

From "The Robe of Christ."

At the foot of the Cross on Calvary Three soldiers sat and dined And one of them was the Devil And he won the Robe of Christ. When the Devil comes in his proper form To the chamber where I dwell, I know him and make the Sign of the Cross, Which drives him back to hell. I saw him through a thousand veils, And has not this sufficed Now, must I look on the Devil robed. In the radiant Robe of Christ? He comes, and His face is sad and mild, With thorns His head is crowned, There are great bleeding wounds in His feet. And in each hand a wound. How can I tell, who am a fool, If this be Christ or not? Those bleeding hands outstretched to me! Those eyes that look me so! I see the Robe—I look—I hope—I fear—but there is one Who will direct my troubled mind; Christ's Mother knows her Son, O Mother of Good Council, lend Intelligence to me! Encompass me with wisdom, Thou Tower of Ivory! "This is the Man of Lies," she says, "Disguised with fearful art; He has the wounded hands and feet, But not the wounded heart!" Beside the Cross on Calvary She watched them as they died. She saw the Devil join the game And win the Robe of Christ. —Joyce Kilmer.

A Forgotten Birthday.

(Lulu Linton, in The Youth's Companion.) (Concluded.) "Allowing for anything that could possibly happen, we'll reach the hotel in time for supper," Irma announced. "And early in the morning we'll get our guide and start through the caves, having all the time we'll need to see everything. They say the trip up there is great—such picturesque scenery all along the way. Listen to some of the funny names of the little towns along the road." Suddenly Ruth sat erect. Irma had rattled off the queer post-mark on Aunt Ann's letter. "Don't you really go through Joppa?" she asked. "That is Aunt Ann's Post Office address, and her farm lies just beyond the little village. I remember going there once with father. I thought it was across the world from home then. I can't get used to the way your car annihilates distance." A little later she caused consternation by announcing calmly, "Girls, I'm going to stay with Aunt Ann while you go on to Great Caves." No amount of expostulation or argument seemed to affect her decision, and Irma rushed to her mother for help. "Make her give up this foolish plan," she said. "She's been wild to go, and I can't understand her. She acts so different. Come and talk to her, and make her see that it is all foolishness." "Let her alone," said Mrs. Graydon, gently. "I think that Ruth knows best." If Ruth's high courage waned a bit when she stepped from the big car to the roadside where the gate opened into a lane, and where the mailbox bore the grim name, "Ann Vincent," she did not let the others know; she waved gayly to them as the car rolled away. Walking toward the big, square white house with its green shutters, she remembered that far away day when she had trotted up the lane by her father's side, holding tight to his strong hand. Something like a sob caught in her throat as she thought of the many times that his dear feet must have passed this way. There was no sign of life at the front of the house, but, hearing voices, Ruth followed the walk to the rear. A man in working clothes was starting from the pump toward the back gate, where a horse and plough were waiting, and a woman called after him. And if you've finished that south patch, you will have time to work

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is the healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and dependency. "I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After a few bottles I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me feel young. When my little girl was a day, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. THOMAS L. B., Wallaceburg, Ont.

Food's Sarsaparilla

"cures kidney and liver troubles, restores the back, and builds up the whole system."

the garden over before supper." She was a tall, straight woman with snow-white hair, but when she turned toward the girl, the two pairs of dark eyes that met were very much alike. "Aunt Ann, I have come to stay over night with you," Ruth said, in her quick, direct way. The woman started at the sound of her voice, looked at her keenly, and then held out her hand and said, "You are John's girl." There were no demonstrations; they shook hands like two men. Then they went into the cool sitting room, and Ruth in her straightforward manner began at once to tell how she had happened to come as an unexpected guest. When she had explained, she added, "I came to tell you about the three birthday gifts." Aunt Ann's firm mouth twitched slightly at the corners. "I didn't send them," Ruth went on and told the story. "And while I'm here," she said, "I might just as well tell you, Aunt Ann, that I never have remembered your birthday—though I didn't realize it until this morning; but I know now that it was always mother or Aunt Helen or Aunt Grace who reminded me in time. The part of me that was intended for the purpose of remembering birthdays either doesn't work well, or it was left out entirely. I've a notion that you would have survived without the hug-me-tights and caps and bedroom slippers—but I'm sorry I couldn't remember to send a friendly greeting anyway." Aunt Ann's lips had parted in a broad grin now, and beckoning, she led the way into her bedroom, opened a drawer of the old-fashioned cherry bureau and pointed to the orderly rows and stacks of unused articles, each labelled, "From your loving niece, Ruth." "Do you mean to tell me that you did not make all these things?" she said. "I'm sorry to say that I did not," Ruth admitted. "It seems that the part of a person that is used to contrive fancy things was left out of my make-up, too. For the life of me, I can't see the use of things like those." With a low chuckle Aunt Ann pushed the drawer in—and their visit began. Ruth forgot her fear of the great-aunt, whose favor she had been taught to strive for, and each one of them started in on a new basis of friendship. Before daylight they had explored every field, brook and woodland of the old farm, and Aunt Ann had answered all of Ruth's eager questions about her father, and she was enjoying the girl's frank comradeship more than she had ever hoped to enjoy anything in life again. Ruth felt no regrets over the trip that she was missing. She slept that night in the room that had been her father's, and was standing the next morning by the window, looking out across the fields and woods, thinking of him, when Aunt Ann came in. "You look just like your father, child," she said, putting one hand almost timidly on the girl's shoulder, "and—I am glad since yesterday I've made a decision. I am going to rent the farm and move to the State University town, and I want you to stay with me during school terms for the next four years, and attend the university." "But—I thought—you didn't approve?" "Of the higher education for girls?" Aunt Ann finished. "I

don't—for all girls. Maybe I've been bitter about that subject. You see, I had wanted to go away to school, and finally father had given his consent and I was going in September; but mother died in August. I couldn't go away and leave father and brother right then, so I decided to wait a while. Just after Thanksgiving Brother John got married and brought his wife home. She was like a dear old sister to me, and helped me plan my clothes and get ready to go the next fall. When I was ready to start she died—leaving her baby boy in my care. Late that fall John took typhoid and never seemed to want to get well, and then father had a stroke, and went, too. "I was all that little John had left, and I did the best I could by him. I managed the farm, and raised him, and I had managed to lay by enough for his education. Then he married, and I was left alone, too old to try to make of myself anything except a plain farm woman. All these years I've been watching how easily education comes to most girls, and how little most of them appreciate it; but I hadn't any right to say that none of them deserved it. I got the notion that you were one of the kind that didn't. Since I've seen you, I'm willing to risk it on you." The morning was filled with their planning for the future, and Ruth heard the distant call of the auto horn with genuine regret. At the door she hesitated, then said firmly: "Aunt Ann, they will be so glad at home—those three dear little women. One by one they will take me aside and tell me about remembering your birthday for me. They will be sure that they helped me in that way to a college education—and Aunt Ann, I don't want to be deceitful, but I can't tell them that they didn't." Aunt Ann cleared her throat, and her shrewd dark eyes suddenly grew moist. "That isn't deceit," she said very decidedly. "That is only some of the tact and grace they've been all these years trying to drill into your matter-of-fact Vincent nature, and I'm glad to see that it's taking hold—in the right places." The horn sounded insistently now from the end of the lane. They started to shake hands as they had done the day before; then Ruth suddenly threw both arms about Aunt Ann, and gave her a hug that nearly lifted the older woman from the floor. "Oh, I love you so! I may forget your birthdays to the end of time—but I'll always love you!" And she was away, down the lane as fast as her feet could carry her. Aunt Ann stood quite still until Ruth had vanished from sight, then she wiped her eyes and said to herself: "I used to think it was just palaver and put on, when John's wife was always trying to be nice to everyone, but I guess it came from her kind heart. Seems like Ruth's got her father's straight, honest ways and strong brain and her mother's gentle heart, and—after all—it isn't a bad combination."

Gen. Grant in War Time

"I received a number of letters from General Grant during the war," said the general's cousin, Mrs. Louisa Boggs, several years ago. "They discussed in a loving way his wife, children and his friends in St. Louis. He never went into detail concerning the great work in which he was engaged. For all an outsider might know he was quietly working out some ordinary business matter. In one of his letters to me he closed by remarking that he had a 'big contract on hand,' and was looking forward with pleasure to the family reunion when he got through. The 'big contract' was the annihilation of Lee's army. The letter was written during the terrible campaign in the Wilderness. "General Grant's letters were in harmony with his social life. When he was home on a visit he rarely discussed the tremendous problems that were confronting him. He took the greatest interest in the children, and would devote most of his time to discussing with them how they were getting along in school and other matters connected with their progress. Of course, there were during these times great numbers of visitors

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constantly calling to see him, but I rather think these visits bored him. Not far from our house was a large, rather imposing three-story building. Most people who came out in search of General Grant would select that at a venture, because it was much larger than our house. The lady, a Mrs. Taylor, over there told me one day that she had a good mind to put up a sign something like this: "General Grant doesn't stop here." "General Grant never told any of us what he hoped to do, not even when his largest campaigns were under way. We gathered our war news from the papers, and not from what he told us. I do not recall that he was ever visiting while in our house at St. Louis by a news reporter requesting an interview. He may have talked with some newspaper men, but doubtless they got very little from him if he did. He was one of the closest men concerning the war that you could imagine. You mustn't get an idea that General Grant was morose in those days. He was kind and courteous to all, and enjoyed social intercourse with friends in his quiet way. I never heard him use an oath or slangy expression, nor have I heard men who know him to say he did. "If there was any particular subject of which General Grant could have been said to be deeply interested, aside from his military career, it was his family. He was the most devoted man I ever met, and as loyal to them as he was to his country."

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