1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1899.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

"There hain't no summer comin'," said the Why, the songsters are in training, and we'll grumbler in dismay, soon hear from the lark. grumbler in dismay,

And he trudged throughout the woodlands where the leafless trees stood guard,

By the blasts of cold midwinter that had sternly held their sway.

"There hain't no summer comin'." Why, since now the sky is dark. rests awhile?

Buds are peeping out o'er hillocks; trees are smiling through the rain,

"There hain't no summer comin'," but adown one storm-strewn dell Romped a playful squirrel, happy in the knowledge of a day

music of the rain,

Can't the frowns of bleak December be re- And roused up a sleeping flower that for placed by Maytime's smile?

And roused up a sleeping flower that for months had lifeless lain.

the years since they had seen Hope's pretty face and heard her cheery voice they often talked of her.

strange silence.

you ever intend to speak again?"

from the town, brought Myra a letter that gave to her troubled heart the wildest thrill of joy it had known for many a day. Hope was coming home! She had written to say that she would arrive on Wednesday of the following week with her little girl of three years and that they would spend the entire summer in the old home.

ran all the way to the distant field in which Simeon was at work, holding the letter out as she ran and calling out before she reached him:

She'll be here next week with her little Grace, that we've never seen! Only

Simeon was plowing. He reined up his horses with a jerk and opened and shut his mouth three or four times; but no sound came from his lips. His face wore a half-wild, half-frightened look, and his hand trembled as he held

'Simeon! Simeon!" cried Myra, with quivering voice and tearful eyes,

as he sat down on the plow to read the letter. He handed it back in silence and turned away his head when he saw the tears streaming down Myra's cheeks, and he bit his lip until it almost bled when he heard her sob as

When he came to dinner he read the letter again, but he and Myra ate in

Hope came a week from that day. Myra went to the railroad station three miles distant to meet her.

than for you, if you are bound and determined to keep up this nonsense while she's here," said Myra, "She doesn't know a thing about it; you may be sure I haven't written a word of it to the poor child, and I dread to tell her of it now. It's a shame, a burning shame, Simeon Sayles, for you to spoil Hope's first visit home just to carry out a silly vow that it was wicked for you ever to make in the first place. It's a piece of wickedness right

A visible pallor had come into Simeon's face at the mention of Hope's little girl. No one knew how much and how tenderly this little girl whom he had never seen had been in his thoughts. He was fond of children, and no child in the world could be as dear to him as this little girl of Hone's. He and Myra had looked forward so eagerly to the time when Hope should bring her to them, and they read so proudly of all her infautile charms and accomplishments as set forth in Hope's

He stole softly into the seldomopened parlor when Myra had gone. everal photographs of Hope's little girl, taken at different stages of her infantile career, were in the album on the parlor table. Simeon took up this album and gazed at these photographs,

He wandered round the house and yard urtil the time drew near for Myra's return with Hope and little Grace. Then he went down the road to meet them. He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when he sat down by the wayside to wait until they should drive around a turn in the road a hundred yards or more distant.

He had waited not more than five minutes when he heard the sound of wheels and voices around the curve in the road. He heard the sudden, sweet laugh of a child and was on his feet in

still an almost unheard of thing in that part of the country. Simeon had never seen but three or four of them, and the appearance of this one whirl-

Its rider sent it flying on down the road, and it whirled around the curve. to the surprise of Miss Myra and to the terror of old Hector, the horse she was driving. The reins were lying loosely in Myra's hands, and before she could gather them up old Hector jumped aside, rearing and plunging, and the next instant he was racing madly down the road with the reins dragging the ground on either side of

"Whoa! Whoa, Hector!" cried Myra in a voice so awful with terror that it frightened old Hector the more.

firm, commanding one, and the next DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. moment a strong hand grasped his

DIVINE

to Review the Past and Arouse the

Soul to Reminiscences of Dangers Es-

Text: "While I was musing, the fire

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his

temple and the door shut against his engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, while we sit down in sweet solitude

to contemplate. "In a small island off the coast of Nova

Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would

have one day of entire quiet before I en-tered upon autumnal work. I thought to

have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it be-came a day of tender reminiscence. I re-viewed my pastorate; I shook hands with

an old departed friend, whom I shall greet

again when the curtains of life are lifted.

I was five. There was but one house on

the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak,

when the bird chant woke me, until the

evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from

shore to shore there were ten thousand

apex look both ways. It would be well for

ing forward. And the vast majority of peo-ple live not so much in the present as in the

future. I find that you mean to make a

But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or dis-

qualify you for existing duties. It is a use-iul thing sometimes to look back, and to see

and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so

far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review

Among the greatest advantages of your

the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy

home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin

demolished or changed into stores, and it

seemed like sacrilage to you-for there was

more meaning in that small house than

cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved one sat by the plain

lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters perhaps

long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the

table; your father with firm voice com-manding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Perhaps you were brought up in the ountry. You stand now to-day in men-

You step again into the furrow where your

father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the

lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from

the rafters of the barn and take just one

again out of the very bucket that the old

which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat,

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from

Thank God for an early Christian

One day a dark cloud hovered over

in a granite mansion or a turreted

urged to pray.

caped and Sorrows Suffered.

irned."-Psalms xxxix., 3.

"Whoa! Whoa!" It was a harsh, stern voice, but it sounded like the sweetest music in Myra's ears. It was Simeon's, and Simeon was holding to the bit. He held it until old Hector came to a halt, and then he turned and said calmly:

bridle while the voice repeated:

"Don't be scared, Hope, child; you're all right now. Give me the little one.

He held out his arms and Hope put the little girl into them, saying as she

'It's your Uncle Simmy, dear! Put your arms around his neck and give him a kiss, and let him hear how well you can say 'Uncle Simmy.'

A pair of soft little arms stole around Simeon's sunburned neck; a soft little cheek was laid on his rough, bearded one, and when she had kissed him twice she said:

"Dee Nuncle Thimmy!" "The blessed little creetur!" he said, winking his eyes and hugging her

close to his heart. And when she and her mother were asleep in Hope's old room that night, Simeon came into the kitchen where Myra was setting some bread to rise and softly humming a gospel hymn of praise out of the joy of her heart, and Simeon said:

"Well, Myra-" "Well, Simeon?"

"Well-er-well, what did Hope

say, anyhow, when you told her?" "When I told her what? Oh, about your-your-la, Simson, the minute I clapped eyes on that blessed child I knew there wasn't any use in telling Hope anything about it. I knew you'd just have to speak to that baby! So I never lisped a syllable about it to Hope, and she never shall know a word about it if I can help it. I wish you'd fetch me in a basket of nice, dry chips. The moon shines so bright you can see to pick them up. I want a quick fire in the morning, so I can have hot biscuits for Hope's breakfast. She always was so fond of them.'

And Simeon took the chip-basket and went out into the moonlight, his long-silent lips softly humming the same song of praise Myra had been singing. - Youth's Companion.

DEWEY POSES FOR A PRIVATE. The Hero of Manila Bay Cheerfully Com-

plies with a Volunteer's Request.

All the stories told of Admiral Dewey from the earliest date of his career in the United States Navy give him credit for affability and a kindly disposition. While a strict disciplinarian, these pleasant traits in his character always made him popular with the men, and while no one ever ventured to trifle with an order coming from him, his orders are always so issued that they received a cheerful as well as a prompt response.

The readers of the sketches of Dewey as executive officer of the Colorado, written by the ship's writer and pub lished in the San Francisco Chronicle. must have noted that an affectionate relationship existed between Dewey and his men. He is evidently the same old Dewey today-as amiable and kindly toward all as ever. The exulted station he now occupies and the conspicuous place he holds in the public eye and in the hearts of the nation through the glory and splendor of his achievements in Philippine waters have not changed him in the least. And an admirable story is sent to the Chronicle from Corregidor Island as proof of his present extreme kindliness and affability. It is told by Ernest Johnstone, who sends to the Chronicle a couple of snapshots of the admiral, and it relates the manner in which the photographs where obtained. He says:

'Admiral Dewey visited this island (Corregidor), where I am stationed, the other day to inspect the old dismantled Spanish fortifications, A private in the hopital corps met him, snapped the first photograph of him, and then said: 'Would you gentlemen mind standing still a moment, I would like to take your pictures?"

" 'Certainly, my boy,' he (Dewey) said, and he buttoned his blouse, requesting the two naval officers accompanying him to do likewise, the three standing as you observe for the second photograph. I knew that this would be interesting now that Dewey is the man of the hour. The building in the background is part of the Corregidor

lighthouse." The first snapshot shows Dewey coming down from the lighthouse, and he is caught with his open blouse flapping in the breeze. The second shows him and his two companions posing for the artist with whose request he so cheerfully complied. How many officers are there in either the army or navy who would have responded so pleasantly and promptly to the request of a private in the volunteer

Troubles of Their Own. "You can't place any dependence on a woman's word," moodily re marked the young man who had been

God help you in your solean reminis-

soul if your kindness has been ill required! God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin! God have mercy on the SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity! Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's Subject: "Looking Backward"-It is Well

> I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road. You could not sleep at night. There was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said:
> "I'm not ready for it. Oh, God, have
> mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to
> your heart. In the breath of the hill and
> in the waterfalls dash you heard the voice
> of God's love. The clouds and the trees
> halled you with gladness. You came into hailed you with gladness. You came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you re-member the church officials who carried it through the aisle. You remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sym-pathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, pathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal!" And, though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day.

The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and munion Sabbath is resurrected to-day.

But I must not spend any more of my
time in going over the advantages of your
life. I just put them in one great sheaf,
and I call them up in your memory with
one loud harvest song, such as the reapers
sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought
immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye
crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of your have not always had a memories, and the groves were a-hum with

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking toward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago; you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life, but how shall I do it? us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time lookor your past life, but now shall 1 do it?
You say that it is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities.
Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconscious, that yourselves leading the text to the me. reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. ly find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright, clear oar you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until, after awhile suddenly a your from heree. the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials ter awhile, suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Hait!" and quick as the sunshine you haited, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an un-healthy flush. You said it cannot be anyyou may be encouraged and humbled and thing serious. Death in slippered feet walked around the cradle. You did not hear the tread, but after awhile the truth past life were an early home and its sur-roundings. The bad men of the day, for flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room and you said, "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven. in darkness. can't bear it." You said, "I can't bear it, I You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! If you could let your property go, your houses go, how gladly you would have let them depart \$1f you could only have kept that good in heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential as now it is commercial, and Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been

one treasure! But one day there came up a chill blas! that swept through the bedroom, and in-stantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not teave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have some-times lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolution and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

country. You stand now to-day in men-cry under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God confronted you. You have been a better man ever since. You egg and silence your conscience by sayings they will not miss it. You take a drink have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepuicher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of Heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them pushing their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through when the little one for the last time its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa! Good night, mamma!

Meet me in Heaven!" Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occu-pation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the By an unadvised indorsement, or by a (conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a seuseless panic, you have been flung headlong and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereave-nent. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental beart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annovance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no thought flashes on you, "I have mother." Or the father, with voice tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saving much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trem-bling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever. Or there was your campanion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, heart an old rule, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were mov-ing along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. Peop looked down, and they saw it was only few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus

Marine underwriters paid \$12,000,000 to

NATURE'S REPROOF.

Where the scene around him darkened and all Nature's grace was marred,

But above a ruffled red-breast thrilled a happy little song.

And a sparrow chirped with pleasure as he winged his way along.

Must the sun forever leave us just because it Mingled music of the sunshine with the placed by Maytime's smile?

SILENCE OF SIMEON

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

"I wish to goodness, Simeon Sayles, around writing out what you've got to that you would shut up and keep shut say when you've got as good a tongue up!" said Myra Sayles in a weary tone and speaking as if the words were forced from her against her will.

"You do, hey?" replied her brother Simeon, sharply and irritably.

He had been scolding about some triffing matter for nearly half an hour, and his sister Myra had listened in patient silence. Now she spoke because he had said something peculiarly annoying, and when he had replied so sharply she said:

"Yes, I mean it, Simeon Sayles. I get so sick and tired of your eternal scolding and blaming that I just wish sometimes you'd shut your mouth and never open it again while you live."

"You do, hey?"

"Yes, I do. There was a sullen silence in the room for three or four minutes; the wrinkles on Simeon's brow deepened, and his lips were pressed more and more lightly together. Suddenly he opened them with a snap and a defiant toss of his head.

"Very well, Myra Sayles, I will shut up," and I'll stay shut up," and you'll see how you like it,"

"I'll have some peace, then," replied Myra, shortly. Yet she looked

at her brother curiously. The Sayleses were noted in the country roundabout for rigidly adhering to every resolution they made. The thought now came into Myra's Simeon was as iron-willed as any ly. Simeon was as iron-willed as any clared at the beginning of it: "It will of the family, and yet Myra felt that be an actual rest to me to get rid of he could not keep such a vow long. It | your eternal scolding!" was necessary for him to talk. So she

"I guess you'll be gabbling away fast enough before night. 'There's no such good luck as your keeping still very long."

Simeon made no reply, but took his old straw hat from a nail behind the door and went out into the barnyard, walking very erect, but with little jerks, indicating that the Sayles temper was high in him.

"Now he'll go out to the barn and putch around out there a while and maybe putch all evening in the house and then talk a blue streak all day tomorrow to make up for the time he's lost keeping still. I declare, if the men-folks can't be the tryingest!"

She stitched away steadily on the sheet she was turning until the clock struck 6, when she jumped up hastily. "Mercy," she exclaimed, "I'd no

idea it was so late! I hope to goodness the fire hasn't gone out. I must get the kettle on and supper ready. I cakes Simeon likes so much, to put confessed it to the other, their food alhim in good humor, but I don't believe most choked them.

I shall have time now." Nevertheless, there was a plate of steaming hot "flannel cakes" and a place or time," his sister confessed to bowl of maple syrup before Simeon's a sympathetic neighbor. "Sometimes plate when he came in to supper half it just seems as if I'd fly. There he

an hour later. He ate the cakes in stubborn silence. "Are you going to Seth Badger's after supper," Myra asked, "to see

him about helping you cut that grass tomorrow?" After waiting in vain for the answer,

Myra said: "I want to know it if you do go, because I want to send Mrs. Badger a waist pattern of hers I borrowed last week.

No reply from Simeon, His sister gave her head an impatient toss, and they finished the meal in silence. When it was done Simeon went to a little table in a corner of the room, pulled out the drawer and took from t a scrap of blank paper and a stub of

a lead pencil. Myra took the supper dishes into the kitchen; when she came into the room again Simeon handed her the scrap of paper. On it was written: "I'm a-going over to Badger's

Myra dropped the bit of paper on the floor and stared hard at her

"Well, Simeon Sayles!" she said at last. "I call this carrying matters pretty far. Before I'd make myself so ridiculous, I'd- What you going to do when you get over to Badger's? You'll gook smart writing out what you've got to say over there, now won't for her was much like that of a father yon? You'll make yourself the laugh- and a mother for an only child. They

That will make them love the sunshine when it comes to them again.

That was soon to bring its blessings and the violets of May.

While some stream in gurgling protest, as upon the moss it fell,

-W. Livingston Larned.

in your head as anybody." Simeon made no reply, but picked up the bit of pencil and wrote on another scrap of paper:

"Whare is that patern?" "I think you'd better learn to spell before you go to conversing in writing -spelling 'where' with an 'a' and 'pattern' with only one 't'! If you don't get sick and tired of this sort of tomfoolery before two days, I miss my

guess, Simeon Sayles!" Whether he grew tired of it or not, Simeon Sayles saidall he had to say in writing from that time forth. His only reply to his sister's ridicule and remonstrances was written in these

"You sed you wisht I'd shut up my mouth and keep it shut, and I'm

a-going to do it. He bought a little blank book, in which he kept a pencil, and all his communications to the world and to individuals were made through the medium of this book and pencil.

The neighbors said that "the Sayleses always were a queer lot, anyhow;" that some of Simeon's ancestors had been rather eccentric, and that Simeon himself had never seemed quite like other men. No matter how true this may have been, his sister Myra was a thoroughly well-balanced woman, with a large fund of strong common sense, and her brother's freak mind, "Will he do it?" She had not caused her great secret mortification meant him to take her remark literal- and distress, although she had declared at the beginning of it: "It will

> But Simeon had not scolded "eternally," as Myra felt obliged to confess to herself in her reflective moments. He was, indeed, somewhat infirm of temper and sometimes gave himself up to prolonged fits of petulance, but there had been days and even weeks at a time when Simeon had been as serene of mind and as companionable

as any man. He and his sister Myra had sat side by side on the little porch over the front door of their old red farmhouse throughout many a peaceful summer evening, quietly talking over the past and the future. The long winter evenings had often been filled with a quiet happiness and peace for them both, as they sat at the same hearthstone at which their parents had sat, Myra with her knitting and Simeon reading aloud or smoking his pipe in peace. They had nearly always eaten their meals in harmony, and now, as they sat at the table facing each other in hard, cold silence, there were times did intend making some of the flannel when, although neither would have

> "This freak of his is harder to put up with at the table than at any other sits as mum as a grindstone. Sometimes I try to rattle away just as if nothing was the matter, but I can never keep it up very long. I've tried all sorts of little tricks to catch him unawares and make him speak once, but he won't be caught. One day, just when he'd come in from the field, I smelt something burning so strong that I said, 'I do believe the house is on fire,' and he opened his mouth as if to speak and then clapped it shut again and whipped out that abominable

> little book and wrote, 'Whare?' "I was so put out that I flung the book clear out into the gooseberry bushes. I really doubt if he ever does speak again in this world, and the prospect is pleasant for me, isn't it?"

The two lived alone in the old red farmhousein which they had been born 50 years before. They were without kith or kin in the world with the exception of a much younger sister named Hope, who had married a prosperous young farmer and had gone out west to live. It had been a time of great sorrow to them when this pretty, young sister had married Henry Norton and gone from the old house. They rejoiced in her happiness, of course, and were quite sure that Hope had "done well," but it was none the less hard to give her up.

She was only 21 years old at the time and so much younger than her brother and sister that their affection ig stock of the country if you go had lavished the tenderest love of ears, for the voice that moke was a polis Journal.

their lives on Hope, and their affection had not lessened by her absence. In

Myra had always stood as a strong wall between Hope and harm or trouble of any kind, and this loving thoughtfulness had kept her from writing a word to her sister about their brother's

'I wouldn't have Hope know it for anything," Myra had said; "it would worry the child so. And there's no danger of Simeon writing it. He'd be

ashamed to." During all the fall and through one whole long, wretched winter the ironwilled Simeon kept his resolve not to speak, and a decided shake of his head or a written "No" was his reply to Myra's often repeated question, "Don't

One day in May a neighbor, coming

Catching up her sunbonnet, Myra

"O Simeon! Simeon! A letter from Hope! She's coming home!

think of it - Hope's coming home!" it out for the letter.

'surely you'll have to speak now!"

He shook his head slowly and sadly she turned to go back to the house.

straight through!"

one by one, with unhappy eyes.

an instant. At that same instant a man on a bicycle dashed past him. Bicycles were

ing along at such speed startled him. him, while Hope clung to little Grace and screamed.

'Whoa, Hector, whoa!"

This time old Hector pricked up his to leave me for teu years."-Indiana-

illted. "Of course you con't believe "Oh, yes I do," said the married man. "My wife has been threatening

few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had Have you kept that yow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified?

tremor in your earnestness.

double interest about that home.

across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old lvy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-nots playing bide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburned from the field and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on her face mellowing with the

vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for a Christian mothat which you were taught to kneel! Thank God for an early Christian home! I bring to mind another passage in the the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul? history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night

and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life lecame the subject of mutual consultation and advertisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happle dwelling, and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal sp rit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered; you were carnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the king is m of God. There was a There was a was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a

Christ, the Comforter.