

LOOKING UPWARD THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

Looking upward through the shadows,
Though the eyes be veiled in tears,
Though the heart in secret sorrow
Trembles in its fears.

Looking upward through the shadows,
When the sunlight fades away ;
Waiting through the hours of darkness
For the perfect day.

Looking upward, sometimes dreaming,
Dreaming of a bygone time,
When the heart in springtime gladness
Bowed before its shrine.

Looking upward, though the springtime
In its beauty has gone by ;
Waiting, though the shadows deepen.
And death's hour draws nigh.

Looking upward, sweetly resting,
As though in peaceful dream ;
Through the dark and misty shadows
Sunbeams brightly gleam.

Looking to a hope eternal,
When the shadows fade away,
When the sunlight, in its beauty,
Reveals perfect day.

—*Ida E. Hutchings.*

MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

YEARS ago a steamer left Fortress Monroe, crowded with passengers, bound for the south. Off Cape Hatteras a violent storm came up, and for some hours it was thought that the steamer would founder. She weathered the gale and the captain ordered a sharp lookout for wrecks. In the distance a dark, floating mass was seen, having the appearance of a raft with human beings upon it. A dozen brave soldiers volunteered to man the life-boat and go to the rescue. They found on the raft a woman and her babe. With the instinct of a mother's love she held up the babe towards the crew, as if to say: "If only one can be saved, rescue my child." The vessel on which she was sailing had gone down, and all on board perished. Her husband had constructed the raft, lashed her to it and launched it. It would not hold them all. He kissed his wife and child good-bye, and went down to sleep where the sea is deepest, but not until he had made provision for the safety of his loved ones. When the strong man bows himself and the protection of a husband and father are gone, and the little ones with their mother are adrift on the great ocean, Life Insurance means the life-boat and comes to the rescue.

THE MEANEST MAN ON EARTH.

THE meanest of all men is he who makes a pretense of loving a woman; deprives her of all other chances in the world by appropriating her to himself; sees her youth and beauty expended in his service; sees her become the mother of his children, and refuses to secure for her by Life Insurance the provision she might have saved from the wages of a hired servant.

WHAT'S THE USE?

THERE are thousands of men who spend all their money, whether little or much, as fast as they make it. A quarter for this, a half dollar for that, a dollar for the other thing, most of them trifles, extravagancies, but representing a sum, which put into Life Insurance would buy a substantial policy, keeping a whole family comfortable and independent after one's death, or providing by an endowment for one's own old age. Why grow gray at work and have nothing left as a reward for industry, when so much can be secured for so little?

PAUL WAS RIGHT.

THE statement of Paul the Apostle to Timothy, concerning the man who neglected to provide for his family, seems a strong one, but it is entirely warranted by facts. Paul is not content with calling him "an infidel," but he intimates that a respectable infidel is a big improvement on him. In fact, he bluntly says "he is worse than an infidel." So he is.

TOO LATE.

AN old New York merchant, once in affluence but now in poverty, preached a forcible sermon on insurance recently, when he said: "Had I taken an endowment policy twenty years ago for \$20,000, I wouldn't have felt the premiums from year to year, for I could well have afforded the expenditure, and I would to-day have had enough to support me in my old age and poverty."

Wise Sayings.

Argument is like an arrow from a bow, which has great force though shot by a child.—*Lord Bacon.*

There is no arithmetician like him who has learned to number his days, and to apply his heart unto wisdom.—*Swinnoch.*

It is better to have an open enemy than a doubtful ally.—*Napoleon I.*

Contemporaries appreciate the man rather than the merit; but posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.—*Colton.*

The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrongdoer.—*Antoninus.*