

regions, to have been explored and mapped already, but, in fact, there is no lack of unknown lands to which our modern Nasamoni-ans can turn their attention.—'Youth's Companion.'

An Anthem in Church.

(Marianne Farningham, in 'Christian World.')

Why on that Sunday more than others should the singing of that particular anthem so affect one listener? It was not sung every Sunday in the Congregational Church, but once a month it usually formed part of the service, and, therefore, it was not its newness or strangeness that gave it on this Sunday its haunting power.

'He hath filled the hungry with good things,
And the rich he hath sent empty away.'

The refrain lingered in her heart after the singers had ceased, and even the preacher's voice was overborne by its insistent echoes:

'Sent empty away,
Empty, empty away,
The rich he hath sent empty away.'

At first it was only like an irritating suggestion, but presently it gathered force and settled upon her with ominous and chilling solemnity. What must it mean to be sent empty away from God? Did it mean anything but mere words? And what had the words to do with her?

She sat between her husband and her son, and her two daughters were at the end of the pew. Handsome, well-dressed people they were all of them. There were no furs in the whole church to equal hers for richness and costliness, and there was no one family in all the congregation that contributed so much to the funds. One thing more she had set her heart upon, and it was that she might be driven to their place of worship in her own carriage. She had reiterated her wish that morning to her husband, and he had vexed her with his reply:

'Some day, perhaps, my dear, when you are too old to walk. At present we do not need it very much, and I really cannot afford the extra expense.'

'You know very well that you could afford it, John, if you cared to do so. You would have, possibly, to be a little less generous to the chapel that you might be the more generous to your wife, that is all.'

It was a cruel suggestion, and the man winced under it, first flushing, and then becoming pale. His wife noticed the pallor with a feeling of slight uneasiness, and half wished that she had not uttered the words; only half, however, for his contributions to the church were larger than she approved, and frequently annoyed her. She knew her husband's circumstances very well indeed; no one sitting at the desks in her husband's place of business knew more of profit or loss than did this invisible partner in a large concern.

Keen, shrewd, ambitious, she had in her the making of a good woman of business; and, knowing this, her husband always consulted her, and she was able to influence him greatly. He was really less enterprising than she, and he had introduced several changes into his business at her instigation, which had proved profitable. She was harder than he, and many times he would have yielded to adverse circumstances or shirked the difficult climb but for his wife. Neither he nor she knew how near she was to being a taskmaster of rigorous inflexibility, but it is certain that if she had been a softer

woman his banking account would have told a different tale.

'The rich he hath sent empty away.'

Empty of what? Were these really things that the rich had to miss? But then she was not rich; she only wished to be. Her husband's successes were not commensurate with her desires, she had urged him on a good deal, but she knew that she had the same work yet to do, for he was so much more easily satisfied than she. Of course, she wanted to be rich, every woman did, and it was stupid to pretend otherwise. Wealth meant power to do good. Was that why she wanted it? Partly, she was sure of that. But altogether? No. She frankly admitted to herself that the world was too much with her.

She glanced at her husband; he was unusually pale this morning, and there was a look in his eyes which showed that his thoughts, too, were wandering from the sermon. He was evidently tired, for his whole appearance spoke of lassitude and weariness. With a sigh of impatience she compelled herself to attend to the sermon.

But then a strange thing happened, for a vision was called back to her. It was the vision of a young girl whose joy suddenly became too deep for words, and who knelt beside a little white bed in a country home and wept out her vows to God. This was on the evening of the day of her first communion, and the divine love of the Christ had filled her heart to overflowing. And as if that were not enough, John had whispered his love to her as they stood a moment in the moonlight under the old elm tree at the end of the garden. Ah! how truly happy she was that night, happier than she had ever been since. Happy because she was good, for God dominated her; then, and not the world.

She remembered the promise that she then made, it was that by all the power of her life and love she would help the man who cared for her to rise to the highest and best. Alas! she could not be satisfied that she had done this; how could she when she knew that she had not cared for the highest and best herself? Oh, to feel for one half-hour the glow of fervor which filled her being in the old days when she had not wished to be rich.

'Sent empty away.'

Yes, that was her case now. The blessing of the meek in heart, the exaltation of the lowly, the peace of the unworldly, were not for her. She had chosen the other part and she must take the consequences.

And then as in a flash of light she saw things. Her husband looked very old sometimes, he was not the man that he used to be. He was drifting away from the old moorings, too, she was afraid, and she sighed at the thought. What of her children? She would like them to know the beautiful glow of religious joy which she once felt, but they were scarcely likely to do so, for the home of their childhood was different from that of her own. Sent empty away. If she could bear it for herself, she could not for them. She remembered an old phrase: 'Leanness of soul!' That had indeed come to her; but she almost cried out in her agony, 'Not for my dear ones, O God. Fill them with good things, if I am sent empty away.'

She had only partly heard the sermon; but when the benediction was pronounced she knelt in a passion of prayer, and remained so long on her knees that her husband and children were surprised at the unusual circumstance. But they knew afterward.

If there is such a thing as a second conversion she experienced it then.—'Christian World.'

Natalie's New Work.

(Julia D. Cowles, in 'Forward.')

Natalie Wood sat by the dining-room table with brushes and paints scattered about and a half-finished calendar before her. Natalie knew how to paint charming figures of children and flowers for her calendars, blotters, and menu cards, which she sold to the stationer in town.

'Aunt Jennie,' Natalie said, as she dipped her brush into the crimson lake, to finish off the petals of a rose, 'I wish that I could think of something newer than menu cards and calendars, just to vary the monotony of things.'

Aunt Jennie laughed. 'Perhaps we can think of something new if we keep our eyes open. At any rate, I will do the best I can to help you.'

But as it proved, Natalie herself was the one to think of the something new that she had been wishing for. She worked on in silence. Then she put away her brushes and paints and put on her wraps for a walk.

She started out somewhat aimlessly at first, then it occurred to her that she had not yet called upon the girl who had joined the Sunday school class two weeks before. 'I shall never have a better opportunity than now,' she said to herself as she turned in the direction of the girl's home.

The first thing that Natalie noticed upon entering the modestly furnished parlor was a card upon the wall, and on the card, in fanciful letters, was this text: 'What think ye of Christ?'

On her way home Natalie's thoughts kept reverting to that text. Then suddenly it occurred to her that the new idea for which she had been searching had been sent to her.

'I want to know what you think of my new idea, Aunt Jennie?' she said as soon as she reached home; then she told of her call and the text upon the wall. 'I felt sure at once that they were Christians,' she said. 'Then on my way home I began to wonder why more Christian people did not have some such way of letting even their chance visitors know to whom they owed allegiance, for one cannot always speak of Christ to such people; and gradually from that point I began to wonder why I could not paint some texts, in very legible letters, but making them attractive, too. I believe people would like them.'

'Your idea is certainly a good one,' Aunt Jennie said, earnestly. 'I have often wished for something of that kind for my room, and now I will give you your first order, and will tell you the text that I want.'

'Oh, good!' exclaimed Natalie. 'Tell me your text and I will begin work right away.'

'Look at the last verse of the Fourth Psalm,' replied Aunt Jennie. 'That is the text which I want in my sleeping room.'

Natalie soon had her materials together, ready for work, and her Bible beside her. She turned to The Psalms and found the verse that had been chosen: 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'

'What a beautiful verse,' said Natalie, thoughtfully. 'I will make a number like that.' Then, as she turned the leaves of her Bible before beginning work, she found another verse, at which she stopped: 'I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.' 'That is another good verse for a sleeping room. I will print some with that, too.'

A few days later Natalie went to the store at which her work was sold and showed her texts to the proprietor.

He looked at them with interest. The letters were large and clear, yet so beautifully