

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

"I Can Do All Things in Him Who Strengthens Me."

Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light.—Romans, xiii., 12.

To enjoy fully the fruits of the redemption we should realize that "the night is past, and day is at hand." We are very prone to forget that "the light shines in the darkness" and that it depends entirely on ourselves whether the darkness shall comprehend it.

The Apostle urges us to pierce this darkness, which is sin-sin

thought and desire, in words and works. He calls sin the works of darkness because it is the work of man, who is the spirit of darkness.

"Man commits sin is of the devil for the devil sinneth from the begin-

ning. Consider what we do when we sin. We work what the devil worked from the beginning and still

works, for the work of the devil is wrought in secret and hidden from

the light. They loved darkness rather than the light, for their works were evil."

This sin, so evildoing causes the greatest crime, to feel ashamed of his actions.

Hence he lies in secret to sin and strives to cover his vicious life from the eyes of his fellow creatures.

How many of our souls were uncovered, would care to harbor proud, uncharitable, envious

charitable thoughts and deeds?

If the world's eye were constantly fixed upon us would we be guilty of theft, fornication, adultery, rioting, drunkenness, &c.?

And yet the warning that "the fearful" and the unbelieving, and the abominable and murderers, and fornicators, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all those who have their portion in the pool burning with fire and brimstone does not seem to deter us.

To escape the terrible penalty, the wages of sin, St. Paul exhorts us to "put on the armor of light."

This armor is simply the many virtues which, when required, become our strong defense in the combats with the powers of darkness.

But to acquire this armor is no easy task, because we have to exert ourselves to the sticking point.

For "the kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent bear it away."

To encourage us in this contest for the armor of virtue, to enable us to overcome difficulties and surmount obstacles a confirming influence is exerted in our favor if we are willing to co-operate. "I can do all things in Him who strengthens me." When we once obtain this "armor of light" we become so marked that even the wicked refuse not his applause, "for that seed of men shall be honored which fears God, and even Wisdom cries out, 'O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory! for the memory thereof is immortal, because it is known with God and with men.' It is not enough to wear our armor; we must show forth its brilliancy, that looking thereon others may be led to strive for it also. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

In wearing this armor we become other Christ's, for we adopt His thoughts, imitate His works and speak and act as He did.

Christ hated darkness and despised it.

His words and works were always such as the honor of His Fa-

ther and the salvation of His bre-

thren required. It was the light that shone in the darkness, "the true light which enlightens every man that comes into this world."

What a humiliating testimony most of us have to give of ourselves when upon examination we perceive not "the author of light" clothing us, but the foulness and blackness and weakness of sin; when we discover ourselves the very opposite of a Christlike character!

And yet our only hope is to don this "armor of light" for whom God foreknew. He also pre-

destined to be made conformable to the image of His Son."

Let us arise then, from our spiritual lethargy and put on the Lord Jesus Christ, that our Heavenly Father weighing us in the balance, may not find us wanting.

pears, peaches, grapes and apples.

"I am truly afraid there will be no room for the vegetables," said Mrs. Forbes, as she looked at the racks of cold meats, jams and honey that were rapidly taking all the space on the table. But all was finally settled, and the dinner bell rang at the usual time.

It is impossible to describe the looks of surprise, astonishment and joy on the faces of the unfortunate people as they came into the room. It was the first home-like table many of them had sat down to for years, and tears rolled down many furrowed cheeks, as old Father Brown re-

cently asked a blessing, and made special mention of the kind friends who on this joyful day remembered the helpless and forlorn.

It was a day long to be held in memory by all. To people long accustomed to plain, coarse fare, there was something incomparably delicious in Miss Hester's dinner.

They praised Mary's cake, and Rob's lemonade, and Miss Hester's doughnuts, but enjoyed the turkey and sweet potatoes most of all.

"As she filled an old lady's cap, for the third time with the clear, amber fluid unknown to the poorhouse tab-

le, Miss Hester told the story of her life, all who wanted it should have good coffee every day.

"This is the first mince pie I have had since mother died," said Mother Brown.

"A little more quince jelly," said a crippled boy, when Mary brought him to have something more.

"A quivering pink island surrounded with rich cream caused him to give a sigh of content, as he slowly ate the dainty dessert.

"I don't eat near enough," said foolish Ben, with a broad grin, and three people flew to supply his wants.

"Why, Ben," said Forbes, "you have turkey, turnips and cold ham on your plate. Do you want anything else?"

"Yes," said Ben, regretfully, "but I can't hold no more."

Everyone laughed and confessed to a similar sensation. They snatched up their plates and recalled the Thanksgiving dinners in former days, until the wretches were almost starved. At last they sauntered out on the still green lawn, and Rob and Mary hastily cleared one end of the table, while the others brought the hungry people who had waited three hours past the usual time for dinner.

"I could not have waited much longer," said Rob, dropping his dish.

"Neither could I," said Miss Hester from services.

"I think the very last person has gone to church," said Miss Hester, briskly. "It will be safe to now, Mary."

"All right. I'll run and tell Rob to bring the wagon around," said Mary, giving the turkeys a final basting.

Rob carefully packed the smoking viands into the wagon, and when he had finished there was barely room for the three passengers.

"Hand me that cake," commanded Mary from her perch among the jars and baskets. So Rob lit up the wonderful white and flaky loaf and tucked the box of roses that were to ornament it by Mary's feet.

Then turned to Miss Hester, who was anxiously counting baskets and bundles.

"What can I do for you?"

"I am sure we have forgotten something," answered that lady.

"Did you get the pigs, Mary?"

"They are right under the front seat," said Mary, taking as complete a survey of the load as her burden permitted.

"Everything is here except the lemon tarts, and you told me not to get them."

"The turkeys are still in the oven!" exclaimed Miss Hester. "Help me out, Rob. Whoever heard of a turkey without a stuffing?"

"All right," responded Rob, cheerfully. "That is, if I am able to move. This is the hardest day's work I ever struck, but I enjoyed it all the same."

The friends of Miss Hester were still wondering how and where she spent Thanksgiving, for all had noticed the shut-up cottage on the way home from church. When the sewing circle met at Mrs. Blenk's, for the first time in her life Miss Hester made a little speech. Her hands trembled slightly, and there was a becoming pink spot on each cheek; but her voice never faltered as she said: "My dear friends, you know how often I have accepted invitations from all of you, and how much I have appreciated your kindness. This is the first time that I have been invited to a Thanksgiving dinner, and I am sure glad we did not attempt to bring it this evening, said Miss Hester.

"All right," responded Rob, cheerfully. "That is, if I am able to move. This is the hardest day's work I ever struck, but I enjoyed it all the same."

After more packing and planning the wagon started, and just as the sun clock struck 12, and just as the beautiful bird surrounding a huge briar building, which was known to most people as the poor house. Very few people said anything, or called the unfortunate inmates anything but paupers.

It took but a few minutes to explain their visit to the astonished superintendent and his wife, who were delighted to find that the poor load of good things were for people who led such a cheerful life.

"We tried to persuade the directors to allow our people a real Thanksgiving dinner this year; but they are too poor for refection and want the tax-payers to see how economical they are," explained Mr. Forbes. "I told Maria there would be no turkey cooked in this house to-day, unless all had a share of it."

"We did get an extra fine roast, but paid for it ourselves," said his wife. "You see, there are 28 persons here, besides our own family, and they all hoped you would want to accept my invitation that way every time. I hope you all had as good a time as we did; but I don't believe you could."

"Miss President," said the minister's wife, "I heard glowing accounts of Miss Hester's proxy dinner from my husband, who called at the infirmary to see a sick man; but I did not feel at liberty to mention it before Miss Hester did. I therefore moved you that Thanksgiving dinner be proxy at the infirmary be made an annual affair; and that Miss Hester be instructed to allow some of her people to the spotless glass and old-fashioned china. The big bare kitchen was filled with odd foreign to that room; and the big range was loaded down with good things keeping warm till the table was finished. Mary's wonderful load with its pink wreath occupied the place of honor, flanked by mounds of angry jumbies and soft rings of bacon.

"It was unanimously adopted," said the president, as all rose to their feet.

"We will close by singing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

oven. About thirty minutes will clean out the pipes. No modern writer presents an analogy of an ancient kingdom. Everything was then. Cities were remote regions and mercantile and action were diminished.

The king of Assyria is to be like a great, over-

powering force in a time of storm.

Leaves Splendid Recre-

ations to Lucy herself in

Wife Duties.

SAI, the young correspond-

ent, has written his first

story, "The Czarina."

It is a picture of the

life of the czarina in

her palace.

GOOD THINGS TO THINK,

Many delicious drinks may be pro-

duced for both children and grown-ups.

We have given a great deal of

favor to the common lemonade,

but it deserves every whit its popu-

larity, but as a change there are

many other things which will be re-

ceived gratefully.

Almond Milk—This is a most deli-

cious beverage. It takes some time

to prepare it, and does not go very

far, but more can be made in pro-

portion. Blanch two blan-

ches, and pound to a paste three

sweet almonds, and also mac-

erate them until smooth: Upon the

blanched almonds pour one gill of

boiling water, crush and mash again.

Strain, and again put the almond

juice through a cloth, add a few drops of milk, and strain again.

Almond Milk—This is a drink

of the soldier in the field,

and is very nutritious.

It is a drink of the sol-

ider in the field, and

is a drink of the field.

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