

# THE CANON'S WARD

OR A TALE OF MONEY MADNESS.

By JAMES PAVIN.

CHAPTER XIII. 11

After Five Years.

A poet, who got a pension for it (and not undeservedly), once described the changes wrought in human life by ten years. In a lustrium even—five years—there is often change enough, as may well happen when the events of half an hour may direct the whole current of our being. Within this period, now supposed to have passed, the personages of our little drama have partaken of the common lot. The canon, though as bright and hale as ever, is grown gray. Miss Mildred wears a pince nez on her dear nose. Mr. Mavors is very much aged, which the canon affects to resent extremely. He says it is not fair to him, since those who consult the Cambridge calendar, and find the tutor and he are contemporaries, draw the false deduction that he himself must be getting on in years. He feels, on the contrary, more youthful than ever, since Robert is coming home from India.

Upon the whole, the canon had no reason to regret his ward's alliance with so able and diligent a man of business as Adair had proved himself to be. The young man had always treated him with the same respect and esteem which he had shown as his assistant and amanuensis, and, indeed, of late, with an effusive demonstration of regard that seemed somewhat foreign to his character, but which a certain exceptional kindness on the other's part had not unreasonably evoked. In appearance Adair had changed but little; he had never looked juvenile, and now seemed no older than in his college days; his thoughtful face wore a still keener and more shrewd expression, and his manner upon occasions was more masterful than it had wont to be, but that was all. Sophy, on the other hand, was much altered. She was still sweetly pretty—to the eye that looks beyond the merest externals, even prettier than she had been; but the sprightliness which had once formed her most striking charm had fled. She had a trouble of which every one knew, sufficient to account for this. The only offspring of her marriage, a little child now four years old, was an invalid and a cripple. It was a girl, but her pet name (the only one she was known by) was Willie. She had been named Wilhelmina, the nearest feminine approach to the canon's William, in spite of his own remonstrance against so outlandish a choice.

Another great change in her was that there was "no murmur at the door so constant on its hinge before." All her lively talk had ceased. Even when that said accident took place which crippled her child in all probability for life and at the same time made it too likely that that life would be a brief one, she had said but little and murmured not at all. Perhaps she thought it but a righteous judgment upon her, poor soul! For certain sins of hers. And yet (for so she thought and so Jeannette said) it might have been prevented. Although it has been shown that Mr. John Adair could be liberal enough upon occasion, the occasions were all in connection with his personal interests; in matters outside them he practised a rigid economy. His domestic expenditure, except when it came immediately under the public eye, was conducted on the most provident principles. The wages he considered ample for the nursemaid of his only child were not such as to cause any brisk competition even in that overstocked market, and resulted in the appointment of one who was almost a child herself. Sophy and Jeannette, it is true, were in constant attendance upon little Willie (who was to her mother all that now could be considered gain on earth and well nigh made up for all her loss); but sometimes it was necessary to intrust the little treasure to this hireling. And the hireling had dropped her. What was worse, she did not think it was worth while to mention the fact, and when it was found out the mischief had gone too far for mending. Jeannette afterward expressed her opinion that, besides the limb of the poor child, there took place on that occasion another breakage—its mother's heart.

It was a great mitigation to Sophy's married life that she saw but little of her husband. To the readers of this history who have been admitted behind the scenes it would be superfluous, indeed, to say that she did not love him. She had never loved him even at the best—that is to say, when she had seen but little of him; and it was not likely that love had grown from knowledge.

Now that Sophy was gone, the canon spent less of his time in his college rooms and more of it at home than had been his wont, out of consideration for his sister. Aunt Maria felt the absence of her young companion very much, notwithstanding that she had been so long accustomed to it.

On a certain winter evening the canon was sitting with her as usual—but not, as usual, at his books. The day's newspaper, too, lay rejected upon his knee; he was reading for the third or fourth time a letter that had come that afternoon from his darling boy. He was coming home, though not immediately; and strange to say, the delay lay at the canon's door. Robert did not wish to leave India till he had got a reply to this very letter, which, among other matters, put a question of great importance.

"Well, how do you know that, if Sophy has not told you?"

"Well, she has never dropped one single word to suggest the contrary—never spoken, that is, as a young wife who shares her husband's confidence always does speak to her own belongings. You and I, of course, never see the seamy side of Mr. Adair; he takes care when we are with him to be upon his best be-

havior; but there are others who have better opportunities of judging, who give anything but a good report of him. I think it is positively monstrous, William," concluded Aunt Maria, energetically, "that a man in your position, and at your time of life, should be summoned up to town in such weather as this, with snow on the ground, to dance attendance upon Mr. John Adair."

The long cheerless journey in the train (except when he took out Robert's letter and read it again, which always acted as a cordial) was a very miserable business. On arrival he drove to Albany street, a very unexpected visitor.

CHAPTER XIV. An Unexpected Visitor.

As places of business are closed to clients after office hours, so in private houses, unless they belong to persons who can afford to keep many servants, there are no arrangements for the reception of visitors until the usual time for callers. Thus it happened that the canon, issuing, bag in hand, from his damp cab, was admitted by the amazed Jeannette.

"Lor, sir!" she said, with a warmth of feeling for her old master that thawed all the proprieties, and briskly wiping her right hand with her apron, for she knew that he would shake it, "who would have thought that it was you?"

"Well, I suppose no one; it's out of canonical hours, I know. Still, I suppose I shall be admitted."

"Dear heart, how glad my poor mistress will be to see you," was Jeannette's reply.

A drawing-room well furnished but without a fire in it winter time is like a dandy without brains; two minutes of it is more than enough; if one's mission is melancholy, its effect is particularly depressing. There was warmth enough, however, in Sophy's reception for him, for she came flying into the room with her arms extended. "My dear, dear guardian!" she exclaimed, "you are more welcome than words can say, and she remained locked in his embrace for more than the usual time allowed for such transports. The canon did not dare release himself, for he felt that she was weeping passionately on his breast, and the sight of a woman's tears, as we know, was terrible to him. He patted her little head encouragingly, but that seemed only to make her worse; the very floodgates of her heart seemed to have been set wide.

"It is so foolish of me," she presently sobbed, "and so wicked of me; but I cannot, cannot help it. It seems so long since I have seen you, guardian; and you were always so good to me."

"Pooh, pooh! Good to you, little woman? Why, of course I was good to you, as you call it. And I hope everybody else is good to you."

She answered nothing, but her sobbing ceased at once; her thoughts seemed to have been turned into another channel.

"I have come up all of a sudden upon a little business matter to see your husband," he continued; "perhaps you will give me a bit of dinner and a bed."

The canon and Sophy sat talking over old times so late, expecting every moment Adair's arrival, that when he did come, his visitor had perforce retired to his own room to prepare for dinner. It was the habit of the master of the house to come in at the last moment, though the circumstance did not mitigate his indignation in case the meat was overdone. Adair looked worn and irritated, which, however, was by no means unusual with him.

"What is it now?" he exclaimed fretfully, when Sophy came into his room. It was plain, by the surprise in his tone, that she did not often intrude upon his privacy.

"The canon arrived this morning," she answered, sententiously. "He dines, and is going to sleep here to-night."

"Confound the luck," was the hospitable rejoinder. "What on earth brings him up to town?"

"I don't know. Some little matter of business, he said."

"Tut! What does he know of business? He had much better stop in college, with his musty old Milton."

"What do you mean, John? Surely you would not let him see, of all men, that he was not welcome."

To be Continued.

The Curse of Pockets.

A tailor who had received an order for a suit of clothes was asked by the customer's wife for an interview.

"I want to ask you as a special favor," she said, "not to put any pockets in my husband's clothes."

"Why not?" asked the astonished tailor.

"Because they are responsible for his looking so shabby so much of the time," she explained. "He wears his clothes for weeks without pressing because he says it is too much trouble to change the things in his pockets to another suit. He says that half the men go round in seedy clothes like me, so for the same reason. If that is so, just leave out the pockets and they will have no excuse for shabbiness."

"That is a new point of view," said the tailor. "I will see about it."

But when the suit came home it had the usual number of pockets.—New York Sun.

Only Too Well Satisfied.

The husband who is always growling over everything from his meals to his laundry looked up from his paper and remarked sulkily:

"Madam, I see where a Chicago man went from home, remained thirty years and then returned and gave his wife \$5000. If you don't do better you may find me doing the same trick some day."

The patient little wife looked up from her sewing and replied sweetly:

"All right, James, but if you will only remain away thirty years you needn't trouble yourself about the \$5000." And after that he stopped growling.—Chicago Daily News.

Two sorrel horses, weighing 1000 pounds each, have been purchased for President Roosevelt's carriage.

## WHITES AND BLACKS IN DEADLY CONFLICT

### Five Killed at Reidsville, Ga., in Fierce Encounter.

### BRUTAL ATTACK ON A WIDOW

Tragedy Occurred at Home of John Pagett, Where a Crowd of Whites Went to Seek Flem Pagett, Colored.

Claxton, Ga.—In an attempt to avenge an assault on Mrs. Laura Moore, a white widow, a mob at Tattall's killed the father, mother, two brothers and a sister of the suspect, Flem Pagett, a negro. The lynchers did not escape injury, one white man being killed and several wounded.

About fifteen citizens surrounded the home of Sim Pagett, father of the suspect, who they thought was harboring him. They demanded of Pagett's wife to be allowed to search the house.

Permission was given, but when the posse advanced to within thirty feet of the house Pagett and the other negro men on the inside of the building opened fire on the posse, instantly killing John Hare and seriously wounding Bartow Preston. They shot out James Daniels' eye and wounded him in the shoulder and arm.

The fire was returned by the members of the posse, killing Sim Pagett, one of his girls about ten years old, and a son twenty years old, and wounding two other girls about six and thirteen years old; also shooting one of Pagett's boys, aged twenty-two, through the hip.

When all the ammunition of the posse had been exhausted they retired, leaving one of their number dead and carrying off three wounded. The negroes still shooting.

The news spread like wildfire, and soon there were 500 men on the scene, with rifles, shotguns and pistols. A searching party started in pursuit of the two negroes, one of whom was wounded, who escaped from the house after the shooting. One of them was captured and taken before Mrs. Moore, but she failed to identify him as her assailant. Later Dr. J. L. Kennedy identified him as the negro whom he saw shoot Mr. Hare, and lynching looked inevitable. The crowd finally decided to let the law take its course, and Deputy Sheriff E. J. Elmer left with all the negroes for the Reidsville jail.

On the way the officer was overtaken by about seventy-five men and the prisoners were demanded. There was no other alternative, and the prisoners were taken by the mob. One woman was told to run, and as she did so she was riddled with bullets. Her son was wounded so that he could no longer run and was shot to pieces in the public road.

### CALDRON EXPLODES, 5 DEAD.

Third Fatal Accident at Steel Company's Furnaces Within Six Months.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The ill-fated Eliza group of furnaces of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company was the scene of another disaster, the third in six months, shortly before 6 o'clock p. m., when a "slip" caused furnace No. 1 to explode.

Five charred bodies burned to a crisp are at the county morgue, two of whom were assistants superintendent. Another, an assistant superintendent, is badly injured, and four other workmen are at the Mercy Hospital, all of whom will likely die.

Of the five charred and blackened bodies at the morgue it is possible to identify only the two assistant superintendents from papers and letters found in their clothing, some of which were destroyed, although the bodies are so horribly burned as to be past recognition.

The dead are: E. B. Willard, chief mechanic, with title of assistant superintendent; John West, head blower, with title of assistant superintendent, and three unknown men.

### TWO KILLED IN FEUD BATTLE.

Flemings, of Kentucky, in a Desperate Fight With a Posse.

Whitesburg, Ky.—News of a desperate encounter between the Flemings and a posse of officers from Pike County, in which Bob Rivers, a member of the Sheriff's posse, and Dave Moore, one of the Flemings' gang, were killed, and Abe Hall, of the posse, wounded, The Flemings, who killed Bob Hall, the Deputy Sheriff, in an attempt to arrest them, have been resting on their arms in their rendezvous on Long Fork, and the neighbors have feared to carry news to the officers.

The relatives of Hall, who have long been engaged in a feud with the Flemings, got up a posse and went in search of the outlaws. The Halls were routed and the Flemings, after taking their dead on horses, galloped away toward the Virginia line.

### No Home Rule at Present.

The Nationalist Convention in Dublin unanimously adopted John Redmond's resolution rejecting Chief Secretary Birrell's Irish bill, and in consequence nothing further will be done in the direction of home rule for Ireland at this session of Parliament.

### FATAL CRASH ON THE CENTRAL.

One Dead, Several Hurt, on Passenger Train at Little Falls.

Little Falls, N. Y.—In the wreck of the Buffalo and Cleveland special, west-bound from New York City, on the New York Central Railroad, just outside the eastern limits of the city, one man was killed and two were critically injured. The dead man is Baggagemaster Isaac Finley, of New York or Rochester.

### Disastrous Fire at Newberry, Fla.

Two-thirds of the business district of Newberry, Fla., the most important town in the phosphate belt, has been burned, with a loss of \$100,000, about one-third being covered by insurance.

### Governor Gooding Criticized.

Counsel for Haywood accused Governor Gooding of Idaho, of arranging the Orchard interview for the purpose of influencing the taxmen, and Judge Wood ordered a rigid investigation.

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

### SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Poem: "The Cost of It"—Case of the State vs. the Liquor Traffic—Whole World Should Move For a Verdict of Guilty.

"Ten dollars and costs," so the wise judge said, "As out from his presence the man was led. 'Tis a common drunk—an everyday thing—Still, there's room for a little pondering."

Ten dollars and costs! Is this all, wise man? There's something amiss with your legal plan. My reckoning, sir, is far from this—There is something, I fear, which has gone amiss. Did you count the cost of the man's disgrace, His bloodshot eyes and his sudden face? His trembling hands and shame-bowed head. His step from which all blitheness had fled? The remorse that came with his sober thought, Did you count on the price with which it was bought? Did you count in your judgment the price of an enslaved in the bonds of vice? Of a life that was wrecked—a birthright sold. Priceless, beyond all price of gold?

Did you count in your judgment, O man so wise, The mother's tears in her limping eye? Did you note the grief in her careworn face, And the furrows made by a child's disgrace? Did you count the prayers she has faltered, That her child from sinful ways be led? O judge, did you count all these, I say, When you balanced accounts on that judgment day?

And the stricken wife with her broken heart— Did you count that in with your cost as did you think of the shame of a drunkard's wife— Her blasted hopes and her ruined life? Better by far had she ever been born Laden with shame, as they ever go; Did you count the prayers that her lips had said, And the tears that flowed as her sad heart bled? At the thought of her children's cruel shame? A drunkard father—a dishonored name! Better by far had she ever been born Than to face the world with its pitiless scorn.

Did you count what it means—a strong man lost— Or had this no part in your summed up cost? A lumberer now where he might have been A host for good 'mong his fellowmen— A leader of strength—a hero to fight— In the raging battle for good and right; Might have led and paved the way To some far-aimed goal and a better day; Might have broken the chains of drink and vice And lived in the glory of sacrifice!

Just a common drunk—no more—no less— A spicy joke for the daily press. Just a common drunk—an everyday thing. Yet there's room for a little pondering.—Home Herald.

### The State vs. the Liquor Traffic.

The indictment. 1. The liquor traffic has ever been a blighting curse upon everything pure, good and holy; always in direct opposition to all the best interests of mankind.

2. It is the cause, direct or indirect, of six-sevenths of the pauperism and four-fifths of all the crime in the nation.

3. The saloon is the natural rendezvous of anarchists and outlaws; in fact, the incubator where such crime-producers are galvanized into life, and reinforced with the incentive and courage to go forth and perform their deeds of darkness.

4. Liquor drinking is the prime cause of the horrible condition of the slums in the great cities, thus adding greatly to the miseries of mankind, and to the burdens of the non-drinking and producing class.

The temperance advocates present these indictments, and in the open court of the people say to the liquor dealers: "Stand forth, and plead. Are these grave charges true or false? Answer to the other end."

It will not answer the purpose to waive the main question, and say, as of old: "You temperance people are cranks and fanatics; if we do not sell, someone else will. The people are not educated up to prohibition yet. Anyway, what are you going to do about it? We have the money to put in any campaign—and we will fight you to the bitter end."

No court will listen to such pleading as that. Guilty or not guilty to the charges in the indictment. If the charges are false, refute them and the temperance advocates of the country are falsifiers and maligners; and you should prove them thus to be, and insist upon a proper punishment being meted out to them.

Upon the other hand, if these as yet unrefuted charges are true, how is it attributable for honest, fair-minded men to uphold or justify the licensing of the traffic?

The case is submitted, without argument, until the defendant sees fit to come into court and plead.

When this is done, the "party of the first part" will be ready with argument and testimony sufficient to convince any court or jury of the truth and righteousness of the plaintiff's cause; and the temperance hosts will move for a verdict of guilty and demand that sentence be passed upon this hardened and ancient criminal, who has wrought so great, and, and only evil, upon the world of his life.

Then will the world take on a new lease of life, and, as one has said: "When the people have settled this question and settled it right we can say in reality, as we say in theory, 'Vox populi, vox Dei.'"—California Issue.

### Novel Temperance Society.

A novel temperance society has been formed in the city of Berlin for the purpose of rendering timely assistance to drunken persons. On meeting a drunk in the street it will be the duty of a member of the association to prevent him from imbibing any more liquor, to protect him from the dangers of the street, and to escort him, if possible, to his home. If a convalescent he will be secured for this purpose, it will be done at the expense of the society.

### Judge Lindber's Indictment.

As a judge I have faced the woes, the trials, the miseries, and broken homes of society caused only by the want of a proper solution of this problem of the outlaws. The Halls have been broken up, caused by the traffic in intoxicants.

I have divorced four thousand people. I have tried no less than 6000 children in the past six years.

This lamentable social condition is traceable in a large degree to the legal sale of saloons.—Judge Ben. B. Lindsay, Denver, Col.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 23, BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Review Lesson—Golden Text: Is. 43: 2—Read Ps. 106: 1-12.

Chief points of the lesson for April 7 as set forth in our study in these columns. 1. Isaac's trust in God's willingness to continue to Jacob the promises that He had made to Isaac. 2. Jacob's consciousness of the divine reality. 3. Jacob's consciousness of the divine contiguity. 4. Jacob's consciousness of the divine providence.

April 14. 1. Jacob in distress. 2. Jacob prostrate before God. 3. Jacob's terror. 4. God's answer to Jacob's prayer. 5. The awfulness of the recollection of sin.

April 21. 1. The fascinating character of Joseph. 2. Joseph's freedom by his brethren. 3. The consequences of family favoritism. 4. The progress and culmination of fraternal hate. 5. How God uses the plans of bad men to further His divine purposes.

April 28. 1. Joseph sold into slavery. 2. The greatness of God's providence. 3. The greatness of Joseph's character. 4. Joseph faithful to God. 5. Faithfulness to Christ a necessity to the enjoyment of the joys of the Christian life.

May 5. 1. Joseph in prison. 2. Joseph's substantial evidence of his nearness to God. 4. Joseph faithful to Potiphar. 5. Joseph humble in his viceregal splendor.

May 12. 1. The magnanimity of Joseph. 2. The abiding love of Joseph for his unworthy brethren. 3. Joseph's forgiveness.

May 19. 1. The trials and the tribulations of Israel in Egypt. 2. The book of the Exodus a record of the industrial as well as of the spiritual hardships to which the people of Israel had to submit. 3. God with Israel in her adversity. 4. The lesson of Israel in bondage apropos today.

May 26. 1. The humble birth of Moses. 2. The loyalty of Moses' mother. 3. Moses in the palace. 4. Moses indignant at the cruelty of the Egyptians in dealing with his brethren. 5. Moses' advice to the fighting toilers. 6. The unkindness of the world's toilers to each other. 7. Advice refused.

June 2. 1. Duties that come to us. 2. The holiness of God's house. 3. The value of humility and dependence on God. 4. Moses asks for aid to accomplish his work. 5. The power of God in this world.

June 9. 1. God's covenant with Israel. 2. Egypt reaps the consequences of her own misdoings. 3. Israel helps herself out of trouble. 4. Israel obedient.

June 16. 1. Israel delivered. 2. Pharaoh behind. 3. The inspiration of God to Israel. 4. God insists that Israel shall help herself. 5. The tenacity and steadfastness of Jehovah.

### More Blessed.

"I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts 20:35). The world's principle is that it is the most blessed thing in the world to receive, and to keep that which we have received. The principles of heaven works on exactly the opposite principle from that of the ruler of this world.

It is a wonderful thing that this saying, though not recorded in the gospels by any of the evangelists, was thought worthy of record by Luke, who received it from the apostle Paul. It is the controlling principle of the life of Jesus, also of the life of the apostle Paul, who followed Jesus. It will be the controlling principle of every one who is a Christian. We receive but to give, and the greatest joy in this world is to give. The greatest blessing comes in giving.

My dear brother, do you know that one reason why your spiritual experience is not clear and bright may be that you do not give as is your privilege? What a blessing would come to many who read this article if they were to give until it became a real sacrifice! During the week of prayer just past you may have had your heart drawn out in longing for the blessing of God, and yet it may be that you are closing the channel to God's blessing by not giving what God has given you.

There are many calls. A blessing is in every one for those who give, and not only give, but sacrifice to give. Some one who reads this article could easily give \$1000 and more to the various funds appealing for aid, and it would be a great blessing and joy to him. Others could give, by a little effort, one-half that amount, and there are many who read this article who can give \$100. My brother, my sister, you know whether you can do this. He who gives will in return receive a greater blessing than he would ever see some one to make him a present of that same amount.—Review and Herald.

### The Good Endures.

"No good deed, no genuine sacrifice, ever wasted. If there be good in God will use it for His own holy purposes; and whatever of ignorance, or weakness, or mistake, was mingled with it, will drop away as the withered petals drop away when the full flower has blown."

### Taking the Life Out.

By the time you have boiled your faith down to a form you have taken the life out of it.

### Italy Buys a Masterpiece.

Minister of Education Rava announced in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome that the Government had purchased for \$1,000,000 a magnificent masterpiece of ancient sculpture, which was brought to light by a storm in 1878. In this tempest the waves washed away part of the shore at Porto d'Anzio, where a famous villa of Nero was situated, and unearthed a statue representing a priestess. By some persons this statue is attributed to the school of Praxiteles. It is considered to be as perfect as the "Victory" of Samothrace or the Venus of Milo.

### Affectionate Father Kills Children.

William Simpson, a prosperous young farmer of St. Charles, Canada, shot and killed his two infant daughters and then tried to kill himself by putting two revolver bullets into his own body. Physicians say excessive affection for his children caused insanity.

### Japan's Bank Clearings.

Tokio's bank clearings last year were \$1,750,000,000, an increase of \$500,000,000 over 1905.

## The Sunday Breakfast Table

### THE MASTER CALLETH.

Hark, the voice of Jesus crying: "Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, and harvest waiting. Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Master calleth. Rich reward He offers thee; Who will answer, gladly saying, 'Here am I, send me, send me!'"

Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do." While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you: Take the task He gives you gladly. Let His work your pleasure be; Answer quickly when He calleth— "Here am I, send me, send me!" —D. March.

### Sympathy.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, weep with them that weep.—Romans, xli, 15.

To interpret fully the command "Love one another" is impossible unless we know the meaning of the word sympathy. The expression of our love for the children of men in deeds is comparatively easy; but to be able to enter into their feelings, to understand and appreciate the powers and influences that are moulding the lives of those around us—that is the gift most to be coveted if we are to fulfil the divine command and it is to be found only where sympathy dwells.

Humanity is made up of hearts, and hearts need sympathy more than gold. As long as men feel and think, to understand and appreciate the powers and influences that are moulding the lives of those around us—that is the gift most to be coveted if we are to fulfil the divine command and it is to be found only where sympathy dwells.

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### Consciousness of God's Presence.

Be regular in your seasons of prayer. "Make use of those times in the day when you are only partially occupied with external things, to occupy yourself inwardly with God; for instance, while doing needlework maintain a close sense of the presence of God. The thought of His presence is less easily preserved in conversation, recall a general consciousness of it, overruling your every word, and repressing all that is over-eager, all sallies of pride or contempt, all the sensitiveness of self-love.

### God's School.

There is nothing like life's drudgery to make men and women of us. You chafe under it. You sigh for leisure, to be free from bondage to hours, to duties, to tasks, to appointments, to by-ones, to pressing rounds. Yet this is God's school for you. It may be a cross. We do not grow most in the easiest life. Accept your treadmill round, your plodding, your dull task-work, and do all well—do always your best—and you will grow into strong, noble character.—St. Paul's Prayer.

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