

THE NAME OF JESUS is an impregnable rampart. There is no pearl or ornament that can be compared to the name of Jesus. We sound the harp's sweet harmonies when we pronounce the name of Jesus.—B. Henry Van.

FIRST MONTH 31 DAYS January THE HOLY INFANCY

Table with columns for Day, Sun, Moon, and various feast days like Epiphany, Circumcision, etc.

Indulgence Prayer An indulgence of 60 days is granted to all the faithful every time that with at least contrite heart they shall make the sign of the cross...

Pethuel Penny's Son

Harriet A. Wash In Youth's Companion

On a bright midsummer day the few people passing along a country road in Northern Maine turned their heads toward a certain house with that expression of respectful awe which is man's tribute to the presence of death.

the friends who had kindly volunteered to "stay at the house." "It's a long ride and they'll all be hungry. I wouldn't have anything go wrong about the supper for the world. Sonny, run and get mother's best tablecloth from the parlor bureau. I'd go myself, but I don't want to get my feelings all worked up before the time comes."

it became a maiden brought up to be seen rather than heard. Neither Reuben nor Dorcas could tell just how it came about. There had been no long sleigh rides through wintry snow-drifts or lingering strolls through summer's shady lanes, but all at once Reuben found himself shut away from the cheerful fireside of the Colby kitchen and occupying a haircloth rocking-chair in the chilly best room, while Dorcas sat opposite with primly folded hands, looking regretfully at her completed work, which adorned the mantelpiece and swayed in the waves of heat from the air-tight stove.

Reuben might well have felt this an abrupt termination to the mild siege which had been laid to her affections, but she betrayed no surprise, only explaining that her parents preferred June tenth as the anniversary of their own wedding day. There bade fair to be a difficulty here, for Mrs. Colby, with whom sentiment was strong, declined to yield. An appeal to the two supposed to be most interested failed to settle the matter. Dorcas was sure she didn't care, and Reuben only wished the matter to be settled without a fuss.

"I always took to that kind of work," she said, wistfully. A few days before the wedding, when all Mrs. Penny's arrangements were completed and even her new gray cashmere lay ready on the spare room bed, Freeman Briggs, passing the open window of the Penny kitchen, heard sounds of grief within. Mrs. Penny sat swaying back and forth in the wooden rocking chair, dropping tears upon the pile of mending in her lap.

Reuben's Western trip lasted more than a year. It was a week before his return that Freeman brought a letter from the post-office addressed to Reuben in a legal hand. "Just as I expected!" announced Mrs. Penny, with satisfaction, tearing open the long envelope. "I knew he'd get into trouble somewhere!"

Reuben folded the letter and placed it reverently in his pocketbook. Then, turning his horse about, he drove rapidly toward the Colby farm. Dorcas, in the front yard, was working over her flowers with a shadow on her face. "Reuben," she had suggested a few days before, "do you suppose your mother will be willing for me to have a flower bed? And Reuben had hesitated a little as he answered. "Maybe so. But she thinks green grass looks neater."

Two days later in such mourning apparel as I could wrangle at, Mrs. Penny was moving briskly about the kitchen, looking after the final arrangements for the evening meal.

Reuben offered no protest, although he hated school, and in his heart preferred work in a lumbering camp to any of the learned professions. He regarded it as a happy circumstance that his mother added, thoughtfully: "I have"

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Reuben looked grave. A fear lest he should take undue advantage of her rebellious mood troubled him. "Are you sure, Dorcas?" he questioned, anxiously. "Not at all!" "No, never," answered Dorcas, vehemently, without a glance at the tall figure beside her. "Do you mind?" she asked, with a little compunction, as he stood silent. "For answer he gave her the letter he had received. Dorcas read it with a look of awe. "Your father was a good man," she said, gently. There was another silence. Dorcas fixed her eyes upon the tiny shoots of green peeping through the brown earth at her feet. "Couldn't you slip off just as he says?" she suggested, presently. "Then I couldn't be married alone, and they'd let me go away."

"I lived with Pethuel nineteen years," she said, reflectively, "but I never really understood him." She sat opposite Reuben at the supper table a few evenings later, noting with pride his improvement in looks and manner and deferring to him with a meekness quite unwonted. "I haven't made any plans for the winter, Reuben," she said. "I didn't know just what you'd want done."

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But Reuben, it appeared, was quite willing to leave the farm in the efficient hands of his mother and her hired assistant, while he followed his own desire and carried out his father's plans. Three years later, when Reuben was beginning to win success in his lumbering operations, Pethuel Penny's last letter arrived and fell, like its predecessor, into Mrs. Penny's hands. To open Reuben's letters seemed a far more serious thing than formerly, but curiosity at last overcame her scruples. This is what she read: "You are well started in life now, my boy, and I see no reason to doubt that you are living an up-right life in the fear of the Lord and doing your duty by your mother and your fellow-men. You'll be thinking of quarrying soon. I want you should choose for yourself, but think it over carefully, and find just the kind of a woman best suited to you. Your mother is one of a thousand, and it would have been a heavy blow if I'd been spared to see her taken first. But I always had a notion if it should be my lot to marry, a second time, I'd try one of those soft little women that swear by every word a man speaks. Your mother is the best woman in the world, but one manager in a family is enough. Mrs. Penny dropped the letter excitedly. "Pethuel was always a man of excellent judgment," she said. "He thinks exactly as I do. Some weeks later Reuben and his mother, attending church at the Corner schoolhouse, met Dorcas, now home for the summer vacation and looking a little thin from her winter's work. "Yes, it seems nice to be home again," she acknowledged, in answer to Reuben's question. "The city is very well for a change, but I seem to belong up here." They strolled along the smooth road to the Colby house nearby. The deacon and his wife and Mrs. Penny were a little in advance. "You don't think that perhaps it was a mistake, Dorcas?" Reuben said, pausing where a cluster of white birches hid the others from view. Dorcas looked steadily downward, absently pulling a rose from her belt and scattering its petals over her muslin dress. "It was better to make it that way," she said, shyly. "Because you see, the other couldn't have been undone."

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