

Christening.

Today I saw a little, calm-eyed child— Whose soft lights rippled and the shadows

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

HOW TO SUFFER. Brethren! I reckon that the sufferings of

I think, my brethren, that there are few good and faithful Christians who do not have, as they journey through

Now this is a very unpleasant fact; but it is a fact, and we have to accept it.

These would be two pretty good ways of getting along for one who had no better.

Now I do not want to say anything against this way of bearing trouble; it is a good way, and it is a Christian way.

That is his consolation. "We have," he says to us, "a little to suffer here,

Indeed, my brethren, it must be a matter of astonishment to the angels, it ought to be so to us, that we think so little of the heaven which God has prepared for us.

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

That Stupid Girl.

"Grandma, we have a perfect owl at our school." And Ethel sighed deeply. "She means a stupid girl," explained Nell, in her precise little manner.

"My age?" suggested grandma. "Ah, you know what I mean; about Mary's age—sixteen or seventeen."

"Why, she gets everything quite upside down. She has the queerest German accent, and mixes things dreadfully."

"A dreadful arraignment, surely," observed grandma, smiling. "But, Ethel dear"—and her tone was now more serious—"she may be a very good girl for all that."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, she is one of the good girls!" agreed Ethel, carelessly. "Of course, if she had any spirit she wouldn't stand having the girls make such a but of her."

"And are the girls really so unkind?" "Why—why—yes," said Ethel, a little embarrassed. "We do make fun of her, but I don't think she's smart enough to know it really."

"Will you go with her, Ethel?" Ethel hid her face on grandma's shoulder and for a minute remained silent, while more than one in that little group waited breathlessly for her answer.

"Ethel! Ethel! Lenox! Where is Ethel Lenox?" And Grace Hartford came with her question to a group of her classmates who were standing in the recreation grounds.

"That's just what I said to Ethel," returned Kitty. "And, oh, didn't she flare up at me! She said stupid people were human beings as well as smart ones—look! there they go now—te-hee!"

Grace looked and saw that Kitty spoke truly. There, arm in arm, paraded the two girls. Ethel's round, rosy face had a calm, serious, resigned expression while that of Gretchen expressed by turns timid surprise, gratification, doubt, and a vacant sort of wonder.

"So you like this school?" Ethel was saying. "Yes," returned Gretchen. "Hm!" said the other, in surprise. "Shouldn't think you would."

"It sometime makes me to have a sorrow," said Gretchen, with quaint pathos. "I'm sorry I ever snubbed you, Gretchen; but you know you're awfully stupid."

"Yes," said Gretchen, humbly. "Gracious! why don't you get angry at me for saying so?" exclaimed Ethel, impetuously. "I'd hate a girl that told me that."

Ethel started. That was putting her thoughtless conduct in a new light. "Is that the reason you don't answer back?" she inquired.

Ethel's cheeks grew very red, and she walked up and down fast—indeed, so fast that the little bird, were frightened away, and couldn't hear another word of the conversation.

Ethel pressed her lips to the hem of the white robe and hurried off, strangely moved in many ways. Her way home lay past a church, and the children of grandma's group always made it a point to pay a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day.

"Why CAN'T THEY MARRY?" A young lady and gentleman are in love with each other, but will not marry because the lady's mother's brother, who is the young man's father, has a relationship exists between the young lady and gentleman?

The experience of the manufacturers of the Myrtle Navy tobacco is a valuable lesson in the industrial economy. Previous to their commencing that brand, the tobacco made of the finest Virginia leaf, was always held at fancy prices, and put up in some fancy styles of tins.

"I thought all perplexed meanings I had one perfect peace; And trembled away into silence, As if it were loth to cease."

Then she rose, knowing she must go. She was conscious of a vague wonder. Did the organist often practice at this hour? If so—and she made a mental resolve. As she opened the outer vestibule door she felt a light tap on her arm, and what was her surprise to find Gretchen following her!

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"music." Ethel's eyes opened wide in astonishment. But Gretchen, apparently unaware of her surprise, went on: "Ah, liebe Eitel, you did make for me, zat owl stupid, zo appy I did come to tell ze dear Lord in ze music."

"For a whole moment Ethel was bereft of speech. Here was an astonishing discovery. Then she turned and caught Gretchen by the arm. "Gretchen," she exclaimed, "if you can ever forgive me for calling you stupid after that, you're an angel! Oh, I can't look at you, I am so sorry and ashamed!"

"He saved your Uncle Will's life once," grandma told the children; "and was for years my dear son's best friend. After my boy's death he went to his native Germany, and I never heard of him since."

"Excuse me, George, but when I saw you a year ago, your face was covered with pimples; it seems to be all right now." "Yes, sir; that's because I stuck to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the greatest blood medicine in the world. I was never so well in my life as I am now."

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