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"Does it take you so long to make up your mind?" whispered Charley. "I know I'm not worthy of you, but, on the other hand, neither is anyone I'll be anything you wish, if you'll think me good enough to begin

She looked down into his eyes; they were very honest eyes, and at that particular instant they were very earnest. Luce blushed slightly, and dropped her own eyes; Charley's hand sought hers, pressed it, and received a gentle pressure in return; then he

"Thank you. God bless you." On the way home she talked to him kindly, but not enthusiastically; she teld him that his proposal had been a great surprise, and perhaps she had accepted it too hastily, for she really had never thought of loving him; but Charley was so grateful, and so willing to wait, and so astonished at his own temerity, and so overwhelmed by his new joy, that she could not help being deeply affected, so she made but a single condition—the affair must be a secret between them until both of them were certain that they were not riage was a serious matter in Brundy, from the dollar-and-cents point of view; and he knew that everyone in the village knew that he had neither money nor prospects, and that his only employment, thus far, had been several months of school teaching, during the winter months, and such occasional work as he could find in the village and among the farmers during He well knew, too, what people would say about a woman like Luce entering a family such as the Wurring family had become, through had become, through the habits of the head of the house. he next morning, therefore, Charley

made haste to find Champ. whom he had betrayed his feeloung man to keep ings, and beg th the matter a profound secret.

He found Champ in the marshland

forest, working as if he were deter-mined to fell all the trees in a single Champ rested upon his axe and kept his eyes on the ground while the Charley and exclaimed: communication was being made; then, without raising his eyes, he said:
"What have you to marry on?"

Keep that to start your fortune h," said Champ. "There's money e for you if you choose to work

"Here? Where? How?"

"By cutting away these trees. If you'll do it and keep at the job until it is done you may have all of the wood. Good firewood brings \$3 a cord in town during the winter months, which aren't off, and the supply is none too want it out of the way, but I've not ime to do it myself."

"Tis mine, then!" exclaimed Charley joyously. "I'll go home at once for my

"You needn't take that trouble," said Champ, anxious to get away from the spectacle of a man so happy, and from such a cause. "You may use mine for the remainder of the day. When you come back after dinner, perhaps you can persuade your father to help you; I'm sure he would do it if he knew the reason. Two pairs of hands are better than one at such a job, for 'twill be no easy one, I assure you.

"Thank you," said Charley. "I'll be glad to have my father with me, for reasons which I needn't explain to you, But, Champ, I feel as if I could do the whole job myself, in a very short time. Oh, I feel like a giant."
"Indeed!" was the reply, given al-

most with a sneer. Yes, indeed. Oh, you may look that way if you like, but you don't understand the feeling. Just wait, though, until you are fairly in love yourself,

"Oh, don't talk to me in that way," exclaimed Champ, biting his lips and turning aside; he felt that if he did not quickly get away he would fly at fellow and strangle him.

"But I must talk so," persisted charley, "and you are the only man to whom I can do it, for no one else (To be Continued.) knows of my great fortune but you. To think that I am the only man in the

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can compare with Luce; honestly now, old fellow, is there?"

Champ took his knife from his pocket and began to shave the rough

bark from the coat of a slippery elm do believe you think there is," said Charley, looking curiously at his companion, "and that you're in love with her. Oh, you sly chap! You always were the quietest young man in the town, and have seldom paid attention to any of the girls, but I do believe I have found you cut. Who is she? have found you out. Who is she? I won't tell anybody. I'd like to know that some other man is as happy as I.

Has she said 'Yes'?"
"Will you kindly attend to your own
business and leave mine to me?" asked Champ, suddenly turning on Charley a face like a thunder-cloud. The younger man exclaimed quickly: "I beg a thousand pardons, Champ.

I didn't mean to be impertment. You never saw anything like that in me, "Not until a few moments ago," was the reply. "But I don't want ever to see it again."

"You shan't I assure you," said Charley in haste, as he began to tone down his excitement by attacking the largest tree near at hand. He worked vigorously several moments, but finally

stopped to say:
"Let me talk of Luce, though. She is so grand, so good, so unlike all other girls. I've thought myself in love before, but I soon found out 'twas all fancy." Charley leaned on his axe and looked contemplatively at the ground a moment or two before he continued.
"Other girls semed to like me to make love to them, but it soon became an old story to both of us, for they seemed to have nothing in their minds but that I was trifling and merely romantic, but Luce—why, there's something in the very tone of her voice that makes her seem different from every other young woman, and better. She's -she's-oh, she's thoroughly womanly while the others are merely girlish.
Don't you think that is the proper
distinction, so far as you have observed her and other Brundy girls?"

As Charley asked this question he raised his eyes for the answer, but Champ was no longer standing before him. Charley looked slowly about him, but could see Champ nowhere; then he quickly peered between the trees, in every direction, and finally saw Champ some distance away, walking rapidly and with his fingers to his ears. "I declare," exclaimed the young man

to himelf, yet softly, as if he feared for he was concerned, for Luce's sake, about what people would say should they know of what had occurred. Marman generally so kind and sympathetic as Champ could have been quite so rude. Did I really say anything that was dreadfully silly?"

He thought a little while about it, and this naturally set him to thinking about Luce, and the subject was so interesting that he could not give any attention to anything else, so he leaned against a tree and indulged in delightful day-dreaming for he knew not how long. Neither could he afterwards imagine how long he might have continued at his congenial occupation had he not been startled by a footfall, and, looking about him, seen Champ returning, with an axe in his hand. Champ at first looked sheepishly toward him, and said:

"I thought I could spare half a day to help you." When, however, the big fellow cast his eyes about and saw not a tree had been felled since he made his escape, he glared savagely at

"Not a cent," was the reply, "though have offered this wood to a better man, ere's the half dollar you lent me last even if I had been obliged to look for one not in love. I suppose you would like me to do all the work for you,

after giving you the trees—eh?"
Charley's face turned scarlet; he seized his axe and began to make chips fly rapidly. Champ also attacked a tree, and for a few moments mo sound was heard but that of the axes upon the tree trunks. Soon Charley wanted to stop, for he was unaccustomed to the work, and his hands had begun to blister, but after what Champ had said There's at least a couple of the young man was resolved to suffer hundred dollars' worth here, and I anything rather than remain under the cruel imputation of being willing that Champ should earn the money on which the younger man should wed Luce Grew. Suddenly, however, to his great relief, Champ's tree fell, and the axeman stood aside for a moment.
"I covet your strength," exclaimed Charley, "and I'm going to have it, or something like it, if hard work will get it for me. A man who is to marry Luce Grew should have as much muscle as

> heart." "Talk is cheap," responded Champ. After this there was nothing for Charley to do but attack his tree Soon, however, the blisters in his right hand began to break, and the pain was very like torture, so he laid down his axe and began to blow upon the palms of his hands. Champ approached him, took his hand roughly and looked at it. Then he looked in-quiringly into Charley's face and said: "You're more of a man than I thought you. You can't go on with such a hand. Wait a moment." went to a hollow tree and drew

from it a pair of old leather gloves and a small bottle of oil. 'Here: put some of this on your hands, and put these gloves on. in a while I'm afflicted in the same way, after I've been out of axe practice a little while. Give the oil a few

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Sir Alfred Lyall, member of the Council of India, is promoted to be a Knight Grand Commander of the Indian Em-

A LIFE SAVED.-Mr. James Bryson Cameron states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly than a nair-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

showing Their Colors.

Dr. Talmage Thinks That Christians Should "Say So."

-A Sermon From This Text.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 20.-Dr. Talmage never produced a more practical and suggestive sermon than his of yesterday. His subject was, "Say So," and the text selected was Psalms cvii., 2: "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

An overture, an antiphon, a doxology is this chapter, and in my text David calls for an outspoken religion, and requests all who have been rescued and blessed no longer to hide the But let them not wait for such days splendid facts, but to recite them, pub- as I pray to God may never come. lish them, and as far as possible, let all the world know about it. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." There is a sinful reticence which has been almost canonized. The people are quite as outspoken as they ought to be on all subjects of politics, and are fluent and voluble on the Venezuelan ques-tion, and bi-metalism, and tariffs, high and low and remodeled, and female suffrage, and you have to skillfully watch your chances if you want a model suggestion of your own; but on the subject of divine goodness, religious experience and eternal blessedness they are not only silent, but boastful of their reticence. Now, if you have been redeemed of the Lord, why do you not say so? If you have in your heart the pearl of great price, worth more than the Koh-i-noor among Victorian jewels, why not let others see it? If you have got off the wreck in the breakers, why not tell of the crew and the stout lifeboat that safely landed you?

In these January days, thousands of ministers and private Christians are wondering about the best way of starting a revival of religion. I can tell you a way of starting a revival, conting tal, hemispheric and world-wide. then, shall a universal revival By all Christian people telling the story of their own conversion. Let ten men and women get up next week in your prayer meeting, and, not in a conventional or canting or dofeful way, but in the same tone they employ in the family or place of business, tell how they crossed the line, and the re-vival will begin then and there, if the prayer meeting has not been so dull as to drive out all except those con-cerning whom it was foreordained from all eternity that they should be there. There are so many different ways of being converted that we want to hear

all kinds, so that our own case may be

helped. It always puts me back to hear only one kind of experience, such as a man gives when he tells of his Pauline conversion—how he was knocked senseless, and then had a vision and heard voices, and after a certain number of days of horror got up and shouted for joy. All that discourages me, for I was never knocked senseless, and I never had such a sudden burst of religious rapture that I lost my equilibrium. But after a while a Christian man got up in some meeting and told us how he was brought up by a devout parentage, and had al-ways been thoughtful about religious Charley and exclaimed:

"You're a fine fellow to think of marrying, aren't you? You've not chopped a stroke since I left you. I had better

ways been thoughtful about religious things, and gradually the peace of the Gospel came into his soul like the dawn of the morning—no perceptible difference between moment and moment-but after awhile all perturbation settled down into a hope that had consoled and strengthened him during li the vicissitudes of a lifetime. I said: "That is exhilarating; that was my experience," and so I was strengthened. In another prayer meeting a man got up and told us how he once hated God, and went through all the round of iniquity, until we were all on net-tles lest he should go too much into the particulars, but one day he was by some religious power hurled flat, and then got up a Christian, and had ever since been going around with a Bagster Bible with large flaps under his arm, a floating evangelist. Well, under this story, many are not helped at all, for they know they never hated God, and they were never dissolute. But after awhile some Christian wo-man arises and says: "I have something extraordinary to tell; yet I think the cares of life, the anxieties about my children, and two graves opened in our family plot, made me feel the need of God, and weak and helpless, and heartbroken, I flung my-self upon his mercy, and I feel what the Bible calls the 'peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and I ask your prayers that I may live nearer to the Christ who has done so much I declare that before that for me." woman got through we were all crying. no bitter tears, but tears of joyful emotion, and in three days in that

> Let the same outspokenness be employed toward those by whom we have been personally advantaged. Those eyes, long before they took on spectacles, were watching for your welfare, and their hands, not smooth and much more deeply lined than once, have done for you many a good day's work. Life has been to them more of a struggle than you will ever know about, and much of the struggle has been for you, and how much they are wrapped up in your welfare you will never appreciate. Have you by word or gift or behavior expressed your thanks? time will soon pass, and they will be gone out of your sight, and their ears will not hear and their eyes will not If you owe them any kindness of deed or any words of appreciation, why do you not say so? How much we might all of us save ourselves in the matter of regrets if we did not delay until too late an expression of obligation that would have made the last years of earthly life more attractive. The grave is deaf, and epitaphs on cold marble cannot make repara-

neighborhood all the ice had gone out

In conjugal life the honeymoon is scon past, and the twain take it for granted that each is thoroughly un-derstood. How dependent on each other they become, and the years go by, and perhaps nothing is said to make the other fully understand that sense of dependence. Impatient words sometimes come forth, and motives are misinterpreted, and it is taken as a matter of course that the two walk the path of life side by side until about the same time their journey shall be ended; but some sudden and appalling illness unloosens the right hands that were clasped years before at the altar of orange blossoms, the parting takes place, and among the worst of all the sorrows is that you did not oftener, if you ever did at all, tell her or tell him how indispensable she was, or how indispensable he was to your happiness, and that in some plain, square talk, long ago, you did not ask for forgive-ness for infirmities and neglects, and by some unlimited utterance make it

understood that you fully appreciated the fidelity and reinforcement of many years. Alas! how many such have to lament the rest of their lives, "Oh, if

I had only said so!"

My subject takes a wider range.

The Lord has hundreds of thousands of people among those who have never joined his army because of some high ideal of what a Christian should be, or because of a fear that they may not hold out, or because of a spirit of procrastination. They are re-deemed of the Lord, and yet do not say so. Oh, what an augmentation it would be if by some divine impulse all those outsiders should become insiders. I tell you what would bring them to their right places, and perhaps nothing else will. Days of per-secution. If they were compelled to take sides as between Christ and his enemies, they would take the side of Christ, and the faggots and the in-struments of torture, and the ana-themas of all earth and hell would not make them blanch. Martyrs are made out of such stuff as they are. Drawn by the sense of fairness and justice and obligation, let them show their colors. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!
But to make up for this lack of out-

spoken religion there needs to be, and will be, a Great Day, when amid the solemnity and grandeur of a listen-ing universe God will "say so." No statistics can state how many mothers have rocked cradles and hovered over infantile sicknesses, and brought up the families to manhood and womanhood, and launched them upon useful and successful lives, and yet never received one "Thank you" that amounted to anything. The daughters became queens in social life, or were affianced in the highest realms of prosperity; the sons took the first honors of the university and became radiant in monetary or professional spheres. Now the secret of all that uplifted maternal influence must come out. Society did not say so; the church did not say so; the world did not say so; but on that day of all other days, the Last Day, God will

say so. There are men to whom life is a grind and a conflict, hereditary tendencies to be overcome, accidental environments to be endured, appalling opposition to be met and conquered, and they never so much as had a rose pinned in their coat lapel in admiration. They never had a song dedicated to their name. They never had a book presented to them with a complimentary word on the fly-leaf.

All they have to show for their lifetime battle is scars. But in the last day the story will come out, and that life will be put in holy and transcendent rythm, and their courage, and persistence, and faith, and victory will not only be announced but re warded. "These are they that came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." God will say so! But the wives who in all ages have encouraged their husbands in the battles of life, women whose names hardly known beyond the next street or the next farmhouse, must have God say to them, "You did well! You did gloriously! I saw you down in that dairy, I watched you in the old farmhouse, mending those children's clothes. I heard what you said in the way of cheer when the bread-winner of the household was in despair. I remember all the sick cradles you have sung to. I remember the back-aches, the headaches, the heartaches. I know the story of your knittingneedle as well as I have known the story of a queen's scepter. Your castle on the heavenly hill is all ready for you. Go up and to turning to the surprised multitudes of heaven, he will say, "She did what she could." God will say so.

Neighbors.

Three Years Ailing—Had To Quit Work, But Was Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Quion, Que. Jan. 21 .- "Do any of you know a Mr. Ewen Grant of this place?" This was asked by your representative as he walked into one of the principal stores here. All but one of the half dozen men about the store answered yes. "He says that until recently recovered, that most of the time for the past three years he has been too weak and ill to work." "Yes, that is true," "Certainly," answered three or four of the men.

"That about two years ago, on that account he had to leave his job at Glenwood sawmill?" "Yes; I know that, for I worked there

when he left," said one. "And a fine strapping fellow he used to be, too," said of the river in a spring time freshet of salvation. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

another.

That finally he was prostrated by a cold, was fearfully ill, and that he lost his sight,

hearing and memory."
"Yes," said one, "and when he got up he

was a skeleton all but his legs, which were swollen to three times their natural size with dropsy."
"He states that hearing of Dodd's Kidney
Pills that Mr. Gideon Smith gave him \$2 to

buy the first four boxes, and-"Yes; very likely," smiled several, "for he is that open-hearted. It's just like he

"And he states that after taking five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills that he has completely recovered, and that he is as able to work as ever he was in his life?" "Yes," said one, "he talks to every one he meets about Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am sure I could not say as to the number of boxes, but his cure was no doubt brought

about by using the pills."
"But he says he had Bright's disease?"
"That is what one of the village doctors told me," said one, "and he told me he was past medical help."

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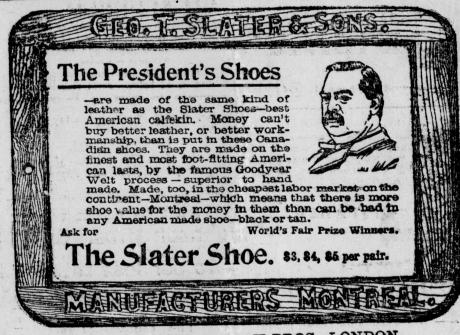
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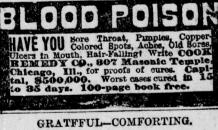
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