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not from disappointment, but from the hopelessness and bitterness of thought which it so often engenders. We attain unto this perfect liberty when we rise superior to untoward circumstances, triumph over the pain and weakness of disease, over unjust criticism, the wreck of earthly hopes, over promptings to envy, every sordid and selfish desire, every unhallowed longing, every doubt of God's wisdom and love and kindly care, when we rise into an atmosphere of unflinching moral courage, of restful content, of child-like trust, of holy, all-conquering calm.—W. W. Kingsley.

WHAT RALPH SAW.

Ralph had been sick a whole month, and now that he was able to sit up again, he liked to have his chair by the window, where he could look out and watch the men who were at work upon a new house which was being built next door.

He was so glad that the men were at work there just at this time, for the days sometimes seemed very long to him, and he liked to see the house growing before his eyes. Nothing else entertained him for so long a time.

But one day the funniest thing happened at the new house. A strange workman appeared upon the scene, but this workman hindered more than he helped.

Ralph was at his accustomed place at the window, and was watching a carpenter, who was measuring pieces of lumber for a certain part of the building. Ralph saw him take out his measure, and mark the length with a pencil. He then laid the pencil down beside him while he sawed the board. Pretty soon he looked around to get his pencil, and it was gone. He looked about a few minutes; then he took another pencil from his pocket. He marked another board with this and laid it down as before, and when he wanted it again, it, too, was gone.

The man now began to look vexed, and he searched all about, probably expecting to find some mischievous boy around. Ralph thought. But finding no boy and no pencils, he borrowed another

Flannels

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One of the Millions.

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pencil of one of the workmen, and this time, when he got through using it, he put it in his pocket. So he managed in this way to keep the one he had borrowed.

Presently he seemed to have measured all the boards he needed, and then he began nailing them in place. He took a handful of nails from the pocket of the big apron that he wore and laid them down within easy reach. He used a few of them, and when he reached around for more there were no more there. Then he stood straight up, took off his cap and scratched his head.

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Ralph had been watching all this time, and had seen where all the missing articles went, and now at the man's perplexity he laughed aloud. Mamma, who was in the next room, heard the merry laugh, and it did her good. She determined to go in as soon as she finished the dusting and see what was amusing Ralph so much.

After the loss of his nails, the workman seemed to think something was wrong. He looked all about, questioning some of the other carpenters, and finally went to work once more. But this time he took the nails from his pocket only as he needed them, and once in a while he would look around as if watching for somebody. But as nobody appeared, he at last seemed quite to forget his mysterious losses, and to work on in his usual manner.

It was a warm day, and as the sun rose higher he began to feel very warm. Ralph could see how heated he looked, and finally he took out a large red handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

He seemed a very absent-minded sort of workman, for now he laid his handkerchief down beside him while he again turned to his work.

"Mamma, come quick, quick!" Ralph shouted, and mamma hurried to his side.

He pointed to the window. "Now, watch that man's handkerchief," he said. "Don't take your eyes off from it."

Mamma wondered what Ralph meant, but she did as he said, and pretty soon, when the man had gone to work and quite turned his back to his handkerchief, down swooped a big black crow, picked up the handkerchief, and flew off with it.

Then how Ralph did laugh and clap his hands. "It's just too funny, mamma," he said. And then he explained to her how the crow had been playing jokes on the carpenter all the morning. Mamma laughed, too, and then she said, "I think, Ralph, that we will have to arrest Mr. Crow. Shall we tell the man who his tormenter is?"

"Yes," said Ralph; "only do please wait till he finds his handkerchief gone."

So they waited, and presently the man turned to take up his handkerchief, for he had grown very warm again. His look of blank astonishment when he found it was gone was too much for both Ralph and mamma, and they laughed till the tears stood in their eyes.

Then mamma went out to the front steps and tried to call to the man, but he was shouting and gesticulating to the other workmen in such a frantic way that she had to go over to the building before she could make him hear her.

Ralph watched from the window. He saw the man turn at last and listen to what his mamma had to say, and he saw them both

go around to the farther end of a pile of lumber, where there was a space between two boards, and there, safely stored away, were the pencils, nails and handkerchief, as they expected.

Then Ralph saw mamma point up into the branches of a tree which stood near, and from which as she did so, there came a cry of "Caw! caw! caw!"

The other workmen shouted with laughter. At first the subject of Mr. Crow's practical jokes was inclined to be angry, but at last his better nature conquered, and he laughed with the rest.

As he went back to work, Ralph saw him take the handkerchief and tie it under his chin, and mamma explained when she came in that he said he would have to tie his cap on or the bird would be flying off with that next.

But Jim Crow seemed satisfied with his morning's work, and after his trick was discovered, he flew off home, and the poor workman was left in peace.

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