

God's Measure.

God measures souls by their capacity
For entertaining his best angel, Love.
Who loveth most is nearest kin to God,
Who is all love or nothing. He who sits
And looks out on the palpitating world,
And feels his heart swell in him, large enough
To hold all men within it, he is near
His great Creator's standard, tho' he dwells
Outside the pale of churches, and knows not
A feast day from a fast day, or a line
Of scripture even. What God wants of us
Is that out-reaching *bigness* that ignores
All littleness of aims, or loves, or creeds,
And clasps all Earth and heaven in its embrace.

—Ella Wheeler.

Remembered.

The Kentuckians tell with keen zest even now many anecdotes illustrative of the kind heart and fine courtesy of their old idol, Mary Clay. The following we do not remember to have seen in print:

On one occasion, when a young man, Clay was travelling up the Ohio on a small steamboat. He was taken sick with violent cramps and colic. An old colored woman who was on board took charge of him, administered medicine, etc., and nursed him faithfully until the boat touched at Wheeling, where he could be put under a physician's care.

Ten years afterwards Clay, then at the zenith of his fame, was making a political speech in Louisville, from the steps of a public building. The square was crowded with men, while a line of black faces fenced them in. In the cheers that rose when the orator had finished a shrill voice was heard:

"God bless Mars Henry!"

Mr. Clay, who was surrounded by his eager friends, paused.

"A moment, gentlemen. I think I hear the voice of a woman who was very kind to me," glancing around searchingly. "There! That old mammy on the edge of the crowd. I should like to see her."

He stepped down into the street, and way was eagerly made for the old woman, who was brought up to shake hands with the great man. It was the proudest moment of her life, and the happiest. But Mr. Clay was not satisfied with conferring this simple pleasure. He secured situations for her husband and sons, which enabled her to spend her remaining years in comfort.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Coming Woman.

In a lecture by Col. J. T. Long, occurs the following passage: "The coming woman will astonish the coming man by her talents, inventions and energy. She will not cultivate her heart at the expense of her head, nor make marriage the be-all and aim-all of her life, but she will crown the hand of her husband with the royal heart of a queen, his home with the magic power of her skill, and his heart with the loyal light of her love. She will discount the mother of the Gracchi by rearing sons who will not have to go to war, and will convert the shields upon which the sons of Spartan mothers of the past were carried home from sanguinary battle fields, into benignant shades under which the little children of the future can repose in the lap of plenty or gather at their will the flowers of beauty, security and peace."

The Fall of the Leaf.

If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness fall upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! So stately—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without one's understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world-monument, by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.—*John Ruskin*.

A Mother's Responsibility.

"Mamma," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken my china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs and wait till I send for you." And this was a mother's answer to a tearful little culprit who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look the sweet child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to blossom into life. O, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison! 'Tis true "an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a mother." It needs an angel's powers. The watch must not for an instant be relaxed; the scales of justice must be nicely balanced: the hasty word that the overtaxed spirit sends to the lips must die there before it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in season; the forward and presuming, checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no trickery, for the keen eye of childhood to detect, and above all, when the exhausted brain sinks with ceaseless vigils, perhaps, and the thousand petty interruptions and unlooked-for annoyances of every hour almost set at defiance any attempt at system, still must that mother wear an unrufléd brow, lest t' smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown. Still must she rule her own spirit, lest the boy so engrossed with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all the duties faithfully performed, a mother's reward is in secret and silence. Even he, on whose earthly breast she leans, is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle till, too late, alas! he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in unceasing flow the thousand springs of his domestic happiness.—*Toledo Saturday American*.

The Matter with the Telephone.

"I don' know what I shall do mit dat telephone of mine," observed a citizen as he entered the headquarters of the company yesterday and sat down in a discouraged way.

"Out of order, is it?"

"Sometimes it vhas, und sometimes it vhas all right. If I go to speak mit der coal man, or der city hall, or der butcher, it vhas all right, und I can hear every word. If somebody vphants to order my peer I get the name shust as plain as daylight."

"And when does it fail?"

"Vhell, shust like two hours ago. A saloon man he owes me \$18, und I rings him oop und calls out 'Hello! hello! I likes dot monish to-day!' Den he vphants to know who I am, und he says he can't catch der name. I tell him oaser, und bye und bye he call out dot he doan' deal in watermelons, und dot he goes in to pave Gratiot street, und dot he is scry he can't sign my betition to der council. Den I haf to go all oaser again, und he tells me to stand back, und to come closer, und to speak louded, und at last he gits mad und tells me dot if I call him a dandy again he'll poke my head. It's no use—I can't make one of my customers hear me. If sometings doan' ail my telephone, it may be ash my voice is giving out. I vish you would examine me und see if I had better let my son Shon do der talking while I keep der pooks."—*Detroit Free Press*

Salvation Army Bill.

"General" Booth, of the English Salvation Army, does not seem to pay much attention to the kindly critics, who have taken exception to his posters. They seem to grow wilder. Here is the conclusion of the latest bill: Monday, at 2.30 in Barracks; Yankee Lass will sing and talk for Jesus, with other officers; 6.30, Soldiers meet at Barracks for

PARADE IN FULL UNIFORM:

Red Handkerchiefs, White Aprons and Jackets.

GREAT DOINGS ALL THE WEEK; TERMS OF PEACE GIVEN TO ALL REBELS

Of our King. By Male and Female Warriors.

The Army Doctor will attend to the Wounded.

By order of King Jesus and Major Cadman.