

I felt gloomy and forsaken beyond words to express. In the evening the rain slackened, and I went to church. The minister preached from the text, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." The words and sermon seemed like a special message to me, and came like balm to my soul. I was comforted beyond the power of words to express, and yet nothing had occurred to relieve me from the embarrassing features of my situation. I went back to the hotel, slept soundly all night, and the next morning the host found a trusty person to take me to Woodlawn where I arrived in time to begin school at nine o'clock.

'Truly has God said, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please." Jesus said, "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit, and they are life."'

I am quite sure that every Christian could add numberless instances from his own experience when the words of Scripture have comforted, cheered and guided him.

Mrs. Stowe, in her old age, wrote:—'It is affecting to me to recall things that strangely moved me years ago, that filled my thoughts and made me anxious, when the occasion and emotion have wholly vanished from my mind. But I thank God there is one thing running through all of them from the time I was thirteen years old, and that is the intense, unwavering sense of God's educating, guiding, presence and care.'

At Grace Church.

(By Wildie Thayer, in 'Morning Star'.)

A few of the members of Grace Church remained after prayer-meeting to have a social chat.

'Well,' said Deacon Lookhimover to Deacon Faultfinder, 'How do you like the new pastor? Don't you think his gestures are rather awkward?'

'Yes,' answered Deacon Faultfinder, 'I do, and I don't like the way he rolls his eyes just before he says 'Amen.''

'He never can fill Dr. Justgone's place,' chimed in Mrs. Listenbob. 'He ain't got no elements of leadership. Dr. Justgone had a way of raising and spreading out his hands—so (and the supposed imitation of Dr. Justgone's movements were not charming) in a way which sort of compelled every one to rise, but when Mr. Dohisbest rises he seems half asleep. I think we made a mistake in calling him.'

'So do I,' responded Widow Agreewithyou. 'For my part,' softly spoke Miss Lendahand, 'I like Mr. Dohisbest. I liked Mr. Justgone, too. I think Mr. Dohisbest a kind Christian gentleman. His sermons always give me plenty to think about, and if we listen in a spirit of helpfulness, as we ought, we will surely get good.'

'His prayers are certainly fine,' said Mrs. Timidity. 'I enjoy listening to them.'

Miss Lendahand smiled.

'But his gestures are something terrible,' continued Deacon Faultfinder, 'I don't criticize what he says, 'tis his motions. I think we ought to speak to him about it and perhaps he could improve.'

Miss Lendahand spoke. 'Ah, some people who are starving to death for the bread of life will acknowledge the bread is good, and yet will criticize the servant for lack of grace in passing it. Poor, sadly starving ones, believing they are filled.'

There was no answer to this, only a muttered ejaculation from the deacons, and the little company separated.

The congregation at Grace church was not a large one, but very intelligent, at least

so they considered themselves. They desired that first and foremost their pastor should be able to lecture well, preach not only helpfully but instructively, and, above all, they demanded a pastor gifted with elocutionary grace. Their former pastor had, indeed, been a man with these essentials, and no one, it seemed, could ever fill the place of Dr. Justgone.

Mr. Dohisbest was seated in his study when Deacons Lookhimover and Faultfinder were announced. They plunged directly into the object of their visit.

'We have heard some fault found with your gestures, pastor. You see you are rather awkward. Your words are all right, your prayers are excellent, but your motions are against you. Now we want to know if you would be willing to study elocution awhile and remedy the defect.'

'Does the church wish me to do so?' asked the minister.

'Why, yes, if you are willing.'

'I am willing. I will see Professor Graceful in respect to the matter at once.'

'I wonder,' said Mr. Dohisbest, as his visitors left, 'if Peter, when he was sinking, criticised the gestures of his Lord, or if those whom Jesus healed cared whether or not his hands were gracefully outstretched.' And he laughed softly, half-bitterly, to himself.

In spite of his elocutionary drill Mr. Dohisbest would forget himself when he became alive with his sermon, and the congregation would gaze at him critically.

One Sunday a stranger was present. He listened eagerly as the earnest, helpful words fell from the pastor's lips. After the service he sought an introduction to the preacher. He called at his study, and, a year later, as a result, Mr. Dohisbest was called to preside over a college in the West. He accepted the call.

His church people parted from him with deep regret, and when Mr. Comenext arrived he was criticised as a pretty good speaker but not equal to dear Brother Dohisbest.

McKinley's Tribute.

The following paragraph was written by President McKinley for publication in the de Thulstrup Edition of 'Tarry Thou Till I Come,' (Frank & Waynalls Co.) and throws additional light on the Christian faith of this man who is now mourned as a nation's martyr.

(Dated, Washington, D. C., Sept. 15, 1900.)

The religion which Christ founded has been a mighty influence in the civilization of the human race. If we of to-day owed to it nothing more than this, our debt of appreciation would be incalculable. The doctrine of love, purity, and right-living has step by step won its way into the heart of mankind, has exalted home and family, and has filled the future with hope and promise.

(Signed) WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

An Invalid's Room.

When possible, the sick room should have a south or south-west aspect, except when illness occurs in the midst of intense climatic heat; then a northerly aspect is better, for the sake of coolness and shade. As a rule, however, a south aspect is desirable, as an invalid generally wants all the sunshine possible. A room of medium size is the best for invalid purposes. Ventilation is easier to manage, and there is less to clean than in a large room. For many reasons it is advisable that, if it can be so arranged, the sick room should be near the top of the house. In the first place, it is quieter if thus situated; noises from the street traffic as well as those from the house

will be less noticeable. But a far more important reason is that poisoned and vitiated air has a tendency to rise, therefore if the sick room is on the ground or first floor the impure air will, according to natural laws, rise to the top of the house, and possibly affect those who may be living above the invalid. The sick room, however, should not be an attic. For one thing there will not be the proper air space, and secondly, a room situated directly under the roof is more subject to extreme heat and extreme cold, and there is difficulty in keeping up an even temperature, which is important during sickness. If there is a small dressing room adjoining so much the better. It will be useful as a store-room for extra bedding and reserves of all kinds. The sick room must be cheerful in appearance. Get rid of superfluous upholstered furniture, which only acts as dust traps, and in the after disinfecting may possibly be spoiled. Heavy curtains and valances are undesirable in infectious cases, but there is no reason that pretty washing curtains of lace or muslin should not be decoratively employed.—'Public Ledger.'

Absolvo Te.

(I ABSOLVE THEE.)

(A Hymn—Published by Request.)

One priest alone can pardon me
Or bid me 'go in peace,'
Can breathe that word, 'Absolvo Te,'
And make these heart-throbs cease;
My soul has heard His priestly voice;
It said, 'I bore thy sins—rejoice!'

He showed the spear-mark in His side,
The nail-print in His palm;
Said, 'Look on Me, the Crucified;
Why tremble thus? Be calm!
All power is mine—I set thee free;
Be not afraid—"Absolvo Te."'

By Him my soul is purified,
Once leprous and defiled;
Cleansed by the blood, shed from His side,
God sees me as a child;
No priest can heal or cleanse but He;
No other say, 'Absolvo Te.'

He robed me in a priestly dress,
That I might incense bring,
Of prayer, and praise, and righteousness,
To heaven's Eternal King;
And when He gave this robe to me,
He smiled and said, 'Absolvo Te.'

In heaven He stands before the throne,
The Great High Priest above,
'Melchisedec'—that name alone
Can sin's dark stains remove;
To Him I look on bended knee,
And hear that sweet 'Absolvo Te.'

A girded Levite here below,
I willing service bring;
And fain would tell to all I know
Of Christ, the Priestly King;
Would woo all hearts from sin to flee,
And have Him say, 'Absolvo Te.'

'A little while,' and He shall come
Forth from the inner shrine,
To call His pardoned brethren home;
Oh, bliss supreme, divine!
When every blood-bought child shall see
The Priest who said, 'Absolvo Te.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Oct. 6, Sun.—Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.

Oct. 7, Mon.—It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.

Oct. 8, Tues.—The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

Oct. 9, Wed.—Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever.

Oct. 10, Thur.—Let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

Oct. 11, Fri.—Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them.

Oct. 12, Sat.—My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.