CHAPTER XVII. 17 "We were parted in the fog. I have not seen her since that night. It was in the fog. We tried to die together, Dittmer," she whispered-"we did indeed, but we were not allowed."

"Come, Lily," said the gentleman, "We block the way."

He pushed her gently into the carriage, and followed, taking no notice at

all of the clerk. Dittmer ran straight with the discovery to Tom, and was greatly astonished at the effect which the intelli-

gence produced upon him. This was the reason why the advertisements were discontinued.

> CHAPTER XVIII. IN THE WORKROOM.

In an upper room furnished with eight or ten sewing machines there sat as many girls at work. The room was well ventilated and warmed; the girls looked contented; there was no talking, but every girl sat over her sewing machine and guided the work, while the needle jumped up and down in that most surprising and wonderful instrument. In a smaller room at the back

a forewoman was at work. Downstairs there was a show room, quite an humble kind of show room, in which one or two more sewing machines were at work. And at the back of this was a small office or sitting room in which there were two ladies conversing. One of them was the lady who ran the concern. It was conducted on co-operative principles, which is the reason why it has since been closed, because, of all things in this world, there is nothing more difficult than to persuade people to buy things at co-operative productive stores-that is to say, where the producers sell their things without the medium of boss, chief, bourgeois, or master.

This particular attempt was just then in the stage when a little feeble public interest in it had been excited by superhuman efforts of its friends, and success seemed possible, though there were many anxieties. The two ladies in the office were discussing these anxieties and possibilities. One of them, the manager of the concern, a lady no longer young, had spent her whole life among the working-

women. "My dear," she said to the younger lady-it was the same young lady who had caught Katherine on the bench as she was falling forward-"I really do think we have made a move."

The above stars represent quite a long conversation about linen garments, and orders, and expenses, and view deeply interesting.

stupid girls, lazy girls, and incompetent girls. I know exactly what to expect. The most satisfactory of all is the girl you brought to me-Katharine."

"What is her full name?" "I do not know-I have not yet

asked her. She is quick to learn, obedient, and ladylike." "Yes. She is lady-like, poor thing!

Perhaps she was formerly a lady's maid." "Poor thing!" the other echoed.

"Without friends and relations. Left to die. Oh, what a fate! What a punishment!" "Yet her face is full of innocence

and purity. Can such a face lie?" "She said that she had no friends and no relations. What can that mean?"

"Let us go upstairs and see her." They went upstairs where Katharine sat at work before a sewing machine, quiet and industrious. She looked up and smiled as the ladies entered the room. The look, the smile, the very carriage of her head, were altogether different from the manner in which the other girls greeted the chief. These girls were all what we call decent and respectable; some of them were comely; some were even pretty, as London work girls very often are, petites, with narrow, sloping shoulders, small face, and large eyes; some were country bred, and showed it in their figures and the ample width of their shoulders; some had the manners of the shop; some of the factory; some, of when she lifted her head.

She suffered no longer; she knew not, and had not the least suspicion, of the dreadful things that were thought and said about her by the ladiesyes, the very ladies-who had befriended her. She was in a haven of rest. She learned readily how to use the sewing machine; she even took some kind of interest in the work; she sat steadily working all day; she gained a sufficient weekly wage; and she had a room in a decent house recommended by the lady who ran the co-operative business.

The young lady, her rescuer, shook hands with her, though somewhat doubtfully-there are several ways of shaking hands, as everybody knows, But tell me your name." and when a young lady shakes hands with a girl who has the manners of a lady, but has been picked up starving, and confesses to having no friends and no relations, a certain somethingconstraint, doubt, condescension, or encouragement-cannot but be remarked in the manner of extending or withdrawing the hand. Chapters-whole essays-great books-might be written on the differences, shades, and grades of shaking hands, from the affable greeting of a prince to the cheerful grasp which a work-house chaplain bestows upon his sheen.

Katharine, however, noticed nothing unusual in this welcome.

"You are quite strong and well again

"Quite, thank you." "Are you still living in the same house?"

now, are you?" asked the young lady.

"Yes," Katharine replied, without interest in the matter. "They are quiet people who leave me alone." "May I call upon you some day?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"It must be on Sunday, after service. I shall not interrupt you then. My name is Katharine, like yours-Katharine Willoughby. You will tell me yours, perhaps, when I call at your lodgings. I should so much like," she added, in a lower voice, "to be your friend, if you will let me."

Katharine made no reply. But her eye fell upon the girl's dress. There was a colored scarf round her neck, and a bit of bright color in her hat, and tan-colored gloves.

"I thought," she said, "that you were in deep mourning. Was I dreaming? Sometimes a strange feeling comes over me, as if everything was a dream."

"You are quite right. I was in deep mourning. But, oh, Katharine, on the very day that I found you the most joyful news that ever reached any girl came to me. It told me that the-the person for whom I mourned was not dead at all, but living, and I put off my mourning.'

"Was it your lover?"

"Yes, it was my lover. Thank God, he was restored to those who love him."

"Come on Sunday," said Katharine, suddenly interested. "I will tell you of all my trouble, if you are not too happy to hear it."

On Sunday morning Miss Willoughby called. But she could not hear the story that morning, because the girl lay in bed with some kind of fever. Her head and her hands were hot; her words were wandering. She spoke of the fog and of the night, and called upon Tom to come back and help her. But as for her story, she could not tell it, because reason and will and knowledge and self-rule had left ber brain, which was the abode of delirium.

They carried her to the hospital for women in the Marylebone Road. There was nothing to show where she came from or who were her friends. In her pocket-girls no longer, except in books, carry treasures in their bosoms-lay tied together a packet of letters. They were from a man who signed himself "Tom"-tout court-nothing but "Tom" -and addressed ber as Katharine. What can be done with "Tom?" This Tom was madly in love with her. He called her every endearing name that a fond lover can invent; he recalled the past days of happiness together; he receipts, from the co-operative point of looked forward to the future. He was in a railway frain; he was on board a "And how do you get on with your ship; he was among soldiers; he spoke f of natives: he spoke of Arabs-clearly "There is the usual percentage of therefore, a Tom among Egyptians. Probably a Tom who had been killed. He did not somehow write like an officer: his letters contained no news; for that he referred her to the papers. All he had to tell her was that he loved her-he loved her-he loved her-and governess than anything else." was always and forever her Tom.

The Sister of the ward read these sacred letters, and placed them, with a sigh that so much honest love should be lost, under Katharine's pillow, Time enough to try and find out, if she grew worse, what had become of this Tom, and who his Katharine really was.

She did grow worse, but she had youth on her side and a good constitution, which had certainly not been spoiled by luxurious living or the want of exercise. She even lay at the point of death; had she died there would have been nothing to establish her identity but those letters and her handkerchief marked "K. R. C." Then she would have been buried, and Lily's prophecy would have come partly true. "She is better this morning," said the Sister. "Her head is cool. She has

been sleeping a long time." "She is more beautiful than ever in her weakness." It was Miss Willough by who stood beside the bed with the Sister and the nurse. "Sister, think of it! She told me she was without friends or relations. Is it possible?"

"It is certainly not possible," said the Sister. "There is perfect innocence in her face and-more than that-in her talk. We hear the delirious talk of women whose lives have not been inno cent, and we learn their past. This the London back street; some, of the girl's mind is as innocent as her face. slum; some, of the farm; some, of the You might make a painting of that, and servants' hall; none of them had the call it 'Eve Before the Fall.' or 'Una," manners which were shown by so or 'Mary, the Sister of Martha.' She simple a thing as Katharine's smile may be friendless, but-" The Sister shook her head and went away.

Miss Willoughby sat by the bedside and waited.

"No friends and no relations." How could a girl have neither friends nor relations? Yet to conclude that the girl deserved to have none was crue and unjust. Miss Willoughby was ashamed of her hard thoughts. Besides she had heard from the Sister about those letters. Then Katharine opened her eyes again, and looked as if she could speak.

"Do you know me now dear?" asked Miss Willoughby.

"Yes, I know you." "You have been very ill. You are

still weak. You must not talk much. "Katharine Regina."

"What?" Miss Willoughby started. How did you get that name?"

"It is my Christian name." "What is your surname? What was

"Willoughby Capel?" "Willoughby-Katharine Regina! It is very strange. Have you any rela-

your father's name?"

tions named Willoughby?" "I have no relations at all." Then she closed her eyes again.

"Leave her now," said the nurse. She is weak, and had better rest and go to sleep again."

Next day Miss Willoughby called again, bringing grapes. Every grape 14,177 North Americans.

upon the bunch was a big tear of repentance because she had thought so cruelly of her patient. Only the patient never knew. When one goes about a city a great deal and meets with many experiences, most of them of a truly dreadful kind, one naturally draws conclusions which would seem to many ladies most wicked. In the same way the doctor, when you tell him certain things, at once suspects the very worst

Katharine never knew. She was sitting up in bed, already in fair way of recovery.

"Are you strong enough to talk today?" asked Miss Willoughby.

"Oh, yes; I can talk to-day. But I have only just begun to understand all that you have done for me. I can not thank you yet-"

"Do not talk of that at all."

"You must have thought me most ungrateful when I was working at the sewing machine. But all that time seems like a dream. I only half remember it. You were in mourning first, and then you put it off, and you told me something."

"I was-I was in the very deepest grief as well as the depeest mourning, for my lover was said to be dead. And now I am in the greatest joy and thankfulness because my lover has been miraculously restored to me. Ought I not to be happy?"

"I am so glad! My lover too is dead. But he can never be restored to me." "Your lover, dear? Oh, you had a lover, too, and he was killed, like mine? Oh!" She took her hand and pressed it. "I know his name, because the Sister read his letters in order to find out

who you were. His name was Tom." "Yes, it was Tom. And Tom is "Will you tell me something more

about yourself?" she asked. "Not more than you want to tell. I am not curious, indeed, but if I can help you-Oh! let me help you, because I met you on the very day that the telegram came which brought my lover back to life. In the evening, when I went homeafter I left you-they brought it to me. Oh! my dear-my sister brought it crying-my father kissed me-and my mother kissed me-and they were all crying, and I knew not why-on the very same day when I found you. Can I ever think of that day without thinking of you, too? God has given you to me so that I may deal with you as He has dealt with me. And I can never let you go away-never, never."

"Oh!" said Katherine, deeply moved, 'what can I sav?"

"I shall never forget that day. Oh, how I rushed to tear off the black things and to- My dear, you are a part of that day. Now tell me more. You said your name was Katharine Regina. That is my name, too. There is always a Katharine Regina in the family. And I never heard of any other family which had those two names. And your father's name was Willoughby Capel. It is so very odd, that I have been thinking about it all night. Tell me more, dear. You said you had no relations.'

"No; I know of none. My father would not speak of his relations. I have sometimes thought that they quarrelled with him. He was once, I know, in the army with the rank of captain, and he had an annuity or allowance, but I do not know who paid it, or anything else at all about him." "What a strange story!"

"The annuity was not a very large one, and I had to give lessons. I was governess to a lady-oh, not a very grand person-whose husband was a clerk in the city. I went there every morning at 9, and came home at 5. She was a good woman and kind to me. I was more a companion and a nursery

"Well, de.r:" "My father died suddenly at the beginning of this year. But I was engaged by this time, and as I had Tom I was happy and full of confidence. I went to live at Harley House, a place

where governesses can live cheaply." "I know the place. Sister, what did you say about her face? You was quite right. Go on, dear; I know Harley House."

"Then a very curious thing happened. Tom's uncle died and left him all his money, and for a week we were rich. But a solicitor-Tom's cousin-discovered that all the money belonged to somebody else. So we were poor again, and Tom went out to Egypt." "To Egypt?"

"Yes: he was a war correspondent." "Oh! Katharine-Katharine"-Miss Willoughby caught her hand-"tell me -tell me-what was his name?" (To be Continued.)

First to Refuse to Obey.

Mrs. Sarah J. Harper Starr, of Beilevue, was buried Tuesday in the family mausoleum at Zelienople, Pa., and a most wonderful life was ended.

Mrs. Starr's marriage in Cincinnati on May 22, 1849, is of historical importance in ecclesiastical circles. Miss Harper was sixteen years old and had been studying in college with a view to missionary life in foreign lands. Dr. Starr, a young physician, was studying toward the same end and the couple decided to wed.

Miss Harper had ideas of her own on the question of the word "obey" in the ritual of the church, and decided that for her it should be eliminated. She found a friend in the Rev. Maxwell Gladdis, assistant pastor of Morris Chapel, Cincinnati, who promised to omit the word during the ceremony, and she was ma .ied, but friends were inconsiderate enough to say the marriage was invalid and at the next meeting of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Cincinnati the clergyman who had

omitted the word was "churched." Finally the question became general and later when decisive action was taken the sentence "serve and obey" was ordered stricken out of the matrimonial ritual of the discipline of the Methodist Church. The Methodist Protestant Church took the same action later .- Pittsburg Dispatch.

Americans in Switzerland.

The official statistics recently published show that from May 15 to October 15, 177,085 strangers stopped at hotels and boarding houses of Geneva. In explanation of these figures Consul-General Guenther, of Frankfort, says that of the 177,085 strangers 26,-569 were Germans, 9618 Englishmen, 35,114 Swiss, 68,513 Frenchmen and

Household Matters.

Keep Oilcloth Bright. Never use soap in the water when cleaning oilcloth. It fades the colors and breaks up the paint. Ammonia also is to be avoided, because it gives the cloth a dull, dead look. If a brush is used, it should be a soi't one, but it is better not to use any, except in cases where the oilcloth has been long neglected or poorly washed for some

time previously. Take a clean flannel cloth and alply clean, warm water, which is finally to be removed by soaking it up into the washing cloth again after it has been wrung out. The oilcloth is then wiped dry with another piece of clean flannel or coarse crash.

Of course, an oilcloth, with frequent washings, will look old, and the housekeeper should be cautious about washing when dusting will answer just as

Artistic Scrap Basket.

The pretty brass and copper basins which our students bring home from abroad and which are frequently to be picked up in the foreign quarters of large cities, make excellent receptacles

for scraps. The scrap box or basket as sold in shops and fancy goods departments is seldom in accord with the other furnishings of a modern library or living hall. Yet as something of the kind is really necessary in a room much used, it is well to visit a Japanese dealer and see what can be found.

Indian baskets or any sturdy weave of grass and twigs good in shape and color make another hint, and jars of green pottery with wide open mouths decorated or undecorated are worth thinking about.

Domestic Leaks. Rice and sugar left in paper bags, that burst and scatter their contents. Left over vegetables fish and cooked eggs thrown into the garbage. Bread pan left with dough sticking

Fat put into earthen dishes to grow rancid.

The mustard cruet left open to lose its strength.

Lemons left to dry. Egg shells thrown away, instead of being washed and used to settle the coffee.

Cheese allowed to mold. Kerosene can left open to evaporate. Clothespins dropped and never picked

Boiler put away to rust. Table linen put into the wash without first removing stains and darning

if necessary, and so on ad infinitum. Bow to Clean Straw Hats. Almost any old hat, unless it is too disreputable in appearance, can be refurbished and made to do extra duty

between seasons or on rainy days, thus

saving the new one, besides occasionally affording a change in headgear. Black straw hats, it is well known, can be blackened and much improved in appearance either with shoe blacking or with the blacking that is now made especially for hats, and that may be obtained at most of the department

A solution of oxalic acid applied with a stiff brush and a fresh ribt bunch of flowers will do wonders for

the old white straw hat. For a black hat of fancy braid, into which the dust seems to be hopelessly ground, try the following method of cleaning: First pin it out flat on a board, using pins enough to hold it steady. Brush it thoroughly, then with a nail brush rub on a solution of alcobol, water and a little ammonia, and allow it to dry before taking it off the board. If, after this treatment it is not a good color, put on a coat of hat blacking.



Steamed Chicken-Clean, stuff and truss a plump chicken as for roasting, Steam until perfectly tender at the leg and hip joints; this will take nearly thirty minutes to the pound. Serve

with a bread or an egg sauce. Cheese Fritters-Mix together four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, three tablespoonfuls of dry bread crumbs, one-fourth teaspoonful paprika, and lastly four eggs which have been lightly beaten without separating. Fry in hot fat to a delicate brown.

Strawberry Farina-Cream together the yolks of four eggs and one-haif cupful of sugar, add a teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the whites and add to the mixture, alternating with one-half cupful of farina. Cover with whipped cream and sweetened strawberries.

Peanut Canapes-Cut stale bread into thin slices and spread thickly with butter, then place into the oven to brown. Make a paste of finely chopped peanuts mixed with mayonnaise and spread over the slices. Rub the yolk of a hard boiled egg through a sieve over each, and serve on crisp, curly lettuce leaves.

Steamed Pudding-One cupful of chopped suet, one cupful of molasses, one cupful and a half of fine bread crumbs, two scant cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of any kind of chopped dried fruit, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one scant teaspoonful of soda mixed with one cupful of sour milk. Mix, turn into a greased mold and steam for four

Steamed Oatmeal-Mix a half pint of coarse oatmeal with one tablespoonful of salt and one quart of boiling water. Place the dish directly over the fire and boil rapidly for five to eight minutes, stirring occasionally with a fork. Place the dish in a steamer and steam for one hour; if the meal is very coarse a little longer time may be required. Other cereals are cooked in the same way.

THE GREAT DESTROYER THE

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE. \$308950586839688393930393039

> In All the Realm of Human Transgression There is Only One Crime That May Be Compared to the Liquer Traffic.

We shall, perhaps, be aided to realize more fully the evil of the liquor traffic by comparing it with other wrongs which are by the civilized world regarded and treated as crimes. But where in all the realm of human transgression, in all that dark and dismal region, where lurk iniquities of deepest dye, asks a writer in the New Voice, shall we find a crime which may fittingly be brought into comparison with this "most degrading and ruinous of all human pursuits?'

We cannot compare the liquor traffic with arson, theft or robbery, for it is the prolific parent of these. We cannot compare it with treason, for it is itself high treason and the instigator of disloyalty and disobedience to the most benign human government.

We cannot compare it with piracy, for it is the chief of murderers. murders without provocation. It destroys not its enemies, but its friends. Its cruel slaughter is not carried on among those who seek its life, but among those who faithfully guard and protect it from harm; those who pour their earnings into its coffers and build it up in strength and influence. Those who sever earthly ties and sacrifice cherished friendships in defense of this traffic are its victims. Those who defend this traffic by their influence and their ballots are the ones most certain to fall at its hand.

We are sometimes aroused to just indignation at the physician whose unskilful treatment causes the death of his confiding patient. He causes death in a well-meant effort to preserve life and restore health. But the rum demon is influenced by no such commendable motives. To those who bring plenty to his board he brings beggary and starvation. To those who seek to pour happiness into his cup he pours out in copious draughts "distilled dam-No other murderer is so heartless as is the liquor traffic. Should the piteous wail of wife or child pierce the ear of the would-be murderer as he seeks to slay husband and father his bloodless weapon would fall from his relaxing grasp, and he would turn with loathing from the terrible crime. But no tears or prayers or piteous pleadings avail with the rum demon. His heart is proof against such influences.

Other murderers shrink from the wailings of the bereft and cannot encounter their tears or entreaties. But the rum murderer marches to the music of the widow's moan and sleeps soundly upon the couch bought with the price of the father's blood and the orphan's bread.

Other murderers smite with sudden destruction or human nature would revolt at the crime, but he murders by inches. He who slays with sword or dagger could not press the weapon with slow and steady movement to his victim's heart witnessing his struggles and hearing his shricks and groans. The hand would become unsteady and refuse to move, but this murderer is ever unmoved by the fearful progress of his work. He sees the regal form trembling under his influence; he sees the lustrous eye grow heavy and dull; he marks the progress of his work in the rapid waning of intellect, the loss of health, ambition and character; he hears the senseless gibberish of his unfortunate victim, but never stays his hand until his work of death is com-

plete. We hear of murders by methods too horrid for contemplation, but in no form does death come so revolting as

in the case of the victims of rum.

Nor can we compare the liquor traffic with the social evil, for the fires of that burning furnace are fed by rum, and of all the known agencies for recruiting the ranks of the great army of fallen women the liquor traffic is notoriously the most efficient and con-

stant in its activity. Besides such a comparison is an unjust and cruel reproach upon our fallen sisters who have been lured by that traffic and its less iniquitous allies to a life of shame. It is to add injury to the righteous condemnation which Christian civilization must pronounce against them. Prostitution may be fittingly compared with drunkenness but not with drunkard-making.

Where, then, shall we find a crime to compared with the traffic in rum? Is there such a crime? Yes, there is one and only one.

It is the crime of the procurer.

The Great Teacher.

Christ is familiarly known to us as "the Great Teacher." The earliest impression made by His person and labors, the name which spontaneously rose to the lips of those who were brought into actual contact with Him, was Rabbi; that is, teacher. Even those who were teachers themselves felt that He possessed pre-eminent qualifications for teaching. "We know that Thou art a teacher come from

power and success of His teaching.

God." Nineteen centuries testify to the

A Prayer. Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast given us each day a newer revela-tion of Thyself. We thank Thee that Thou hast mace us free, yet under the compelling influence of a kindly universe. We thank Thee that Thou hast given us the greatest salvation men could have-the upward tendency.

The leaders of the United Mine Workers' Union believe that if they can get the miners to stop drinking, their present splendid organization will prove simply invincible.

Temperance Notes. Insurance companies ask applicants, "Do you drink intoxicating liquor?" because a drinker is a perilous risk.

If the dram shop, the retail traffic, is a menace to the public peace and morals it ought to be destroyed. Liquor taxation demoralizes government, for it puts it into abnormal rela-

tions with a branded source of crime. In Maine, it is reported, an insurance company is to be organized to protect liquor dealers from the penalties of violating the law.

The liquor traffic is essentially criminal and vicious; it incites, panders to, harbors and defends every known crime and vice, and any reform party or reform measure which consents to the continuance of that traffic thereby limits and defeats its own power for good.

It is astonishing how the suppression asked the Navy Department at Washof the sale of intoxicants has the efington for the old frigate Hartford to fect of toning up the morals of a city. serve as a schoolship in place of the town or village. ancient sailing vessel St. Mary's. If we had a million pens every on

of them would write: "Train the children to banish the drink flend." Taxation does not moralize the rum SUNDAY SCHOOL

Peter perceives that a law of

tenderer dealing is to prevail in the church than exists in the synagogue.

'And I forgive." He knew it was his

duty to forgive, but the question was

how often. "Till seven times." Peter

uses the term seven in a strictly literal

sense. The teaching of the rabbis was

never to forgive more than three times.

is doubtful whether the original means

four hundred and ninety or seventy-

seven (seventy times seven, or "seven-

ty times and seven," as in margin of

Revised Version). But in either case it

is a symbolical expression for never-

II. Our duty illustrated and enforced

(vs. 23-27). 23. "Kingdom of Heaven

likened." The teachings of Christ with

respect to forgiveness are fully illus-

trated in the parable which follows. It

shows, 1. The character of man's rela-

tion to God. 2. The real meaning on

man's part of a distinct refusal to for-

V. The picture is drawn from an Ori-

ental court. The fundamental moral

eousness. The great King of Heaven

and earth will, one day, reckon with all

of His subjects. "Servants." Those to

whom God has'committed great trusts

enormous sum. The amount cannot be

reckoned definitely. It has been esti-

mated all the way from nine to twenty

millions of dollars. 25. "Had not to

we are utterly incapable of making

Him any satisfaction whatever. "Com-

manded him to be sold." An allusion

to the Law of Moses. See Exod. 22:3;

Lev. 25:39, 47.; 2 Kings 4:1. Creditors

had power to sell insolvent debtors in

several countries of Europe, as well as

by this parable what our sins deserve.

Captives to sins are captives to wrath.

amount obtained would be wholly in-

adequate to cancel the debt, but as

large a payment was to be made as

mercy. The means which a sinner

should use to be saved are, 1. Deep

humiliation of heart. 2. Fervent

prayer. 3. Confidence in the mercy of

are debts of our heavenly King. But,

if we cast ourselves at His feet, He is

ready in infinite compassion not only

to release us from punishment, but to

III. The doom of the unforgiving (vs.

About fifteen or sixteen dollars. About

one millionth part of the debt this un-

merciful servant had owed the king.

"Took him by the throat." Thus mani-

festing a most unkind and base disposi-

tion. The sin is greatly aggravated

when we consider his own debt, and.

the mercy shown him. What are my

brother's sins against me compared to

himself had done just before this.

kind is so dishonorable to all

against it. 32. "Thou wicked servant."

"Even as I had pity on thee."

And inasmuch as the amount was so

great that he could never pay it, he

must have been delivered over to the

tormenters forever. The wicked will be

banished eternally from the presence

application of the whole parable. The

parable is not intended to teach us that

God reverses His pardons to any; but

that He denies them to those who are

not worthy of them. Those who have

not forgiven others their trespasses

have never yet truly repented, and

that which is spoken of as having been

taken away is only what they seemed

Mine of Information Official.

that seems to be needed everywhere.

Schwindeler as the official "mine of in-

formation." Mr. Schwindeler is ex-

pected to be prepared to answer all

questions put by citizens, from the

price of a dog license to the date of the

installation of municipal street cars.

Bar Minister Because He Smoked.

of Monmouth, Ill., smokes, the General

Assembly of the United Presbyterian

Church by a decisive vote rejected the

esolution of the Committee on Nom-

inations that the Rev. Mr. Burdett be

made General Secretary of the Young

Hartford For Schoolship.

Trolley Lines For Freight.

freight and express business.

The trolley lines are working into a

The New York Board of Education

People's Society.

Because the Rev. John A. Burnett,

Mayor Dunne has appointed F.

Chicago has a new official, and one

to possess. Luke S:18.

"So likewise." This verse is at

show mercy.

as tormenters.

34.

ers."

of God.

28. "An hundred pence."

must be very careful and

soul and body to his Maker.

forgive us the debt.

"Will pay thee all." The debt is

"Forgave him the debt." We

The

"And payment to be made."

in Asia, in ancient times.

possible.

27.

28-35).

"Ten thousand talents."

God. "Would make a reckoning."

The king represents

ending forgiveness.

and opportunities.

22. "Until seventy times seven." It

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 8.

Subject : The Duty of Forgiveness, Matt. zvill., 21-35-Golden Text, Matt. vi., 12 -Memory Verses, 21, 22-Topic: Forgiving One Another-Commentary.

THE SUSTAINING HAND. I. Christ's teaching concerning forgiveness (vs. 21, 22). 21. "Came Peter." The little child who wakes at night, Peter always made himself very prom-Affrighted at the somber gloom, And clamers for a ray of light inent. His question was suggested by To drive the darkness from the rooms.
To quiet dreamland sweetly goes,
Contented, if a hand is near, Christ's words concerning offenses against others (Matt. 18:6, 7). "How

The

There is no terror it need fear. So we, who stumble through the gloom, In aimless manner seeking light, Will blindly wander to our doom If traveling by our own might. But when in darkened paths we stray And cry aloud, the Father hears And reaches out His hand to stay

Our apprehension and our fears.

-E. A. Brinistool, in the Los Angeles Express. Gave What She Had.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan tells this "Some years ago, at home, a woman came to me at the close of the Sunday morning service, and said: 'Oh, I would give anything to be in this work actively and actually. I would give anything to have some living part in the work that is going on here next week in winning men and women to Christ, but I do not know. what to do.' I said, 'My sister, are you prepared to give the Master the five loaves and two fishes you possess? She said, 'I do not know that I have five loaves and two fishes.' I said, principle in God's kingdom is right-'Have you anything you have used in any way specially?' 'No, she did not think she had.' 'Well,' I said, 'can you' sing?' Her reply was, 'Yes, I sing at home, and I have sung before now in an entertainment.' 'Well, now,' I said. 'let us put our hand on that. Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days?' She said, 'I will.' I shall never forget that Sunday evening. I asked her to sing, and she sang. She pay." Our debt to God is so great that sang the Gospel message with the voice she had, feeling that it was a poor, worthless thing, and that night there came out of that meeting into the inquiry room one man. That man said to me afterwards that it was the Gospel song that reached his heart; and from that day to this-that is now eleven or twelve years ago-that man has been one of the mightiest workers for God in that city and country I have ever

The Canker of Sin. No one need lose that early, dewy fragrance of life, if he would keep fast admitted, and he comes pleading for hold of the innocence and conscientiousness of his youth. It is not age that makes life bitter, weary, cynical; it is the canker of sin that creeps in with the passing of the years. So long as 4. A firm purpose to devote his one can keep his life and his thoughts orderly, pure, loving, trustful, so long will existence retain for him its perfume and gladness. There are menand women who grow old in years, but never in feeling or outward expression. The inextinguishable foy of youth continues with them unto the end. The freshness of life does not wear off. They are as glad, ardent and unafraid as children, and all because they have kept their house of life in order. Righteousness-therein lies the secret of all optimism, happiness and peace. must keep righteousness, or we must return to it, no matter how forespent with evil, if we would feel the sunshine of joy upon our lives .- Ram's

known. How was it done? A woman

gave the Master what she had."

Horn.

some good.

my numberless sins against God. "Pay me that thou owest." He was un-God's Plan For Us. willing even to forgive him a single There is a work to be done in us, in our own hearts and lives, which is even dollar. He must pay in full and pay at more important than anything else assigned to us in the scheme of the not show this same disposition in our treatment of others. 29. "Fell down world's activities, says the Rev. Dr. J. at his feet." His fellow-servant hum-R. Miller. There are lessons which we bled himself and plead for mercy as he can learn much better in the quiet, shaded sick room than outside in the "And he would not." Such a glare of the streets. Our shut-in days man; so harsh and hard against those need never be lost days. Whatever, who are in every way his equals. Igthey may cost us in money or suffering, we need not be poorer when they norance of his own condition makes him unforgiving and cruel to others, 31. "Were very sorry." An act of this are over than if we had been busy all, the while at the world's tasks. need only to accept God's way and go Christians, and to the spirit of the Gosas He leads, and in the end we shall: pel, that through the concern they felt find that not in the smallest matter for the prosperity of the cause of Christ they are obliged to speak have we ever been unwisely led, but that every step He has brought us to

Unmercifulness is great wickedness. To the unmerciful, God will have no Building Power of Confidence. mercy; this is an eternal purpose of the We cannot help one in whom we nave no confidence. Therefore we must Lord which can never be changed. Jesus said, "If ye forgive not men their have confidence in many a one who trespasses, neither will your Father gives little evidence of being worthy. forgive your trespasses" (Matt. 6:15). of our confidence. And it is always possible to find something to build The servant is here shown the obligaupon, and to build with, in the most tion he is under to his fellow-servant unpromising of our fellow-creatures. because of the mercy that had been It takes power, of course, to discern shown him. It is justly expected that the glimmer of worth in that which is those who have received mercy shall debased and unworthy. Campbell Morgan, when expressing his confidence in "Delivered him to the tormentthe redemptive possibilities of men, in-The person who does not have terrupted himself with the question, "Then you don't believe in total de-pravity?" "Yes," was the answer, "but a forgiving spirit will be tormented, both in this world and in the world to come. A guilty conscience, the fear of I believe that the thing depraved is a the judgment day and the fires of God's great thing." What was made in God's image can, by the Saviour's miracle,! wrath (Rev. 20:15) will, in turn, act "All that was due." be restored to God's image. There is

the ground of our confidence.

We give Thee blessing and thanksgiving that all along the line of human ages Thou hast had martyrs and confessors, saints and teachers, who have stood as the light and ensamples of mankind. We thank Thee that we have entered into their heritage; that we have received the wisdom, the truth and the grace of those who have gone before us. And we pray that in our minds and hearts the dayspring from on high may arise continually, leading us into a nobler and more beautiful and a sweeter life.-Horatio Stebbins.

Deep, Fresh, Manly Plety. There is such a deep, fresh, manly

piety in the teachings of Jesus, such love for man under all circumstances, poor, oppressed, despised, and sinful, as we find nowhere else in the whole compass of antiquity.-Theodore Parker.

The World Akin.

The universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other .-

Suction Pump Saves Girl.

The resourcefulness of Henry Corbett, an oil well pumper at Clintonville, Pa., saved the life of Bertha Collingwood, aged fourteen years, who had been bitten on the calf of the leg by a copperhead snake. When the girl ran screaming to Corbett he bound the leg above and below the wound and then carried her hastily to the pump station, in which was a suction gas pump. He placed the wound over the end of the pump which takes in the air, and held the girl there till the

poison was sucked out of the leg.