

SUSTAINING GRACE.

Thou goest forth, but not alone; God's presence, that shall see...

LABOR LOST.

There is scarcely anything more unfortunate for a man than the absence of loving women around his childhood and youth.

But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the veriest pauper.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt, infinitely more heartless than himself.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a crusty old bachelor.

One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a vestry meeting, he met George in the cathedral close.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay his expenses if he would go abroad and travel for two years.

George fully expected that now he would be ignored, and probably lose any chances that he might have of inheriting his godfather's wealth.

He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly increasing interest.

In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements.

he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that, sooner or later, he would prove her all the believed women universally to be.

But month after month went by and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home over the way from Mark's fine little boy that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl whom not even Mark could find it in his heart to regard as dangerous.

So he went over to George's, played a rubber or two with his favorite and tried every way to induce a confession as to the 'lure in the rain, but the young wife would make no allusion to it.

The affair was beginning to look very black to Mark. For he had satisfied himself that George had been told nothing whatever of these clandestine excursions.

After an interval of two hours Mrs. Downes's carriage returned, the same gentleman put her carefully into it, and must have driven at once home, for when Mark passed the house she was sitting in her plain merino dress by the window, tending his uzbekake.

George heard what his godfather had to say with a face half angry and half incredulous.

"It must have been my wife's sister," he said.

Mark laughed scornfully at such a disease, and, moreover, stoutly asserted that it was Mrs. Downes and not her sister.

"Come on Thursday and see for yourself, George."

"If I do, godfather, it will not be because I suspect my wife, but because I am sure to prove you wrong."

Still George thought it singular that he could not by the most adroit questioning get from her any allusion to those mysterious visits.

"Emma, I will ask for Thursday afternoon, and we will go out to Albion to see the holly and mistletoe for Christmas. What do you say?"

"What have you to do?"

"More than I can tell. Is it not nearly Christmas, and does that not imply all sorts of housekeeping duties? But I will go with you Friday, dear."

George was a little cross at the refusal, and answered gloomily: "No, I have lost the wish to go now."

in frail and failing health, opened the door for him, saying: "You want to see the signor, sir?"

"No, I wish to see Mrs. Downes; she is here, I believe?"

"Ah, yes, she is here. If you will please go up one stair. I am so weak and tired always."

She pointed to the stairs, and George went thoughtfully up them. Half way there was a little landing and a door, and there he heard a strange, musical voice, and then his wife's merry laugh to his observation.

"I meant it for your Christmas gift, George, and you have peeped before-hand. Is not that too bad?"

"Indeed it is, Emma."

But Emma was almost satisfied with his peeping, so proudly and lovingly did he take her home.

"How did you find me out, George?"

"Oh, you are easy to find out, Emma. Of course I knew if you went out in a carriage that you got it at Morrell's."

"You think all foreigners are Frenchmen, George. He is an Italian, and so is his beautiful wife. He came from London to paint my Lord Bishop and the cathedral, and the signora was so much better here that he resolved to spend the winter at Yorkshire and try to make enough to go to Italy soon."

George let the subject drop now as quickly as possible to Emma; but he talked a good deal about it—and in no very good temper—to his godfather.

"I will do as you say, Emma. Has the signor plenty of work?"

"He is painting many of the principal ladies in the city. The bishop thinks very highly of him. Indeed, I have seen his lordship there at nearly all my visits."

The following very funny letter appeared in a number of the *Poultry Monthly*. It may appear out of place in this department, yet—

"Meester Verris—I see dot most efferpody writes somedring for de sheekens bapers nowdays, and I thought praps maybe I can dot too, as I write all about vat dook black mit me laest summer: you knoo—older you don't know, I me delis you—dat Katrina (dot is name vrow) and me, we keep some shickens for a long time ago, and von say she sait to me, 'Sockerry' (dot is mein name) 'vy doud you put some of de aigs under dot old plue hen shickie? I tink she wants to sail.' 'Vell,' I sait 'meppe I guess I vill,' so I bickered out some of de best aigs and dook um out do de parn, fer de olit hen make her nest in de side of de haymow, pond five six veet up; now you see I never verry ferr big up and town, but I verry pooly big all de way around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent and get a parrel to stant on vell I kinnet me on de parrel, and ven my bed rise up do de nest, dot olit hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all omy my face mit blood, and ven I dodge back, dot plasted olit parrel he break, and I vent town kershasa; I didn't tink I koot go insite a parrel before, but dere I vos, and I fit so dote dot I koodn't gif me out efferway, my feet vos busedh vey up under my armoles. Ven I lound dot I vos dite shuck, I holler 'Katrina! Katrina!' and ven she koun and see me shuck in de parrel up to my armoles, mit my face all blood and aigs, she shut latl town on de hay and latl and latl, till I got so mat I sait, 'Vor you lay dere and lat like a olit fool, eh? Vy don't you koun bull up off' and she set and sait, 'Oh, vep off your chin, and bull your feet town,' den she lait back and lait like she voad abilit herself more as efer. Mat as I vas I tought to myself: Katrina, she speak English pooly good, but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, 'Katrina, vill you bull me out dis parrel?' and she seel dot I look pooly red, so she sait, 'Of course I vill, Sockerry,' den she lait me and de parrel town on our site, and I dook hold de door sill, and Katrina she bull on the parrel, but de first ball she mate I yellit, 'Donner and blissen, shlop dot; dere is nails in de parrel!' You see de nails bent down ven I vent in, but ven I koun out efer 'chies in me all de way round. Vell, to make a short shory long, I told Katrina to go and deil my brother Hausman to bring a saw and saw me dis parrel off; vell, he koun, and he like to ebhit himself mit latl too, but he roll me over and saw de parrel all de way round off, and I get up mit half a parrel around my waist, den Katrina she say, 'Sockerry, vat a little till I git a battern dot new ostershry you half on,' but I didn't sait a word. I chust got a verry ond and vittle de hoops off and shing dat confoundet olit parrel in de wood pile.

Pimey ven I koun in de house Katrina she said so soft like: 'Sockerry, doud you go to put some aigs under dot old plue hen?' Den I sair, in my deepest voice, 'Katrina, if you efer say dot to me again I'll git a pill from you, help me chimneyvacious, and I tell you she didn't say dot and more. Vell, ven I shlop on a barrel now, I don't shleep ond, I git a box.

Brooly yours, SOCKERRY KAVRER.

The Dog That Went Over Niagara. The dog which was thrown from the Niagara bridge and miraculously escaped drowning in the rapids is still alive on Taylor's Point.

The Profits of the Revision. The question has been asked again and again, where do the profits of sales of the revised New Testament go?

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Rev. S. LANDER, Pres't. Nov. 2, 30-17] Williamston, S. C.