

OH, GRAY, WHERE IS THY VICTORY.

1 Cor. 15: 55. But yesterday he awoke, careworn face... "Oh, Gray, where is thy victory?"

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

They had had a good meeting, so every one felt. The district secretary had met with the Elsworth chapter...

Irvin Weasley, who never before had given the subject serious thought for five consecutive minutes, had been deeply interested in those remarks.

As soon as meeting was closed, Irvin went immediately out without waiting for his companions as usual.

"I'll do it," he exclaimed at last, with unusual energy. Thanking Mr. Willard for his suggestion, I'll prove one thing to myself, and perhaps another to Jewell.

The next night Arthur Jewell, tired, feverish and irritable as the result of over-exertion, was looking for his mother's face when a note was brought up to him.

"I'm going home," he said tremulously, holding up the precious check and ticket. "I am better already, just thinking of it."

"What is it?" asked Jewell, as the doctor arose to go, half-hour later. "Spofford said a friend was in my place."

"I must call here," said the doctor, pausing before a cheerless boarding-house. "Will you wait or go on?"

"I'm going home," he said, as they went up the dirty stairs. "I have not seen Jewell before to-day, though. You know Jewell, book-keeper in Marsh & Spofford's?"

"I am better," he said eagerly, after the doctor had made a few professional remarks. "Decidedly so," said the doctor, heartily.

"It is not to be thought of," cried Jewell, excitedly. "There are three days yet before Monday, and I shall gain a great deal in that time."

"Well, we won't decide that matter to-night," said the doctor soothingly. "We'll see how you are Sunday."

"That's too true," said the doctor, shaking his head roberly. "Still, I don't wonder he feels as he does; I have learned much about him since he has been sick, and I know it would be a sad thing for him to lose his place."

"That is noble in him; I respect him for that, but isn't he the fellow who has made so much sport of our League and sneered about the 'dudes' who belong? I suppose I am one he means."

"Oh, he doesn't understand about the League, that is all that is in his mind. I spoke to some of the members, though, about his sickness, and they have sent him fruit and flowers and would gladly help him financially, as it is expensive business being sick away from home; but when I hinted to him, he resented it, and uttered so many sharp things about the League that I said no more."

"He is an ungrateful fellow," began Irvin hotly. "Hold!" cried the doctor. "Just put yourself in his place. I rather admire his independence, and his self-denial for the sake of his mother and brother is certainly commendable. Don't condemn him utterly; he views life from one standpoint, and you from another, that is all. Put yourself in his place for a time, and see how things would look to you there."

Just then Irvin's home was reached, and he gladly bade his friends good-night. "He is a disagreeable Dr. Willard can be when he chooses," he said to himself as he went directly to his room. He was glad to be alone at last, that he might think of the discourse of the evening.

Dr. Willard's recommendation, and his call upon Jewell, had all made a deep impression upon his mind, and troublesome thoughts, which at other times he could have banished at will, persisted now in having an audience.

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Dragon Flies. The dragon fly, or as it is often improperly called, 'devil's darning-needle,' belongs to a very large family, although a short-lived one. This insect is easily recognized by the black head, which seems to be all eyes, and the long slanting body ending in a sharp point, which slanting children believe is the needle the insect uses to sew up their ears.

Although the dragon fly is well provided with legs it never walks, so it has four pretty wings which are crossed and re-crossed with veins, giving them the appearance of exquisite lace work. On account of the elegant and graceful motions of these insects, the French call them 'demotelles' (young ladies), and the more verdant Germans name them 'water-witches.'

They generally live near the water, and on warm summer days may be seen hovering over a pool in search of prey, or darting from a post or fence upon any insect that comes near.

The ant lion, a name given to a species which feeds on the ant, is a singularly beautiful insect. One which lives in the waters of South Africa, has a bright red body, and eyes resembling opals with their ever varying tints. It would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful or more successful than the young dragon fly, as it sinks over the waters, stopping now and then to deposit its eggs on a stalk of grass.

Although the dragon fly is so exquisitely beautiful in appearance, its life is a very short one. It is a singularly beautiful insect. One which lives in the waters of South Africa, has a bright red body, and eyes resembling opals with their ever varying tints.

The female lays her eggs, which are a bright apple green, on the reeds that grow in the water. When hatched, the young crawl to the top and lie in the sun, until the skin on their backs bursts and spreads its gauzy wings, and in another moment is flitting across the lake.

The Manliness of Forgiveness. "If I were you," Dian paused. "I would go on, Sir, dear, what would you do?" "Apologize to Ralph Parker. It's wicked to bear malice. You say I ought to be a judge. I believe the boy is innocent—I know he is, and he has tried so earnestly to convince you."

"Don't you know how I detest sermons, Dian? You are really in sympathy with Parker." "Isn't that, Leon; it's you who deserve my pity, not your victim. You will have to answer for all this sin."

"Sin? There is nothing serious about our quarrel. He acted—well, you know how it was." "Yes, of course. But it is only a soiled painting; you can easily replace it."

"No, I can't. He envied me, and by upsetting the ink he knew I could not get it out. He meant to ruin me, and he would have given me the first prize anyway. Only the night before he praised my picture above all the others, and just as good as promised me the medal then. He was a schemer. He meant to outstrip me at all costs. He is so jealous, a fellow can't have his rights and remain where he is." Here Leon's face darkened.

Dian seemed puzzled; she was silent a moment, as if she were trying to conquer that stubborn will, turned again toward her brother. "You believe him glibly, but Leon, I repeat, it is wrong to bear malice. He apologized; you were angry, and refused to hear him. He wrote you, and said he would make amends. He came to me, and actually cried. Now, Leon Miller, if there is one whit of humanity about you, you will forgive him, and forget the past. Papa is so distressed, and mamma is fastidious; besides, it is a perfect, an insignificant matter. I'd rather a thousand times lose hundreds of marred than go through life with such a burden hanging over my head. If you feel a delicacy in going now, write a line and I will deliver it, please."

"Perhaps so, but then—" "Go on, Leon, I will help you; tell him how sorry you are, and all that." "Yes, but I'm not sorry; he's an abominable peevish, and I—"

"When you were turned, and you stood in Ralph Parker's shoes?" "Di, you're a terror at times, can't you let a fellow have peace? When—when he deceives it, not until then. I mean to leave you; where's that old hat of mine?"

"Stay, Leon, if you will only say one word, anything will do; please, Leon, dear, for my sake!" "Well then, here goes. I'll use this pencil—Pardon granted. Respectfully, L. M. How's that? A little brief? Nonsense. Brevity is the soul of wit—have you forgotten?"

"Yes, but we are dealing with repentance and not with wit. Add your own word or two to make it courteous." "Hoping to see you soon, I am yours, etc., Leon." Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes, that is good. I will take it immediately," he said before he could possibly reply. Dian was gone.

"Is Ralph in?" she asked, softly, as the door of the Parker cottage opened and the servant's face beamed pleasantly on her.

"Mr. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was for years a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief until she began to take Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health."

"Mother, what shall I do for this dreadful cough?" "Take Putnam's Emulsion, my dear, it always helps our family."

"How glad I am now that you compelled me to write that apology. Di, you're a dear little sister, after all. I'll never bear malice again. Never. It doesn't pay," and Leon's face was all sunshine. Dian glanced as he followed her into the house. "I tell you, it's a lucky fellow that can boast of a sister like you, Di."

The Star that Shone above the Trees. A boy's voice in Grandmother Remick's kitchen was piping up clear and strong, and these were the words spoken: "When marshalled on the nightly plain—"

"I forget, grandmother." Grandmother Remick looked up, and her dark eyes shone behind her spectacles. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Joseph, to say that by yourself again. You study it some more. If you're going to speak it to-night, you want to know it by heart. There will be a good many in the school-house to hear you."

"I've got it now, grandmother," he soon exclaimed, bursting into the room. He stood up once more and said, without hesitation: "When marshalled on the nightly plain The glittering host bestrewn the sky. Can fix the sterner wandering eye."

Then he said the other stanzas of this familiar hymn. For lack of a church people at "The Corners" used the school-house, and they rallied in force to hear the young folks. When Joseph had finished his "piece," Grandmother Remick nodded her head approvingly.

"His speaker was a man, who made a few remarks. He said he was a stranger, probably, to almost everyone present. He urged the young people starting now to make their lives just as good as possible. 'Have a high aim and be true to it,' were his closing words. Grandmother again nodded her head approvingly."

"His voice sounds natural, but I can't just seem to place him," she told herself. After the service, the people scattered promptly. Grandmother Remick was taken home by a neighbor's team.

"I'll go across the fields," Joseph purposed. It was a dark night, but Joseph was used to going alone in the dark. "A voice came from a tall form rising up in the shadows? 'Can you tell me the way over to the 'Fore Road?' You could once go across the fields, but I have not been there for my closing words. Grandmother again nodded her head approvingly."

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The Way They Fitted. "Oh, girl, I'm so sorry for Edna Earl!" cried Mary Edwards, as she entered the school-room; "she has to give up her part at the exhibition. She can't be in the drill because she can't get a dress for it. She has nothing at all that will do. Her mother had intended to get her one, but you know their baby was sick so long with pneumonia, and they had so many extra expenses, that she can't let Edna have the dress. Isn't it too bad?"

"With 'Oh's' and 'Ah's' the girls agreed, for sweet-natured Edna Earl was a general favorite, in spite of her plain clothes and her poverty.

"You ought to see my dress," and Mary began again. "It's just lovely; white gauze over silk, and it's to be looped with white ribbons and rosettes, and mamma is going to let me wear it, peeps around my neck. Fannie's dress is as just like mine, isn't it, Fannie?"

"Yes," answered Fannie, slowly, and with an apparent effort; "that is I think so. But perhaps mamma may change her mind about it," she added.

"Oh, I hope so," thought Mary; "I counted on our being exactly alike. You coax her to be sure and let yours be like mine, won't you, Fannie?"

"I don't know," said her cousin; "I'll see." And then she turned away from the group and went to her dressing.

Fannie's lessons did not occupy her thoughts as fully as they usually did that morning. Edna's sweet face seemed to swim before her. She knew how disappointed she must be for her dress to have been an important part in the drill that the scholars of Elmwood school were getting up.

It was a very simple dress that Edna had been compelled to resign. Just a plain white muslin affair, with perhaps a very little trimming, but more than her poor, overworked, underpaid mother felt able to buy for her after the expenses of baby's sickness.

And my dress will cost more than twenty dollars, thought Fannie to herself. "I wonder if mamma would consent to buy me only half as fine a one, and let me get one for Edna out of the rest of the money. I would love to have the gauze, but I know I would not enjoy it if Edna must lose her pleasure. I shall ask mamma when I go home," she decided.

Fannie's heart felt lighter after her resolution was taken. On her way home she confided to her cousin her intention.

"O, you foolish girl," cried Mary; "don't you do any such thing. Why, you will be just spotted completely in a plain old muslin dress. Of course I pity Edna, and am sorry for her, and all that; but dear me, I wouldn't think of giving up my dress for her!"

"Well," said Fannie, "it seems to me that our pity is only a mockery if we have nothing but pity to offer. Pity won't warm the cold or feed the hungry, and I know it won't put a dress on Edna. So I have decided that if I pity her I must also offer her substantial aid."

"Do as you please," said Mary, still unconvinced, "she don't get my dress, that is sure." And with that she turned off in another direction, leaving Fannie to continue her way homeward alone.

When Fannie broached the subject to her mother on her arrival home, she met a very ready acquiescence. Indeed, her mother was delighted to find her little daughter's sympathies taking so practical a turn, for she herself was a woman of wide charities, and a like disposition in her child greatly cheered her.

Although she was amply able to give both Fannie and Edna a fine dress, she decided to let their costumes together cost only what she had intended to lay out for Fannie's alone, deeming it best for Fannie's soul development that her share be made one of deed as well as of spirit.

So Edna had her dress, after all, for the exhibition, and did her part to perfection. Indeed, there was but one who excelled her and who was happier than she, and that was not Mary in her handsome costume, and her cheap sympathy, but large-hearted Fannie, who wore only a simple white muslin and carried the sweet consciousness of a noble kindness.

—Fannie Best Jones, in Little Christian.

Clifford Blackman A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

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THE HOME

English Women in Politics.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, speaker of the day of the wonderful anti-slavery meeting, declared that she would like to see the people seem like stocks and stones; but the world would move, they do not. It gave me pleasure to see the interest taken in politics by ladies, the highest social position of Aberdeen said, "I am going to speak at a political meeting at Westminster to-night; will you like to go?" Of course I said, "So an elegant carriage, with two or three ladies in it, came to the lodgings and took me to the building which did not compare in convenience with this church crowded with workmen."

These Colors Carefully. Don't let the riot of colors in your eye. Simple effects are a good taste. Don't fancy that a fashion seems to say so, any shades will look well together. Don't let your eye be deceived by the colors of the flowers as they come up, in yellow and red, and in pink and white. Take note of the pastel and learn what to do with purple and blue. Don't let your eye be deceived by the name of a color covers its purpose. Consider your own or your neighbor's coat and coat up in greens, the sky and do wonders with blue and pale green. In other words, the fashion plate, and reflect that the combination effects all right in a colored fashion will look distressing on you, hard to believe? Take another look at the fashion plate, and be sure the pretty lady who is walking a garden path, and who has on shades of green dress with red shoes has eyes for all the world that the green in her dress, her shoes, and her hat, are all the same color. Just match the green, soft color, but you haven't eyes as like here to help you out, and if you could only wear that one color would have to pass forever on the garden walk.

There is something in great appeals to the imagination above the words of the poet. Yet it is not the moment that build the character. But men are only like a dramatic condition now lived up to. Heroism of life is in the effort above the aims of life, in the ceaseless striving. I read all day of a remarkable epitaph, white stone were carved the words were always pleasant. Certain served to record a life of quietude and a tribute from those who were souls had cheered. To be pleasant means to have a temper controlled, a self-sacrificing desire, and a soul that through the Divine can see these things which all true spirits. It is trained in obedience to love. This disemphasized kindness, tending only the trustful and the serene of the higher self, pleasant. The woman who is at home through love and kind one of the illuminating force earth. Man is dependent upon tending tenderness for an above the words of the poet, atmosphere of a loving home harmony through kindness child man, through reverence mother, receives her impression who, through love, reigneth in peace. The fatherhood of God a part of his consciousness that motherhood that is ever loving patient and just. To the struggling amid the battle of turn from it all to a centre of peace and love. The fatherhood of God a part of his consciousness that motherhood that is ever loving patient and just. To the struggling amid the battle of turn from it all to a centre of peace and love. The fatherhood of God a part of his consciousness that motherhood that is ever loving patient and just. To the struggling amid the battle of turn from it all to a centre of peace and love.

Western Counties Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Thursday, 1st June, 1893, trains will run as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH daily at 10.10 a.m., arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p.m. LEAVE ANAPOLIS daily at 11.10 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 1.10 p.m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor & Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montreal for St. John as follows: Windsor & Annapolis Railway, Thursday and Friday, July and August, daily (except Sunday). At Yarmouth with steamers of the Yarmouth & St. John Co. for Boston, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, with Stage daily (Sunday excepted) from Yarmouth for Harrisonville, Harrisonville for Yarmouth, every day.

Through tickets may be obtained at 100 Halls Street, Halifax, or at the Agents, Messrs. The Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

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