CHAPTER VI.

Continued. "Well, there would be a row, of course; but he would say, like a wise man, 'There's no use in crying over spilt milk.' Perhaps I am not the sort of man that he would have chosen for you. He would have preferred some bookish sneak like Adair, or some old fogy like Mavors; but since we are married he will have to make the best of it and give us an allowance till you come of

"That, I am well convinced, he never, never will," said Sophy, firmly. "And what does it matter if he doesn't? I can borrow money on expectations for twelve your months.'

"I have no expectations, Herbert; that is, I mean, I shall have none if you insist on acting in this mad way. I am entirely dependent upon my guardian. If I marry while under age, without his consent, my fortune is forfeited. It goes into other hands.

"I don't believe a word of it." "Thank you; it is true, neverthe-

less. "If it were true, it would only show how thoroughly well your people must have understood you and what a slippery fish you always were; but it is most unlikely. I can find the truth out for myself, however, by going up to Doctors' Commons and looking at your father's will. You are changing color, I see; your story is false. You had better not send me on a fool's errand to town, young

"Herbert! Herbert! listen to me," cried the girl, passionately. "You flon't know my guardian. If he ever finds out I have deceived him, he will never forgive me. And if I am' not quite correct as to the-

"Ha, ha!" he put in. "I thought so. Now for another."

"I say that I am quite certain that the will leaves a great deal to his discretion. He can make us a handsome allowance when I come of age, or a poor one; he can advance us money, or withhold it. Go up to Doctors' Common, if you doubt me; and you will find it is so. You don't know your danger."

"Nor do you know yours, Sophy. Suppose for a moment that I accede to this Australian scheme - than which nothing is further from my intention-and if, when you were left behind in England, things should be said to your disadvantage. That man Adair, for example, knows enough; and, if I were not here to wring his neck, might use his knowledge to take away your character. That would be very awkward-I mean for

"The register of our marriage is in St. Anne's Church," said Sophy,

"You'd refer to that, would you? Upon my life, you take things very coolly," returned the other, grimly.

'The contingency of which you speak," she said, "would, at all events, place me in no worse position than your rashness and impatience place me now. Oh, Herbert, I have given up everything for you. You promised me, upon your word of honor, to keep our marriage secret until I came of age."

Her voice was piteous, and her pretty face so appealing that even the selfish heart of Herbert Perry was touched; unhapily, however, they also revived the cold embers of his

"But, Sophy, dear, you seem to forget that you and I are one. Is it nothing to you that I am separated from you, and only now and then have a chance of getting a word with you, even like this? And now you say that you are forbidden even to see me at all." The argument had force in it, and

there had been a time when it would have succeeded with her; but now she could not even bring herself to say, "And do I not suffer too?" In her heart of hearts she loathed and feared him.

"It is only for twelve months, she said.

"Only for twelve months," he answered, angrily. "A pretty thing for a girl to say to her husband-well for certain that is not my view, at all events. I shall write to my father and tell him how matters stand, and then man who had monopolized so much let the old folks fight it out between them. And so, good-evening to you.'

He turned from her with fierce abruptness, and, stepping into his canoe, was out of arm-reach, or she would have clung to him in one last agonized appeal.

CHAPTER VII.

Sad News. Upon the whole, however we men may complain of the hardness of our lives, man's lot is free from the cause she was his hostess and it was catastrophes to which that of woman to stoop again, but she never. She her proper title, Sophy Perry, of once into conversation with her. sourse, was in no such terrible plight

To some young ladies, had they been in Sophy's position, it may have seemed a not very difficult task. though an unpleasant one, to make neighbor and his hostess compelled confession of the weakness that had led them into it. "I was in love but his eyes often strayed over the with Mr. Herbert Perry, dear guard- way to Sophy. What could she find ian; and since I knew I should not to say, he wondered, to this uninterobtain your consent to our union, we married without it."

But Sophy knew that the canon, to be mollifled where duplicity and double dealing were concerned; he attraction to it. had always treated her with so much her, contrary to her own better judg- if you please, sir." ment, she had clandestinely abused.

Once let her be discovered, and all confidence-and, it was only too likely all affection, too-would be withdrawn from her; and besides the ting it carefully into his pocket. canon and his sister there were few who loved her. Yet hard as all this was, there were worse features in the case. If Mr. Herbert Perry had been an eligible suitor, forgiveness, after a time, at all events, might have been looked for; but he was no favorite of Aunt Maria's, and in the canon's eyes he was, as we know, utterly worthless as well as objectionable. Worse than all, she had by this time, notwithstanding her lack of opportunitics, found this out for herself. She knew him to be coarse, selfish and wrapped up in his own pleasure; and if his coltish nature broke through such a gilded pale as at present surrounded him-a husband of a few months, bound by every tie of honor and even of self-interest to behave himself with decency and circumspection-what was to be looked for when these restraints should be removed from him, and she became his

ishment! Before the blow fell on her, which she knew would shatter so much, it behooved her to do her best to conciliate the canon and turn his heart toward her. Perhaps if she were to please him very much an opportunity might offer itself to confess all and implore his forgiveness before necessity compelled her to do so. When therefore, on reaching home, Miss Aldred informed her that her brother had asked a friend that evening, and hoped she would feel herself well enough to come down to dinner, she answered cheerfully in the affirma-

indeed? A bitter task to plead for

pardon, when even if granted it must

needs be followed by life-long pun-

And when Aunt Maria, noticing how unlike herself she looked, observed, "but not if it would distress you, darling," she replied, "It can never distress me to please the canon.'

The canon was really pleased; for under the circumstances, he had felt that so far as Sophy's company was concerned he had invited Adair to the Laurels in vain. His mind being set at rest on this point, this wily man bethought him of asking Mr. Mayors likewise. Not that he feared, as some men would have done, a tete-a-tete with the young scholar after dinner. His mind was of that sort which accommodates itself to all ages or conditions of men, even if the talk should languish upon other topics, there was a common subject, Milton, for them to fall back upon. He asked the tutor purely for Sophy's sake, since his presence would leave the young people more to themselves. It did not enter his head that the student and exponent of Plato could find any attraction in his ward, and took his ready acceptance of his invitation at such short notice as a personal compliment.

It was, as we have said, Sophy's fixed resolve to please the canon, and without much thought beyond it she welcomed Mr. John Adair with a graciousness beyond his hopes. It did not strike her that, in case she showed signs of encouraging his attentions, the displeasure of her guardian would be all the greater when he came to know the real state of affairs. It was not her nature-when the consideration was not forced upon her-to think of the morrow; and, moreover, it is possible that her husband's evil behavior caused her to regard with less disfavor than heretofore the man he has described as a "dried herring." He was certainly thin, thinner in his suit of evening clothes than usual, and still thinner by comparison with Mr. Mayors, who not only towered above him, as he stood behind him, but appeared on either side of him, giving the young scholar, for the moment, the remarkable appearance of having four arms. But when one looked at the latter's keen face and speaking eyes one forgot that he was thin, as men forgot it in Paganini's playing. Mr. Mavors certainly did not remark that he was so thin, but (with regret and envy) that he was so young. From the canon's note he had gathered that he was to be the only guest that evening, and he was by no means pleased

to find that the same young gentleof Miss Sophy's conversation the previous evening had also been invited. In other matters he was by no means diffident; it was not likely to be the case with a gentleman who had been reported to say of himself, 'I'm not a conceited man, but I believe I know everything but botany,'

happily) not in his first year. After his salutation he confined his attention to Miss Aldred, not behis duty, but from sheer bashfulness is liable. He may stoop low, and live and ignorance of what a young lady like Miss Sophy would expect him to only too literally "falls to rise no say. Adair, on the other hand, was more." Sophy Gilbert, or to give her by no means bashful, and entered at he hurriedly wrote out an order for

but in affairs of the heart he felt

that he was a freshman, though (un-

Then Barclay, the butler, came to the rescue with his battle-cry, "Dinner is served," and Adair offered his arm and took her in. Mr. Mavors sat opposite to them. His duty to his him to converse with Miss Aldred, esting youth devoted to the higher mathemathics? and what could have induced Aldred to ask such a fellow with all his kindness, was not a man to dinner? It was not an Egyptian feast, that a skeleton should be any

Adair was speaking with approval trust and affection, and she had of the walks about Cambridge. with shown herself so utterly unworthy of which, as a reading man, he was very trust. Against Miss Aldred her conversant, when a note was placed transgression was still graver, for the by the butler in the tutor's hand, very liberty Aunt Maria had allowed with a whispered "The bearer waits,

While the canon was saying "Noth- to the fish by using cochineal,

ing the matter, I hope, Mavors?" and Miss Mildred expressing the same sentiment by her anxious looks, "I shall be staying up during the Long Vacation," went on Adair, in a lower tone, "and I hope you will allow me sometimes to point out to you—and to Miss Aldred, of course what is most worth seeing in the neighborhood."

"It will give us great pleasure."

she said, "I'm sure." It was a bold reply; was it possible that Mr. Mavors had heard it, since he threw such a quick, serious glance across at her, and looked so grave? He had read the note, and was put-

"Tell the messenger, Barclay," he said, "that I shall be in my rooms in twenty minutes."

"Must you leave us so soon?" inquired the hostess, sympathetically. "Why, yes, I am sorry to say I must; it is a piece of rather pressing college business. Prater-the other tutor-is away this week, so I have his side to look after as well as my

own. Miss Aldred, with womanly tact, at once perceived that something serious, but which was not to be disclosed at all events to ladies' ears, had happened, and gave Sophy that mystic nod which is the blue-peter of the female fleet; the signal for sailing out of the room. As the door closed behind them, Mr. Mavors, with his hand upon his chair, observed with emotion. "A sad calamity has taken place, Aldred."

"Not, I trust, of a private nature?" exclaimed the canon.

"As regards myself, no; but from something that dropped from you the other day, I am afraid it may affect you somewhat. Mr. Herbert Perry was, I believe, a visitor at the Laurels. He is drowned. His body has just been found in the river."

CHAPTER VIII. The Fatal Letter.

The news of death, especially if it be sudden and violent, will sober a drunken man; even those who "play at the game whose moves are death' -seasoned old soldiers-feel some shock when a comrade is snatched away from them by other than professional means-shot, shell or steel. In civil life, for the moment, it creates a stir with which no other catastrophe-bankruptcy, an elopement, or even being raised to the peeragecan compare. No man is so lethargic, or so immersed in greed or pleasure, but that at those terrible tidings a secret door is opened in his own soul, and he looks forth, if it is but for an instant, upon the dark unfathomed void that is awaiting him also. When the awful summons has been served upon one in youth and strength its

effect upon the bystanders is still greater. In the present case Mr. Mavors was, as was natural, the least moved of all those present. The dead man was personally unknown to him. He could only call to remembrance the tall, handsome young fellow that had stood up (from various causes) with some difficulty in the boat only last evening to drink Miss Gilbert's health, and was now nerveless, bloodless, breathless. Not for one instant did it enter into his mind that since the unworthy object of her affection was removed the girl for whom he had himself begun to entertain "the low beginnings" of love had been rendered more accessible to him.

Nor, at all events for the present, did it occur to the canon to congratulate himself upon the trouble ended-a domestic knot thus opportunely severed by the hand of Fate." "Poor fellow, poor fellow," he

murmured softly. These men were both by nature

gentlemen. Adair, too, was not unmoved. Death was no more familiar to him than to the other two, but he felt less of horror. There was something in his heart, though not in his voice, that smacked of hesitating satisfaction as he inquired, "Are you quite sure of this, Mr. Mavors?" "Only too sure."

"How did it happen?" inquired the canon. "How could it have happened?" meaning that to the dead man water had been the natural element. If the misfortune had been less tremendous he would have said, "Why, he could swim like a fish." In catastrophes we do not use metaphors or commonplaces.

To be Continued.

A Deadhead.

Francis Wilson was talking at the Players' Club about the ignorance of dramatic literature that is too prevalent in America, according to a writer in the Springfield (Mo.) Republican.

"Why," said Mr. Wilson, "a company was playing "She Stoops to Conquer' in a small Western town last winter when a man without any money, wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box office and said: 'Pass me in, please.'

"The box office man gave a loud, harsh laugh.

"'Pass you in? What for?' he asked.

"The applicant drew himself up and answered haughtily: "'What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play.

"'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir,' replied the other in a shocked voice, :s a box."

The Rabbit Welched.

One day Willie's mother found her young hopeful holding his pet rabbit by the ears. From time to time he would give Bunny a violent shake and demand sharply, "Two plus two? Two plus two?" or "Three plus three? Three plus three?"

"Why, Willie," asked his mother with deep concern, "what makes you treat your poor little Bunny that

"Well," replied Willie, greatly disappointed, "teacher told us in school to-day that rabbits multiplied very fast, but this dummy can't even add."—Everybody's.

Fish dealers in European cities when their salmon becomes stale and dull in color impart a healthful tint | alone also make an excellent filling.

Household Matters.

泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰

The Uses of an Edge Bone.

Purchase an edge bone, varying from eleven to fifteen pounds, at from four to six cents a pound; the larger it is the more steak on it. Have the buicher break the bone twice, but not cut the meat. Slice off a good meal of steak, then cut a fine pot roast from the thick part. Next trim off all the surplus fat and try it out for drippings. The remainder may be cut off for a smothered beef and use the bone for a vegetable soup. This makes five good dinners. with the addition of a vegetable and a salad for five in family at a total cost of from fifty to eighty cents .-New York Globe.

For a Cooking Novelty, Try This. Mr. Harben prefers a plain sweet potato pie, which he makes after this fashion:

Take several sweet potatoes, and, when they have boiled themselves tender, peel and slice them. Line the bottom and sides of a deep dish with crust-the dish must be fully three inches in depth-and upon this arrange a layer of the potatoes, buttering them liberally, sugaring them freely and sprinkling them with nutmeg. Add next a layer of very thin slices of dough; sprinkle with hot water; then follow with another layer of sliced potatoes, and repeat until the pan is full. The top crust follows and the pie must then be baked for an hour or more.-From"The Apothsosis of the Pie," by Miles Bradford, in the Bohemian.

Peanut Wafers.

For peanut jumbles of wafers grind a cupful of roasted and shelled peanuts until fine. Cream a rather liberal fourth of a cup of butter, add half a cupful of sugar, using likewise a liberal measure of sifted flour. Moisten the mixture with a scant cupful of milk, or enough to make a stiff lough, about like pie crust. Flour a board and rolling pin, then roll out the dough until of waferlike thinness. These jumbles should be so thin after rolling and cutting out, that one can almost see through them. Bake on buttered pans in a brisk oven, taking care that they do not burn. They should bake until a nice brown and should when served be crisp like "snaps." They are delicious with a. cup of freshed "brewed" tea and a slice of cream cheese.-Florida Agriculturist.

Leek-and-Potato Soup

Is inexpensive and is an agreeable change from the ordinary potato soup. Cut one bunch of leeks in thin slices crosswise. Wash and scrape celery, and cut the stalks in thin slices crosswise; there should be one cupful. Cook the vegetables ten minutes in two and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, stirring constantly, Add one quart of milk, and cook in a double boiler forty minutes. Wash and pare potatoes, and cut in slices crosswise, then cut the slices in small pieces; or if one has at hand the fancy slicer use it by all means; there should be two and one-half cupfuls. Cook potatoes in boiling salted water ten minutes, then drain. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and when well blended add milk with the vegetables and potatoes. Cook until the potatoes are soft, and season with salt, pepper and cayenne .- Woman's Home

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

Celery sandwich filling blends mayonnaise and finely minced, tender celery.

Beef or mutton reheated in a double boiler is a vast improvement over the ordinary stew.

For the removal of grease spots

from woolen dresses salt dissolved in

alcohol is recommended. Stoves may look nice for some time by rubbing them thoroughly with a

newspaper every morning. If gilt frames, when new, are covered with a coat of white varnish, all specks can then be washed off with

water without harm. To improve the flavor of roast beef and give a rich brown color add a tablespoonful of sugar to the water

for basting the meat. A piece of coarse net sewed over an extra large hole in a stocking will make it easier to darn, and will make the darn more lasting.

Thin cucumber slices with a lettuce leaf and mayonnaise make a sandwich filling that men who scorn sandwiches the most can seldom resist.

A popular sandwich combines olives and cream cheese. Spread one buttered slice with the former, and the other with the latter, and press them together.

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the ends of each in old newspapers. This will prove a complete silencer. A small paint brush with long.

strong, supple bristles is the best thing with which to keep cut glass clean. It is the only means of reaching the dust which lodges in the small carvings. Copperware may be brightened by rubbing with a piece of flannel that

has been wrung out of hot water, well soaked and dusted with borax. Rinsing and a polish should follow the rubbing. If you wish to use quinine as a hair grower put it up in this form: One

dram of bisulphate of quinine, onehalf ounce of tincture of cantharides, seven ounces of listerine. Apply to the scalp twice a day. Olives and Spanish red peppers without a similar increase in the scale (the pimolas that are to be had in cans or the fresh sweet red pepper)

chopped fine, moistened with mayon-

naise and spread on buttered bread

make toothsome sandwiches. Olives

THE GREAT DESTROYER THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

SOME STARTLING FACES ABOUT TRE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Strong Drink a Curse-It Robs a Man of All Which Makes Him a Man in Contrast With a Beast-

Builds Moral Monsters. The heart, according to the dictionary, is "the inner part of anything; the chief or vital part; the seat of the affections and the passions; the seat of the understanding and will; the moral sense; love; courage; disposition of mind." And immorality and drunkenness rob man of all this which makes him a man in contrast with a beast. What is a man with-out the inner part, "the inner man of

the heart in that which is not cor-

ruptible?" He is a beast and worse;

for a living creature which is desti-

tute of this inner consciousness, takes

no high place in the animal world;

and such is the miserable drunkard. A man destitute of his "chief and vital part"-that part which can know, understand and respond to God, and which can edify, help, love and serve his fellow-creatures-is moral monster; and such is the miserable drunkard or opium slave. A man without this vital part, is a man half dead, a blighted creature; his affections are paralyzed; he treads on wife and children to gratify his self-indulgence, the man is without heart. And he is without understanding. Again and again the phys ical suffering which is caused by his self-indulgence in strong drink, has told him the effect which intoxicating liquors have upon him. But the comparatively short time of pleasure is all he thinks of; he is without understanding even of that which his experience teaches him; he is befooled blindfolded, by the demon into whose charge the devil has committed him

without heart. Who knows how many may have passed out of this world into a hopeless eternity with a heart taken away by God's great enemy, whom they did not resist that he might flee from them! And they have chosen an unspeakably terrible hereafter, a lot prepared, not for them, but "for the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25:41). Drunkards and sorcerers are often linked together in Scriptures. And drunkenness, including slavery to opium and other sedatives, immorality, in all its terrible forms, and spir itualism, which is a mental drunkenness, make men heartless and cruel towards their fellow-creatures, as they are wicked towards God, in their rejection of and disobedience to Him.

and he cannot help himself. He has

sold his will and his understanding

to his greatest enemy for short-lived

pleasure-the miserable creature is

In the days of the prophet Isaiah, and of Hezekiah, king of Judan, Ephraim, which stood for the ten tribes of Israel as distinct from Judah, had attained an unenviable reputation for drunkenness. Woe to the crown of Judah, to the drunkards of Ephraim. The state religion of Israel or Ephraim was the worship of the golden calves of Bethel and of Dan, instituted by "Jereboam, son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin." Drunkenness and immorality are the accompaniments of idolatry. When Aaron made the golden calf, and God told Moses, who was on the mount, alone with him, about it, Moses went down to find his people engaged in the horrible rites of immorality and drunkenness which always attend an idol feast. It almost broke the heart of Moses. On the one hand, the name of his God was compromised and dishonored, and on the other, his people had deeply fallen, and these sins of immorality and dru among the people whom God had elected to be His special treasure, so burdened this man of God that he cried in his agony of soul: "Now, Lord, if Thou wilt, forgive their sin, and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written" (Exodus 32:22).

And drunkenness and immorality are the essence of selfishness. The drunkard, maddened by the thirst of hell, which Satan has made to burn in his body, will leave wife and children, or husband and children, uncared for, without food or fire, bedding or proper clothing, to indulge in the temporary satisfaction which the stupefaction of intoxication brings with it. Oh, how truly, "wine and new wine take away the heart!" power to reason, the power to reflect, the power to have compassion, the power to consider responsibility-all is gone, drowned by the miserable drink, the horrible, devilish self-indulgence, regardless of what others suffer. And truth, honor, honestyall which raises a man-depart when the drink, or opium, or immorality lay hold of him; he has, like Ahab, sold "himself to the devil in the sight of the Lord" (I. Kings, 21:25) .-Mrs. M. Baxter, in Christian Herald.

North Carolina Logic.

"The liquor traffic is a giant and has walled cities within which to fight, but if we would possess the whole land of North Carolina, we must drive them from these cities. Let the good country people of North Carolina get at it at the ballot box. and it will be 'good-bye' saloon. And why not? Shall we fear to fight this enemy of ours?

"To license the saloon is wrong, whether by high license or low license, legislative enactment or local option. A thing that is inherently wrong cannot be consistently licensed. Therefore, the State does wrong to provide for the license of the liquor traffic in any form. The only proper course is State prohibition. This classes the traffic where it ought to be. This is consistent."-The North Carolina Baptist.

A Danish Poster.

Here is a copy of a poster drawn up by a number of Danish physicians and put up in all railway stations throughout the country: To the Danish people:

"Alcohol is a stupefying poison. "Alcohol is the cause of many mental diseases and of most of the

Bishop Fighting Rum. Bishop Wilson has been re-elected president of the National Anti-Sa-

Liquor Situation in England. The number of retail liquor places in Great Britain is less to-day than in 1880, though the quantity of liquor sold is much greater. policy of limiting the number of public houses has resulted in creating a monopoly of the liquor traffic and has increased enormously license values,

Both alcoholism and tuberculosis. one the "Great White Plague" and the other the "Great Black One," are a menace to civilization.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-MENTS FOR MAY 5 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Joseph the Wise Ruler in Egypt, Gen. 41:38-49-Golden Text, James 1:5 - Memory Verses, 38-40.

Two years have passed, as we are told in Gen. 41:1, between the events which are chronicled in the Scripture that we studied last week and those that are recorded in our lesson for to-day. With Joseph they have been years of confinement in an Egyptian prison. To be sure, he was a man of importance above the men who were jailed with him, he was a favorite and trusted lieutenant of the warders of the dungeons; but he was never theless a prisoner. A good life in a prison is still a prison life. Joseph was a prisoner under the dominion of Pharaoh. He was also a prisoner for God. He could unite to-day with Paul in the declaration, "I am in chains for God." Joseph's only crime had been his desire to serve God and be faithful to the social obligations of his surroundings and his manhood. He went to prison because he would rather be obedient to the vision and the call of God than to barter his character and the favor of the

Almighty for a mess of pottage/ That which appeared to man, per haps, to be disadvantageous to the future success and prosperity of Joseph, however, in the providence of God was working and did work out most splendidly and marvellously for his enduring fame. His wisdom as a diviner to the baker and the butler of Pharaoh in the prison leads him diectly into the court of the emperor His explanation of the meaning and application of the queer dreams the Pharaoh had had about the cows and the ears made him a marked man in the estimation of the king. It was the means, for him, of entrance into vice-regal power.

One thing noticeable about Joseph, first, is this, that he gave substantial evidence of his nearness to God. Of course in those days among the nobles of the Egyptian court a man would perhaps be noted as a companion of God for different reasons, so far as outward expression is concerned, than would impress us of this day and generation. The court and the emperor were impressed with the godliness of Joseph because he was an informing oracle of God. "Can we," says Pharaoh, "find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" Pharaoh saw in Joseph the lineaments and the movings of the Spirit of God because Joseph declared the implications of his dreams with courage, with sense, with conviction. He was impressed with the soothsaying powers of Joseph. His gift for accurate divination caught his fancy and fixed his attention.

That which Pharaoh saw in Joseph and honored with vice-regal favor the captain of the guard had discerned from quite another point of view. That which attracted the attention of Potiphar and gave him confidence in Joseph also influenced the minds of the keepers of the prison and led them lighten the burdens of Joseph and to install him in a place of responsibility and authority among the men with whom he was incarcerated. And that which they all saw we, too, see to-day as we gaze down the perspective of the centuries.

Joseph was faithful to Potiphar because he was the child of God. He was trustworthy in prison because he was in right relations constantly with God. He was able to interpret dreams and to unfold them prophetic power and more than com-mon accuracy because he kept his senses alert and his whole manhood alive to the ministrations of the living God. Pharaoh was right. Joseph was a man in whom the Spirit of God abode with power. If God had not been with him he would have been overwhelmed with the insistency of the importunate invitations of Potiphar's wife. If God had not given him grace he might have used his liberty in the prison to have escaped to a more hospitable soil. had not vouchsafed to him a more than common ability to understand the mind of God he never would have been able to have predicted the famine that with such exactness came to

The power that came to Joseph in a material way was a tribute not to him, but to the God through whom he was strengthened and his vision was clarified. Pharaoh was no fool. He saw with precision the God behind the man. And so he says, with a philosophy that is beyond question and an insight that is altogether commendable, "None so discreet and wise as thou." For God had given Joseph the vision. Another thing that is noticeable is

that Joseph was not unduly puffed up by the unexpected and unprecedented influence that was so suddenly thrust into his grasp. It might easily have turned his head But the impetuous dreamy youth of yesterday is now a man. He has seen much of the world and he is cautious. Called to a special work he keeps to that work. He offends none by any exhibition of pride of position. He uses his immense authority for the future welfare of the people. In the days of prosperity he prepares for the coming days of adversity. He shepherds, as God would have him to do the people under his rule.

The lesson ought to teach us that nothing is impossible to the man who lives near to God. It should make us humble, regardless of the heights to which we may gradually or suddenly attain.

Switzerland's Railways. Switzerland has developed its rail-

way systems extensively. This is particularly true of its electric lines; the length, now open to traffic, of such lines already amounts to 15.8 per cent. of the total length of the Swiss railways-as against 6.8 per cent. in Germany. There are two principal reasons for this-the large number of tourists and the great water power available among mountains. A high percentage of the electric railway could never have been built had it not been for the tourist traffic.

Game Birds For Vermont. Some of the wealthiest sportsmen

of Vermont are trying to stock the coverts of Vermont with foreign game birds. Among the birds introduced into the State are the daleypa, which is native to Norway; the capercailzie, which is found in the highlands of Scotland; black cock and ring-necked pheasants.

Cantornia's Savings Greater.

California has 129 savings banks. Between August 15 and December 31, 1906, their deposits increased by \$12,217,771.



THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIVE.

I say to thee: do thou repeat To the first man thou may'st meet In lane, highway, or open street—

That he, and we, and all men, move

Under a canopy of love As broad as the blue sky above; That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,

And anguish, all are sorrows vain; That death itself shall not remain; That weary deserts we may tread, A dreary labyrinth may thread, Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey, The dreariest path, the darkest way, Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast Shall meet, our perilous voyage past, All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this, Yet one word more—they only mi The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it true that Love, Blessing, not cursing, rules above And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know; That to believe these things are so, This firm faith never to forego-

Despite of all that seems at strife
With blessing, and with curses rife—
That this is blessing, this is life.
—Archbishop Trench.

Helpfulness.

They helped every one nis nieghbor, and every one said to his broth-er, Be of good courage. — Isalah

xii., 6. This is the secret of Christ's institution of the church. It was that in its fellowship His disciples might aid one another in holy living.
Certainly this mutual helpfulness

of the communion of saints is one of the incalculable blessings of the Christian church. And it should, show those their error who think that they can be religious as well without as within the church. For religion, above everything else, needs the strengthening and nurture that come from Christian fellowship and demands that self-sacrifice be shown

for the good of our fellows.

The best defense of Christianity is to practice it. The surest way to silence scepticism is not by an argu-ment, but by a man. The atheist who spent a few days with the saintly Fenelon said: "If I stay here a few days longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." Fenelon was too meek and gentle for polemics and had not uttered a word of controversy or of appeal. He simply presented the quiet, convincing argument of a beautiful, unselfish, holy

But helpfulness can be shown directly by kindly feeling, by proofs of disinterested friendship, by the absurance that our heart warms toward our brother. In the intercourses of life it can easily be seen whether one is wholly self-centred or whether he has a heart for the welfare of others. And if an associate shows that he can forget himself in his eager interest in our handicaps or successes, in our sorrows or joys, it heartens us like the fresh morning breeze, and drives weariness and care from our

Most especially can the grace of helpfulness be exemplified in the hour of need. Crises come in life, critical junctures arise. Such epochs are often turning points in one's personal fate. One path leads to success, the other will bring failure. As we act now our whole future shall be shaped to our honor or regret, to our joy er pain. And then is the hour when helpfulness is most precious. One little deed of uplift, one mite of aid. one act of kindness will bear fruit a

thousand fold. Aye, it is in the time of need that sincerity is tested, and that it comes out whether helpfulness is genuine or shallow pretense! He who then draws near, shares his neighbor's sorrow, puts his own shoulder under the burden, assists the struggler to his feet, stands by him until the storm's fierce blast is over, proves that he has the Christian spirit, whatever

name he bears. In the stress and rivalries of modern life no duty is more apt to be neglected than this to "help every one his neighbor, and to say every one to his brother, Be of good courage." And this neglect is to our neighbor's hurt, and none the less to our own. For the bearing of others' burdens is the secret by which we find our own lives. For thereby we are led to higher ideals and to place our happiness not in fitful fortune, but in acts of brotherly love. And its rare fruitage will be growth in character, strength in our own hour of need, and, above all, the blessing of our Father above, which is unto eternal life.—Junius B. Remensny-der, Pastor St. James' Lutheran Church, in the New York Sunday

feeling, hosts of reasons, and volleys of words effect nothing. The right way to act is as in the presence of God, wholly divested of self, doing what we can by God's light, and being content with such success as He

Divest Self of Self.

A heated imagination, vehement

Herald.

Working With God. If I can put one touch of a rosy

sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God .- G. Macdonald. Only a False Peace.

It is far better to enter the King-

dom of Heaven through much tribu-

lation than to acquire a carnal security by the consolations of a false peace.-Luther.

He Can Help. Thank God that He who alone can know our innermost longings and aspirations for the better life is also the One who can help us in the strug-

Twenty-Ton Bell Now in Place.

The big bell known as "The Sayoyarde," presented a number of years ago to the Church of the Sacre Coeur in Paris, has at last been placed in position in the belfry. It arrived at the church twelve years ago, but has been housed in a wooden structure nearby and was rung by hand on rare occasions, sixteen men being mequired for the operation. The bell was raised to its position, eighteen men turning the windlass. Architects were afraid to use electric force for fear it might fall at a critical moment. The bell weighs 41,43%