

If You Are Poor.

If you are poor you share the lot With many of earth's best; Not what you have, but what you are, Is the touchstone and the test; The Workman of Nazareth Told for his daily bread, And was so poor he had not where To lay his weary head; His life ennobled poverty, And he this truth preserved, That 'tis a grander thing by far To serve than to be served.

If you are poor you know the pinch Of cold, and want, and pain, But you can judge, as none beside, What is true loss, what gain; And you can estimate the worth, To one who is cast down, Of the neighbor's friendly word and act, Or the rich man's half-crown; And you can give most generously, And raise your life of poverty, By many a noble deed.

If you are poor—but not in heart— You rich you envy not; You know he is not really rich For all that he has got; Unless he owns those riches, too Common to all mankind, A generous nature, a true heart, And an exalted mind.

If you are poor, with faithful hands, Clever, and apt to work, The servant of man's mind That will no duty shrink; Too proud to make the long day's work As small as is the wage; Too high, too clean, too true to let Base thoughts the hours engage— If thus your conscience obeys, You own for your estate, That which uplifts you to the world, And makes you truly great.

If you are poor, you cannot kill Your soul with luxury; Nor waste God's best gift of time In idle vanity; Nor live a useless, aimless life, Nor lose in ease your health, Nor say that life is nothing worth, Nor harbor love for wealth, Nor spread a covering of gold Over a deed of sin, Nor hope to buy with money that Which honor may not win.

If you are poor, in all life's good You yet may have a share— The faith that breathes in prayer, The air, the sun, the stars, the flowers, The joy of charity, the love, And with the Father fellowship In things of life above. Oh, keep the highest, richest, let The poorest, meanest go, For no man needs be truly poor Who does not will it so.

LUDWIG AND ELOISE.

A Story That Tells of the Paths of a Broken Heart.

Once upon a time there were two youths named Herman and Ludwig; and they both loved Eloise, the daughter of the old burgomaster. Now, the old burgomaster was very rich, and having no child but Eloise, he was anxious that she should be well married and settled in life. "For," said he, "death is likely to come to me at any time; I am old and feeble, and I want to see my child sheltered by another's love before I am done with earth forever."

Eloise was much beloved by all the village, and there was not one who would not gladly have taken her to wife; but none loved her so much as did Herman and Ludwig. Nor did Eloise care for any but Herman and Ludwig, and she loved Herman. The burgomaster said: "Choose whom you will—I care not! So long as he be honest I will have him for a son, and thank Heaven for him."

So Eloise chose Herman, and all said she chose wisely; for Herman was young and handsome, and by his valor had won distinction in the army, and had thrice been complimented by the general. So when the brave young captain led Eloise to the altar there was great rejoicing in the village. The beaux, forgetting their disappointments, and the maidens seeing the cause of their jealousy removed, made merry together; and it was said that never had there been in the history of the province an event so joyous as was the wedding of Herman and Eloise.

But in all the village there was one aching heart. Ludwig; the young musician, saw with quiet despair the maiden he loved go to the altar with another. He had known Eloise from childhood, and he could not say when his love of her began, it was so very long ago; but now he knew his heart was consumed by a hopeless passion. Once, at a village festival, he had begun to speak to her of his love; but Eloise had placed her hand kindly upon his lips and told him to say no further, for they had always been and always would be brother and sister. So Ludwig never spoke his love after that, and Eloise and he were as brother and sister; but the love of her grew always within him, and he had no thought but of her.

And now, when Eloise and Herman were wed, Ludwig feigned that he had received a message from a rich relative in a distant part of the kingdom bidding him come thither, and Ludwig went from the village and was seen no more. When the burgomaster died all his possessions went to Herman and Eloise; and they were accounted the richest folk in the province, and so good and charitable were they that they were beloved by all. Ludwig had risen to greatness in the army, for by his valorous exploits he had become a general, and he was much endeared to the king. And Eloise and Herman lived in a great castle in the midst of a beautiful park, and the people came and paid them reverence there. And no one in all these years spoke of Ludwig. No one thought of him, Ludwig was forgotten. And so the years went by.

music was always of youth and love; it touched every heart with its simplicity and pathos, and all wondered how this old and broken man could create so much of tenderness and sweetness on these themes.

But when the king sent for the Master to come to court the Master returned him answer: "No, I am old and feeble. To leave my home would weary me unto death. Let me die here as I have lived these long years, weaving my music for hearts that need my solace."

Then the people wondered. But the king was not angry; in pity he sent the Master a purse of gold, and bade him come or not come, as he would. Such honor had never before been shown any subject in the kingdom, and all the people were dumb with amazement. But the Master gave the purse of gold to the poor of the village wherein he lived.

In those days Herman died, full of honors and years, and there was a great lamentation in the land, for Herman was beloved by all. And Eloise wept unceasingly and would not be comforted.

On the seventh day after Herman had been buried there came to the castle in the park an aged and bowed man who carried in his white and trembling hands a violin. His kindly face was deeply wrinkled, and a venerable beard swept down upon his breast. He was weary and footsore, but he heeded not the words of pity bestowed on him by all who beheld him tottering on his way. He knocked boldly at the castle gate, and demanded to be brought into the presence of Eloise.

And Eloise said: "Bid him enter; perchance his music will comfort my breaking heart." Then, when the old man had come into her presence, behold! he was the Master,—ay, the Master whose fame was in every land, whose heart-music was on every tongue.

"If thou art indeed the Master," said Eloise, "let thy music be balm to my chastened spirit." The Master said: "Ay, Eloise, I will comfort thee in thy sorrow, and thy heart shall be stayed, and a great joy will come over thee."

Then the Master drew his bow across the strings, and lo! forthwith there arose such harmonies as Eloise had never heard before. Gently, persuasively, they stole upon her senses and filled her soul with an ecstasy of peace. "Is it Herman that speaks to me?" cried Eloise. "It is his voice I hear, and it speaks to me of love. With thy heart-music, O Master, all the sweetness of his life comes back to comfort me!"

The master did not pause; as he played, it seemed as if each tender word and caress of Herman's life was stealing back on music's pinions to sooth the wounds that death had made. "It is a song of our love-life," murmured Eloise. "How full of memories it is—what tenderness and harmony—and, oh! what peace it brings! But tell me, Master, what means this minor chord—this undertone of sadness and of pathos that flows like a deep, unfathomable current throughout it all, and, wailing, weaves itself about thy theme of love and happiness with its weird and subtle influences?"

Then the Master said: "It is that shade of sorrow and sacrifice, O Eloise, that ever makes the picture of love more glorious. An undertone of pathos has been my part in all these years to symmetrize the love of Herman and Eloise. The song of thy love is beautiful, and who shall say it is not beautified by the sad undertone of Ludwig's broken heart?"

WHERE THEY LEFT "DADDY."

A cart drawn by a single ox drove up to the depot platform and a middle-aged colored man and his wife and five children got out, writes M. Quad, in the New York World. They had bundles and were going to some point in Georgia. The cart was driven away by a negro boy, and twenty minutes later one of the queerest old daddies you ever saw came down the street it had taken. He was bow-legged, hump-backed, gray-haired and lame, and he looked to be a hundred years old.

"Thar comes daddy!" exclaimed the woman as she caught sight of him, and each one of the children echoed the cry. The old man hopped and hobbled in a queer way, and he looked scared and envious as he finally arrived at the platform. Just then the husband came up and demanded: "Now, what yo's doin' yere, old daddy?"

"I dun can't stay—'deed I can't!" replied the old man. "But yo's got to! Didn't we talk it all over? Didn't we dun say we couldn't take yo'?"

"Chillens!" said daddy, as he reached out his hands, "doan' leave the ole man yere! He's dun gwine to starve to death if yo'do! Moses—Mary—take de ole man long up to Gargia wid yo'!"

We began to make inquiries, and we found the family to be squatters on a piece of land four or five miles from town. Moses was his own son and for four or five years the old man had been almost helpless, and consequently a burden. To get rid of him they were going to journey to a new location, leaving him entirely alone on the "squat" to live as best he could.

They had talked it over two or three times with him, but he was so old and childish that he had not fairly understood. They had secretly laid their plans and had slipped quietly away in the early morning leaving him fast asleep. When he awoke and missed them he set out for the depot, and here he was to appeal to his own flesh and blood not to be left behind.

The daughter-in-law seemed to be bitter against him and to exercise a strong influence over the son. While he stood there begging for his life, as it were, she rose up and gave him a slap and said: "It's no use, old daddy! We hain't dun gwine to take yo, an' if you doan' go back I'll hurt you powerful bad!"

Several of us interceded to prevent further assault. The old man took it meekly, and turned to the son with: "Moses, yo' was de only child I got. Was yo' gwine to leave yo' ole daddy to die in de bresh?"

"We dun can't take yo, 'cause yo's too ole it costs too much." "I'll work, Moses—I'll work hard if yo' take me!" "I say we ain't gwine to take yo," bluntly exclaimed the woman. "Gran'chillens!" he pleaded, as he turned to the little ones, "is yo' all gwine to leave yo' ole gran'fadder to starve an' die?"

Salvation out of the Church.

Some of the Protestant papers attempted to relieve the dullness of the heated term by misrepresenting the Catholic doctrine about "exclusive salvation," as they call it. Now we may distinguish four classes of men in this matter:

- 1. Those who never heard the true doctrine.
2. Those who had heard it, but not in such a way as to convince them of their duty of believing.
3. Those that heard and were convinced, and accepted the teaching.
4. Those that felt that they could not rightly refuse belief, but who maliciously refused to do that which they knew to be right.

These last of the fourth class alone come under the condemnation that attaches to want of belief. Any ignorance afterwards is merely "affected." They are not in bona fide; in such a state salvation for them is impossible. We believe, however, there are millions of Protestants who do not belong to this category.—New York Sunday Democrat.

THE REVERING OF RELICS.

Our Protestant friends, says the Glasgow Observer, are very often guilty themselves of practices which they affect to reprehend strongly in us. The latest case in point is furnished by a Methodist Conference which is about to meet at Washington. The collection of relics brought together for veneration is truly described as "formidable." The collection includes famous documents written by the Fathers of the Church, locks of hair from the heads of noted bishops and preachers, and spectacles worn by the pioneers of American Methodism.

Bishop Asbury's old tobacco-canister, his travelling companion for so many years, will occupy a prominent place, and "Among other articles are the old-fashioned razor cases of the Rev. Jacob Gruber; Bishop McKendree's clothes-brush, worn down to a stump; the Sunday cane of the Rev. Henry Smith, made from a timber of the first Methodist church among the Indians at Sandusky; a cane from the timber of Strowbridge church at Pipe Creek; another cane from the rigging-loft in New York City in which the Methodists first worshipped, before the building of Wesley chapel in John street; a cane from Mount Olive, once used by Bishop Beverly Waugh; one made from the wood of the original pulpit of the old Eutaw church of Baltimore; another that was carried by Bishop Francis Burns, of Africa; one cut from a cherry tree under which Strowbridge preached, and one from Wesley Grove, City Road chapel, London."

The "relics" it will be noticed are not extremely ascetical in character. The clothes brush and the canes compare rather oddly with the hair shirts of Catholic saints, but Catholicism and Methodism show no nearer parity.

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Anty's Advice. "My brother had severe summer complaint about a year ago and no remedies seemed to relieve him. At last my aunt advised us to try Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and before he had taken one bottle he was entirely cured."—Adelaide Crittenden, Baldwin, Ont.

Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N. Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, until she tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

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OUR BO

A Noble Early death the throne Le gundy, Grand France. He thoughtful boy eleven years. is one of man nobility of cha One day Lou skelter down the deny fell and so afraid of frig so anxious that charge of him he told no one He suffered time, and at la his mother al found that an the knee. Th ration, and th into the next t the matter ove an operation m When the da arrived, the pr pare him for it "I hope you quietly," he sai Louis smiled "I knew all me two mont heard what th did not menti should think I Now the fatal me alone for a I shall be read When the tri see the instrum his hands he sa "I can bear get well again Chloroform days, and the been very hard the little fell and when it wa reward in the father and mot Then came and weakness, boy sadly, yet pain was mon that he allowe and it was u tendants that it ticularly anxio and comfort, it self was sufferi "Dear Tou one of his favo too much for a Go out and get try and do with hours." Night after n ferer, not yet e lie awake in p groan or cry o the attendants and if he were in thing it was in could disturb n At last throa fering came to hearted boy di with his arms neck. There is on well describes l serve as a mot much, but I will