

Sunday Reading

The Greater Gift

I wish no wealth or proud estate—
No world-acclaimed prize;
For simple love hath made me great
In a dear woman's eyes.
There are no worldly gifts above
The beauty of a woman's love.

For Fame the glory and the gleams—
Friends, and the scorn of foes.
Dearer to me the humble dream,
And from Love's hand one rose!
And where my lowlier lot shall be,
Only Love's arms to necklace me

For Love his own rewarder is,
The flowery world along.
For Love the thorn is sweet to kiss,
And toil is but a song.
Wherefore I seek no proud estate,
For simple love hath made me great
—Frank L. Stanton.

The Ill-Matched

Some time ago I noticed in one of my home papers a pathetic appeal from a sister whose husband mentally her inferior, was uncongenial and unsympathetic. She was bound to life upon a farm, instead of town life, which she preferred. The care of several little ones excluded all social pleasures, and she found herself very unhappy, longing for the liberty and privileges she, as a teacher, enjoyed before her marriage.

It was with the deepest interest I read the several replies which appeared in a later issue, every one of which contained censure and blame without stint, but hardly a word of that sisterly comfort and advice for which she asked. She asked for bread and received a stone.

Foolish, indeed, she had been to form an alliance with one whom she must have known to be her inferior; wicked, perhaps, in her rebellion at the results of such an ill-advised step nevertheless, a sister in dire distress, and as such entitled to the best that could be offered her. Unfortunately her case is not an unusual one. All over the land exist indifferent husbands, discontented wives, unwelcome little ones, irksome home duties. Their name, alas, is legion!

In this particular case the wife complained that her husband cared nothing for reading, while she possessed a decided literary taste. Having been a teacher, she can, no doubt read well aloud, and this should prove an important factor in creating a better literary atmosphere in the home. Very likely her husband, in common with all men, has a hobby, and I would suggest that in looking over their home papers, she mark such articles as might be of interest to him, and draw his attention to them, or read them to him, particularly if they coincide with the opinions he may chance to hold upon the subject.

I do not consider it a sin for any woman, especially one isolated upon a hill farm, to long for the society of her kind, or to crave the pleasures of an occasional concert or lecture; and I know by experience what it is to miss the church and social privileges to which, from childhood, I had been accustomed in town. Not all women are so constituted that they find the highest pleasures and ideals in life in flocks of chickens and turkeys as one sister suggested in connection with this case. I never did, and I have looked upon many a goodly flock of my own raising, with justifiable pride.

The Blessed Little Ones

But when it comes to the little ones then and there must all rebellion and discontent be crushed out of our lives for their dear sake. All that is sweetest and best in a mother's life is their lawful heritage and nothing short of that can satisfy their just claim.

So let me suggest to this dear sister (and others similarly situated) that in setting about to better her domestic conditions she begin first with her own heart.

Look upward with an abiding faith and trust in God's overruling power and wisdom and see if you cannot discern in

these trials a corrective influence for many a fault in your own character. Open your heart and let in the sunlight of God's wondrous love, and see how quickly it disperses the gloom of rebellion and discontent. Then will you look upon your life with a quickened vision, and old things will become new.

The fact that he is the father of your children will clothe that uncouth husband with at least respect in your eyes, and see if he does not respond to the sweet, womanly, helpfulness you extend to him by an effort to better measure up to your ideals and standards. No man ever yet failed to be proud of his wife's superiority, secretly perhaps, but that chord exists in every man's heart and will vibrate if touched by the finger of wifely love and sympathy. Then,

too, will the care of the little ones be no longer a burdensome task, but a sacred trust, and all these other outside things, good and proper in themselves, will be no longer essential to your happiness.

Perhaps, the future years may hold in their grasp some of the privileges you crave. Then accept them as God's good gifts, not as your rightful due. This is no theory I am advancing, but a knowledge born of personal experience. Believe me, 'tis the only way. Try it and be convinced.—Helper, New York.

Like a Grip at the Throat. For a disease that is not classed as fatal there is probably none which causes more terrible suffering than asthma. Sleep is impossible, the sufferer becomes exhausted and finally, though the attack passes, is left in unceasing dread of its return. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is a wonderful curative agent. It immediately relieves the restricted air passages as thousands can testify. It is sold by dealers everywhere.

Where I Belong

By Ada Melville Shaw.

Maria was old, and Maria was poor, and Maria was a widow. Could it have been worse? Yea, verily, for God was still in His heaven, and all ought to have been right with Maria's world, for it is God's world, too. When Maria became so enfeebled by illness and age that it was no longer safe for her to live alone, a home was opened to her with a sister and brother-in-law. They were kindly, generous people, and their sister ought to have been happy. But she grew more wretched every day, and her gloomy face made other members of the household unhappy.

One day there came still another "outsider," as Maria called it, to live in the sunny, comfortable home. She was hardly a relation, being a cousin of Maria's brother-in-law's sister-in-law. Her name was Letitia. She was like

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