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from the great religious and ethical value of a knowledge of it, a familiarity with the Bible is necessary for good understanding of literature. Do you know why Mrs. Wharton named her novel "The House of Mirth?" "No," answered Lillian. "Then search the Book of Ecclesiastes. Do you know why Mrs. Deland called a story 'Many Waters?'" "No: I read it, and couldn't see any sense to the title." "That was because you hadn't read 'Solomon's Song.' These two names happened to occur to me now, and as you become acquainted with the Bible, you will see what fullness and richness it has given to nearly all our literature. "Well, I intend to become acquainted with it," said Lillian. And she wrote home that night and asked her father to send her her mother's Bible.—Youth's Companion.

TWO THORNS.

It hurt. Every minute it seemed to hurt worse—worse, Elizabeth said. She kept uncrumpling at her palm and looking at it, and touching it to make sure it hurt very much—and groaning softly under her breath. There was nobody in the world Elizabeth pitied so much as Elizabeth, for probably there wasn't any other little girl with a cruel thorn in her hand. Mademoiselle looked very sorry, but Elizabeth would not look at Mademoiselle. You don't look at folks that keep you a whole hour away from your play to learn your spelling all over again, or that say: "What, what!" at you when you say your threetable. Folks like that you—spise. "Gov'nnesses are dreadful folks," sighed Elizabeth. "I wish my mother'd let me go to school instead of having me governed." But she could not wish anything very long, except that the thorn would come out of her hand. It certainly did ache worse than ever—there now, didn't it! Hadn't she pinched it to see, and didn't "Elizabeth"—the voice was quite gentle, but firm. Elizabeth did not turn round. Her little white forehead above the tan line was wrinkled with real pain. "There is still the spelling"—As if she could learn spelling with a thorn in her hand! But she opened the book again and whispered "A-c-h-e—a-c-h-e" over and over to herself. Why! Why! That was what she was doing now, this minute—ach-e-ing! Elizabeth laughed softly, in spite of herself. After that the word was easy enough to spell. Elizabeth was eight; but as long as she lived, even when she was eighty, she would know how to spell a-c-h-e. Some one was talking to Mademoiselle at the door. "No," Mademoiselle was sighing. "I cannot yet come." Some words Elizabeth lost there, then. "She is my little what you call—thorn in the flesh." Elizabeth sat up straighter. The speller slid to the floor. "She means me," she thought. "She's got one in her flesh, too, and it's—me!" It was rather a startling idea. It had never been clear like that before—what her naughtiness was like to Mademoiselle. How much it must hurt if it was like a thorn in her hand! It must burn and

sting and ache—a-eh-e. How much it must a-c-h-e! Elizabeth found herself beginning to be sorry for Mademoiselle on account of that thorn. If some one would take it out! Nobody in the world could take it out except Elizabeth. And Elizabeth—she turned suddenly and ran to Mademoiselle. "I'll take it out!" laughed Elizabeth, softly. "I've got one in my hand, too, an' I know how it hurts. I never s'posed before that thorns and—and bad little girls hurt just alike. I can spell a-c-h-e now, an' my tables. Don't you think it will come out of your flesh then?" Mademoiselle understood. With a little cry she caught Elizabeth up and kissed her. Then as gently as she could she uncrumpled the little aching hand and drew out Elizabeth's thorn. They were both laughing when it was over, so Mademoiselle's thorn must have come out, too.

A BOY'S FIRST ROOM.

I've got a room, now, by myself, A room my very own,
It has a door that I can shut,
And be there all alone;
It has a shelf, a closet, too,
A window just for me;
And hooks where I can keep my clothes
As neat as neat can be.
A lovely paper's on the wall;
A rug is on the floor—
If I had known how fine it was,
I'd had a room before.
I like to go there after school,
Way off from every one;
I felt—well—sort of scared at first,
But now I think it's fun.
The voices of the folks down-stairs
Seem faint and far away.
I hear the rain upon the roof;
I watch the birds at play;
Oh yes, it's often very still,
A night there's not a sound—
But I let mother in, of course,
When bedtime comes around.
—"Youth's Companion."

Would you die the death of the righteous? Would you become righteous? Believe with your heart on the Lord Jesus Christ. He is our righteousness. As a poor sin-

Good Intentions

are good—but "doing it" is better.
You "have been intending to get a bottle of Abbey's Salt."
Very good! But *get it—today—now—and be rid of that Stomach, Liver or Bowel Trouble from which you suffer.*

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If you want to eat a dangerous meal at late hours take a tablet with you and fear no evil consequences or make up your mind that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will reduce the ill effects of over eating.

They are made up from fruit and vegetable essences and their tablet form of preparation preserves these qualities longer than fluid or powder modes of administering the same essences.

They have been tried for years and found to be not wanting. You don't buy a new thing in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, you purchase a remedy for stomach trouble that has a record for cures by the thousand. Ask the druggist, then give him 50c. for a package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, or send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

ner, ready to perish, flee to this Saviour for life: humbly confess to Him your sins; cast yourself at the foot of His cross; pray for mercy, for the pardon of your sins through His blood, which has been shed for sin; pray for faith to believe in Him as your Saviour; pray for grace to convert and make new your heart. Thus seek, and you will find: thus ask, and you will have: thus knock, and it will be opened unto you. You will be righteous. God will be with you through life: and when you come to die, He will not forsake you.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life draws upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.