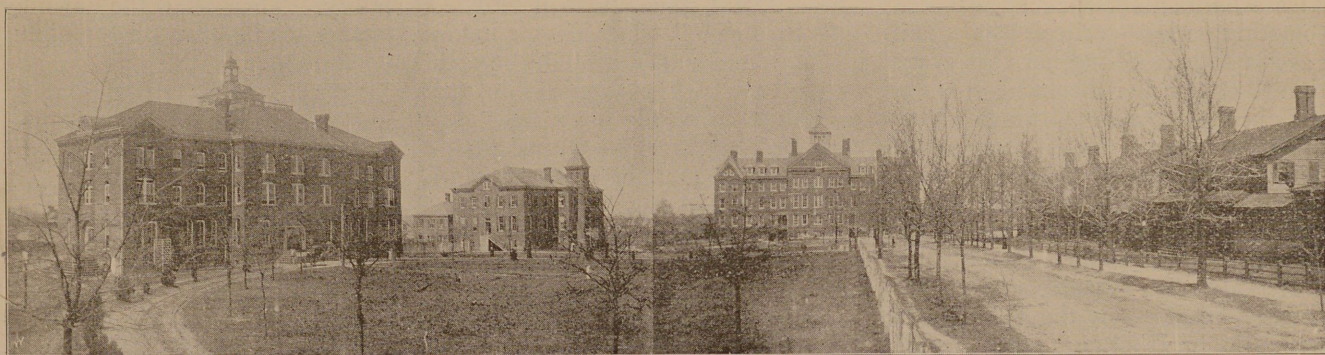


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No. 4.

THE MOSLEM'S PRAYER.

"O God, make firm my feet upon
Es Sirat on the day
 When feet shall slip upon it." Thus
 I heard the Moslem pray.
 His face, his neck, his hands, his arms
 Had all been bathed in turn;
 As each he washed, a prayer he said,
 This Turkish warrior stern.
 And when his right foot he had reached,
 This plaintive prayer he made;
 That hair-like bridge, sharp as a sword,
 E'er made his soul afraid.
 For well it might; his deeds were dark;
 It must be crossed by all;
 And those whose feet upon it slip
 In hell are sure to fall.
 Did he not well to God to cry?
 It was his only hope.
 "Make firm my feet," I, too, would pray,
 When I with evil cope.
 Make me to stand in that dread day
 When secrets are made known,
 "When feet shall slip,"—I thank Thee, Lord,
 I need not walk alone.

E. O. W.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Some one suggests that we thank God for having given us ancestors; but he adds that each successive generation should thank him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of ages.

Among the many useless things handed down to us by our ancestors, that we should take great pains to leave behind us in the march of progress, is superstition.

Superstition is defined as any popular notion attributing occult influences of some kind to trivial things.

What are some of these popular notions? If any one is not acquainted with them, he has only to open his eyes and he will see the evidences of superstition all around him.

An old lady is hobbling down the streets with a large basket on her arm. Suddenly a cat shoots across the street in front of her.

What is the old lady doing? Turning around and walking backwards to the place where the cat crossed her

path. What for? Bad luck if she doesn't.

Another scene. It is almost midnight. The whole world is wrapped in a cloak of darkness. A shabby, two-roomed house stands a few feet from the street. The windows are partly out; the steps are almost broken down from the weight of years.

Why is that man crouching at the foot of the steps in the yard? He seems to be burying something under the steps. What is it? Some nails, hair and the head of a snake. He has been hired to conjure some one in the house and pretends by burying these things under the steps to accomplish the result.

Many school-children have these notions concerning their lessons and their good or bad luck in school. The boys believe that if they carry a rabbit's foot in their pocket, they will never be punished for missing their lessons, and will always win a game of marbles or of ball. Both boys and girls never pass a pin without picking it up, unless the point is turned from them. If they start to school, and are compelled to go back for something left behind, they will make a cross mark as they turn and walk over it. This is a guard against ill luck at school.

A person who did not believe in superstitions would think of them only as absurdities. But let us look at the other side, and we will find many serious evils.

Superstition is a great hindrance in business. Many think by resorting to this practice they will be led along the flowery paths of good fortune. The farmer who believes that his crops will be worthless if he plows and plants on Friday forgets that it is not luck

but hard work and perseverance which bring good crops everywhere.

Who studies his lessons the harder? The boy who carries a rabbit's foot in his pocket, depends upon good luck, or the boy who realizes that his success will come only by patience and diligence?

Superstition has not only been a great evil in the business world, but many bad effects have arisen from it in social affairs as well.

If a man does not live peaceably with his neighbor, the cause of the trouble must be found, and work must be begun at this point. It may be that after a prayerful search, the cause will be found to exist in his own heart buried under self-righteousness.

Christ said, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." This shows that he must go to his neighbor; and they must talk over the trouble together and forgive each other. But instead, he would rather pay a hoodoo doctor for his folly much money than go to Christ who giveth wisdom for the asking.

When a patient calls upon a conjure doctor for a remedy, the conjuror never tries to find the cause of the trouble, but simply gives the pretended remedy for the money. But in one instance a woman went to a real physician for something to conjure her husband, and she obtained a remedy well-suited to the case.

She and her husband did not live very agreeably together, and one day she went to a doctor who lived near by, and told him how her husband

abused her all the time that he was at home. She asked the doctor to give her something to keep her husband from quarrelling with her so often. Not being a conjure doctor, he was at a loss what to give her; but he mixed something together in a bottle and gave it to her, telling her that every time she saw her husband coming, she must put some of this medicine in her mouth and keep it there a half hour. This remedy worked like a charm, not, however, because it was a charm, but because it prescribed that half hour of golden silence.

It is also seen that superstition has an evil effect upon the health of a community. It often makes people imagine that they are ill when in reality they are not. Not long ago in Georgia this scene took place.

A doctor sits in his nicely furnished office reading a newspaper. The door opens silently.

"Goodevening, Aunt Jane. What's the trouble now?"

"Doctor, I has sech misery in my head and neck, and I thought dat I would come to you-alls, fer ef anybody kin cure, I b'lieve dat you kin."

"Well, Aunt Jane, what is the cause of the misery? Have you been eating too much?"

"No, doctor, I never do eat much. One of my neighbors conjured me 'cause I tole on him fer stealin' chickens."

"I don't know what to do with her, but I must give her something to get rid of her."

"Well, Aunt Jane, I don't believe that I can cure you, as I am not a hoodoo doctor. (What must I do?)"

"Well, doctor, I sez if you kaint cure me nobodies kin, and I b'lieve dat you kin if you would."

"I don't believe in conjuring any way."

"You des wait 'till sombodies fixes you, den you'll be more'n lakely to b'lieve."

"Aunt Jane, take this powder and come back in a few days, and I will see what I can do for you."

("There's nothing the matter with her, she only imagines that some one has conjured her.")

In about three days, Aunt Jane comes back apparently in great distress.

("There! I never thought that she would come back; but I must cure her now or at least make her think she is cured.")

"Well, Aunt Jane, how are you to-day?"

"Doctor, I am in more misery dan eber, I couldn't sleep a night fer de misery in my neck and head."

("Henry, take this box and go into the yard and fill it with baits.")

Henry soon comes back, and the doctor, taking the box of baits, steps behind Aunt Jane's chair and says, "Now, Aunt Jane, be still and we will cure you." The doctor takes his lance and makes a slight scratch on the back of Aunt Jane's neck, and works very carefully for a few minutes, pretending to be taking something out; then, holding the box of baits in front of her, he said, "Were these what caused the trouble?"

"Bless de Lord, I knowed I was conjured; I feels bettah dat quick."

"Bless de Lord, and bless dis doctor. I'm well forebber."

Not simply do people go to a conjurer for imaginary diseases, but also for real sickness. On account of taking the roots and mixtures of this ignorant man who professes to be a doctor, many people who might now be living are dead. Very often the reason of so much sickness is that the sanitary conditions of the home and village are overlooked; diseases might often be checked by attending to hygienic regulations.

But instead of sprinkling lime upon the damp places in the yard and under the doorsteps to kill all disease-germs, which are liable to be there, they sprinkle around their imaginary enemy's house something given them by the hoodoo doctor.

If they kept their wells cleaned regularly, the pure water that they swallowed would be a greater charm to keep away diseases than the small red flannel bag filled with cayenne pepper, finely beaten stone and something belonging to their enemy, worn around the neck.

Worse than all other evils, superstition hangs like a cloud over the religion of the people, darkening the light of God's own word. Superstition is an enemy to the Bible and to religion.

The Bible says, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." Superstition says, "Always keep a horse-shoe nailed over the door; and you will be successful." The Bible says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Superstition says, "Carry a goofer-bag in your pocket to get ahead of your brother." The Bible says, "Overcome evil with good." Superstition says, "Conquer your enemy by wearing a red flannel bag."

In order to be freed from the evils of superstition, there must be found men and women who are willing to go among the poor and ignorant people living in the alleys and lanes and labor patiently with them.

In this, as in many other reforms,

work must begin with the children. Gather in the children, and, as the evil is rooted out of their tender minds, sow good seeds which shall bear fruit for Christ and for the upbuilding of humanity. Then shall the dawning of intelligence break upon the night of superstition.

"Thus Error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven:
They fade, they fly—but Truth survives their flight."

M. Maggie Rogers, acad. class of '97.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR GENIUS.

It has been said that if a talent for hard work is not genius it is the best possible substitute for it. What is genius? The Standard Dictionary defines it as "an exalted intellectual power capable of operating independently of intuition and training and marked by an extraordinary faculty for original creation".

According to this definition of the word, we are perfectly safe in making the statement that geniuses are not born every day; moreover, geniuses, like poets, are not made, therefore it is evident that the vast amount of work done to-day can not be done by geniuses alone. There are not enough in the world even to superintend its work, so it is impossible for the work of this large and busy world to be wholly carried on by them; but it must be and is done by common people, few of whom are gifted with any extraordinary talents. To accomplish any thing in life, those who have not genius must use its substitute, hard work. Hard work can not only be successfully substituted for genius, but, indeed, hard work and genius often go hand in hand.

Thomas Gray spent eight long years of hard work on the one poem, his famous "Elegy," which Edmund Goss says has perhaps been admired more abroad than any other English poem.

Alfred Tennyson, talented as he was, spent seventeen years of hard work on "In Memoriam", that one poem, so rich in golden thought. Does not this prove that, although a man may be a genius, he must also work?

"You charge fifty sequines," complained a Venetian nobleman to the sculptor, "for making a bust that cost you only ten days' labor." You forget, replied the artist, that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

The world has to-day in history a long list of men, whose names are imperishable. Among these shining lights there are, doubtless, geniuses, but there are included in the list many whose hard work combined with but

ordinary ability accomplished much.

John D. Rockefeller, the philanthropist, himself once a country boy, asserted in a recent address to young men, in New York, that the men from the country were crowding out the men from the city. Mr. Rockefeller in giving his reason for this said, "You have not had the struggles in the city that we have had who were reared in the country. We men from the country are willing to do more work. We were prepared by our experience to do hard work".

A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, spent regularly fourteen hours a day behind his private desk working harder than any man in his employ.

Paderewski, the noted pianist, practices about nine hours a day and after this, much time is spent in applying an apparatus to his arms in order to strengthen them, and even when resting he often uses a pair of light dumb bells to give general tone to his system.

Mrs. Stowe truthfully and wisely says, "A genius for hard work is the best kind of genius." It is by hard work that the many industries of this great world glide so smoothly on.

Through every scale of human industry hard work must prevail. Ask the laborer, the artisan with his delicate skill, the farmer in the field, the merchant behind the counter, and each will reply, "Hard work is the secret of success."

Not only have famous men obtained their success by hard work, but also all of the nations which have reached the highest round of civilization have found untiring industry to be an indispensable element of advancement. Do not the ruins of the beautiful buildings, the fine art, and poetry left us by the Romans and the Greeks, prove that hard work was the secret of their success?

Think of those wonderful Egyptian pillars and pyramids which have stood through the centuries and which thousands of people have visited and admired. Are they not sufficient to prove that laborious toil also figured largely in the progress of the Egyptian civilization? Even to-day see how far the Negro has advanced in civilization beyond the Indian. The secret is that the Negro, by force of circumstances, has acquired the habit of hard work, while the Indian has not.

But may there not be some other substitute for genius beside hard work? Many a young man has tried his father's wealth, but with what result? It has been stated by good authority that not one rich man's son in over ten thousand ever dies rich.

Russell Conwell says, "To get rich without earning it, whether by gift, inheritance or on discounted notes, is a downright curse to the majority of men".

But how about education? "Surely," says some college graduate, "the world is waiting to employ me and pay me a large salary, for I have a diploma."

But he soon finds that the sharp old world will not be swindled in any such way, and absolutely refuses to pay him the much coveted gold until he shows not only his ability, but also his inclination toward hard work.

Neither can the members of the aristocracy succeed without hard work, for even kings and queens must work. One day when Queen Victoria was a little girl, she became tired of practising her music so much, she felt that she wanted some other method less laborious, but after being informed by her teacher that there was no other way by which she might learn to play, she went back to her practising, accepting hard work as the one door through which she might obtain the accomplishment of music.

There are many people, even in this enlightened nineteenth century, who believe that luck has a good deal to do with one's success in life. Cassius answers this when he says,

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

Henry Ward Beecher also answers this question when he says, "No man prospers in this world by luck, unless it be by the luck of getting up early and working hard."

It is commonly thought by those who have done but little brain work that manual labor is the only really hard labor, but if the good old unlearned farmer could only change places with the president just for a day and enter his labor, whose mail alone during the early part of his administration frequently contains eight hundred letters in a day, he would then, doubtless, be glad to return to his simple duties.

The author of *America* in his poem in which he addresses those who think that men who work with their brain merely play, says,

"You think, very likely, they have nothing to do
But to read pleasant books and court life with the
muses
While the hand of the workman is sore from his
bruises,
But no farmer grows rich who sets up for a shirk,
Nor merchant, whose aim is to live without work;
There is labor more wearing than digging a drain,
Oh, that some men might try it! 'Tis work with
the brain."

Those who accomplish most fairly lose themselves in their work. So absorbed was Thomas A. Edison, even on the day of his marriage, one of his friends upon returning home at a late

hour, saw a light in Edison's laboratory and upon climbing the stairs found the inventor hard at work. When Mr. Edison discovered that some one was standing before him he aroused himself and wearily asked the hour. "Midnight," was the reply. "Then," said the inventor, "I must go home, I was married to-day".

When Napoleon was told on one occasion that the Alps stood in his way, he replied, "There shall be no Alps." So it must be with him who would be successful; for him there must be no Alps. Then he will climb ever onward and upward in whatever work he undertakes, he is indeed a laborer in the broadest and noblest sense of the word.

"We have but what we make; every good
Is locked by nature in a granite hand
Sheer labor must unclench."

Motion is everywhere on earth, in sea and sky. Action is the one great law of nature, and attached to its violations are the heaviest penalties. The water of the stream whose flow is in some way obstructed, thus making action impossible, becomes stagnant. The tree that fails to bring forth fruit is hewn down. No matter how strong a man may be, let him refuse to exercise his muscles, and soon his body not only loses its strength but also becomes an easy prey to disease. Inactivity in the mental realm brings the same result. It matters not how much coveted knowledge we may have acquired, if we fail to use it, our minds soon become dull and inert. Even a great spiritual truth, when we fail to put its inspiration into action, ceases to be a blessing and becomes a curse.

There is always something to be done, the tear of the sorrowful needs the sympathizer. The weary need the strong to lift them up. The glittering crown awaits the doer.

Our heroes have been those who have considered indefatigable labor as the one indispensable condition of success. Then can we, who fill the humbler places in life, afford to forget that labor conquers all things?

"Thy life," says Carlyle, "wert thou the pitifullest of the sons of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own. It is all thou hast to confront eternity with. Work, then, like a star, unshining, yet unshining."

Mabel D. Phillips, acad. class of '97.

—One of last year's junior pupils, in her New Year's greeting to Miss Giles, wrote:

"I wonder how many bowed down on their knees and thanked God for sparing their lives to see the blessed year of 1898! Praise the Lord for his goodness and tender mercy!"

SPELMAN MESSENGER.

E. O. Werden, *Editor and Publisher.*

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If, as the critics tell us, the book written by the Pole with the unpronounceable name is the most popular novel of the day, it is small wonder that we hear its title quoted with varying associations, and that it bids fair to add one more term to the already rich vocabulary of the mighty monarch Slang. With one month of the new year already behind us, another accosting us, and the eyes of a third peeping over her shoulder, we catch our breath and ejaculate in popular parlance, "Quo Vadis?" "O, just going by!" "Just come out to meet you!" in fancy we hear the merry racers respond, but, more thoughtful grown, we remember that each one passing is seen no more. They go to swell the great silent throng of the years that are gone. We cannot stay their course. How shall we say the word in season, do the work of the hour, that their going be not saddened? February greets us with a call for cleansing. Shall we not take heed thereto, turn to the Fountain of purity, wash our scarlet robes white and list to the wondrous words, "I will; be thou clean"? So doing, we shall give her a welcome message to bear away down the corridors of Time. Greeting her sisters gone before, she will smile and say, "All is well; the call was heeded; we meet with joy in

Eternity. Now is the accepted time." She speaks; what is your reply?

—On New Year's Eve, Atlanta Baptist College joined with Spelman Seminary to hold an Emancipation Celebration. The proclamation was effectively read by Miss Georgia B. D. Humphrey. A fine essay bringing to memory the gallant deeds of Shaw and the monument lately raised to his honor was read by Miss Maggie M. Rogers. An oration full of wholesome thought on "What is True Greatness?" was delivered by Mr. James M. Nabrit. The address of the evening was made by Rev. E. P. Johnson of Madison, Ga., and was fraught with good advice and kindly feeling. It was highly approved and heartily received. Instrumental music and song varied the exercises, which closed with "God be with you," sung by the large audience.

—New Year's Day was observed as a holiday, the usual Saturday's work having been done on Friday.

—Monday, Jan. 3, there were special services in the chapel, all the school being gathered to do honor to the birth-day of Miss S. B. Packard, one of the founders of Spelman Seminary. So fast the years slip away, many pupils now here did not know why the day was kept, which Miss Upton then explained, also reading selections of scripture which could fitly be applied as descriptive of Miss Packard's manner of life. Then, as something in which Miss Packard would delight, all those having taken the temperance pledge solemnly renewed their vows. A number of Miss Packard's favorite hymns were sung, and prayer was offered by Mrs. Barrett.

—The week of prayer was observed at Spelman by daily evening meetings which were led by different teachers, following the prescribed subjects.

—The Volunteer Mission Band held its regular public meeting Jan. 16. The islands of the sea were considered. Much interesting information was given of other islands, then the Hawaiian group was taken up, a map being drawn on the board to illustrate. After others, our dear Miss Whittier, who was for years at the head of a mission school there, gave us a fund of facts and carried us away enchanted to this paradise of the Pacific. It was a delightful trip, and our guide was charming and well acquainted with the way.

—One of our normal graduates who has just gone to a new field of

labor writes to say that she is more grateful than ever for having taken the teachers' professional course at Spelman. Her superintendent seems delighted with the way in which she conducts her school and tells the parents to send all the children, as they have an excellent teacher now.

—During the month we have had sermons by Rev. J. W. E. Bowen, Ph. D., of Gammon Theological Seminary; Rev. A. C. Ward, pastor of Sixth Baptist church, Atlanta; Prof. W. E. Holmes, M. A., of Atlanta Baptist College; and Rev. J. T. Daves, pastor of Park St. Methodist church, Atlanta.

—We had a rare treat on the morning of the 22d. Rev. Dr. Chivers, editor of the *Baptist Union*, addressed us. After a kindly greeting and defining the aim of the B. Y. P. U., of which he is general secretary, he outlined the work of the C. C. C., the Christaia culture courses prepared for the guidance of young people in Bible study. Would that all our readers could have heard his inspiring words! It was a red letter day to us.

—We extend heartfelt thanks to Miss Ella M. Cole, Southbridge, Mass., for a set of the new encyclopedia, *The American Educator*. This is but one of her many gifts to us.

—Valuable anatomical models have been presented to the school by Mr. T. L. Haines of the Central School Supply House, Chicago, for which we are truly grateful.

PERSONALS.

Once more Spelman graduates hear wedding bells in their midst. On Dec. 28, Miss Martha A. Ragland, class of '93, became Mrs. (Dr.) M. S. G. Abbott. Her new address is 211 E. Romano St., Pensacola, Fla.

We learn with regret of the death of Miss Elizabeth Brewer of Denver, Ga. This will be sad news to her many Spelman friends of former years.

Miss Ludora Conn of Heardville, Ga., was in Spelman two years ago, and was converted here. Her father writes a touching letter telling of her death, her tender memories of friends here, and her loving message bidding all to meet her in heaven.

Mrs. M. E. Walker is teaching in Grantville, Ga.

Miss Cornelia A. Porter, acad. class of '89, has a position as teacher at Wadley, Ga.

Miss Americus Jackson is teaching at White Springs, Ga.

Miss M. Maggie Rountree, acad. class of '94, normal class of '97, has gone to teach in Waco, Ga.

Miss L. Georgia Granberry, acad. class of '97, has taken a school in Douglasville, Ga.

Miss Susie E. Jones of Arlen, Ga., is teaching at her home. She is doing well in day-school and Sunday-school.

Miss Sinta V. Whitehurst is doing good work at Florida Institute, Live Oak, Fla.

Miss Mamie Granderson is teaching at Clarksville, Ga.

WHY CAROLINE FAILED TO PASS HER EXAMINATION.

"Oh dear, dear! It is just what I have been dreading these many weeks and now the reality has come".

"What is it, my darling?" was heard from the kitchen; "what have you been dreading? You are always dreading something. I am afraid that my little girl has not been putting much time on her lessons and now has failed to pass her examinations."

"Well, mother, that's just it. Miss Morris told me as I was coming out the school gate that I did not pass. It is enough to make any one cross. I despise them any way. I do wish we never had to go through them."

"My child, if you would study more faithfully each day, there would be no cause to dread a final test; but one who is so careless about her lessons as you are cannot expect anything but failure."

Caroline waited for no more; she knew too well the truthfulness of her mother's words, and in a minute after she was away among the hills in her usual haunts, skipping like a young deer.

At the time of our conversation, Caroline's mother fairly wore herself out trying to get Caroline to study, but to no avail.

"Mother, I'll study up for examination when the time comes; I get my lessons fairly good daily;" Caroline would say to her mother.

It is true that the last two days before examination, Caroline studied faithfully; but that was not enough for a whole year's work. And then, too, she was thinking all the while of the good time she was going to have when these examinations were over and of the good time she was missing in being so confined.

She didn't see any use of examinations; she didn't see any use of spending one's time in school and among books; trees were far more attractive.

M. E. Atherton, Acad. Dept.

GREATER NEW YORK.

The enlargement of New York city is one of the leading events that now attract the eyes of Americans. It is no longer New York city, but Greater New York. It ranks next in population to London, and exceeds what is called Registration London by 122,128 acres. The length of America's metropolis is thirty-five miles; its breadth, twenty-seven miles; and its area, about 196,800 acres.

Greater New York, as it is now called, is only two hundred seventy-five years old. Its progress has been greater than that of London, Paris or Berlin. The city of Berlin was settled in the twelfth century, while London and Paris antedate history. The city comprises five boroughs or towns, Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx, Queen's and Richmond. Its population is 3,388,771. As to wealth, Greater New York is worth \$4,560,000,000. In this city are 351 public schools, 250 private schools, 25 colleges, 1,150 churches.

The chief executive of Greater New York for the next four years is Mayor Van Wyck, who appoints all the heads of departments, and whose salary is \$15,000 yearly.

The Tammany organization is again in power.—an organization whose members seem to work for wealth and spoils of office, rather than for the good of the public. They do not lay restriction on things that tend to lower the moral character of the citizens; for instance, such as liquor selling on the Sabbath.

One of the leading magazines of our country states that the citizens of Greater New York have shown by a plurality of eighty-six thousand votes, that they do not want a city government that will do the greatest good to the public.

Trudie M. Houser, Acad. Dept.

TAKE ONE.

While walking the streets of a city one day, I saw an old gentleman, who seemed to be in poor circumstances, carrying a lot of small bundles in a basket, and saying to every passer-by; "Take one". This caused surprise on the part of persons who did not understand matters, and they began to wonder what an old man like that could have to give away.

They all began to satisfy their curiosity by taking each a bundle and looking in it.

What do you think they found in the bundles? Some found cotton, some paper, and some rags. For, you see, this was the first day of April.

One day a man was driving a wagon, which was apparently loaded with watermelons. Two boys walked up behind the wagon. The first boy said to the second, "Let us take one and slip to the woods before the man looks around." The second boy, wishing to do right, hesitated. It was so long before the boys decided what to do, the man looked around. On seeing the boys devouring his load with greedy eyes, he said, "Take one." They pounced upon one like a hawk on a chicken. The first boy drew out his knife and began to cut away at his prize, when lo! to his surprise, it was nothing more than a citron.

Two little girls entered a storehouse one day. They saw some beautiful candy marbles on the counter. The clerk came around, and when he saw the children eying the candy with anxious faces, he said, "Take one."

With great delight, the little girl took of the candy and began to eat, when oh! to their consternation, the centers of the beautiful marbles were pads of paper.

During a scarcity of food in a certain country, the law of that country provided a store of provision for the children. This store consisted of as many loaves of bread as there were children. The children would go to this store once a day, at which time the judge would say, "Take one."

Now, there were always some small loaves, so all the children, except one little girl, would rush up and grab for the largest loaves.

The judge noticed this. So one day he put a gold piece in the smallest loaf. The children came the next day, all striving for the biggest loaves as before. The smallest loaf was left, of course, for the little girl.

But just imagine her surprise, when, on breaking the loaf, she found that it contained a piece of gold.

The little girl showed the gold coin to her mother, who told her to carry it to the judge, for she was certain that it was in the loaf through mistake.

When the little girl returned the gold coin to the judge, he told her that he did it purposely and wished her to keep it.

With great delight, the little girl kissed the judge's hands and then returned to her mother.

When the other children heard of this, they all wanted the smallest loaves; but it was too late.

There were no more small loaves with gold coins in them.

Winnie A. Snow, Acad. Dept.

"Loving God, all men forgiving,
Helping weaker feet to stand;
These will make life worth the living,
Make it noble, make it grand."

MAN'S IDEAL FOOD.

The thoughtful student recognizes that for the highest educational development a good foundation is necessary,—that of a sound body and a clear mind. To secure these one must eat and drink healthfully. He must not only have proper food, but that which has been properly prepared. "Unless we can use proper food," writes Dr. Burts of Boston, "and have it thoroughly assimilated so that it can nourish the system, everything else will prove absolutely useless."

The human body is composed of fourteen principal elements, and it is now known that these same elements are contained in a grain of wheat, and in about the same proportion. This proves that wheat is man's ideal food.

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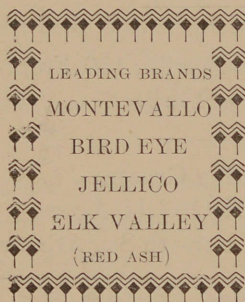
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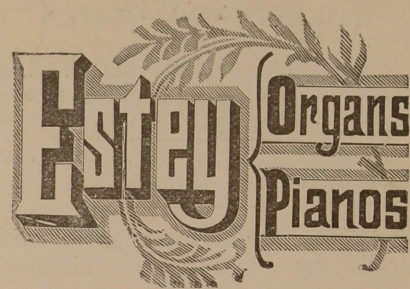
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