

How She After Storm.

After several days of storm, the sun breaks out brightly this morning, giving the grass in my yard the vivid hue of the emerald. I am reminded of those "last words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel" in which he speaks of "the tender grass springing out of the earth through clear shining after rain." That sweet carpet in the result of a double process—showers and sunshine. Either would have been useless without the other. God works by situations in the realm of Nature and the realm of grace.

and fog, I ascended Mount Washington by the old bridle-path over the slippery boulders. A heavy, disappointed company were when we reached the "Tiptop" cabin. But presently a mighty wind swept away the banes of mist, the body of the blue heaven stood out in its clearness, and before us was revealed the magnificent landscape stretching away to the Atlantic coast. That scene was a veritable to me. It taught me that Faith's stairway—over steep and slippery rocks, often through blinding storms; but God never loses his hold on us; and we reduce to nothing but a mere "staircase" on the "clear shining after rain."

crime. But it is, in its whole native growth, ungodly. All our devotion to its interests and its customs—interfere with that full consecration of the soul to God in which only it can live. Let us uproot every thought, feeling, or habit that does not tend to promote growth in grace. Thus only will we be as wise as the orchardist who will not spare any weed that may possibly injure the growth of his tree. —Nashville Advocate.

ing to see that sick girl—just got her address from Mrs. Simpkins—so see if I can't give her some different doses from the sort she's been getting." Mrs. Page looked at the rosy-cheeked girl approvingly. "Well, I'm very glad, but she's not to be troubled with any more of that sort of thing. She's better now than she was in the morning, and I have wished that you would go to visit her, but I know you hate such things."

Krishna on the other. Amid the profoundest silence, he explained that it was not the water of the sacred river that could wash away sin, but the blood of atonement; and that he administered the sacred rite of baptism, breaking down the wall of separation between the Englishman and the Hindu, and making these brothers in Christ Jesus. All hearts were impressed. The governor wept. And that evening, December 28, for the first time, the Lord's Supper was celebrated in Bangalore. Krishna was the first of a long line. When he was baptized he was about thirty-six years old; and he lived for more than twenty years a faithful and honored disciple of the Lord. He became an ardent student, and wrote and compiled tracts that were eagerly read by his countrymen. He also wrote a number of hymns. One of them often sung on communion occasions was translated by Dr. Marshman. He died with cholera in 1822, universally lamented. O Thou, my soul, forget no more The Friend who all thy sorrows bore; Let every idol be forgot; But, O my soul, forget him not.

REASONS Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Disease. Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains only the purest and most effective remedial properties. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by leading physicians. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and is recommended by all first-class druggists. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise. Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to effect a cure, when persistently used, according to directions. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present. Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

By THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

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About Weeds.

We are hoeing in the orchard to-day. A few weeds have started since we cultivated it. They will not average one to a square yard. They are very small. They look very innocent. Some of them are quite pretty. But if you look at them all down, you will find that they are all alike. They are all alike in their nature. They are all alike in their growth. They are all alike in their fruit.

What is the Use of Me?

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with Krishna's hymn. It is the hymn beginning: "O Thou, my soul, forget no more." The friend who all thy sorrows bore. But many of them may not know the author as the first Hindu convert to Christianity. A writer in a Baptist missionary paper thus relates the story of its origin: Dr. Carey had spent six years in India, and had seen no result from his labors. He had prayed, and studied, and waited with a heavy heart, but not with a dejected heart. At length the Master granted a first token of his favor and blessing. Krishna, while engaged in his work as a carpenter, fell and broke his arm.

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The Bible itself is the battle-ground of our generation. From opposite sides the hosts are gathering to the encounter, and a struggle for life and death is to occur in the latter days of many who received from their fathers as a first axiom of truth that "all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God." In this struggle we may temporarily ally with friend and foe; no temporary alliance between light and darkness; no truce between good and evil; no compromise between truth and the truth; no cowardly compromise, and no fighting in armor that has not first been proved!

GATES' Life of Man Bitters

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By MAUDE RITTSCHOUSE.

Lula Page had rushed in, "out of the wet," shaking the bright drops from her curls and laughing lightly heartily. "Did you ever see such a sudden, imperious shower? Came pelted down from a clear blue sky, and drove me right out of the cherry-tree. Oh!—with a sudden change of voice, 'I beg your pardon, I hadn't seen you, Mrs. Simpkins; so dark, you know, coming in from outside.' And I ran through a willow-chair mat talking with the widow Simpkins."

A Heart Lesson.

"Well, that's just how the matter stands, Mrs. Page. The doctors can't seem to see into the case at all. She's just a little rack of bones, a lynx' ear there and a little ray of hope. She can't do more than a bird, can't sing, can't even turn the head on her neck days."

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