

would you tie him to any loose peice of brush lying on the ground?"

"No; I wouldn't tie him to some bwush," said Jamie, scornfully. "He'd wun and dwag it off."

"That's it," answered Rob, delighted with his own clearness of exposition. "And if you were going out into the water and wanted a rope to pull yourself in by and hold you so you couldn't be swept away, you would fasten the end of it to something strong and solid that wouldn't pull loose and let you sink. Well, the folks that do to tie to are the ones that stand fast to what they say—the ones you can always trust to do the right thing, no matter how much pulling there may be in other directions."

"Yes. I tie to you, Wobert," said Jamie admiringly. "You're that kind of a boy to tie to, ain't you?"

Was he? Rob wondered a trifle uneasily as he walked away. He had never thought of asking himself such a question before, but his attempt to explain the subject to Jamie had made it stand out very clearly. He knew the two kinds of boys he had been describing and he could count the few who always stood where they ought, for everything good and right, and who could be depended upon to hold others fast, instead of being moved themselves. But the many "who went with the crowd," and yielded to every influence that touched them—he could not be sure that he was wholly unlike them. He knew that he was carrying the definition farther than Ralph had thought of doing when he used the words, but the thought would not be put away, though he impatiently tried to do it. He found himself watching his companions, and noting contrasts, watching himself and making deductions not altogether comfortable; but, after all, the strange study taught him more than many of the professor's wise lectures had done.

At dinner Jamie suddenly looked up from his plate and remarked; "Papa, Wob is going to be a hitching post."

"Indeed? Well, that's a new profession for a young man, but if he is really going into it I hope he will make as good a one as those I had put in front of the house last week—sound through and through, good tough fibre, rooted deep enough to be firm, standing upright, strong, reliable, and useful."

Everybody laughed at the pretended gravity with which Jamie's funny speech was answered, but into Rob's face came a look of earnest purpose. He liked the description.

"That's the kind of a man I want to be," he thought. "It's the kind I will be, God helping me."

The Most Delightful Emotion.

"Which is the most delightful emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after teaching them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned instinctively to their slates, to write an answer; and one with a smiling countenance wrote *Joy*. It would seem as if none could write anything else; but another with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down *Hope*. A third with beaming countenance wrote *Gratitude*. A fourth wrote *Love*; and other feelings still claimed the superiority on other minds. One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and yet a tearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate, "*Repentance is the most delightful emotion.*" He returned to her with

marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and asked, "Why?" "Oh," said she, in the expressive language of looks and gestures, which marks these mutes, "it is so delightful to be humbled before God!"

Idol Gods.

A mother was describing to her little son the idols which heathen nations worship as gods. "I suppose, mamma," said the boy, "that these heathens do not look up to the same sun, and moon, and stars which we do." "Yes, my dear, they do." "Why, then, I wonder that they do not think there must be a better God than these idols."

DROPSY CURED WITH ONE BOTTLE.

A great cure and a great testimony. "For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease. Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells made my life a torment. I was confined to my bed. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave me great relief, one bottle cured the Dropsy and my Heart." Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N.Y.

Beautiful Hands.

"Oh, Miss Roberts, what coarse-looking hands Mary Jessup has!" said Daisy Marvin, one Sunday afternoon, as she walked home from Sunday-school with her teacher.

"In my opinion, Daisy, Mary's hands were the prettiest in the class."

"Why, Miss Roberts, they were just as red and as hard as they could be. How they would look if she were to try to play on the piano!" exclaimed Daisy.

Miss Roberts took Daisy's hand in hers, and said, "Yes, your hands are soft and white, Daisy, just the hands to look beautiful on a piano, and yet they lack one beauty that Mary's hands have. Shall I tell you what the difference is?"

"Yes, please, Miss Roberts."

"Well, Daisy, Mary's hands are always busy. They wash dishes; they make fires; they hang out the clothes, and help to wash them too; they make bread, and sweep, and dust and darn, and sew; they are always trying to help her poor hard-working mother."

"I never thought of that," said Daisy regretfully.

"Besides, they wash and dress the children; they mend their toys and dress their dolls; yes, and they find time to bathe the fevered head of the little girl who is so sick in the next room to theirs. They are full of good deeds to every living thing. I have seen them patting the horse and dog in the street. They are always ready to help those who need help, from the little fellow who gets a tum-

ble because his legs are too short to keep up with the big brother who is running away from him, to the poor old rag-picker who is too stiff to stoop for some coveted scrap or bone."

"I shall never think Mary's hands ugly any more, Miss Roberts."

"I am glad of that, Daisy; and I must tell you their best beauty is that they do all this service cheerfully, gladly, for the sake of Him whose hands were pierced through with nails for us."

"Oh, Miss Roberts, I feel so ashamed of myself, and so sorry," said Daisy, looking into her teacher's face with tearful eyes.

"Then, my little Daisy, show your sorrow by prayerful deeds. And if you ask Jesus to help you, you will be sure to succeed."

"I'll try, Miss Roberts."

Prayer.

Prayer is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor unto them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of disease, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. O prayer! O blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of ever-enduring joy.

An Old Daguerreotype.

In looking over an old trunk a few days ago, I came upon a pile of small morocco frames containing the likenesses, grandma says, of several members of our family. Among them was a crimson velvet case, slightly faded by age, which held what seemed to me the sweetest face I ever saw. It was that of a girl some eight or ten years old, with a wealth of light curling hair and great dark eyes.

"Certainly those lips never uttered hasty words," I thought, as I musingly studied the picture, vaguely wondering who it might be.

Just then grandma came through the room; and, seeing what I was doing, came and looked over my shoulder at the picture

CATARRH FOR TWENTY YEARS AND CURED IN A FEW DAYS.—Nothing too simple, nothing too hard for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to give relief in an instant. Hon. George Taylor, of Scanlon, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for 20 years, constant coughing, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles all these symptoms of Catarrh left me. It is a great remedy."

"Isn't she lovely?" I cried, passing it up for her to get a better view. "Do you know who it is?"

Grandma gave one of her soft little laughs, which always make one forget she is an old lady, as she answered, "I ought to, for I sat for that picture nearly fifty years ago."

Can you imagine that fresh, beautiful face wrinkled and drawn with age, or those eyes hidden by spectacles, while the hair, still curling, is as white as the kerchief she even now wears around her neck.

Character.

True character is positive. We are never at a loss to know where the one of positive character stands. When a man's character is wanting in the quality of positiveness, it is worthless, and indeed is characterless. The one-talent man was a man of this type: he was a negative element. If he had been a man of positive character, he would have said to his Master: "Keep your talent; I want nothing to do with it." Then the Master would have made a different disposition of it. There are thousands of persons moving along through this world on this negative, one-talent platform. They content themselves simply because they are doing no harm—doing nothing—folding their hands, and floating with the current, forgetting the starting question, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?"

What Chance has the Lesson?

Lida is very careful, in getting ready for Sunday-school, to see that her dress is just right, that her hat is neatly placed, and her hair as she likes best to have it.

There is no harm in this, for one should see to it that all is neat, and then forget about the dress altogether.

But, while so carefully preparing her body, Lida takes no thought for her mind and heart. She does not think of the day, nor the lesson, nor of the reason for going to Sunday-school at all. Her mind is not ready to be taught.

After school, Lida begins at once to talk with the girls about week-day things, and that crowds out what the teacher may have put into her mind and the minds of the others. Is this right?

What chance has the lesson, when such things come before and after it.

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