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AGENTS WANTED.—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

He Grew Rich.

What's the use of longer farming?
Here I've been these many seasons,
Toiling, working night and morning,
Just to make things come out even.

No; no longer will I do this;
I will make a new beginning,
And, thus early in the winter,
I will freely use

ORCHILLA

On my corn fields, on my meadows;
Lost I know it can be never,
And when comes the time of harvest
Then will be the day of profit.

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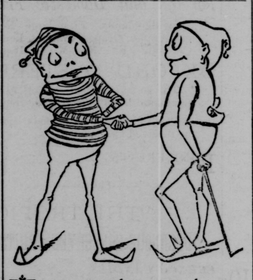
DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?

Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original sample as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well! that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original,

"I'M A DAISY."

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost $400, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Pansies," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep everyone posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, *free of cost*, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2, and you will really get over $25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.



WE congratulate ourselves on the steady increase of our trade. This has grown so great that we are compelled to build two additional stories to our already extensive establishment. The secret of our success is plain:

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(IN THE BASEMENT)

Brick Hotel, Denton, Md.,

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There are two expert tonsors, and they guarantee that the customer's "turn" will not be long in coming, be they ever so busy. The most skilful and satisfactory workmanship guaranteed.

For Rent for '93.

A very desirable small farm, adjoining town. Peach and apple orchards on the place. Twelve acres fine truck land. Apply to THIS OFEICE.

ALL HALLOWEEN.

The lead has been melted
And fortunes been told;
The apples been bobbed for;
The forfeits been sold.

The nuts have been roasted;
The revel is done;
The hand on the old clock
Is pointing to one.

A patter, a scamper
Of small, dainty feet—
New revelers are coming
The fun to repeat.

The apples go bobbing;
The candle spins round;
The nutshells are scattered;
The yarn is unwound.

The last crumb is eaten;
The revel is o'er;
The hand on the old clock
Is pointing to four.

A rustle, a scraping
Of skirts on the stair;
A step on the threshold,
And Bridget is there.

"Just see the confusion!"
She cries in affright.
"Sure, now, 'twas the fairies
That played here last night."

—Adelia B. Beard in Harper's Young People.

WAS IT RIGHT?

A woman sat at her desk in the corner of a room; behind her burned a bright fire.

Presently a servant came in and gave her a card.

"Say I am busy and can see no one now. I have to finish this article by 2 o'clock."

The servant came back. The caller said she would only keep her a moment—it was necessary she should see her.

The woman rose from her desk. "Tell the boy to wait. Ask the lady to come in."

A young lady in a silk dress, with a cloak reaching to her feet, entered. She was tall and slight, with fair hair.

"I knew you would not mind. I wished to see you so!"

The woman offered her a seat by the fire. "May I loosen your cloak? The room is warm."

"I wanted so to come and see you. You are the only person in the world who could help me! I know you are so large and generous and kind to other women!" She sat down. Tears stood in her large blue eyes; she was pulling off her gloves unconsciously.

"You know Mr. ——." She mentioned the name of a well known writer. "I know you meet him often in your work. I want you to do something for me!"

The woman on the hearth rug looked down on her.

"I couldn't tell my father or my mother or any one else, but I can tell you, though I know so little of you. You know last summer he came and staid with us a month. I saw a great deal of him. I don't know if he liked me; I know he liked my singing, and we rode together—I liked him more than any man I have ever seen. Oh, you know it isn't true that a woman can only like a man when he likes her, and I thought perhaps he liked me a little. Since we have been in town we have asked, but he has never come to see us. Perhaps people have been saying something to him about me. You know him; you are always meeting him; couldn't you say or do anything for me?" She looked up with her lips white and drawn. "I feel sometimes as if I were going mad. Oh, it is so terrible to be a woman!" The woman looked down at her. "Now I hear he likes another woman. I don't know who she is, but they say she is very clever and writes. Oh, it is so terrible I can't bear it."

The woman leaned her elbow against the mantelpiece and her face against her hand. She looked down into the fire. Then she turned and looked at the younger woman. "Yes," she said, "it is a very terrible thing to be a woman." She was silent. She said with some difficulty: "Are you sure you love him? Are you sure it is not only the feeling a young girl has for an older man who is celebrated and of whom every one is talking?"

"I have been nearly mad. I haven't slept for weeks!" She knit her little hands together till the pearl rings almost cut into the fingers. "He is everything to me; there is nothing else in the world. You, who are so great and strong and clever, and care only for your work and for men as your friends, you cannot understand what it is when one person is everything to you, when there is nothing else in the world!"

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Oh, I don't know!" She looked up. "A woman knows what she can do. Don't tell him that I love him." She looked up again. "Just say something to him. Oh, it's so terrible to be a woman; I can't do anything. You won't tell him exactly that I love him? That's the thing that makes a man hate a woman if you tell it to him plainly."

"If I speak to him I must speak openly. He is my friend. I cannot fence with him. I have never fenced with him in my own affairs." She moved as though she were going away from the fireplace; then she turned and said: "Have you thought of what love is between a man and a woman when it means marriage? That long, long life together, day after day, stripped of all romance and distance, living face to face, seeing each other as a man sees his own soul? Do you realize that the end of marriage is to make the man and woman stronger than they were, and that if you cannot, when you are an old man and woman and sit by the fire, say, 'Life has been a braver and a freer thing for us, because we passed it hand in hand, than if we had passed through it alone,' it has failed? Do you care for him enough to live for him, not tomorrow, but when he is an old faded man, and you an old faded woman? Can you forgive him his sins and his weaknesses when they hurt you most? If he were to lie a querulous invalid for twenty years, would you be able to fold him in your arms all that time and comfort him as a mother comforts her little child?" The woman drew her breath heavily.

"Oh, I love him absolutely! I would be glad to die if only I could once know that he loved me better than anything in the world!"

The woman stood looking down at her. "Have you never thought of that other woman; whether she could not perhaps make his life as perfect as you?" she asked slowly.

"Oh, no woman could ever be to him what I would be. I would live for him. He belongs to me." She bent herself forward, not crying, but her shoulders moving. "It is such a terrible thing to be a woman—to be able to do nothing and say nothing."

The woman put her hand upon her shoulder; the younger woman looked up into her face; then the elder turned away and stood looking into the fire; there was such quiet you could hear the clock tick above the writing table.

The woman said: "There is one thing I can do for you. I do not know if it will be of any use—I will do it." She turned away.

"Oh, you are so great and good, so beautiful, so different from other women, who are always thinking only of themselves! Thank you so much. I know I can trust you. I couldn't have told my mother or any one but you."

"Now you must go; I have my work to finish."

The younger woman put her arms round her. "Oh, you are so good and beautiful!"

The silk dress and the fur cloak rustled out of the room.

The woman who was left alone walked up and down, at last faster and faster, till the drops stood on her forehead. After a time she went up to the table; there was written illegibly in a man's hand on a fragment of manuscript paper, "Can I come to see you this afternoon?" Near it was a closed and addressed envelope. She opened it. In it were written the words, "Yes, please come."

She tore it across, and wrote the words, "No, I shall not be at liberty."

She closed them in an envelope and addressed them. Then she rolled up the manuscript on the table and rang the bell. She gave it to the servant. "Tell the boy to give this to his master, and say the article ends rather abruptly; they must state it is to be continued; I will finish it tomorrow. As he passes number twenty let him leave this note there."

The servant went out. She walked up and down the room with her hands folded above her head.

Two months after the elder woman stood before the fire. The door opened suddenly, and the younger woman came in.

"I had to come—I couldn't wait. You have heard he was married this morning. Oh, do you think it is true? Do help me!" She put out her hands.

"Sit down. Yes, it is quite true."

"Oh, it is so terrible, and I didn't know anything! Did you ever say anything to him?" She caught the woman's hands.

"I never saw him again after the day you were here, so I could not speak to him, but I did what I could." She stood looking passively into the fire.

"And they say she is quite a child, only eighteen. They say he only saw her three times before he proposed to her. Do you think it is true?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

"He can't love her! They say he's only marrying her for her rank and her money."

The woman turned quickly. "What right have you to say that? No one but I know him. What need has he of any one's rank or wealth? He is greater than them all! Older women may have failed him; he has needed to turn to her beautiful, fresh young life to compensate him. She is a woman whom any man might have loved—so young and beautiful. Her family are famed for their intellect. If he trains her she may make him a better wife than any other woman would have done."

"Oh, but I can't bear it; I can't bear it." The younger woman sat down in the chair. "She will be his wife and have his children!"

"Yes, that is hard." The elder woman moved quickly. "One wants to have the child, and lay its head on one's breast and feed it." She moved quickly. "It would not matter if another woman bore it, if one had it to take care of." She moved restlessly.

"Oh, no, I couldn't bear it to be hers. When I think of her I feel as if I were dying; all my fingers turn cold; I feel dead. Oh, you were only his friend; you don't know!"

The elder spoke softly and quickly: "Don't you feel a little gentle to her when you think she's going to be his wife and the mother of his children? I would like to put my arms round her and touch her once, if she would let me. She is so beautiful, they say."

"Oh, I could never bear to see her; it would kill me. And they are so happy together today! He is loving her so!"

"Don't you want him to be happy?" The older woman looked down at her. "Have you never loved him at all?"

The younger woman's face was covered with her hands. "Oh, it's so terrible, so dark, and I shall go on living year after year, always in this awful pain! Oh, if I could only die!"

The older woman stood looking into the fire; then slowly and measuredly she said: "There are times in life when everything seems dark, when the brain reels, and we cannot see that there is anything but death. But if we wait long enough, after long, long years, calm comes. It may be we cannot say it was well, but we are contented; we accept the past. The struggle is ended. That day may come for you perhaps sooner than you think." She spoke slowly and with difficulty.

"No, it can never come for me. If once I have loved a thing, I love it forever. I can never forget."

"Love is not the only end in life, There are other things to live for."

"Oh, yes, for you! To me love is everything!"

"Now you must go, dear."

The younger woman stood up. "It has been such a comfort to talk to you. I think I should have killed myself if I had not come. You help me so. I shall always be grateful to you."

The elder woman took her hand.

"I want to ask something of you."

"What is it?"

"I cannot quite explain to you. You will not understand. But there are times when something more terrible can come into a life than that it should lose what it loves. If you have had a dream of what life ought to be, and you try to make it real, and you fall, and something you have killed out in your heart for long years wakes up and cries, 'Let each man play his own game and care nothing for the hand of his fellow! Each man for himself. So the game must be played!' and you doubt all you have lived for, and the ground seems washing out under your feet." She paused. Such a time has come to me now. If you would promise me that if ever another woman comes to seek your help you will give it to her and try to love a woman even while she is standing in your light it will help me. I think I should be able to keep my faith."

"Oh, I will do anything you ask me to. You are so good and great."

"Oh, good and great! if you knew! Now go, dear."

"I have not kept you from your work, have I?"

"No; I have not been working lately. Goodby, dear."

The younger woman went, and the elder knelt down by the chair and wailed like a little child when you have struck it and it does not dare to cry loudly.

A year after. It was early spring again.

The woman sat at her desk writing; behind her the fire burned brightly. She was writing a leading article on the causes which in different peoples lead to the adoption of free trade or protection principles.

The woman wrote on quickly. After awhile the servant entered and laid a pile of letters on the table. "Tell the boy I shall have done in fifteen minutes." She wrote on. Then she caught sight of the writing on one of the letters. She put down her pen and opened it. It ran thus:

DEAR FRIEND—I am writing to you because I know you will rejoice to hear of my great happiness. Do you remember how you told me that day by the fire to wait, and that after long, long years I should see that all was for the best? That time has come sooner than we hoped. Last week in Rome I was married to the best, noblest, most large hearted of men. We are now in Florence together. You don't know how beautiful all life is to me. I know now that that old passion was only a girl's foolish dream. My husband is the first man I have ever truly loved. He loves me and understands me as no other man ever could. I am thankful that my dream was broken; God had better things in store for me. I don't hate that woman any more; I love every one! How are you, dear? We shall come and see you as soon as we arrive in England. I always think of you, so happy in your great work and helping other people. I don't think now it is terrible to be a woman; it is lovely.

I hope you are enjoying this beautiful spring weather. Yours, always full of gratitude and love. E.

The woman read the letter, then she stood up and walked toward the fire. She did not reread it, but stood with it open in her hand, looking down into the blaze. Her lips were drawn in at the corners. Presently she tore the letter up slowly, and watched the bits floating down one by one into the grate. Then she went back to her desk and began to write, with her mouth still drawn in at the corners. After awhile she laid her arm on the paper and her head on her arm, and seemed to go to sleep there.

Presently the servant knocked; the boy was waiting. "Tell him to wait ten minutes more." She took up her pen. "The policy of the Australian colonies in favor of protection is easily understood"—she waited—"when one considers the fact—the fact"—then she finished the article.—Olive Schreiner in New York World.

A Neat Suggestion.

Dr. Plummer was riding on the box of a coach and fell into conversation with the driver, who was loud in his praise of his team, and especially of his leader.

His remarks were racy and interesting, but were interlarded with oaths. Finally Dr. Plummer said:

"You have omitted one of your leader's good points, haven't you?"

"What is that, sir?" answered the driver.

"Why, we have ridden several miles behind him and I haven't heard a profane word out of his mouth."

The driver looked at his passenger. "Thank you!" said he; "thank you! That was very well said. I will try to be as good as my horse."—Common People.

The Force of Habit.

A wealthy South American farmer, anxious from selfish motives about the physical well being of his hundred slaves, had been reading somewhere that the habit of carrying loads on the head was injurious to health. He therefore ordered a hundred wheelbarrows from the nearest town, and when they arrived by boat he sent his slaves to fetch them from the wharf. What was his surprise when he saw the slaves coming back, each carrying a wheelbarrow on his head!—Schalk.

The Modern Souvenir Spoon.

The modern souvenir spoon doubtless owes its origin to the still existent apostles' spoons, which in sets of twelve or less were a common Christmas gift in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries.—Kansas City Journal.

HIS APPEARANCE DECEIVED.

He Was Very English, You Know, but He Had Learned How to Handle a Gun.

"Speaking of hunting," said a hunter, "reminds me of a little fun I had some four or five years ago.

"Three of us, more or less sportsmen and all jolly fellows, were stopping at a small place on the eastern shore of Lake St. Clair. It was in November, and the ducks were pretty thick. We did some great shooting, I can tell you.

"One day the landlord announced that a nephew of his, a young man just over from England, was coming up for a few weeks' sport, and he guessed we'd find him pretty near a dandy on the shoot.

"Well, pretty soon the young fellow arrived, and our first glimpse of him decided everything. The boys said they didn't believe he had ever seen a wild duck, much less shot one.

"He was one of your swell hunters, all togged out in corduroy jacket and high top boots, with one of those patent reversible fore and aft caps, and a pair of eyeglasses astride his nose. He showed us his gun, a double barreled pistol grip thing, and blowed a pile on its fine qualities and at the wonderful execution he could do with it. 'It came from England, ye know.'

"Would he go after ducks with us in the morning? 'Oh, yaas, he fancied' he would, though it wouldn't be much sport. He was accustomed to shooting woodcock, and ducks flew so beastly slow.

"Well, we fixed up things among ourselves that night. We picked out some of our oldest decoys and anchored them out in a bayou a short distance from shore, then turned in for the night.

"Our friend was up bright and early next morning and was anxious to show his skill. We made some excuse about not being quite ready, but told him that if he would go over to yonder bayou he might get a shot before breakfast. He put off with much splashing of paddles and great show of caution and was soon out of sight in the reeds. Allowing him time to reach our decoys, we followed and soon heard the sharp bang! bang! of his gun. Before we could reach him we heard another double report. Exploding with laughter at our success we hastened to the spot."

"Did he fill the decoys with lead?"

"No! Say, he had bagged four as pretty canvasbacks as you ever saw."—Detroit Free Press.

A Child's Gift to Mother.

An indulgent young mother took her six-year-old daughter with her on a shopping tour a day or two ago. The child was very happy and danced merrily along as her mother went from shop to shop. She peered eagerly into the brilliantly decorated windows and picked out the things that she would like to give to her father and her mother. She chose almost everything, from a diamond ring to a bale of red flannel. After awhile she stopped in front of a florist's window, and looking admiringly at the luxuriant display of plants and floral designs exclaimed enthusiastically: "Oh, mamma, look! Here is something that I am going to ask papa to buy for you. Ain't it lovely?" The mother paused to see what beautiful thing her child had selected for her and found the innocent little elf gazing intently at a large wreath of white immortelles which bore the inscription, in purple letters, "Our Mother."—New York Times.

Astrology in England.

One thing that has given astrology in England a great fillip is the series of remarkable predictions which have appeared of late years in our astrologic calendars. Mr. Pearce, a very fine mathematician and a careful and conscientious astrologer, is to all intents and purposes "Zadkiel," and he certainly predicted to the day and even the hour the compulsory abdication of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Again, a year in advance, he described the revolution in Brazil in the following words, "The emperor of Brazil is warned to be very careful of dissensions and machinations among his subjects at this time," and the day against which this is put is the day of the outbreak.

Similarly "Old Moore," in this year's issue has, by his remarkable prophecy as to the 14th of January, stimulated the curiosity of all believers in the occult. Against that date was printed, "The royal family in mourning," and this almanac is always on sale in the streets of London in the October of the previous year, so that the Duke of Clarence's illness, which did not begin till the 7th of January, could not have influenced the prediction.—Edgar Lee in Arena.

Millionaire Shaw's Botanical Monument.

Henry Shaw, who is regarded by St. Louis as its greatest benefactor, was an Englishman by birth, who made his fortune in the hardware business and retired at the age of forty. Passionately fond of flowers he established a botanical garden just outside the corporate limits of St. Louis, and there he lived in the summer time, returning to the city in winter. He constantly improved and added to the territory of his flower land, until Shaw's garden became one of the most famous resorts for visitors in the southwest. His residence and grounds were at all times open to sightseers and his hospitality was unbounded.

In 1870 Mr. Shaw gave to the city Tower Grove park, adjoining his garden, and enriched and beautified it at his own expense. He also gave liberally to Washington university, and in all schemes for public improvement and charities he held out an open hand. By the terms of his will the beautiful garden came into possession of the city, and is the best monument to a well spent life and in the enjoyment of simple pleasures.—New York World.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 29. Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.

TOPIC.—The day of small things. God's blessing upon it. (Christian Endeavor Day.) Zech. iv, 10; Job viii, 5-7.

No movement in modern times in church lines has so wonderfully illustrated that under God's blessing small things may become great as the Christian Endeavor movement. Organized in the winter of 1880-1 to meet the needs of an individual church, today it has spread itself all over the Christian world. In 1881 there were but two societies and a membership of sixty-eight. Today there are in Christendom over 21,000 societies, with a membership not less than 1,500,000. In the rebuilding of the temple by Zerubbabel we have another illustration of the same character (Zech. iv, 10), and in Job viii, 5-7, Bildad makes the statement that under God's blessing, "Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase." Note.

1. Man's attitude toward the day of small things (Zech. iv, 10). Zerubbabel was rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem. The beginning was very small in comparison to the great work that must be done. It was so small that the workers were discouraged. It was so small that both friend and enemy despised it as a day of small things. This is an illustration of man's usual attitude toward the day of small things. One usual tendency is to despise and to look upon with contempt and disgust whatever has a small and insignificant beginning. It is not until it has reached reached gigantic proportions and wields untold influence that a new movement gains our admiration and unqualified applause. Lot thought Zoar of no consequence, because it was a little city. Elijah thought God's cause was of no influence in the reign of Jezebel, because it was not supported by large numbers of open advocates. The people despised the temple because the beginning was so unpretentious. Christ's kingdom was doubtless ridiculed in its early history because it was the day of small things with it. Such is man's attitude toward trifles; but it is a false one, for, as Michael Angelo, the sculptor, says, "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Everything must have a beginning, and, no matter how insignificant that beginning, under God's blessing the end may be great.

2. "God's attitude toward the day of small things" (Zech. iv, 10). God never despises small beginnings. He blesses them, and they become great. The temple was completed because he was in the work and it was his work. In God's work the day of small things is not to be despised. He is all powerful, and what may seem impossible to man is possible to God. Though the instruments may be weak and insignificant, yet under God's blessing great results may be achieved. The mountain of difficulty becomes as a level plain. The small stone cut out of the mountain without hands increases until it fills the whole earth. The grain of mustard used becomes a great tree. The loaves and fishes multiply until thousands are fed. Despise not the day of small things. Perform earnestly and faithfully all duties, small and great, and leave results with God.

Bible References—Ps. xxxvii, 16; Prov. xv, 16; Isa. xi, 1-6; Mic. v, 2; Math. ii, 6; v, 19; x, 39-42; Mark iv, 30-32; xii, 41-44; Luke xii, 32; xiii, 18, 19; xvi, 10; I Cor. v, 6; I Tim. vi, 6-8.

Work of the Local Epworth Leagues.

The work of the local leagues, outside of correspondence and finance, is divided into four departments. That in charge of the spiritual work arranges for the regular prayer meetings of the chapter and all outdoor and cottage services. The members may also conduct children's prayer meetings and aid in Sunday school and church work. The department of mercy and help arranges for a systematic visitation of the members of the chapter, the sick of the neighborhood, the aged and all newcomers. To the department of literary work is intrusted the task of encouraging a study of the Scriptures and of the doctrines, polity, history and present activity of the Methodist church as well as arranging for lectures and literary gatherings. The department of social work has charge of all entertainments and is supposed to see to the gathering in of new members.

Working in connection with the Epworth league is the Junior league, which is intended to be for the children what the other is for the young people.

It Is an Appendix of No Denomination.

The Christian Endeavor movement is not an appendix to a denomination. It originated in a Congregational church, but it is not Congregational. There are more societies among the Presbyterians than in any other denomination, but it is not Presbyterian. There are nearly 3,000 societies among the Baptists, over 2,000 among the Methodists, but it is not a Baptist or a Methodist movement. The Methodist Protestants have made it the official society of their church, but it is not a Methodist Protestant movement. It is the helper of all denominations, the appendix of none.—Selected.

Christian Endeavor Notes.

Illinois stands third in the list in point of number of societies, the total exceeding 1,500. The Presbyterians have 390 societies and 17,550 members, and the Congregationalists have 300 societies and 13,500 members. In point of members other denominations stand in this order: Christian, Baptist, Methodist, Cumberland Presbyterian, English Lutheran, United Brethren, Friends, Methodist Protestant and Union. The total membership of the state is 67,500.

No obstacle can stand before the cross of Jesus Christ. No life laid at the alter of missions is ever thrown away. The opportunity for missionary work is within the reach of all.

Christian Endeavor has in it the element of peace. Its followers learn to forget the differences of belief and remember only the common faith and the name of Christ to honor it.

Wanderer's Song.

Whom God rewards with fullest measure
He sends into the world so wide—
He shows him all the fairy treasure
Of wood, of stream and mountain side!

The brooks from rock to rock are flinging
Their foam; on high the larks rejoice.
"Why should not I with them be singing,
With happy heart, with merry voice?

"For he who guides all nature's forces,
Who watches o'er the swallows' flight
And holds the planets in their courses,
He, too, will lead my steps aright!"

—Christian Register.