

reason did not come back to her eyes, and Dr. Maxey said he feared it had gone forever.

"However that may be," I said, "she shall never want for a home so long as I have one."

As soon as she was able to travel I took her back with me to my Western home, resolved that I would give up my whole life to her, if that were necessary, so that thereby I might in any way atone for the wrong I had done her.

She was very quiet and gentle, and seldom spoke; but seemed content to sit day after day, looking out towards the distant mountain-peaks—as though it was behind them that the light of her life had gone down. But by-and-by, after many weeks had passed, I began to notice that the strange bewildered look was fading out of her face and the light was surely coming back there. One day I happened to look up and caught her eyes fixed upon me with an earnest, questioning glance, very different from their usual blank gaze.

"Grace," she said, "where am I? And how came I to be with you?"

My heart almost stopped beating to hear her calling me by name in the old tone, and for a moment I could not speak. When at last I was able to reply I said, "You were very sick, and I heard of it and came to you."

"But how came I here?"—glancing out towards the mountains—"this is not Providence."

So then I told her all—how sorry I had been for the wrong I had done, and how I had longed to make atonement and to prove to her that I really did love her in spite of my shortcomings; and how, at last, I had found her and brought her to share my lonely home with me.

"Tell me one thing," looking at me as though she would read my very thoughts, "do you still believe that I was guilty of?"

"I never believed such a thing for an instant," I interrupted, "and you had other friends who did not."

"Perhaps it would have been wiser to have stayed where it happened and tried to live it down," she said; "but my heart was broken with my poor mother's sad death—there was nothing to hold me there longer; and I longed to get beyond all knowledge of those who had so wronged me—for they did wrong me, Grace, most cruelly—and I could not help feeling that they were aware of it at the time."

"But I never could get away from the story of my guilt. It has followed me wherever I have gone. If it had been true I could not have suffered more for it. It has broken my heart and ruined my life, and at times I have been almost tempted to despair. Yet I have tried to believe that it was all right, and to trust that I shall know the wherefore some time, though I cannot see it now."

"No, it is not all right," I burst out indignantly. "It is all because mean, malicious people, and silly, gossiping people, and foolish, passionate people cannot or will not control their tongues, but allow them to work mischief, never knowing nor caring how many maimed and broken lives they leave behind him."

"Do not reproach yourself so bitterly, Grace," she said. "If you have hurt me in any way, you have more than atoned for it, and your love has given me the happiest moments I have ever known since my dear mother left me."

How thankful I have been ever since for those few words! If it had not been for them I do not know how I ever could have borne what followed.

The next morning she did not come down, and when I went to call her I found her so deeply asleep that I could not waken her, and I soon saw that no one ever would wake her again in this world.

The doctors said it was heart disease—she had inherited it from her mother, I suppose. But any way, it was release. She had escaped, at last, to a country where words would never injure her more. And I could not wish her back.—*Youth's Companion.*

**BREAKFAST PUFFS.**—They may be made on baking-day by taking up a little dough and pulling out to the thickness of doughnuts; cut two and one-half inches in length drop in boiling lard, and fry like doughnuts, to be eaten with butter like biscuit. Some cooks work into the dough a little butter, and let it rise before frying in the lard. They are delicious with coffee for breakfast.

LEND GOOD BOOKS.

Late one afternoon, Mrs. Martin sat at the door awaiting the arrival of her family to their evening meal. Down in the lower part of the town was a mill and some of the employees were just returning home. One of them, a pretty young girl of perhaps seventeen years, was passing Mrs. Martin's gate. She was busily engaged in reading a paper, one of the large illustrated sheets. One of the pictures caught Mrs. Martin's eye. It represented two spindle-legged young men with fierce black moustaches, engaged in the interesting occupation of cutting each other to pieces with formidable daggers, while in the background, a slender female figure clad in flowing drapery, with black hair streaming, and mouth wide open, was fainting away in a most striking attitude.

"Good evening, Maggie," Mrs. Martin called out in a cheery tone.

The young girl looked up and returned the salutation, her pretty face flushed with the interest of her reading. She lingered beside the gate, for Mrs. Martin hurried down as if desirous of speaking still further.

"Would you like a slip of my new gemanium, Maggie?" continued the latter.

"Oh yes, thank you! How pretty your flowers are!"

"And how does your garden get along?"

"You told me this spring that you intended having one."

"Oh, it doesn't look fit to be seen. The hens scratched up all my pansies, and since last rain the weeds have overgrown everything else. I don't have much time to work in it, you know. When I get home I'm so tired that I'd rather read."

"Well, reading is good, provided one has the right kind of books," said Mrs. Martin, as she began to gather a little bouquet.

"What are you reading now, Maggie?"

"Oh, it's an awfully interesting story!" Maggie replied, pointing to the paper she held in her hand. "It's about a poor but perfectly lovely sewing girl and an earl's son, and oh, it's dreadfully exciting!"

Mrs. Martin laid her hand on the girl's arm and said kindly, "Maggie, tell me truly now, are you happier after reading such trash?"

For an instant the girl's face clouded, as if she were angry at the plain speaking, then her brown eyes were raised with a frank look, as she replied, "No, Mrs. Martin, I can't say that I am. Anyhow, it makes me kind of disinterested with my life, and I can't help thinking how nice it would be to be rich and have pretty clothes and jewels and all that. But you know that mill work is perfect drudgery, and one is glad for something that takes one's thoughts away."

"That's very true, but there is other reading that will do it, pure, helpful reading, that will cultivate your mind and elevate your soul. Wait a minute, and I will lend you a book, and when you have finished it you shall have others," and Mrs. Martin went in the house and brought out, "Stepping Heavenward."

It had been a gift from a dear friend and she prized it highly, once having made the resolve never to lend it, but she changed her mind now, making the little sacrifice—"In His name."

"Here Maggie, take this and give me your paper, I'll light the kitchen fire with it, to-morrow morning!"

And Maggie obeyed with a laugh, but walked away with new thoughts in her mind.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"I CAN'T HELP IT."

Tut, tut, fair lady, how can you do yourself so great an injustice as to allow an evil spirit to gain utterance through your lips? Now you have said things wholly uncalculated for, things which you are sure to regret, things which have hurt deeply your good, true friends, and things which have lowered you in the estimation of all who heard you. You have cast a shadow over all within your home, and the pain which you have given will certainly return to you.

"You need not tell me this—I know it all. But I cannot help giving way to my temper."

Then you should go away into the woods and live among the bears. A human being who really is unable by any effort he can make, by any care he can take, to control the evil spirit within, is utterly unfit to live among mankind. No one has the least right to inflict on companions such misery and harm as an ugly-tempered house-mate does inflict. But you mistake—you can "help it." When any one is present whom you

are anxious to please, how smooth you are! When you are visiting "high-toned" friends, how gentle you are! Is it only or chiefly at home and with your nearest, most familiar friends, that you give free way to your unpleasant feelings? Is this wise? How will it be with you when you have alienated your family?

Such things have been done. Many a man, many a woman, has in advanced age, found that not one who could love him, or who could love her, or even endure their company was left. And all because the irritable, unamiable, violent temper was never controlled. Hard as the work may be, and it is hard, especially when undertaken late in life, it can be done. You can do it, and you must do it, or you will soon be left without any to dwell with you. You can learn never to give any one an unkind word. Others naturally as quick and hot-tempered as you are, have done this. It is no excuse for negligence that nature gave you a high temper. That imposes on you the duty of greater watchfulness, and gives you a chance to win greater credit for self-control.

The sooner you begin to control yourself the better it will be for you, as well as for all who are now the victims of your unbridled temper and tongue.—*Messiah's Herald.*

WHICH IS MOST VALUABLE?

I am sadly conscious that thousands of mothers are so over-burdened that the actual demands of life, from day to day, consume all their time and strength. But "of two evils choose the least," and which would you call the least, an unpolished stove, or a child whose confidence you have failed to gain? Colwebs in the corner, or a son over whose soul a crust has formed so strong that your despair of melting it with your hot tears and your fervent prayers?

I have seen a woman who was absolutely ignorant of her children's habit of thought, who never felt that she could spare a half hour to read or talk to them; I have seen this woman spend ten minutes in ironing a sheet—there were six in the washing—one hour in fluting the ruffles and arranging the puffs of her little girl's "sweet white suit"; thirty minutes in polishing tins which were already bright and clean; forty minutes in frosting and decorating a cake for tea, because "company" was expected.

When that mother—a good orthodox Christian—shall appear before the Great White Throne, to be judged for "the deeds done in the body," and to give in her report of the Master's treasures placed in her care—there will be questions and answers like these:

"Where are the boys and girls I gave thee?"

"Lord, I was busy keeping my house clean and in order, and my children wandered away!"

"Where wert thou while thy sons and thy daughters were learning lessons of dishonesty, malice and impurity?"

"Lord, I was polishing furniture and ruffing dresses, and making beautiful rugs!"

"What hast thou to show for thy life-work?"

"The tiddest house, Lord, and the best starching and ironing in all our neighborhood!"

Oh, these children, these children! The restless, eager boys and girls whom we love more than our own lives! Shall we devote our time and strength to that which perisheth, while the rich garden of our child's soul lies neglected, with foul weeds choking out all worthy and beautiful growths? Shall we exalt the incidentals of life to the rank of a purpose, to the shutting out of that work whose results reach beyond the stars? Fleeting, oh mother, are the days of childhood, and speckless windows, so very linen, the consciousness that everything about the house is faultlessly bright and clean, will be poor comfort in that day wherein we shall discover that our boy's feet have chosen the path that shall take him out of the way to all eternity.—*Harriet M. Morris, in Woman's Journal.*

FOR A RICE-PUDDING, one teacup of rice put in a two quart basin, with a little milk, set on the back of the stove till the rice is well soaked, then sweeten to taste, a little salt, a small piece of butter, one cup of raisins, fill the basin up full with milk, put in the oven about ten o'clock if for dinner; as it browns stir it two or three times till it is thick enough. If you get it just right, it will need no sauce and will be delicious.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

April 19.—Acts 28: 1-15.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Word picture. Let the scholars be with a clear, vivid, mental picture of the scene of the wreck, the broken ship on the sandbar, the heavy breakers rolling upon the beach, the sailors and crew floating toward the shore on broken pieces of the ship; then all on shore, drenched, chilled by the wind and rain, without shelter or dry clothing.

Subject,—encouragements from God in times of need.

I. By escape from great danger (ver. 1). The whole number on board the ship were saved, according to the promise made to Paul.

II. By the unexpected kindness of the natives (vers. 1, 2). These natives acted in the kindest and most Christian manner to those in such great needs. Our religion should make us full of this kindly help to all in need. They did not do it for reward, but God rewarded them richly by the healing of their sick and by the comforts of the Gospel. Had they done it for the reward, it would not have been true kindness, and hence could not have been rewarded.

Bible illustrations. If Rahab entertains the spies, her life and the lives of all her kinsmen are preserved amid the destruction of Jericho. If the "great woman" of Shunem prepares a table for Elisha, God lays a little one in her bosom, and when he is stricken down in death restores him to her arms. If the Master borrows Peter's boat to make it a temporary pulpit, he shows his appreciation of the favor by giving the large draught of fishes; and if he finds a home in the shade of Martha and Mary, he gives his reward in the resurrection of Lazarus.—*Wm. M. Taylor.*

III. By God's protection and care over Paul himself (vers. 3-6). Bring out the story. Then there are a number of applications to be made. (1) Paul's helpfulness. (2) Good men come into trouble. (3) God delivers them, as Paul here, or makes the evil work out good, which is really one of the best modes of deliverance.

IV. By signs and wonders wrought through Paul (vers. 7-9). Paul was a prisoner under suspicion. But God by these wonders endowed Paul as his servant. Hence he could with power preach the gospel and he believed. Miracles are God's endorsement of his truth.

Illustration. Miracles are not a breaking of the laws of nature, but are the personal will of God using those laws in such a way as to show a mind above them and controlling them. As when we wind a watch or set the hands, Paul also had the comfort of doing good to many people. We get courage and comfort by helping others.

V. By the gratitude of those aided (ver. 10).

VI. By safely reaching his journey's end (vers. 11-14). The end so long sought and so long delayed. Trace out the journey on the map. Paul's prayer was answered, though not at the time nor in the way he had expected.

VII. By the love and sympathy of a faithful church (ver. 15). Paul needed sympathy as all workers and teachers do. How much can we do by a little effort of friendly sympathy and by expressions of love.

WE KNOW of a Sunday-school, and one of the best managed that ever we saw, where, during the whole session, the bell received but a single stroke. The opening of the school is announced by the pealing forth of the organ, and then the introductory service is conducted without any need for the tap of the bell. That over, the classes proceed to the study of their lesson, and then, five minutes before the expiration of the time that is allowed for the lesson, the bell is tapped for the first and only time, as a signal for drawing the lesson to a close. The way to keep others quiet is to keep quiet yourself. Fussy people make everybody fussy about them; and the last place in the world for a fussy man is at the superintendent's desk in a Sunday-school. Make a towncrier of him if you please and give him a bell; make a sexton of him and let him ring the bell away up in the steeple; but don't make a superintendent out of him to mar the peace of the Sabbath by the clamor of his tongue and the clatter of his bell.—*Baptist Superintendent.*