CHAPTER XVII. Continued.

With a gesture which was almost a command, he bid her resume her seat, and then in a masterful tone he spoke. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I must ask you to leave England at once. You will return home, and immediately send in your resignation to the Society of Patriots on account of your approaching marriage with Monsieur Meyer, which will disqualify you as a member. Have I your promise that you will leave hereif not to-morrow, as soon os possible? I ask this of you, though it is in my power to command. And now I beg of you, for the sake of Ivan Meyer, for the sake of all you love on earth, to give up forever your connection with any political society. Politics is not for women; it is a man's work-leave it to men. Every woman who has meddled with it has brought misery to herself and sor-

row to those who loved her." The girl slowly raised her eyes to his, and watched his earnest face as he spoke. There must have been something strange in her gaze, for the young fellow winced beneath it. It had never been his lot to look on genuine, hopeless misery before; but he instinctively recognized what he saw in those sad blue eyes.

"I will go," said Marie, softly. Then Winyard mechanically moved toward the door. With a silent inclination of the head he left them. Meyer alone returned the salutation, but did not stir from his position near to Marie Bakovitch.

"You see," he whispered, "she is going mad!"

In all and through all Winyard Mistley was eminently practical. "Are you quite alone?" he asked.

"Have you no friends in England? Has she no maid, even, with her?" "Yes, she has a maid who is now

sleeping in her room. She is young, .but intelligent." "You must rouse her. Let her persuade mademoiselle to go to bed,

and she must remain by her side tonight. In the morning, if mademoiselle is better, you must get her away from here at once. If-if she is worse, send to me, and my mother will come to her-a woman will know best what is to be done. I can not understand-anything; but I am convinced that mademoiselle is not going mad; it is only temporary. I think it must be what is called hysteria. Have you no friends in Eng-

land?' Jacobi, of London."

"Monsieur Jacobi, of London. Who is he?" asked Winyard.

"I know him very slightly; but he has been kind to Marie. He is a musician, and and is connected with some society to which Marie be-

Winyard shook his head. "He is no good, then," he said. "You must go to your Consul, that is all. If I do not hear from you by eleven tomorrow morning, I will know that you have left Walso: but if you require assistance of any description, write to me or telegraph at once. Put my name in full-Winyard-W-i-n-y-a-r-d-in the address, so that no mistake can arise. Do not thank me, for I have done nothing yet. Good-night."

And so they parted.

Ivan Meyer re-entered the cottage and closed the door. Marie was waiting for him in the little parlor. She was sitting by the table, and her attitude was characterized by - peculiar stillness which had no feeling of repose about. He stood watching her for some moments with weary, yearning eyes and haggard face.

"Marie," he said at length, in a voice that was no longer pleading as of old, "let us understand each other."

"Yes, Ivan," she replied, softly, "What do you not understand?" He came nearer, and, leaning one

hand upon the back of her chair, he bent over her. "Will you not do what the Eng-

lishman asks?" "Yes," she replied, in a dull voice."

"All?" he asked, with trembling

"Yes, Ivan, all. We will go to America, as you desire. Oh, I am so tired! My head is throbbing! I will go to bed now. Good-night, Ivan!"

She rose and extended her hand to him. In a wondering manner he raised the delicate fingers to his lips -very tenderly, very lovingly-and held the door open while she passed

Then he dropped into a chair, and sat staring stupidly at the paraffine lamp till the distant chime of two o'clock aroused him, and sent him mechanically to his room

#### CHAPTER XVIII. The Love Scene.

Monday evening had been fixed for the first rehearsal of the great dramatic entertainment; and, as the time came near, Lena discovered that she was growing just a little

nervous. Charles Mistley, as stage-manager, had naturally spoken much of the play, giving, in his good-natured, lazy manner, tentative opinions, and asking advice of Lena and his broth- Charlie knew that his younger er upon sundry situations to be depicted. Of all had he fully treated, excepting this one most trying scene between herself and Winyard, and should be so. Indeed, he was this he appeared content to leave to proud of it-proud to be the brother

their discretion. Instinctively she knew, however, the observant, was fully aware that tinction in Chile and Bolivia.

I that the part was within the scope of her little-tried histrionic powers. She felt that she could endow it with life and semblance; and, above all, she understood the character of the girl she intended to represent.

Such stage intercouse as she had with Charlie gave her no trouble. He was, indeed, supposed to be her lover; but of an old standing in love, and therefore less embarrassing; while the difficulties that lay in Winyard's path, of a cross and undercurrent stream of passion, flowing into and discoloring with its villainy the purer and colder river of mild affection, required a tact and dramatic delicacy which Lena knew him to possess.

The first rehearsal bid fair to realize the misgivings of the elder ladies, so intensely ridiculous was it after the preliminary nervousness had quite worn off. This was the result of a deliberate plan on the part of the stage-manager, whose experience taught him that rehearsals beginning with laughter usually finish up with Winyard and successful acting. Lena were not in the first scene, and Charles Mistley's part was too unimportant to have effect on it; and Mrs. Wright, who was prompting, had but little work to do. The second scene began in the same manner. "Win, this will never do," whis-

pered Charlie. "It is more like a board-school examination than anything else. We must wake them up somehow."

Winyard obeyed his brother's instructions, and on receiving his cue, introduced two new elements into the performance-merriment and earnest acting, which can be combined with great facility.

In the midst of all the laughter, the idea suddenly came to Winyard that it would be a worthy triumph to quell the merriment, supplementing it with the opposite emotion, which is so near at hand.

In a whisper he said to Lena: "Now we will show them what we it as she could.

But soon she did understand, and aided him beyond his expectations. The difficult scene appeared to pass away as if it were a portion of their real and earnest lives-for life is as real and earnest to the merriest of us as it is to those who pull long faces and suffer from dyspepsia. By the sheer force of his dramatic power he that incident later. Then he added carried her away, and brought for- the single word "Yes," and handed ward the talent of expressing pathos the reply over his shoulder to the which he had detected when she had servant. sung unwittingly to him. For the moment she was no longer happy Lena Wright-for assuredly nothing could whisper of sorrow in her young life-but the heart-broken girl, parting from her lover forever; and he, Winyard Mistley, acted the part as if he knew too well the pain and anguish he depicted so cleverly.

First the laughter died away, then vanished the last smile, as these two searched deeper and deeper into every human heart for the emotions which cannot fail to be hidden somewhere there. It was almost an inspiration, and quite a passing stroke of genius. No word of forethought had passed between them, and yet no mistake could be detected-the art, if art there were, was so well hidden, so craftily covered, that none could determine where it lay,

The spectators were hushed into silent wonder. With the majority of them, however, it was merely a piece of clever acting - an exhibition of dramatic talent such as lies in the power of most of us, though the demand for it may never come. But to two of them it was something more. The prompter drew in a long deep breath, and glanced nervously toward the stage-manager. Of course it was acting-mere acting-but Mrs. Wright did not like it. Such acting, such rehearsals were dangerous, and why had that gray, drawn look come

over Charles Mistley's calm face? When it was over there was a momentary silence, as if each person present were waiting for some one else to speak. Winyard dusted some imaginary specks of carpet from his knees, as if family prayers had just been offered up, and proceeded to move the furniture and rearrange the improvised stage. This he did quietly and mechanically, which served very well to ease the breaking of that silence, and to allow Lena time to come back to workaday speech and thought.

"Well done?" said the colonel softly; and Charlie suddenly clapped his strong hands together, and spoke a little rapidly.

"Splendid!" he said. "Splendid! Everybody is all that a manager could desire. We will bring down the house with applause, I am certain. I am very much obliged to every one for the intelligence and diligence with which they have studied their respective parts!"

When at length the two brothers were left alone to smoke a last pipe before going to bed, they sat for some time without speaking. They had never been so much together, these two, and perhaps it was owing to this that they were somewhat different from other brothers in their mutual love. Mutual respect had an important place in the love they bore toward each other, and, as a rule, brotherly affection is without it. brother was cleverer, quicker and in every way more brilliant than himself, and he was content that it of Winyard Mistley. And Winyard, that the species is in danger of ex-

this big, grave brother of his was a better man than himself.

On this particular evening Winyard felt a strange increase of affection toward his brother. Never before had they possessed so many interests in common; never had the thought come so prominently before his mind that too little had been said between them, too much left to the imagination.

Charlie sat by the open window of the little study in a low basket-work chair, and smoked with that goodnatured placidity and sense of strong repose which suited so well his fair face and splendid stature. Winyard, seated near the screened fire-place, smoked more rapidly, as if to keep pace with his quicker thoughts, consuming more tobacco, enjoying it perhaps less. The calm peacefulness of his brother's demeanor quelled the words that were within his heart, bid him to be as self-contained and self-suppressing, drove back the restless eagerness of his soul, and spoke of a quiet attendance on the course of events which was beyond his comprehension, and had no place in his character.

If Winyard could only have seen beneath that calm and indifferent exterior, he might have put into words the unusual thrill of brotherly love that warmed his heart. But Englishmen are not made so, and the moment passed, never to return; the opportunity came no more, and Silence numbered another victim to her ruthless bow and spear. It is only on the stage that men have time and opportunity to make that little farewell speech which is to put a graceful finish to our comedy, clearing up the doubtful passages, explaining away misunderstandings, and mingling a prayer for charitable remembrance with the rumble of the curtain roller. It almost seemed as if Winyard Mistley knew that this was a last chance of breaking down that invisible barrier which stood between his brother's heart and his own, a barrier which was naught else but shyness and a habit of reserve on either side.

It almost seemed as if his imagination could span the 400 miles of silent, night-ridden land that lay between him and two gray-haired, grave - faced men, who were at that moment speaking of him within a little curtained room beneath West minster's great tower. It seemed as if he could read the message addressed to him, and containing the mandate of an almost certain doom that lay beneath the anxious statesman's hand.

#### CHAPTER XIX. On Duty.

The following morning at the breakfast table, a telegram was handed to Winyard, with the intimation can do!" leaving her to understand that the messenger was awaiting the reply. The young man broke open the envelope and read the flimsy pink paper. It took him scarcely a couple of seconds to glance over it, and he proceeded immediately to fill in the address in the reply form inclosed. All at the table noticed that there was no hesitation, no indecision in his movements, and they remembered

"May he said, with an impudent smile toward Mrs. Wright; and it was only after he had helped himself largely to that condiment that he tossed the telegram to his brother at the head of the table. Life had, it seemed, for him no earnest side at all.

The bite of toast which Mrs. Mistley had just placed between her strong, short teeth tasted as no toast had ever tasted to her before. It was a peculiar mixture of absolutely no flavor and a nauseating bitterness. She knew that this telegram was important, and meant the end of these happy days; all her five senses were lost in one great throb of sad foreboding.

## (To be continued.)

## A Dissatisfied Subscriber.

"I hereby offer my resignashum as a subscriber to yure papier, it being a pamphlet of such small knonsewuenc as not to beefit my family by takin' it. What you need in youre sheet is brains, and some one to russell up news and rite editorials on live tiopics. No menshun has been made in youre shete of me butchern' a polen china pig weighin' 369 pounds or the gapes in the chickens round here. You ignore that I bot a bran' new bob sled, and that I traded my blind mule, and say nothin' about it. Hi Simpkin's jersey calf breakin' his two frunt legs fallin' in a well, two important chiverees have been utterly ingored by yure shete & a 3 column obitchuary notis rit by me on the death of grandpa Henery was left out of yure shete to say nothin' of the alfabetical poem beginning "A is for And and also for Ack" rit by me darter. This is the reason yure papier is so unpopular in town. If you kant rite eddytorials & ain't going to put no news in yure shete we don't want sade shete. If you print the obitchury in yure next I may sine again for yure shete."-Hudson Republican.

## Avalanche's Secret.

An Alpine avalanche has just yielded up one of its secrets. Last January an enormous mass of snow fell from the mountains above Halle and a theological student named Becken perished in it. He was caught while making an ascent on ski. All efforts to recover the body failed at the time, but with the melting of the snow in the valley it has at last been laid bare. It has been perfectly preserved ' -- refrigeration, but shows marks of terrible pressure .-London Globe.

King Edward, like his mother is always punctual to the second in his public engagements. If the program is that he shall be at the Horse Guards at 1.48 and Victoria Gate at 1.53, he is there, for all to see, on time.

Chinchillas have been so much in request for furs in the last few years



Salting the Horse.

'All horses need salt and often suffer for the want of it. A lump of mineral salt or a salt brick may be put in one corner of the stall where the horse can take it when he likes; but do not put the salt where it will mix with the grain, for in that case the horse will get more salt than he wants. This method of having salt always before him will prevent him from eating too much at one time. The next best plan is to give the horse all the salt he wants once a week, say Saturday night or Sunday morning. Have some regular time for this, or else you may forget it.



## White Holland Turkeys.

The Fattening of Hogs.

The cheapest method of fattening hogs is to feed a variety of food. On the majority of farms the hogs are pushed forward after the fall is nearly over, but they are not always penned in a condition in which to facilitate the fattening operation. One method of using corn is to "finish off" with it, thereby hardening the fat. To really fatten a hog it should be fed in such a manner previous to being penned as to force growth. First build up the frame for the reception of the meat that may be laid upon it, feeding such foods as should not only forward growth, but also keep the animal in a condition that will entail but little expense when the time arrives for getting it fat. To do this in the most economical manner numpkins, beets, turnips, carrots, water squash and parsnips, together with finely cut clover hay, may be fed with good results. It will not do, however, to feed such substances in a wasteful manner. A cauldron or steamer may be used for cooking a large quantity of roots, and a warm feed should be given early in the morning, the mass thickened with ground grain or some of the wellknown mill products rich in protein. At noon a feed composed of chopped roots, fed raw, but not too cold, will be sufficient. At night they may be given a liberal supply of corn. Such foods will not only keep the hogs in good health, but will be the cheapest diet at this season that can be allowed, as the varied articles will rapidly push them forward while the weather is not severe. Do not crowd the hogs, and feed in a manner so as to permit them to eat without competition. The farmer should utilize anything on the farm that will serve to assist in making growth or fat and should not overlook the fact that the market prefers hogs which contain a fair proportion of lean meat as well as fat.

## A Home For Pekin Ducks.

A yard fifty feet long and ten wide will be sufficiently large to provide exercise for a small breeding flock; and the wire netting need only be eighteen inches high, which will not cost more than \$1.50. Though the fence need not be high, it must be very securely fastened to the ground; for ducks seem to possess abnormal powers when it comes to creeping under anything.

A trio of good ordinary market stock should be purchased for about \$7. Ducks are not like hens-they do not lay all the year round: but when they start they are attentive to the business of egg production daily, so that a couple of mature Pekins will provide you with a sitting in six days. As you will want to keep some of the young one's for next year's stock, ask the breeder you buy from to ship you birds two years eld, as their progeny is stronger.

Pekins never want to sit; so hens must be used for hatching until your stock is large enough to fill an incubator in a few days. Artificial duck-raising is without doubt the best. There is one farm in Massachusetts that markets fifty-five thousand young ducks annually, sells two tons of feathers and keeps twelve hundred breeders. Would such an immense business be possible in the old way?

Though Pekins don't need water to swim in, they must have quantities to drink, always fresh and clean; which means that drinking-pans must be refilled three times a day and be so constructed as to enable the birds to submerge the whole bil! in the water. Why? Because there are two small holes in the base of the bill which become clogged with feed or mud, and unless they can rinse these out when drinking the poor things smother.

A man who had a broiler farm near our place three years ago bought a hundred ducks' eggs, hatched out a fine lot of youngsters, and lost every one within two weeks through using a water fountain in the brooder that was too shallow. As I had lots of ducks at the time, and in passing leaves more fertility he brought some over for me to see. | than it takes.

There was nothing whatever the matter with them except that their nostrils were all stopped up with the soft food. So pray remember this very important direction when you are arranging drinking water for ducks, young or old; they must not be able to get into the pan with their feet or bodies, but their entire heads must have free entrance .-The Self-Supporting Home.

#### "Can't Kill 'Ems."

It is important for the beginner to garden making to choose varieties of plants and vines that are not deli-

It is, to say the least, disheartening to get one's grounds in apple-pie order, to dig and fertilize the soil at cost both of time and money, to build delightful plans for color and succession of bloom, only to have it all come to naught because one was not careful in the selection of plants that do not require pampering. Foolish, indeed, is it for the ama-

teur to waste his time and energies on uncertainties when there are so many interesting varieties that are absolutely sure to succeed even under the most unfavorable conditions. A young woman whose garden is renowned for the great variety, quantity and beauty of its flowers (she takes entire charge of them herself), when asked the secret of her success, replied:

"Oh, I always grow 'can't kill ems.' " "What in the world are they?" I

asked. She replied: "They, my ignorant friend, are the things that make nature do the work instead of me. In plain English, they are the plants that will grow pretty much anywhere, except in dense shade or under trees; and some of them will

even grow there. "You wish me to name some of

them, do you? Well, the real 'can't kill 'ems' are perennials. Among the best are Coreopsis lanceolata, Hemerocallis fulva (orange day lily), perennial phlox (especially if the color is bad), monarda or bergamot, peonies, golden glow, funkia, subcordata or day lily, honeysuckle and trumpet vine. "The following annuals will also

grow almost anywhere: Sweet alyssum, Calendula (pot marigold), Centaurea eyanus (cornflower), Convolvulus major (morning-glory), Eschscholtzia (California poppy), Impatiens (balsam), ladyslipper, mignonette, Shirley poppy, portulacca, Tagetes or the marigold (African and French), Tropaeolum (nasturtium) and zinnias.

"Now, don't you tell me after that list you can not have a garden. If you can't, it's just because you're a nondoo. For, really, those flowers should do well under the worst conditions."

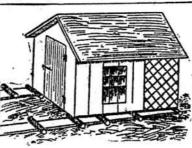
"Well," the writer laughed, "I might be able to grow the flowers, but I never could reel off all those awful names."

"Oh, yes, you can; it will only be too easy to you after a while. Indeed, you'll have to be racking your brains to remember the common name, lest people think you are trying to show off."-Indianapolis

## Movable Poultry House.

My best all round poultry house is a movable one, and if I were to build more houses I should copy this one. It holds a dozen fowls.

It is 4x9x5 feet high in the middle. Three feet at one end is lattice or netting. Three feet from the end near the door is a partition, giving a



Movable House.

litle room 3x4 feet, which is for roosts. Nests are here also, fastened to the wall by a large wire nail and easily pulled down for cleaning or moving. The roosting room has a floor, the larger room has none. When moving to a fresh spot the fowls are shut into the roost room, or the house can be moved in the evening, a couple of boards and some small rollers being used. In winter the house is set on a little raised bed of gravel, is floored with litter and banked outside with leaves. In summer the door and windows are of netting, making a cool house .- I. A. L., Middlesex County, Conn., in the American Cultivator.

## Farm Notes.

Sunflower seed adds lustre to the plumage.

Pullets rarely make good mothers; old hens are the best. All fowls require a variety of food

and get excessively tired of using one kind. A wet season is not a good one for

sheep. High, dry land yields the

most mutton to the acre. A bunch of hogs alike in color, alike in size and alike in condition, will always strain the market up a

notch or two. The two-year-old ought to be as gentle as a dog by this time, and it is well to be handling the weanlings

and the yearlings. The clover plant is the cheapest and most effective subsoil plow that can be used on soils where it will work; runs deeper, is self-propelling SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-MENTS FOR JANUARY 20 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Man's Sin and God's Promise, Gen. 3:1-6, 13-15-Golden Text. 1 Cor. 15:22 - Memory Verse, 15.

This lesson, which is termed Man's

Sin and God's Promise, might better

be termed "the result of disobe When God put Adams and Eve into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it, the Lord God commanded the man, saying, "Of every tree of the Garden thou mayst freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thou shalt surely die." God gave this command unto the man and the woman because He desired to teach them the lesson of obedience. If the story in Genesis tells us anything it clearly tells us that. The man and the woman being gifted with the power of free moral choice were to be tested as to their fitness in this demand of God that they obey Him in this one thing. Strictly speaking the Genesis story tells us that the man alone was definitely commanded of God to obey. But in God's plan it is preposterous for us to assume that the woman was not as conscious of the divine decree as was the man It is noticeable that God gave to the man and woman in the Garden of Eden absolute freedom save in one particular. Their test of fitness lay in their ability to obey one simple solitary command. The results of that disobedience we have read. The age long consequences of this first disobedience and of centuries of sin we know. Wherever man is commanded to

obey and disobeys the demands of God there trouble comes. So long as Adam and Eve obeyed the will of God so long were they happy. And in like fashion in our day and generation joy only is to be found in the service of God, in the keeping of His eternal commandments, in the doing of His divine will. Sin is disobedience. Adam and Eve were sinners because they willed to disobey their God. Disobedience brings for us as it brought to them inevitable, inexorable, vicious consequences. are to enjoy life to its fullest we must as individuals and as a society obey God. And if we shall decide by the exercise of our own free wills to disobey the voice of God as He speaks to us in our soul's life we must expect logically, consequen-tially and inescapeably to endure suffering and sorrow. That is the law of life.

But thanks be to God we have the promise that however great may have been our disobedience true repentance will meet with divine favor and human sins will be nullified by the grace of God in Christ. Listening to His gospel, accepting His revelation of the redeeming and sanctifying love of God, taking Him as our guide and our Saviour, we may enter into eternal happiness and become the possessors of eternal life. The following special notes may

prove of some value: Vs. 1. "Serpent," represents sin and evil external temptation. Without much of an imaginative stretch we might consider it the symbolism "Yea-said," a of inner self will. subtle implication that the command was nonsensical. "Any," but God hadn't made such a prohibition. He had commanded abstinence from but one.

"Fruit-eat." the woman Vs. 2. with a greater fidelity to the truth corrects the erroneous statement of the serpent.

Vs. 3. "Touch," but with a laxity of expression that was possibly born of not the best of motives, she herself makes an addition to the divine command. God didn't tell them not to touch it.

Vs. 7-12 inc. are skipped in the lesson, but they ought to be under-Especially is it wise to call stood. attention to verse 8. The man and the woman in their sin "heard the sound (R. V.) of the Lord God walking in the garden." They didn't have to see Him to know the depth of their disobedience. They had merely to hear Him in order to become frightened. The lesson is obvious. In passing the man's unmanly excuses are worth noticing.
Vs. 13. God passes over the man's

excuses and addresses the woman for an explanation.
Vs. 14. "Belly," it would seem

that at some time the serpent moved upright, as anciently he was some-times represented. "Dust," the serpent was supposed to eat dust. Vs. 15. "Bruise," better "crush."

Of course we all understand that the

heel is the part of a man's body a snake can reach quickest. And we are also aware that our first instinct is to crush a snake with the heel. But aside from other meanings it seems as though there is a deeper meaning in this verse. We are told by reliable commentators that "this verse is regarded as the first announcement of the gospel of redemp-tion. The seed of the woman is Christ, who crushes the serpent's head, i. e., destroys the power of sin and Satan, although He Himself suffers in so doing. There is nothing to indicate that such ideas were in the mind of the writer, but the contest between mankind and the serpent naturally became the symbol of the conflict between good and evil, in which good triumphed in the person of Christ, but conquered through suffering. Moreover, ancient readers of this story knew parallel narratives, in which the serpent was an evil god and his antagonist a divine redeemer, and would naturally find a similar meaning here." Tropical Disease Study.

Sir Alfred Jones, president of the

Chamber of Commerce, who was the founder of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, has heard from Brazil that the yellow fever microbe has been traced there. He believes also that we are on the eve of solving the mystery of sleeping sickness. The School of Tropical Medicine is about The to send an expedition to Africa for the purpose of studying black water

The Agricultural Association of West Prussia adopted a resolution

Prussian Farmers Want Coolies.

empowering its Executive Committee to prepare to import Chinese as farm laborers on account of the scarcity of such labor. The resolution expresses patriotic regret that the step is un-

# More Expensive Slippers.

Slippers are to be more expensive The other day at a meeting abroad. held in Berlin by the Free Association of Slipper Manufacturers it was resolved, on account of the rising prices of the raw materials, to increase prices ten to fifteen per cent.



THE ONLY WAY.

Once I knew the grief of doubt,
Once I sought a friendly clue;
In the twilight groped about,
Seeking what to be and do.
Now with others I can say
Whatso'er our system be,
Method, plan or theory,
Jesus Christ is still the Way.

For a vision came to me-For a vision came to me—
Christ upon a Cross of shame;
Then and there I came to see
Saviour is His kingly name;
So to others I would say,
Whatso'er our system be,
Method, plan or theory,
Jesus Christ is still the Way.

Christ to us is righteousness, He is our redemption, too, Glorified, He lives to bless Not your sight of truth but you
So to one and all I say,
Whatso'er our system be,
Method, plan or theory,
Jesus Christ is still the Way.

Methods fair we may devise,
Offspring choice of cultured thought.
Yet like vanity and lies
Christless plans shall come to naught.
So in earnestness I say,
Whatso'er our system be,
Method, plan or theory,
Jesus Christ is still the Way. Since in Him we are "complete,"

Let us live as in His sight,
Let us walk with willing feet
Ever, only, "in the light,"
Then, methinks, the Lord will say,
"While the worldlings strayed from
Me,

You have solved each mystery, In the one and only Way."—Mephibosheth, in London Christian.

Foolish Theology.

Facts are stronger than theories. The quiver of an earthquake in San Francisco jarred business blocks and palatial buildings to the ground. And so it is with some of the fine theolo-gical theories of the day. They would cut us loose from the past and make us believe that we are so wholly modern that nothing old applies to us. It is alleged that we are in a new age and must have a new theology, a new Bible, are ogy, a new Bible, etc.

But some outbreak of human pas-

sion turns over these theories with the suddenness of an earthquake. This is especially true of the startling tragedy at Madison Square Garden, New York. It set the daily press to preaching old sermons. A leading fournal said: "Never has it been more firmly established that 'the wages of sin is death." And a brilliant correspondent, commenting on the after remarks that "under the surface of our civilization men and women are our civilization men and women are the same now that they were 1000 and 3000 years ago." Clara Morris adds to this by saying, "And now the great wave of crime, sweeping higher and higher, has cast its red spune, against the hands of the educated and highly placed" our civilization men and women

highly placed." "Men and women the same as 3000 years ago." Just so. Progress has lifted us up, but not above passion and crime. In a word, the man is the same old sinner that m has always been. He covets, he lu-he lies, he steals, he kills, he bre his marriage vows, he runs away, he plays hypocrite and pretender, and does all the mean and wicked and shameful things that ever have be done. He has used the arts and advantages of civilization to be in sly and more effective, but he is the same old sinner. The same old

old Nick knows where to look for him. And yet a theology which calls itself "sane" and "modern" and all that overlooks these facts. It is not a sane theology. It is not a "mod-ern" theology, for it does not know or understand the modern man. It knows only an artificial man, a man made up for the purposes of theologi-cal discussion. Such a theology may make headway among men who have to do only with theories, but men who have to do with real flesh and blood people will be wise to let it

alone.—Advance.

Educating Power of Temptations. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life."—
James, 1:12. You can not be a man and live a man's life without coming into this world where sin is and where you must be tried, once said Dr. Phillips Brooks. That great temptation that comes swaggering up and frightening you so has got the best part of your character held under his brawny arm. You can not get it without wrestling with him, and forcing it away from him. That mountain that towers up and defles you has got your spiritual health away up on its snowy summit. That is what shines there in the sun. You can not reach it, except by the terrible climb. Ask yourself what you would have been if you had never been tempted, and own what a blessed thing the educating power of temptation is.—Ram's Horn.

The Greatness of Little Things. Men are always eager to do some

great thing. Let them remember that self-mastery is the greatest conquest, an achievement not of a day but of years. It is not the result of any single heroic endeavor, but the reward which comes when the little worries of everyday life, the petty and aggravating trifles, are cheerfully and bravely borne. He who knows self-control in little things will not lack strength when the sterner struggles come.-Dr. Geo. R. Lunn.

Real Kingliness. True greatness is in the character.

never in the circumstances. No matter about wearing a crown, make sure that you have a head worthy of wearing a crown. No matter about the purple; make sure that you have a heart worthy of the purple. No matter about a throne to sit on: make sure that your life is regal in its own intrinsic character—that men will recognize the king in you, though you toil in the field, or mine, or serve in the lowest place.-Ram's Horn

Dogs Carry News of Death. While one of his hunting dogs guarded his dead body in the woods,

Henry C. Smith's two other dogs returned to his home in Baltimore, Md., and by their whining and howling told his wife and children that harm had befallen their master. Several friends of Mr. Smith, who was an old hunter, followed the dogs' lead, and at midnight came upon Smith's body. at which the other dog stood whining. There was a large wound on the side of Smith's head. It is believed that he stumbled and that his fall discharged an old-fashioned horse pistol that was found in the inside pocket of his hunting coat.