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As Good as a Girl.

By LOUISE HOWLAND

"There!" said Miss Ann Eliza Somers, setting the rolling pin on the end, and deftly scraping off the dough, that had accumulated on its sides. "If I do say it, there ain't bin a handsomer batch of doughnuts than that set on any pantry shelf in Bolton this fall; leastwise, none that we've seen."

"Gim-me one o' them," said a small voice, as a dirty little hand was thrust in at the kitchen window, and a grimy finger pointed at the colander piled high with the brown circles, braids and diamonds, that Miss Ann Eliza was contemplating with so much satisfaction.

"Land sakes alive!" she cried, and the rolling-pin fell to the floor with a bang. "Who be you? Git right down from there. I shouldn't wonder if you was a steppin' right on my jacminot rosebush."

The hand was withdrawn so quickly, and it had been such a small hand, that Miss Somers, from some feeling of compunction, or possibly to gain time, added, "You kin go round back."

Now Miss Eliza, all through the morning, as she lifted from the boiling fat each doughnut as it attained the required shade of brown, had seen visions of her self offering her friends, who might drop in during the day, a few of her doughnuts on one of her best china plates, and she could almost hear them say, "These are the best I ever did eat; they just melt in your mouth;" and she could see herself with proud generosity complying to their requests for the receipt.

She knew there would be no such appreciation from a boy—boys had no place in Miss Eliza's catalogue of useful things—nevertheless she selected the last doughnut that had been fried, made from odds and ends of dough which had the merit of being much larger, if also much inferior in quality to the others, and after depositing the colander in the pantry, stepped to the back door.

"Well, I never did!" she cried, resting both hands on her hips and regarding the owner of the hand that [illegible] so rudely disturbed her [illegible] have been anywhere [illegible] ten years old. He was very [illegible] his face might have seen a [illegible] years, so deep were its lines. It was framed in the rim of a brown derby hat that had, probably, once sheltered a more fortunate member of society.

The few articles of clothing, although in tatters, were evidently his own, as regarded origin as well as possession; while his feet were protected by ladies' shoes of by no means Cinderella proportions.

From under the hat two big gray eyes fixed upon the doughnut which Miss Eliza held in her hand; not long, however, for waiving all ceremony, the boy took it quickly from between her fingers, and the doughnut disappeared in three mouthfuls, so much to Miss Eliza's alarm, that she ran for a glass of milk; for she often remarked that sponge cake and doughnuts, be they ever so light, did beat all for sticking in one's throat, and for her part she never could eat either without drinking at least two cups of tea to get them down.

The milk followed the doughnut, and [illegible] gree of ap- [illegible] weary little [illegible] ted to Miss [illegible] o."

[illegible] all boys as her [illegible] ng alone for the [illegible] since her father, [illegible] ied, she associated [illegible] stolen fruit and tram- [illegible] s, and so declared them [illegible] ," and impatient with [illegible] olenting towards one of the race to this extent, said sharply,—

"Yes, wash your face."

She closed the door, drove the bolt in with a good deal of force, and went back to her task of clearing up.

This done, and having eaten her frugal dinner, she went up-stairs and made her afternoon toilet.

Before sitting down to her small mending she thought of her plants neglected this busy day; so taking the watering pot from its hook in the porch, she went out to the cistern to fill it, for she always maintained that no plants ever flourished like those watered with pure rain water.

This was a day of upsets. There, by the side of the cistern, cuddled up in a heap, his head pillowed on the butter firkin, that served for a bucket, lay her small acquaintance of the morning, fast asleep.

His face, streaked by his recent amateur ablutions, looked so drawn and pinched that Miss Somers was startled and took hold of his shoulder.

The boy jumped to his feet, ducked under her arm, and ran to the other side of the cistern.

"I—I washed me face; gim me sumpin ter do," he said, for he felt there was need of propitiating this woman, who, notwithstanding her kindness, spoke and looked so sternly.

"You needn't be so scairt; what do you mean, going to sleep in my yard, right side of the cistern, too; you might a' fallen in and drowned, then there'd been a pretty how-de-do."

"Me name's Mugsy, and I come from the city; guess I was clean beat, I kin sure."

"Humph! best you may be, but I don't see anything clean about you; as for work, I'd like to know what you kin do."

"I kin scrub floors, an' sift ashes, an' ——"

If there was one thing Miss Eliza disliked to do it was to sift ashes. She did she never got on the south side of the barrel but what the wind blew from the north, and if she changed to the north side, the wind was bound to shift to the south.

The idea of a boy being useful, and such a specimen as this urged to be, haunting the premises all day like a disconcerting spirit.

"Guess a sliver fell over on that barrel; you kin sift that, if you're so terrible anxious, and then you go straight home."

Miss Eliza went back to her plants but many a grub had Mugsy to thank that night for undisturbed dreams for Miss Eliza could not forget the figure as it looked, asleep by the cistern; and when Mugsy appeared at the door with the sifter, holding a generous supply of rescued bits of coal, she handed him a thick slice of bread spread with molasses, saying.—

"I s'pose you're hungry again by this time."

"I allers is;" and looking up at Miss Eliza with his mouth full, he said, "Kin I stay here? I ain't got no place."

"You mean you ain't got no folks; where'd you sleep last night?"

"Down de road, under some boards; twus freezin'."

Miss Eliza went back to the kitchen, and left Mugsy sitting on the steps.

She drew the table to the center of the room, spread the red cloth, and put two plates in place, the last quite forcibly, as she said aloud,—

"Well, tenny rate, he shan't sleep out doors tonight, laying up rheumatism enough to last his natural life. You-er-Mu-Mugsy (setch an onchristian name I never heard), come in here."

Mugsy came just over the threshold and stood staring about while the lamp was lighted and the curtains drawn.

Standing in the lamp light Miss Somers could see where the buttons were gone from the thread-bare coat; that it was all that sheltered Mugsy from the cold.

"Ain't you got any flannels?" said Miss Eliza.

"Flannens!" said Mugsy, blankly, "dats me coat."

"Do you see that sofy?" said Miss Eliza, pointing to a venerable specimen that stood in the corner of the kitchen. "Well, I am going to give you a comforter and you can sleep there tonight, and in the morning we'll see. If you were a girl, now, I should know better what to do with you—but a boy!"

"Yes-em."

"You sit down there," said Miss Eliza, pointing to the chair opposite her own, "and drink this bowl of tea; then you might as well go to bed."

[illegible] sat down and not only drank [illegible] but also ate some bread and [illegible] one of [illegible] nuts, and then obediently [illegible] on the sofa; as Miss Eliza [illegible] the comforter, he turned on his side and said drowsily,—

"Me warm, and ain't hungry."

Miss Eliza took off her glasses and wiped them; they blurred suddenly.

"How that kettle does steam," she said.

By the time the few dishes were washed, she could tell by the heavy breathing from the sofa that her new lodger was safe for the night.

She took the lamp and went into the adjoining room where she slept, and returned with a suit of her own flannels which she proceeded to abbreviate as to the extremities; this done, she locked up the house and went to bed.

She was up bright and early in the morning, but not earlier than Mugsy, for when she opened her door, there he was on the hearth, before a freshly kindled fire.

"Hello!" he said.

"Well, I am beat," said Miss Eliza, and a faint smile might have been seen lurking about the corners of her mouth as she filled the kettle, but she spoke no word of commendation. Mugsy was a boy, and she did not know what he might not do next.

After breakfast Miss Somers brought from the barn a large basket of dried beans which she gave Mugsy to shell, and carefully locking up the rest of the house she left Mugsy in the kitchen, charging him on no account to go out, and with her basket on her arm she started for the village.

There at the store she bought a suit of boy's clothes, boots and a cap.

Miss Eliza hurried home and found Mugsy playing a mysterious game with a few of the beans he had finished shelling.

Mugsy's eyes grew round with wonder as Miss Eliza opened the bundles and dressed him in his new clothes.

"There, you look like somebody now; but if you'd been a girl, I could a made you look better; boy's clothes are terrible expensive. As Mugsy made himself useful about the house and barn during the day, Miss Eliza's thoughts ran somewhat in this fashion:—

"He's sort of handy, and if he'd been a girl, I don't know but I might have kept him; but I never could abide boys. I shall have to look about and see what can be done with him."

Day after day, went by, however, and no effort was made to find other quarters for Mugsy.

He had been at Miss Eliza's about two weeks and the short legs, much rounder than they were the day he asked for the doughnut at the kitchen window, had saved Miss Eliza many steps.

One day Mugsy came across the yard dangling a pail from which he had just poured a mixture that brought joy to the heart of Dennis, the pig.

He took the pail into the kitchen, expecting Miss Somers to wash it, but she was not there.

"Misanliza!" no answer. He went to her room; she was not there; then to the door, and looked about, and at last to the gate and down the road, and there such a sight met his view that his eyes seemed to start from their sockets.

Down the road with lowered head, and pawing the road, came Mr. Perkins' bull, old Plato, and before him, fleeing for her life, ran Miss Eliza, his Misanliza.

What could he do? As if in answer to his question the red table cloth, hanging from the line, flapped across his face; quick as thought he tore it from its fastenings, and screaming at the top of his voice.—

"I'me comin', Misanliza! Hi yee Plato! Hi-hi-yah-yah!"

Such a noise diverted the bull's attention from the fleing figure in front, and he turned. This fiery object writhing and twisting shoot round all his fierceness, and with a loud bellow he fairly flew for Mugsy.

After running a short distance, and the load of the bull's heels seeming nearer and [illegible] could never reach the gate, so dropping the tablecloth, he scrambled over the stone wall just as Plato was upon him.

He dropped on the other side, but something else fell too. There was a faint cry, and then it was very still save for the heavy breathing of the bull as he trampled and tore the tablecloth into ribbons. Having vented his wrath on this article, he galloped down the road and was soon out of sight.

Presently Miss Eliza's head appeared above the wall on the opposite side of the road. How quiet it was; the bull had disappeared and where was Mugsy? In fear and trembling she regained the road and walked quickly towards the house.

She passed the remains of the table cloth. Such a pity! The diamond pattern had been her pride and joy; "but then it might a been me," she thought, and went on.

Through the house and barn she went, calling "Mugsy, Mugsy," and her heart beat faster and faster, for she did not hear the familiar "Tuse a comin', Misanliza."

Then it occurred to her that the table cloth, had been very near the stone wall, and she ran down to where it lay and looked over.

There lay Mugsy, his eyes closed and a heavy stone on one foot.

Miss Eliza pulled several of the stones from the wall so she could step over, and lifted off the heavy one that lay on Mugsy's foot.

She caught him in her arms and kissed him again and again, rubbed his hands and called his name.

Mugsy opened his eyes and said faintly,—

"I'm comin'."

Miss Eliza rolled up her apron and put it under Mugsy's head and then hastened back to the house, where she put two of her best down pillows into the wheelbarrow and returning to Mugsy, lifted him gently in and started for the house.

When she reached the gate she saw Silas Perkins coming up the road, leading his bull by a stout chain attached to a ring in his nose.

"Well, I never was so glad to see you, Silas Perkins. Then just hitch that critter o' yourn to that apple tree, an' hitch him strong, harness up old Peg, and go for Doctor Wakefield. That beast [illegible] most killed my boy."

"You [illegible] boy! Well, I swan."

"Yes, my boy; don't stand there asking foolish questions; I don't know but he'll die."

Farmer Perkins meekly obeyed—most everybody did when Miss Eliza commanded.

Miss Somers laid Mugsy on his sofa in the kitchen, and made him as comfortable as possible.

Soon she heard Farmer Perkins' "Whoa, Peg," and Doctor Wakefield hurried in.

"Well, Mugsy, what's the trouble? Oh, I see; there, steady now," said the doctor, as he cut off the boot and stocking. "Humph, we must have a little ether, I guess; now just take a long breath; that's the boy, again; once more."

As Mugsy lost consciousness, Doctor Wakefield turned to Miss Eliza and said,—

"It's pretty bad, but there's only one small bone broken, he will be round spry as ever in a few weeks."

The doctor stayed until Mugsy began to recover from the effects of the ether, and then Miss Eliza knelt by the side of the sofa and said,—

"How did you come to think of the table cloth, Mugsy?"

He stole one arm around Miss Eliza's neck and said;—

"I knowed yer warnt much on racin' an'—an'—I liked yer, just—like—a girl."

One Sunday morning six months after, Miss Eliza stood at the font in the little village church with a boy about eight years old, whom the minister baptized Joseph Henry Somers.—Waverley Magazine.

Benjamin Franklin's Visit to Germany.

In a doctor's thesis by an American we find mention of Franklin in Germany. "The Relation of German Publicists to the American War of Independence, 1775-1783. Inaugural Dissertation for the Doctor's Degree of the Philosophic Faculty of the University of Leipsic submitted by Herbert P. Gallinger, Amherst, Massachusetts, Leipsic, 1900, is a pamphlet in German of seventy-seven pages, with an additional page giving the details of Dr. Gallinger's life. On p. 8, etc., he says: "Franklin visited Germany in 1766, and in Gottingen, where he met Achenwall and Schlozer, awakened interest for the colonies." In a foot-note he adds: "Achenwall published in the Hannoverian Magazine, beginning of 1767, p. 258, etc., 'Some Observations on North America and the British Colonies from verbal information furnished by Mr. B. Franklin.'" At the close, the struggle between the mother country and the colonies is described entirely from the American point of view. It is clear that Achenwall was convinced by Franklin. In closing he says: "I doubt not that other men of learning in this country have used their acquaintance with this honored man (Franklin) as well as I. Could they be persuaded to give the public their noteworthy conversation with him, it would be doing the public a great benefit." These observations were reprinted twice, in 1769 at Frankfurt and Stuttgart, and in 1777 at Helmstedt. They appear to be the only account of the dispute over the constitutional questions at issue in America in the German language published before 1776.—J. G. Rosengarten, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Illinois Girl Declared a Spendthrift.

A rather novel case from Normal attracted much attention in the county court. Miss Hattie Watt, an extremely pretty girl of 18, is the defendant. She who recently left a fortune of $10,000 and her relatives filed complaint that she had become a spendthrift and was dissipating her bank account so rapidly that unless immediate steps were taken to prevent it she would be penniless. A goodly portion of her wealth had been spent in traveling over the country and in buying finery. The case was heard by a jury and a verdict was found against the girl. Accordingly the court appointed a conservator, who will have sole charge of her fortune until she becomes of legal age.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

READING THE BIBLE.

Some Facts That Occur to Few Persons in These Days.

"Did you ever figure out how long it would take you to read the Bible?" asked an observant man. "Well, you would be surprised to know in what a short space of time you could finish the last chapter of the Holy Book. Of course there are different ways of reading. There are men and women who read without knowing anything about what they read. They are the class of persons who never get lasting impressions from the book. They may pick out one or two chapters, but when it comes to the various phases of the story they do not remember. This is due largely to a sort of unconscious bias which the reader shows for one character or another, or to an abnormal sympathy for some of the silent actors in the plot. But there are persons on the other hand who read critically and who can talk about the book they have read when they come to lay it aside. Readers of this latter kind will be considered in the calculation which follows:

"There are in the Old and New Testaments combined a total of 66 books, containing 1189 chapters, 31,173 verses and a total of 773,692 words, approximately. The Old Testament contains 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses and approximately 592,439 words, while in the New Testament there are 27 books, 260 chapters, 7959 verses and 181,253 words approximately. Adding these together we get the total given. How long will it take a person to read the Old Testament, with its 592,439 words, or the 181,253 words of the New Testament? And how long to read the 773,692 words of both? A man [illegible] understandingly 100 words a minute. By hurrying a man can [illegible] words, or probably more. [illegible] sume that a man can rea[illegible] that is, carefully and und[illegible] at least 60 words a min[illegible] slow reading, being only [illegible] an hour. Suppose a man [illegible] vote an hour a day to the [illegible]

"At this rate he would read 108,000 words in 30 days, or a month's time. At this rate he would read the Old Testament in less than six months, and he could finish the New Testament in less than two months. The whole Bible could be read in less than eight months by devoting simply one hour to it each day. Yet there are few persons outside of students who claim to have read the Bible from lid to lid. Which argues that the age is strangely perverse."—New Orleans Time-Democrat.

Plantagenet Monuments.

The renewed attempt which is being made on this side of the straits of Dover to arouse attention to the neglected state of the Plantagenet monuments in the famous French abbey of Fontevrault, says the Westminster Gazette, may possibly have a good effect, though the people of the district, who take no particular interest in them, may have as decided an objection to their being removed to Westminster abbey now as they showed when that step was last suggested some 40 years ago. These monuments are recumbent effigies, dressed in their royal robes, of our Henry II and his wife, Eleanor of Guienne, their son Richard Coeur de Lion and their daughter-in-law, Isabel d'Angouleme, widow of John. What was once an abbey has since become a prison, and more than one endeavor has been made to secure that these most interesting relics—which are also fine specimens of the art work of their time—should either be fittingly preserved in the place where they so long have lain or be brought to Westminster. But although during the revolutionary period they were in almost as great danger of desecration and even destruction as the tombs of the French kings themselves in St. Denis, and despite the fact that they have since been left, and are still being left to moulder and decay, there seems little chance of their reclamation. And thus it is that they remain, as an English ex-foreign secretary 40 years since told the then foreign minister of France, "neglected! exploited by a jailer, seen by few in their allotted place, interesting France but little, and unhappily unknown by and lost to England." Is there nothing in the present entente cordiale which will remedy this?

Getting Down to Level of People.

Thomas B. Reed, a Philadelphia lawyer says, made a political address in a small Pennsylvania town some years ago. The town hall was small and badly lighted, and the speaker's desk was set exceedingly close to the edge of the platform.

Mr. Reed, as his speech progressed, became excited. He forgot his surroundings, he forgot how near he was to the platform's edge, and inadvertently he leaned upon his lectern too heavily, with the result that it and he fell to the floor together.

The desk alighted first, with considerable noise, and the speaker followed in a cloud of dust. He immediately rose to his feet again, none the worse, but the laughter of the townspeople would not allow him to proceed. He stood this loud and coarse laughter for some moments. Then he held up his hand.

"Don't laugh at me," he said, "Don't laugh. I was merely getting down to the level of my audience."—New York Tribune.

Babies Don't Get Seasick.

"Babies never get seasick. I have carried thousands of them in my time," said an American Line steward, according to The Philadelphia Record, "and in rough weather I have seen their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters feel over like soldiers before a cannon ball, but not so with the babies. Whether it be rough or smooth at sea, a baby is always an excellent sailor—rosy, jolly, and with the appetite of a horse. Do you know the explanation of this singular fact? It is as simple as the fact is strange. Babies don't get seasick because they are accustomed to the rocking of the cradle. That movement is much like the rocking of a ship. A baby aboard ship, therefore, is merely a baby in an unusually big cradle, and there is nothing odd to him about the rocking, for it is what he has been accustomed to all his life."

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "THE FULL REWARD."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Tells of the Spirit That Is Needed in the Church—How to Win the Crown Which is Incorruptible—New Plan of Salvation.

NEW YORK CITY.—The distinguished evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, is the author of the following sermon entitled "The Full Reward," which was preached from the text, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. But I keep my body under, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." 1 Cor. ix: 25, 27.

Paul, in the figure of speech, is on the race course. He is striving to reach the goal and win the prize. Here, therefore, it is not a question of life, but entirely a question of awards. He is not writing to the unregenerate, but to the children of God. He says: "I will keep under my body, lest I shall become a castaway." The word "castaway" in the Greek is literally "disapproved." Paul is teaching that even if he is to win the crown that is incorruptible, he must deny himself, he must put forth heroic effort, he must be faithful until the very end.

This spirit is needed in the church. If the first crown is for the passive Christian the second is for the enthusiastic follower of Christ, and next to the baptism of the Holy Ghost the church to-day needs the baptism of enthusiasm. It is a great mistake for men to allow their prejudices to lead them against the methods of church work upon which God has set His seal. There is a cry to-day against new methods, and people say the need of the time is for the old methods of our fathers. There is some truth in this [illegible] trouble with the advocates of this [illegible]tion is that they do not make their [illegible] enough. We ought to go back to Pentecostal methods of giving, for in those days the disciples gave all they had. We ought to go back to Pentecostal methods of preaching; the early preachers had just two themes in mind—namely, Jesus and the Resurrection. We ought to go back to Pentecostal living, for in the olden times the disciples lived in the expectation that the new day would bring back the Lord [illegible]elf, and having this hope in Him their [illegible] became pure and their testimonies [illegible]erful.

[illegible]er, church ought to change its method every Sunday, if the methods in use do not compel the people to accept the gospel. We have no responsibility for conversion—the Spirit of God takes care of that, but we do have a tremendous responsibility resting upon us to make every man, woman and child understand that the Son of God died to set them free from the penalty of sin, and that He ever pleads at God's right hand to liberate them from its power. The church is not an end, but rather a means to an end. If counted an end, the membership becomes satisfied with the church in itself, its preaching, its music, its social standing, its ability to influence the minds of the people, and in all seriousness I dare to say that such a church will be a curse to a community in the thought of God, rather than a blessing. We have this to remember: when counted as a means to an end the church loses sight of herself and realizes that she is in existence only to bring to every lost sinner the message of the gospel. So long as there is one soul in the world unsaved God calls His children to carry the message of peace and glad tidings of great joy to that one.

There is a Scriptural warrant for this frequent change of method. It is all summed up in one word: until. How long did the father wait for his son. "Until" he returned. How long did the woman search for the lost piece of silver? "Until" she found it. How long did the shepherd look for his sheep? "Until" he had it in his arms and was hearing it back with rejoicing to the fold. How often ought we to change our methods in the church? "Until" we have a method upon which God will set His seal, and to which the Holy Ghost will give His approval, because that method compels the people to hear the gospel and to known that Jesus Christ died to save all mankind.

Paul was willing to be counted a fool if only he might better influence men. To the wise he would be wise; to the ignorant he was willing to be counted ignorant; to the weak as a man of weakness—if only by all means he "might save some." May the Lord God fill the church with this spirit! We could shake the cities and move the world with the power of God. And when the great day of awards should come, simply because we had been dead in earnest, had counted personal ease as nothing, had labored incessantly by day and by night, in heat and in cold, we should receive the crown that is incorruptible.

THE CROWN OF REJOICING.

1 Thess. ii: 19—"For what is our hope, or joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?"

When Paul remembers the Thessalonians whom he had won for Christ, he immediately replies: "Ye are our crown of rejoicing," and so this third form of the reward is properly called the soul-winner's own.

Alas! some who are born of the Spirit, who have been trained in the Christian church, or might have been, who have lived all their lives dead in sin, shall never wear it. But it is possible for everybody to receive it from the hands of the Master Himself.

This is the crown that the sainted Spurgeon is to wear. It is said that 13,000 people joined his church in his ministry, and this was only the beginning of the multitude of others that have been influenced by his life the world around. It is the crown that Mr. Moody is to wear, because in all parts of the world he has pointed men to the crucified One. It is the crown that faithful Sunday-school teachers and devoted workers are to wear.

I had in my home at one time a very celebrated Sunday-school worker. He told me how he became a servant of Christ. He was converted as a boy before the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was known. He wanted to do something for Christ, and all he could think o' was to teach a Sunday-school class. He went to the superintendent with a request that he might be made a teacher, and was refused. He went a second time, with a like result. He went a third time, and proposed to bring in a class from outside, and this time he secured the consent of the superintendent. When he went out to find boys his first visit was to a great brownstone mansion. He rang the bell and the servant opened the door. He asked if the lady of the house could be seen. He was shown into the parlor, and soon the mother of the boy entered.

He said: "I have come to ask if your boy can come to Sunday-school."

Her face flushed and her eyes flashed as she replied: "My child has been to Sunday-school and has had such miserable teaching that I have made up my mind that he shall not go again, until either I can teach him myself or get some one who can."

After a little waiting she asked: "Suppose I should send him who would teach him?"

He became greatly embarrassed at this question, and thought that if ever he got out of the house he would never again think of any work in the church. But finally he replied:

"Well, if he comes I will teach him myself."

There was something in his frank statement—the ring of his voice—which touched the mother, and she said:

"Next Sunday he will be there."

He came—he was the only boy in the classroom when the young teacher told him the story of Jesus Christ he was converted.

As he told us the story the tears were in his eyes, and he said:

"I go to tell you the rest. Just before I left New York I was called to the room of a man who was dying. As I entered he called me to his bedside and said: 'Come just as near to me as you can.' I took his hand and followed it to my arms, and he whispered, 'Teacher, has this not been a wonderful week?' The man was clear, quite, but feeble. I replied with sympathy and tenderness that I had felt it was the most wonderful week of my life. 'Teacher, I have lived a sinful life, and I have had no hope for the future, but last night I had a dream. I dreamed that I was in a great city. I saw the walls, the towers, the spires, the glittering pinnacles, and I said, 'What city is this?' And I was answered, 'This is the city of Christ.' I said, 'Let me in, let me in!' And I was answered, 'Have you the key?' I fumbled in my pocket, but I had lost the key. I was in despair, and I said, 'Let me in, let me in, for I have lost the key!' And I was answered, 'Have you the key?' I said, 'Let me in, let me in, for I have lost the key!' And I was answered, 'Have you the key?' I woke with the question ringing in my ears, 'Have you the key?' I lay all the night long thinking of the question, and I have come to ask you what I must do to be saved.'

I shall never forget how he looked as he added:

"That was the boy I led to Christ. He was my associate in Sunday-school work. We led hundreds of souls to Christ."

Then he said with great emphasis and in tears: "I had rather have had the satisfaction of leading that one boy to Christ than to have conquered the whole world."

Such a work as this is possible to all men everywhere, and he who is thus faithful has awaiting him a crown of rejoicing. The hymn—"Must I go empty-handed?"—was written by one dying in his youth, without one single soul to his credit. When the shadow of death fell across his face some watcher by his bedside expressed concern for his happiness or his fear of death. He quickly answered:

"Oh, no, not that. I am not troubled about that, but must I go empty-handed?"

Alas! many of us may be obliged to stand in the presence of the Master, and to be crownless in this respect.

1 Peter v: 4, "And when the chief shepherd shall appear ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Peter seems to have a special message here for officers of the church, Sunday-school teachers and church members generally, for in fact we are all of us shepherds. A shepherd is one who looks after the sheep, and the sheep that requires most of his attention is the one most likely to wander and fall by the wayside. We have a way of looking at the people, especially those who are new born babes in Christ and saying: "We will see how they hold out," and if they stumble we not infrequently exclaim: "It is just as I expected." A most un-Christly speech, and one most deserving the censure of God! The fact is, we are called into the church to be laborers together with God, and He has placed before us the privilege of helping to hold up the weak ones in Christ. There never is a time when one needs a warm hand clasp or a word of sympathy as the time when one is beginning his Christian life, just taking his first steps toward God. When my little girl first began to walk, after she had taken one step she started to fall, and I had to put my arms about her and hold her up. She walked in this way for days, but now we never think of her being up; she can run along and not be thinking of her, who day long. To all those who are faithful in this especial ministry God [illegible] a sure reward.

The crown of rejoicing [illegible] ness. 2 Timothy iv: 8—"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

I have never yet been able to figure out just when the Lord shall come again, for the Bible contains no record, but with all my heart I am looking for Him. I know not but that He may come to-day. He may come to-morrow. I am perfectly sure that the greatest blessing that could ever come to this world would be the visible presence of the Lord Himself. He would lift up the down-trodden. He Himself would relieve the oppressed, and He would apply the whip to the oppressor.

It may be at morn, when the day is awaking,
When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come in the fulness of glory,
To receive from the world "His own."

O joy; O delight! should we go without dying,
No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying,
Caught up thro' the clouds, with our Lord, into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

So I am looking for Him and I am longing for Him ,and with all my soul I love His appearing, and unto every such waiting one there is a crown promised.

So I am watching and waiting each moment of the day,
If it be morn or evening when He calleth me away;
And it makes the day grow brighter, and its trials easier borne,
When I am saying every moment, "To-day the Lord may come."

But there is something better still, and that is the full reward in Revelation iv: 10. This is a picture of the glorified church. We are told that the four and twenty elders came in with crowns upon their heads, clothed with white raiment, seated about the throne. Suddenly the King of Kings appears. At once the four and twenty elders fall down before Him, and taking off their crowns cast them before the throne, saying:

"Thou are worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power."

The best reward of all, then, is to be with Him.

That was a glad day in England in 1855 when the soldiers came back from the Crimean war, and the Queen gave them medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were constructed for the two houses of Parliament and the royal family to witness the presentation. Her Majesty herself came in to give the soldiers their rewards. Here comes a colonel who lost both his feet at Inkerman; he is wheeled in on a chair. Here is a man whose arms are gone. And so they came, maimed and halt. Then the Queen, in the name of the English people, gave the medals, and the thousands of people with streaming eyes sang: "God save the Queen." But I can think of something that would have made the scene more wonderful. If these men had taken off the medals which the Queen had placed upon them and cast them back at her feet, saying:

"No, Your Majesty, we cannot keep them. We give back the medals. To see thee is the greatest reward."

That shall we do in heaven.

I have a friend who was in the Crimean war. He told me that he had that day received a medal with "Inkerman" upon it, for that was his battle, but he said the most touching part of it all was the experience of a friend of his who fought by his side. A cannon ball took off one of his legs, but the brave fellow sprang up immediately and taking hold of a tree, drew his sword and was ready to fight even to death. Immediately another cannon ball came crashing past and took off the other leg. They carried him wounded, bleeding and (as they supposed) dying, to the hospital. Strangely enough he came back to life again. When the day came for the awarding of medals they carried him upon his stretcher before Her Majesty, the Queen. To the other soldiers she had simply given the medals by the hands of her secretary, but when she saw this man carried in on a stretcher, his face as thin and pale, she rose from her seat, stooped down by his side, and with her own hands pinned the medal upon his breast, while the tears fell like rain upon the face of the brave soldier.

Thus I trust it will be with many of us. We shall come into His presence, stand face to face with Him, and He will rise from His throne, coming forward to receive us. As we look up into His face, thrones will vanish away and crowns will be as nothing, for to see Him in all His beauty will be the full reward.

Many a fellow has gone hungry with a mouthful of gold fillings in his teeth.

According to the New Orleans Times-Democrat the South has found an unexpected source of wealth in the "poor piney lands" which cover a large part of Mississippi and Louisiana. These lands have gone begging for buyers, but experiments which have been made at the Mississippi agricultural station have demonstrated that with the expenditure of a very little money they can be made among the most productive in the south. For example, the worth of acid phosphate increased the value of the crops of one acre $8. His dollars worth of phosphate and cotton-seed increased the crop values $28. Beans returned from $51 to $87 an acre, sweet potatoes planted on the same land made from 148 to 164 bushels per acre, worth from $70 to $83, making a total yield of from $121 to $170 per acre for these "worse" lands. Similar results were obtained in small fruits and garden truck. The Times-Democrat adds: "All these results have been made on the little farms, cultivated by the farmers themselves, without any special knowledge of agriculture, and with the ordinary farm implements. The farmer who has been growing cotton at a loss may now, with the application of a little fertilizer, make his farm yield him a profit. It is simply amazing that the lands should have been so long neglected, for almost every one of them is capable of being made to yield a profit."

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Announces the Fifty-Fourth Anniversary of His Wedding Day.

MRS. ARP IS STILL THE "BOSS."

She Advises William to Let Up on the Negro Question, "Which Was Settled in Atlanta at a Recent Harmony Meeting."

My wife reads the papers more or less every day and keeps up with the sensations. Most of the time she sits in her accustomed corner and plies her needle and thread, making little garments for her grandchildren, or new covers for the cushions or mending underclothes or darning stockings or something. When she gets tired she walks in the garden or goes down to see Jessie and the children. She went down town yesterday and bought some thread and some toilet soap and got weighed and asked the family all around to guess how much, and one guessed it, exactly one hundred and fifty pounds. She asked me to guess, but I said no—she had her way so often and so long that I couldn't come near it, and she shook her fist at me. Good gracious! when I married her she didn't weigh a hundred and wore number two shoes and stepped like a deer. "Tempus fugit." Next week will be the fifty-fourth anniversary of our wedding day, fifty-four—the talismanic number made up of nines, the multiple, as 3, 6, 9, 18, 27, 54—3 and 6 are 9, 1 and [illegible] are 9, 2 and 7 are 9, 5 and [illegible] are 9. And soon our birthdays will come along again, the first and fifteenth of June, and time keeps rolling on.

My wife was reading the paper and suddenly stopped and spoke to me, saying: "Well, isn't it about time to quit writing about the negro?" "Why so?" said I. "Why, don't you see the whole business of the race problem was settled in Atlanta last Sunday? The mayor and the preachers, black and white, all made speeches, and seemed to agree and everything is harmonious. So if I was you I would write about something else. Take up George Washington for a change and let Booker go dead."

Well, they did play on the harmonica right smart and I hope the problem will take a rest, for everybody is tired of it. Even Crumpacker is tired, and now says the negro must work out his own salvation. That's all right. When they call off the dogs, I'll quit. They are waking up to the true character of the negro. A Chicago man who has been visiting the prisons says there are about forty-six thousand negroes in that city, which is about two percent of the population, and that the prison records as shown him by wardens, show the negroes to be thirty per cent of all the criminals confined, and that the negro quarter of the city is the rendezvous and the refuge of nearly all the white burglars and thieves that infest the city.

But that's none of my business, as my wife says. Chicago needs them for municipal politics. But I have quit. Let the negro go along and evolute, as Crumpacker says. I had rather look out of my window and see two little girls coming up the walk hand in hand to see me than to write about anything. And the little boy is coming, too. His nurse is rolling him in his carriage and he will run to me as soon as he gets in the room, and will nestle on my knees and say his little words, and my greatest comfort is that all of them love me and won't go home without kissing me a sweet goodby. That nurse is a copper-colored girl about twelve years old, and she loves that baby and watches him as carefully as a mother. She is the daughter of our sexton, who is the janitor of the public school. He and his good wife are exceptions to all the frailties of the race and so are their children. If there were many like them there would be no race problem. Those three little children come to see me every day and make me to forget myself, and my long illness, and I find myself whispering, "Suffer little children to come unto me." "And a little child shall lead them." What a pity they have to grow up and lose their innocence and see grief and trouble. How sweetly sad are the memories of our youth.

One poet says:

Oh! would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew no pain
Was swept away in transient tears.

And another says:

I remember, I remember, the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn.
It never rose a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

And so do I remember the little window and the happy days, but I have never wished that I had died in childhood, nor do I wish to die now. I want to live for the sake of these same grandchildren, for I know I can do something to guide and comfort them along the journey of life, and they would miss me. A child without a grandpa and grandma has not had its share of happiness.

What a beautiful verse is the last one of poor Tom Hood's poem:

"I remember, I remember, the fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance, and now of little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy."

Last summer the little baby boy was sick. We feared he would die. As he lay upon a pillow in his mother's lap the little 4-year-old girl went up close and whispered to her mother: "Mamma, if baby does marry I want him for husband." I reckon she thinks he is simply angelic, and that it would be heaven for always among the angels. We all love him and he is the joy of our hearts. He is a little fellow of great strength of character, and he knows his own mind. He is a great talker, and he talks plain enough for everybody to understand him. He is a great reader, too, and he reads everything he can get hold of, and he remembers what he reads. He is a great lover of his mother, and he follows her around like a little dog. He is a great lover of his father, too, and he follows him around the farm and the stable and the barn, and he knows the name of every horse and mule and cow and calf and pig and chicken and duck and goose and turkey on the place, and he can call them all by their proper names. He is a great lover of his Aunt Lucy, who is his nurse, and she is a great lover of her charge. She is a black girl, and she is a great lover of her own children, and they are great lovers of their mother. She is a great cook, and she makes the best biscuits and the best coffee that I ever drank. She is a great Christian woman, and she is a great blessing to our family. She is a great singer of old hymns and she sings them while she works. She sings them so sweetly that we all like to hear her. She is a great worker in her church, and she is a great friend to her pastor. She is a great believer in the old-time religion, and she says she is a great sinner and needs a great deal of it to make her white as her mistress. She is a great woman in her own way and she is a great favorite with her white folks. She is a great woman to have her own way about things that she thinks she knows more about than anybody else, and she does this very often. She is a great woman to have her own way about her wages, and she generally gets them. She is a great woman to have her own way about her day of rest, and she always gets it. She is a great woman to have her own way about her church duties, and she never neglects them. She is a great woman to have her own way about her children, and they always obey her promptly and cheerfully. She is a great woman to have her own way about her husband, and he never disputes her authority. She is a great woman to have her own way about her master's family, and they never interfere with her. She is a great woman to have her own way about her master's property, and he never questions her honesty. She is a great woman to have her own way about her master's horses, and he never drives them faster than she thinks they should be driven. She is a great woman to have her own way about her master's money, and he never knows how much she gets. She is a great woman to have her own way about her master's secrets, and he never knows how she keeps them. She is a great woman to have her own way about her master's children, and they never disobey her orders. She is a great woman to have her own way about her master's guests, and they never complain of her treatment. She is a great woman to have her own way about her master's friends, and they never say she is too familiar with them. She is a great woman to have her own way about her master's enem