THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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LITTLE MADELINE;

OR, A HEART'S SECRET.

CHAPTER V.

It must not be supposed that my uncle and aunt, although they had adopted me, could afford to allow me to eat very long the bread of idleness. Had it been necessary, they would willingly have shared with me their slender means; but it was not necessary. I was fourteen years of age. I had received a good education, and was in every way fitted to earn my bread. But what could I do? My inclination was for the sea. I longed to become a sailor; not because I had any particular love for ships, but because I had some wild idea that it might ultimately be the means of bringing me to Madeline. It was one evening that I ventured to express my wish to go to sea. My aunt threw up her hands in horror.

"Lawd love the lad!" she cried; "if he be'ant like his father a'ready! You'd like to gaw to say, would ye? to wander over the face of the earth and die, like your father did, without a roof to cawver your head? A sailor! Lawd love 'ee, and why would you be a sailor?"

I stammered something about wishing to work for my living, when my uncle cut my explanation short by patting me on the head and saying:

"You'm a good lad, I'm glad to hear 'ee talk saw; but there's no cause to gaw to say. You'm a-comin' to wark wi' me, Hugh!"

"In the mine!" I exclaimed in delight, for my strong desire to go down the shaft was growing: but my uncle shook his head.

"Naw, naw, lad; the mine be only for big coarse men like me; a slip of a lad like you will be better whar you'm gawing—inta the awfice."

"The office!" I repeated, my ardor being considerably dampened.

"Have 'ee fixed it all, Tawm?" asked my aunt.

"Iss, mother, I fixed it wi' the mastee this fawrenoon. Hugh can gaw on Monday and begin."

Thus it will be seen that my destiny was mapped out for me. On the Monday I began my duties as under-clerk, with but little satisfaction to myself beyond the fact that I contributed six shillings a week towards the household expenditure.

Monotonous as my days promised to be, I soon managed to infuse a little pleasure into them, principally with the aid of my friend and ally, honest John Rudd; for we soon became close chums. But the one great fascination for me was the mine. Again and again I had begged my uncle to take me down, but he refused. At last, however, one Sunday morning he came to me, and to my intense delight said:

"You can gaw dawn the mine t'-day, Hugh. I be gawn' dawn. I'll tak' 'ee wi' me."

Excitement is welcome to all boys, and it was especially welcome to me; but there was one cloud on my sunshine, when I looked up and saw that my cousin Annie was as white as a sheet and trembling violently.

"Don't father, don't!" she said, piteously.

"Lor' a mussey, Annie, what a frawhtened little woman you'm gettin'!" he said. "Wha, you arn't like a miner's lass, Annie. We must mak' the lad a man, nawt a milksop. Naw then, Hugh, hurry up and get ready. we'm nawt got much time to lose!"

The first thing to be done was to attire myself in one of my uncle's mining suits of flannel, and possess myself of one of his broad felt hats. My uncle handed me half a dozen candles, which he told me to put into my pocket, then, with a merry nod to the womenfolk, we started.

I, having to travel this road every day of my life, was well accustomed to it, and I accordingly followed on my uncle's footsteps without much feeling of curiosity or joy; but when we had passed the counting-house, ascended the cliff, and gained the trap-door entrance to the mine, my heart began to beat with anticipation.

Here we both paused.

"You'll keek a strawny head," said my uncle, looking at me. "'Twill be a bad business if you begin to tramble like our Annie. Are you sure you aren't afraid, lad?"

"Not a bit," I returned; then, looking at the ladder which was set at the entrance of the mine, I asked, "Shall I go first?"

"Bide a bit, bide a bit, lad!" he returned. "Gi's one o' tham candles."

I did so, whereupon he lit it and stuck it into my hat, then he lit another for himself; after this he began to descend the first ladder, and I followed him.

The first object I was conscious of was the huge beam of a steam engine, which worked on my right, alternately bowing and rising, and heavily straining at the deluge of water which it lifted. On the other side, through boards, the chinks of which admitted just light enough at the foot of one of the ladders to show the passage, I saw a loaded tubble or bucket, rushing past its descending companion.

After descending two or three ladders, which were almost perpendicular, we came to a platform, and made a halt.

"Waal, lad?" said my uncle, holding his flickering candle above his head, and looking into my face.

I laughed, and hastened to assure him it was all right, though in reality, I began to feel some of my cousin's misgiving.

"Naw, lad," said he, "come on wi' a will; lay hawld o' the sides o' the ladder, and ha' a care."

I promised to obey him, and we recommenced our descent, he going first and I following. We went down first one ladder and then another, till again we came to a platform and rested.

"What's below?" I asked of my uncle, who was again regarding me curiously, trying to detect if possible any sign of fear or shrinking in my face.

"What's belaw, lad?" he said. "Wha, the water drained from all the mine, the pumps at wark pumping it awt, and p'raps a cartload o' ratting human bawns."

The fetid air of the place was beginning to tell upon me, my breath became labored, the perspiration streamed down my face, while mud and tallow and iron drippings were visible on my clothes. My uncle, who was similarily bespattered to myself, but who was breathing more freely, recommended a rest. I sat the duties of clerk for that of assistant overseer, gnd then, on the death of Mr. Redruth, for those of overseer-in-chief.

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down on the floor while he set himf self to replenish the candles, which had nearly flickered out.

Sitting thus in the stillness, I became conscious of a strange moaning and soughing sound. After listening intently, I asked my uncle what it was.

"It's the sae," he returned; "it be rolling up thar above our heads."

CHAPTER VI.

I must now pass over, at one swift bound, a lapse of eight years. During that time I had exchanged

Behold me, then, at twenty-two years of age, the mainstay of the Pendragon household.

I was standing one day on the cliffs, close to the mouth of the mine, when I saw two figures coming from the direction of the village. One was my cousin Annie, now a comely young woman; the other was young George Redruth, whom I had scarcely set eyes upon since the time of his father's death.

They were talking earnestly, and did not seem at first to notice me; but presently I saw Annie give a startled look in my direction, and afterward they approached together.

He strolled up carelessly, swinging his cane, and smoking a cigar.

"Ah, Trelawney," he said, with a nod; "your cousin Annie has been telling me that there are complaints, again, about the outlying shafts of the mine. So I'm going down to have a look round."

"Very well, sir," I replied, wondering in my own mind why Annie had chosen to make herself the mouth-piece of the men.

"I suppose it's safe enough?" he said, after a moment. "You know, though I am a mine owner, I don't know much about the business; I used to leave all that to the governor."

"It is only right," was my reply, "that you should judge its safety for yourself. If anything happened, you would be responsible."

"I don't know about that," he said, sharply; "I pay you for superintending the work, and if there's danger——"

"There is!" I interposed.

"Well, then, I pay you for facing it and reporting upon it. One can't be both employer and servant, too!"

I was about to retort somewhat angrily, when I met Annie's entreating eyes, and refrained.

"Mr. George," she said, quickly, "is anxious that nothing should go wrong."

"Of course I am," cried the young man, with a curious laugh. "I know what flooding the mine means—any amount of expense, perhaps ruin; for if the sea once got fairly in, whew! it would be a bad job for me."

"And for the men," I said, frowning.

"And for the men, of course; but it's their living, and no doubt they know how to look after themselves. Be good enough to mave all ready, Trelawney, for I'm going down at once. I suppose there is a dress handy?"

I answered in the affirmative, and walked off toward the office. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw him glance after me, and then, with a contemptuous laugh, say something to Annie. My blood boiled angrily, and my cheeks grew crimson. I could have turned back gnd struck him in the face.

Close to the office I found my uncle, who had just come up from underground, and who was covered with the rust of the copperas earth. I told him the young master was going down, and he was delighted.

"He's a brave lad, Master Jarge," he cried, "a fine brave lad! I'll gaw wi' 'un, and shaw 'un where the wall be breaking down."

My uncle led the way down the trap, showing infinite care and tenderness for the young master, who followed him, while I came last. The earth soon swallowed us, and the only light we had was the light of the candles stuck upon our persons and in our hats.

At last my uncle paused and wiped his brow. We were all three now completely disfigured—with earth, mud, tallow, rust, and iron drippings.

"Where the deuce are we now?" asked the young master.

"Whar, Master Jarge?" repeated my uncle, with a friendly grin. "Right dawn under the sae."

Redruth glanced at me.

"How far down, Trelawney?"

"Twenty fathoms under the sea-level, sir, and three hundred feet, or more, out beyond low-water mark."

"Well, where's the damage? It all seems snug enough."

"Come this way, Master Jarge!" said my uncle, crawling forward, until we reached a narrow space with just room for two of us to stand abreast. Suddenly we found ourselves ankle deep in water, and at the same time thick drops like heavy rain fell from the rocks above us.

My uncle reached up with his hands, and touched the roof, which was partially fortified with wood and cement.

"I plugg'd this yar last night, Master Jarge," he explained; "the salt water were streaming in like a fall."

As he spoke the roar deepened to a crash, and we could distinctly hear the sea grinding on the pebbles, right above our heads. I saw Redruth start back, and glance toward the gallery down which we had come. But he recovered his sang-froid in a moment.

"The deuce!" he muttered. "How thick is the ceiling here, Trelawney?"

"Six feet at the thickest, sir; at the thinnest, where you see the wooden plug, not more than three."

Young Redruth looked up again, and, taking a candle from his person, examined the rock.

"Why, it's almost solid ore," he said.

"Iss, Master Jarge," returned my uncle, "but us can't go no farther this ways without flooding the shaft. It would be warth thousands o' pounds to gaw on, and 'twill cost a heap to keep tight and safe as it be."

"Is that so, Trelawney?"

"Yes, sir. We must build up this part of the gallery and have it closed. I can't keep the men from using their picks where the ore runs thickest, even when every inch of stuff they loosen is bringing them nearer to their death."

The young master made no further remark just then, but continued his examination of the other parts of the mine. In several other places the roof was dangerous. My uncle pointed out the various unsafe portions, and led the way from gallery to gallery, until the tour of inspection was complete.

At last we reascended to the sunshine. How bright and dazzling all seemed after that subaqueous darkness!

"Is there anything else you wish to report?" asked Redruth, sharply, as we stood together at the office door.

"Nothing more than I have already reported in writing."

"Well, what was that?"

"The whole mine wants repair. Putting aside the out-lying galleries where the sea may enter at any minute, the engines and machinery need replacing, the ladders are rotten; in fact, everything is in the last stage of decay; and no wonder, seeing that scarcely a penny has been spent on it within my memory."

He frowned, and bit his lips; then he looked me contemptuously from head to foot.

"You are a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow. You want to ruin me, eh?"

"No, sir; but I want to insure the safety of the men."

"Pshaw! You are a croaker, and know little or nothing of the matter," he said, turning on his heel.

"At any rate, sir," I returned, following him, "you will have the outer galleries filled up at once? If you don't, I'll not answer for the consequences."

"Who the devil asked you?" he cried. "Your place is to report, not to advise. As to ceasing to work the outer galleries, I suppose you know that the richest lode of ore runs there, and that the inner portion of the mine is almost barren?"

"I know that; but——"

"But you prefer mutiny and disaffection to study of your employer's interests? I tell you flatly, I don't intend to listen to such nonsense. Thanks to you, the mine at present yields little or no profit, and I am in a fair way to become a beggar."

He saw me smile incredulously, as I cried: "Then you will do nothing?"

"I will do nothing under your advice, for I don't trust you. A gentleman in whom I have the utmost confidence will be here to-morrow morning. You will accompany him down the mine, and you will show him what you have shown me. I shall then be guided by his advice, not by yours."

With these words he walked away.

Soon after sunrise the next morning, as I sat in the office at the mine-head, I was visited by the person to whom young Redruth had alluded. He gave me his card, on which was printed the words—

EPHRAIM S. JOHNSON,
Civil Engineer,
Bethesda, State of New York.

I glanced at the name, and then took a good look at the owner. He wore a showy tweed suit, a glaring red necktie with a horseshoe pin, and a light billycock hat. Altogether, his appearance was not prepossessing.

He informed me, in a high shrill voice, that he had been instructed by Mr. George Redruth to go down the mine, and report on its prospects and condition.

"You'll find its condition bad enough," I said quickly.

"Maybe I shall, and maybe I sha'n't," he answered. "I don't want to prejudice my mind, young man; not that you could do it if you tried. Guess I haven't been three years on the Shoshone territory for nothing."

I saw at once from his manner that he had come with a preconceived opinion, and that nothing he might see would be likely to make him side with the men against their master. However, I treated him as civilly as possible, and, when he had assumed the necessary dress, we made the tour of inspection together. Once or twice on the way, as we ascended the ladders communicating with the abyss, he grew giddy, and I had to watch him carefully, fearing he might fall. All this, it may be guessed, did not increase my respect for Mr. Ephraim S. Johnson.

He did not altogether recover his equanimity until he had sloughed his miner's dress and put on his own radiant apparel. Then, curious to know what he would say to his employer, I questioned him:

"Well, Mr. Johnson? Did I exaggerate when I said that the mine was unsafe?"

He answered me sharply and impudently, but averting his small keen eyes from mine:

"Excuse me, young man, I shall report my opinion to Mr. George Redruth, not to you. I don't mind saying, however, that I guess you did exaggerate, on the whole."

Angry at his manner, I could not forbear retorting:—

"You didn't seem to express that opinion when you were down below!"

"Whgt do you mean?" he cried, turning crimson.

"I mean that you seemed rather in a hurry to get back to the terra firma, up here!"

He did not reply, but gave me a look full of malignity and dislike.

"You think yourself smart," he said; "but you'll have to get up early before you're as smart as me. I mean to do my duty, young man, and so you'll find afore very long."

He left me with this curious valediction. I saw neither Redruth nor Johnson for some days. Then I heard casually that the latter had gone back to London. About a week after his departure, I saw it publicly announced that arrangments had been made with George Redruth, Esq., the proprietor, to turn the St. Gurlott's copper mine into a joint stock company, the said George Redruth, Esq., receiving half the purchase money and retaining the other half in fully paid-up shares. Nothing was said about the precise amount of commission money which went into the pocket of Mr. E. S. Johnson, but the name of that worthy was down on the prospectus as surveyor and inspecting engineer, and I had no doubt whatever in my own mind that he had made a very excellent bargain.

(To Be Continued.)

The Twinging Pains of Rheumatism

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Instead of giving you reasons why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills should cure you, we prefer to quote from the experience of the cured ones. This case of Mr. Haines was unusually serious because it was of twenty years' standing, and had resisted the efforts of two physicians and all sorts of treatment. It is merely another illustration of how Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills reach the seat of disease and cure when other means fail.

Mr. William Haines, farmer, of Thorold Township, near Port Robinson, Welland County, Ont., states: "I have been subject to severe and distressing headaches since boyhood, and in later life this became complicated with rheumatism and sciatica, and altogether my life was made miserable. The headaches were accompanied with dizziness and vomiting, and I was for days and often weeks unfit for anything. As the trouble advanced I became reduced in flesh, and was wrecked in health and spirits.

"After undergoing treatment by two doctors and trying many domestic and patent medicines, I almost gave up in despair, as none of these did me any good.

"Fortunately I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, thinking that if I were only benefited it would be a wonder. However, I persisted in using these pills until the time came when the bad symptoms of nearly twenty years' standing disappeared. I had gained nicely in flesh, and began once more to enjoy life. For this great change all the credit is due to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I shall never cease to recommend them whenever the opportunity offers."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have attained their enormous sale because they succeed where others fail. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE APPLAUSE OF MEN.

Better That You Should Ultimately Receive the Applause of Heaven.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, by Wm. Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Chicago says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: Matthew i, 4, "And Naasson begat Salmon."

Why did Thomas Carlyle entitle one of his books "Heroes and Hero Worship?" He knew that the vast majority of the human race loved to study the lives of its great men and women. Most people are Boswells, bowing before some Johnsonian shrine. We want to see the hero as a divinity, a prophet, a priest, a man of letters or a king. What Dante or Shakespeare or Luther or Rousseau or Burns or Cromwell or Napoleon was in public and private life has for most of us an absorbing interest. We are not, as a rule, over-wrought with excitement when we come in touch with a seeming "nobody," but we will travel far to sit at the feet of a great orator or to clasp hands with a Goethe or a Victor Hugo or to see one whose dictum may influence the destiny of a nation.

We do well to honor the transcendent genius and to take an intense interest in the characteristics of the great man, but we ought not to overlook the heroic elements in ordinary lives. There are man among us, inconspicuous and unknown, who are living valiant lives, overcoming the evil within them and around them and exercising a beneficent influence on their own contracted circle. These are men who, if a great crisis came or a great opportunity opened, would achieve fame, but without it will die unhonored save by the few who know them well. It is such men I would hold up for your admiration to-day, and I choose at random as an illustration of the class an obscure name from a genealogical table.

THE CRADLE'S INFLUENCE.

First, Naasson's cradle must have been an important part of his life's ministry. It is a very common custom for people to sneer at the helpful influence of a cradle. Many critics are apt to say that all a baby is good for is to eat and sleep, to cry and get sick and to keep the house in uproar from the time he gets into it until, as a young man, he goes forth to start a home of his own. For nearly two years at least the mother is bound to that cradle as firmly as if she were linked to it with a chain of steel. For four or five years the baby is utterly helpless. If turned out in the cold, he would not be able to take as much care of himself as a five-months'-old puppy. For the first fifteen years of a child's life his opinion upon any subject is practically valueless. The first twenty years are for the most part preparation for life's work rather than the achievement of any high purpose. "Therefore," some one says to me, "I do not see how you can affirm that Naasson's cradle could have been a very important part of his life's ministry."

While admitting these facts, I still contend that the first few years of a child's life have a momentous influence. They are important not only to the child, but to his parents. Who has not witnessed the influence of a cradle in a house? I appeal to your own experience. It must be in essential principles a parallel of mine. My cradle and the cradles of my brother and sisters had a hallowing influence in our home. They were an inspiration to my father and mother. My father preached better sermons on Sunday because he knew that in his nursery the children with whom he romped during the week would look to him as an example and a model. My mother was all the more consecrated and circumspect because her daughters were looking to her for guidance and maternal training. And, my brother, when any one says that your childhood amounted to nothing, you deny it. By the sainted graves of your dead father and mother you declare that you know they were better Christians and better citizens because you, as a little stranger, once crept into their hearts. Your parents not only gave you to the Lord Jesus Christ when they stood with you at the baptismal altar, but they also at the same time, on your account, renewed their consecration vows to the Christ who loved their little child.

A CHILD IN CAMP.

The purifying, ennobling and Christianizing influence of a little child was once illustrated by a brother minister in the following story: One day, in the far west, a stalwart miner was returning to his encampment when he found a lost child. She was a beautiful little girl of about five summers. "Where is your father and mother, little one?" asked the miner. "Don't know," said the baby. "What are you going to do?" "Well," she answered, not the least abashed, "I guess I will go home with you and wait until mamma comes and gets me." The miner, with a laugh, picked her up in his strong arms and started up the mountain side. The little girl in his embrace was not a bit afraid. She laughed and sang and chattered all the way. When the miner came to camp, he asked the men what he would do with her, and they said, "Let her stay here over night, and then some one will take her to town in the morning." After supper the little girl suddenly stopped her chattering and said: "Now it is time for me to go to bed. Who will undress me?" That was a new task for those hard fisted workmen. They did not know what to do. At last the man who had found her said, "Little one, come here; I will undress you." He got out a woolen shirt and used it for her nightgown. Then she looked up in her sweet, innocent way and said: "Now I must say my prayers. Who will I say them to?" This was a harder proposition for the men to solve than the other. At last one miner said, "Come, my darling, and say your prayers to me." When the little one knelt, the tears came welling out of the miner's eyes. He pushed her off as he said, "No, my little one; I am not good enough for you to say your prayers to me." Another miner tried it. He broke down. At last the little girl knelt by her bunk. When she commenced to pray the old prayer—

Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep—

and ended up that prayer with the plea that God would bless the good men who were looking after her, there was not a dry eye in that cabin. Many of those rough, stalwart men, through that child's example, were led to give their hearts to God. As a result of that little girl's visit these rough miners built a church. They brought to that church a minister. The minister declared that in all his life he never preached to a more impressionable audience than those rough men, who had been brought into touch with that little child prayer.

You assert that that child's gospel influence is the exception? I know it is not. I know that a man never on earth comes as near to heaven as when his little baby boy or girl kneels by his side and in trust and love says a baby's evening prayer. God pity the man who never knew that joy! God forgive the father who has dulled his ear so as not to hear such a message, who has blinded his eyes to shut out such a sight, which in angelic form can come to him in bare feet, robed in a little white nightgown. Brother, do not tell me that Naasson's childhood was wasted years. Do not for a moment suppose that although you may be an ordinary man living an ordinary life in an ordinary home your little cradle had no gospel significance in the lives of your Christian parents.

NAASSON LIKE MOST OF US

Naasson's matured manhood teaches that God provides for the humblest of his children as well as for the greatest. Who was Naasson? He had a father named Aminadab and a son, Salmon. That is all we know of his direct connections. They were evidently as humble as himself. There was certainly nothing extraordinary about this man. History makes no mention of Naasson leading a great army. Among all the leaders of the Bible there is no recorded speech spoken by his lips. Whether he was in physique tall or short, whether he had light hair or dark, blue eyes or black, a broad or a narrow chest, must be all left to conjecture. But this fact is certain—whether he was the humblest individual who ever lived or no, God took care of him, God fed him, God clothed him, God saw him grow up to full manhood. Then when his work, however small, was done God took him to himself. In other words, Naasson was like most of us, who are without any particular talent or power of leadership. Yet God is caring and feeding and clothing and housing us, just as he feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lily of the field.

WHERE PLAIN LIVES LEAD.

But I find another very suggestive fact about Naasson's genealogical history. It led to mightier names. As Joseph Parker once graphically and tersely expressed it: "You should remember that a long, flat road may be leading up to a great mountain. There are some very plain and uninteresting miles out of Geneva, yet every one of them brings you nearer to Mont Blanc. So you do not know to what high hill your life may be quietly leading up. Even if you yourself are nobody, your son may be a man of renown or his son may be a valiant and mighty man. Methuselah was the father of Lamech, and Lamech was the father of Noah." Yes, yes, that is the thought to which I point. Naasson may only have been a seeming nobody. His son, Salmon, was a seeming nobody. But Salmon was the father of the mighty Boaz, who was the husband of beautiful Ruth, who was the grandmother of the mighty David, who was the ancestor of Jesus Christ. So, O humble woman, you may think your domestic life does not amount to much. You may say it consists mostly in sewing dresses for the babies and cooking meals and petting the little ones when they are hurt and reading the Bible to the children before they go to bed. But I want to tell you that in the light of this history of Naasson you have a mighty, a tremendous work upon your hands. You may be the mother or the grandmother of a boy who will yet proclaim the gospel of Jesus to the furthermost parts of the world.

Again, Naasson's life impresses me with the fact that the grestest of earthly works are accomplished by ordinary people. Here and there in the long list of genealogical names which are recorded in the first chapter of Matthew there is a prominent man, but four-fifths of them—aye, nine-tenths of them—are names as humble as that of Naasson's. Thus we find that everywhere the vast bulk of the world's work is done by the ordinaries and not by the extraordinaries. Why? Because there are but few extraordinaries and thousands upon thousands and millions and millions of ordinaries. When you stand by the grave of Christopher Wren in St. Paul's cathedral of London, you read his epitaph thus: "If you wish to see my monument, look about you." But when I look about St. Paul's cathedral I see in the stones of every wall and the dovetailing of every crevice the work of hundreds and thousands of hands horny with toil as well as in the complete building the white, soft fingers of the great architect who there lies buried. I see the humble laborers digging the foundations; I see the humble masons rearing the walls; I see the humble carpenters lifting the scaffoldings; I see the crowd collect about the poor, bruised, mangled body of the workman whose foot misstepped and whose brains were dashed out upon the ground beneath when he fell from that high scaffolding. Aye, I see Naassons, humble Naassons, everywhere in life! They have builded the pyramids; they have lifted the dome of St. Peter's and the Taj Mahal; they have worked on the farms and swept out the stores and died in the soldier's trench. It is the accumulation of the work of the obscure individuals in this world which has made this old earth what it is; therefore, my brother, do not say that your life's work is useless because it is inconspicuous.

But coming near to the earthly end of Naasson's life I find by this genealogical account that God was keeping just as much account of his life as he did that of Abraham or Jacob or Boaz or David. Naasson in his humble capacity and doing his life's work well was just as dear to his Divine Master as if he had occupied a Solomon's throne or had built a Noah's ark. Indeed, I sometimes think if God has any favorites they are to be found among the humble workers. Abraham Lincoln thought so. He once said, "God must love the common people better than the aristocrats because he made so many of them." And Christ's actions when upon earth seemed to prove this theory. We find that he associated for the most part with the poor and the humble. The greatest earthly joy Jesus seemed to have had in a human sense after a day's preaching in Jerusalem was to be able to leave the capital and climb up the hill upon which is situated the little village of Bethany and there lodge with his few friends in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Thus, my brother, in your humble capacity, in your obscure home, remember that Christ is with you. Remember that he is watching you. Also remember that if you do your work with his help to the best of your ability he will speak to you the same words which Sir Walter Scott chiseled upon the tombstone of a domestic who had served him long and was buried in his family plot: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

"CHINESE IDOL."

A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND.

A lady who is subject to heart disease took tea last Sunday with a neighbor, and while sitting at table her husband rushed in without a hat and in his shirt sleeves.

"Be calm!" he exclaimed hurriedly to his wife; "don't excite yourself, you knoR you can't stand excitement, and it might be worse!"

"Good gracious!" cried the wife; "the children are——"

"They're all right. Now, Mary, don't get excited; keep calm and cool; it can't be helped now. We must bear these visitations of Providence with philosophy."

"Then it's mother!" gasped the wife.

"Your mother's safe. Get on your things, but don't hurry or worry. It's too late to be of any use, but I'll fly back and see what I can do. I only came to tell you not to get excited."

"For mercy's sake," implored the almost fainting woman, "tell me the worst!"

"Well, if you will have it, the consequences be on your own head, Mary. I've tried to prepare you, and if you will know—don't excite yourself; try to keep calm—but our kitchen chimney's on fire, and all the neighbors are in our front garden!"

She survived.

CHOOSING THE WEDDING DAY.

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in County Donegal, Ireland, and in the Scottish districts of Kintyre and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced, the friends of the couple meet at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck, and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

"What did that man do to make himself so famous?" asked the inquirer, gazing curiously at an individual who formed the center of a social group. "To the best of my knowledge," replied the cynic, "he did the public."