

tention. "My little Dick," he said, fondly, looking round and seeing that it was his pet canary, which, pleased at being recognized, immediately hopped on his forefinger and then burst into full

Tired, frightened and hungry after its truant wanderings, the first person toward whom Providence directed it for sympathy and succor happened to be its master.

What memories that melody awoke of the wife and children, happiness and home that he had almost rashly given up forever! It was the Ithuriel's spear, which at once bid the tempter fly and made the path of duty clear. His face first crimsoned with shame as he thought of the cowardice and folly of self-destruction and leaving his family in poverty and distress to battle with the cold world alone. Then tears came into his eyes as he pictured

his narrow escape from suicide. He raised his clasped hands toward Heaven and knelt on the pier, and never was there a more heartfelt prayer uttered than his brief and emphatic:

"Father, I thank Thee!" Picking up his hat and walking stick, and with his now doubly-precious preserver in his hands, he walked smartly homeward. His wife had not been to sleep. His non-return at the usual hour on club night had alarmed her. To her he at once unburdened his bosom and related the whole story of his embarrassments, expected insolvency, despair; the episode of the pier, his temptation and narrow escape from self-mmolation. Nor did he regret the confidence.

"Why didn't you tell me of your troubles sooner?" said Mrs. Searle, kissing her husband. "Am I not your helpmate? Haven't you confidence in me after all these years?" "I wished to avoid worrying you,

dearest. "Well, now, you must try to get a le sleep and don't free about your