

The Lambert Mystery.

By MRS. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER VII. 12

Continued.

"Well," ejaculated Lady Gethin, "what did you find?"

"After a little delay we were ushered upstairs and were received by a lady, who recognized Heathcote. He left me to explain myself, which I did as well as I could, though it was not easy.

"You heard a voice you recognized speaking in our grounds," repeated the lady; "it must have been either Mademoiselle Laroche, or Mademoiselle Moppert. They were in the grounds just now."

"May I see these ladies?"

"Mademoiselle Moppert—yes; but Mademoiselle Laroche has just driven away. Mademoiselle Moppert has come to replace her as French governess. I confess I lost hope as she spoke, still I begged for an interview with the incoming teacher, and a servant was sent to request her presence. A glance at her was enough. She was a short, stout, elderly lady, with piercing black eyes and distinct moustaches. I had to muster my best French and apologize elaborately. Then I begged for some information touching Mademoiselle Laroche. How long had she been there? About seven months. She had been engaged in May last, but did not come till the middle of June. Where had she gone? It was understood she had made an engagement to go to India, but she was extremely reserved. No one knew much about her except Mrs. Storrer, who was spending the holidays with a friend at Cheltenham. This was all I could extract. Heathcote was desperately put out by my eccentric proceedings. I was obliged to return with him and to give some explanation of my conduct. Then I went to the cabstand, and found out the number of the cab, and to the police station and commissioned a constable to ascertain where the cab had taken Mademoiselle Laroche."

"I think your time and trouble have been thrown away," said Lady Gethin. "A fancied resemblance to Miss Lambert's voice was but shallow ground to build any hopes upon."

"It was not fancied," said Glynn, leaning back and looking straight before him with fixed, dreamy eyes. "The tones struck my ear, my heart, with instantaneous recognition. I cannot believe that any two people could speak so much alike. I must say the description doesn't tally, nor is it possible to account for her being in a ladies' school in England; still, that voice!"

"My dear Hugh, your imagination is so saturated with the tragic ideas you associate with that unhappy girl's flight—I mean her disappearance," for Glynn turned sharply towards her, "that you can hardly trust your own impressions. I wish you would put the affair out of your head."

"Excellent advice, but useless to me. I can not forget!"

"Is it possible that on so short an acquaintance you were so severely hit?"

"Ay, in the first twenty-four hours of our acquaintance she touched my heart as no other woman ever did. And yet so miserably faithless is this human nature of ours, there are moments when doubt plunges its jagged darts into me—and for a hideous moment I think it possible she may have gone with some unknown lover, but at any suggestion of the kind from another the doubt vanishes. It only gathers at rare intervals when I brood alone and grow morbid. In my saner moments I never doubt her; but the horror of the thing—nothing diminishes that."

"It is a terrible business altogether. What do you think of doing now?"

"I shall go down by an early train to Cheltenham to-morrow and see this Mrs. Storrer. My future movements will depend upon what I gather from her."

"Shall you write to the father?"

"Not unless I have something definite to report."

"You are a most unquiet fellow, Hugh; your life is quite spoilt by this entanglement."

"It is my fate," said Glynn.

"You will return to-morrow night, I suppose?" said Lady Gethin.

"Most probably. I don't fancy I shall get any intelligence that will send me further afield."

"You must come and tell me your news as soon as possible."

"Of course I shall, gladly."

After some more conversation they parted, and Glynn, disturbed, but scarcely hopeful, went home to snatch what repose he could before his early start next day.

While Glynn was making his way to Mrs. Storrer's temporary abode through muddy streets and a chilling shower of sleet, Deering sat over a glowing fire in the particular apartment occupied by him in his town house. He was in London for a few days on his way to visit a sporting friend in Leicestershire, and was utilizing the time by an interview with his solicitor, who had already risen to take leave, when Deering's valet entered and handed a card to his master, who, glancing at it with a frown, said:

"Ask him to sit down; I will see him presently," and he continued the conversation with his legal adviser.

As soon as he was alone, Deering rang and desired that the gentleman who was waiting should be shown up. In another moment the door closed on Vincent.

"Well," said Deering, without further salutation, "have you any news? There—sit down."

"Yes, I have news; not very satisfactory news," said Vincent in his nasal, drawing tones. "He's off!"

"Lambert! And to America?" cried Deering.

The other nodded. "I tracked him myself, saw him on board the New York steamer, and saw her steam away down the Mersey."

"Then he sailed from Liverpool?"

"What was the meaning of that?"

"Can't tell. I think you are wrong in your conjectures. I don't think he knows any more about his daughter than we do."

"His start for America proves nothing."

"Perhaps not; but for over seven months he has been watched night and day, as you know, and not a trace of any communication with any one except business men and that woman who brought up the girl has been found."

"We don't know what his communication with her may have masked."

"Well, not more than three letters have passed between them in all this time; nor has he remitted money in any direction, or made any expedition beyond his daily round. He is a fiery, impulsive, open-mouthed fellow, who would be too proud of doing you to keep silent about it. If he were not within reach of the policeman he'd give me my quietus."

"No doubt," said Deering. "What is the name of the woman in Wales?"

"Mrs. Kellett."

"I thought we might have got something out of her."

"Well, I did not," returned Vincent. "Lambert was so ready to apply to her. Moreover, the man that went down to that place found she had been ill in bed at the very time Miss Lambert disappeared."

There was a pause. "Who has any interest in taking her away? Have you any theory?"

"Not much of one. I am sometimes inclined to think she went off with Glynn. He was, I suspect, far gone about her."

"No," said Deering, thoughtfully. "No, he was with me when Lambert broke in like a madman, and no one could have aped the horror and astonishment he betrayed. No, he doesn't know anything—or didn't a few weeks ago, but I wish to heaven he hadn't got over that fever. Should we ever find the girl we will have to reckon with him, and he is a formidable antagonist."

"He can be dealt with, I suppose."

Deering did not heed him. His brow contracted with a look of fierce resolution. "Have you telegraphed to the New York police?"

"I wanted to see you first."

"You had better do so. They have a description of Lambert, I suppose?"

"I rather think not."

"Send it then."

"What, by wire?"

"Yes—but wait—do it through the French detective. They were rather taken with the notion that Lambert himself had made away with his daughter."

"At first, yes; but the last time I saw Mr. Claude he seemed to have quite given up the idea."

"You never know what he thinks. Now, what has your journey cost you?"

"I don't care to take any money at present; I will write when—"

"No," interrupted Deering imperiously, "not letters. Remember—the sum originally promised if you can find her dead, double if you find her alive. Now you may go—stop—wait till the servant comes." Vincent paused, and as the door opened, Deering said distinctly in courteous tones, "I am very much obliged to you for taking the trouble to call—I am interested in your search—and wish you all success. Good morning."

Lady Gethin was restless and expectant until the hour arrived at which Glynn was due. She was profoundly interested in the mysterious disappearance of the girl who had made so deep an impression on her favorite nephew.

Glynn was a few minutes late, but was cordially welcomed.

"I see you have found nothing," exclaimed Lady Gethin, as soon as they were alone.

"It was a wild goose chase," he replied with a weary look.

He had, he said, found the head of the Clapham establishment easily enough. It was early in May last that negotiations between herself and the French teacher began; but she did not enter upon her duties till the 15th of June.

"That," said Glynn, interrupting himself, "was the day of the ball—the day before her disappearance."

Mrs. Storrer described Mademoiselle Laroche as about middle height, inclined to be stout, with hair and eyes between dark and fair; not particularly graceful; and as to age—well, it was hard to say—she might be twenty-one, she might be twenty-five, appearances are deceptive. As to her voice—yes, it was pleasant, unusually soft for a French woman; but nothing remarkable!

"Finally, I showed her Miss Lambert's photograph, which I always carry about with me. She looked at it with a slow smile, and then returning it, said: 'No, this is not Mademoiselle Laroche, this is a charming young lady.' Her quiet unconsciousness of any resemblance convinced me even more than her words that she could not know Elsie."

"Indeed," added Glynn, "a quiet young lady's boarding school seems the very last place where one could expect to find a girl so strangely and tragically lost. Yet even now, as I recall the voice I heard the day before yesterday I cannot believe that I was mistaken! Is it not possible that a visitor might have entered and walked round the garden with the two unknown to the head governess?"

"Of course it is possible, but very improbable. If Miss Lambert was carried away against her own will (which I do not believe), her captors

would not let her go visiting; and if she aided in concealing herself, why, she would not seek acquaintances."

"True and unanswerable. Still, when I think of the voice I heard little more than forty-eight hours ago, I cannot resist the conviction that if I could have burst through that accursed hedge I should have clasped Elsie—the real Elsie—in my arms."

"Good heavens, Hugh! would you have clasped her in your arms?"

"I would if she had not repelled me! I tell you I would give life itself to find—the Elsie Lambert I believe in!"

"Yes, but can you hope to do so? Must you not admit that the balance of evidence is against such a find?"

"I cried Lady Gethin, distressed, yet deeply interested.

"There are beliefs and instincts," returned Glynn, "the deepest—the strangest, respecting which one cannot reason! Shall we ever understand the 'wherefore' that is above and beyond our material senses?"

"Never!" said Lady Gethin, sharply. "These dreamy tendencies are not like you! This unlucky business has upset your mental balance, Hugh. You have done your best to find this poor girl; she has no claim whatever upon you. You must try to put her out of your head, and take up your life again."

"I suppose I must," he returned, thoughtfully; "but it will be hard. Curiously enough I found a letter awaiting me when I returned, from Lambert, dated Liverpool, informing me he was to sail next day for New York, where he had some faint hope of finding a clew to his daughter. He must have passed through London. I am surprised he did not call on me. I did not think he would have avoided me."

"It looks odd," said Lady Gethin. "By the way, let me see the daughter's photograph; I did not know you carried it about, or I should have asked for it before."

Glynn took out the little case in which the picture was carefully enclosed, and gave it to her. Lady Gethin looked long and thoughtfully at it.

"A sweet face," she said, "something sad; but a fine expression; it seems somehow familiar to me. I wish I could remember who it is she reminds me of."

"It has not been fortunate for Elsie that her face suggests memories," said Glynn. "I have a strong conviction that if she had not attracted Deering's attention at those Auteuil races she would be still safe under her father's care."

"You mean to say you think that a man of Deering's position, character, standing, would give himself up to such scoundrelism. Hugh! it is too absurd!"

"I know it is. However, if he is responsible for her disappearance, he certainly does not know where she is now; but he is seeking for her. Claude, the French detective, let out as much the last time I saw him."

"Depend upon it the father knows she is in America."

"You think so? I doubt it."

"I wonder he is not more confidential with you. Does he know you were in love with her?"

"No, certainly not!"

Lady Gethin began to urge him to resume his former social habits and mix with his kind. "It will not render your chances of finding your lost love any the worse, perhaps better; for if you ever get a clew to her I suspect it will be by accident."

"Yes, I shall probably find her; but how? and where?" said Glynn, with a sound of pain in his voice. "At any rate, I shall follow your advice!"

To be Continued.

Although anticipated as to geographical discoveries by his British predecessors, yet the voyage of Amundsen stands forth unrivaled as to scant means, scientific work and successful navigation. Under his skillful handling the tiny Gjøa, the first ship to make the Northwest passage, and the re-determination of the location of the north magnetic pole, by observations covering nearly two years in the immediate vicinity of the pole, is a most notable contribution to science. It should be borne in mind that these results have been produced by the labor of only nine men, without undue suffering, and with most modest equipment. The outcome stamps Amundsen as a man endowed with high qualities of administration, judgment and resourcefulness.—From A. W. Greely's "Amundsen's Expedition and the Northwest Passage," in The Century.

Ellenborough's Sarcasm.

There are few places that have given birth to more humor and wit than the court room. Many have heard of the humor of the famous Lord Ellenborough.

One day a young member of the bar rose to address the Court in a grave criminal case. "My unfortunate client"—he began; repeated it two or three times, and then stopped short.

"Go on, sir, go on!" said Ellenborough. "So far the Court is with you."—New York Tribune.

The best gold pens are tipped with an alloy of osmium and iridium. Gold pens are alloyed with silver to about sixteen-karat fineness.

Hindoos in Canada.

It is stated at Ottawa that the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce has been advised that 1460 East Indians had arrived in British Columbia from January 1 to October 15, and that 2000 more are already booked passages. Mr. Macpherson, M. P., who went to Ottawa to protest against this immigration, said on his return to Vancouver that he was authorized to announce that the Dominion Government would introduce legislation next session to restrict the immigration of Indians.

The Austrian Lloyd line established the first week in January a fast fortnightly steamship service between Trieste and Brindisi, on the Mediterranean, and Karachi and Bombay, India, with a maximum voyage of fifteen days.

In Corunna, Spain, no snow has fallen in twenty-four years.

Household Matters.

Salza.

Take a cupful each of tomatoes, onions and green peppers (from which the seeds have been removed); scald and skin the tomatoes, and skin the peppers by blistering on a hot stove. Chop all together, adding salt and enough olive oil to moisten. This can be eaten hot or cold on fish or cold meats.—New York Tribune.

Mock Pate de Foie Gras.

Pour boiling water over a half pound calf's liver, let it stand ten minutes, then drain and dry; cut in dice and fry gently with three or four slices of bacon, two or three shallots and four mushrooms; the liver must be just cooked through, but not browned or toughened with long cooking; when done, turn the contents of the pan minus the fat into a mortar and pound to a paste; season with salt, pepper, and, if liked, a suspicion of mace and nutmeg, then rub through a sieve and use as a sandwich filling. The addition of a few chopped truffles makes it still more appetizing.—New York Telegram.

Tomatoes and Eggs.

Vegetarians ought to like the following:

Cut three or four firm, round tomatoes in half, and place them in a fireproof baking dish, skin down. Add one tablespoonful of water and bake until tender. Remove from oven before they lose their shape and scoop out a good portion from each. Break two eggs into a saucpan, add a teaspoonful of butter, wineglassful of cream, little onion juice, one tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, pinch of salt, pepper and sugar, and whisk all until thick and creamy. Fill tomato cups with custard, serve with a sprig of parsley. Scrape very hot on toast.—New York Tribune.

Grated Parmesan Cheese.

The grated Parmesan or American cheese to be had at the grocer's makes a delicious and nutritious addition to the luncheon omelet and is, withal, quickly managed. Make the omelet in the usual way, beating the yolks and whites of the eggs together—few persons like the frothy centre of the omelet made with stiffly beaten whites; add a tablespoonful of milk for every egg, salt and pepper, and cook in the omelet pan until the bottom of the omelet is brown and the centre jellylike. Then sprinkle it with a generous quantity of the cheese, fold and remove from the pan to a hot plate. Sprinkle again with the cheese and serve.

Hints For the Fruit-Canner.

Before putting fruit in glass jars wash them in soap suds containing a little soda. Then rinse well with scalding water, and set in the sun to dry.

If you want the flavor of the fruit to come out well, do not use an excess of sugar.

Never use poor fruit for canning. The best is none too good. Let it be as fresh as possible, and not over-ripe.

Handle it as little as possible.

Have everything in readiness before you begin operations. The woman who has to run to pantry or kitchen every time a thing is wanted makes herself double the work that's necessary.

Use the best grade of sugar. It may cost a little more than the ordinary, but it will make your fruit enough better to pay the difference in cost.

Do not stir your fruit when it is cooking. If you want to know how it is coming along, take out a piece of it without disturbing the rest.

Give it a brisk boiling. If allowed to stand and simmer it will not retain its shape well.

When the cans are ready for sealing, see that the covers fit perfectly. Never use one that does not hug down tightly to the shoulder of the jar.—From "The Country House Interior," by Eben E. Rexford in The Outlook Magazine.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Add three tablespoonfuls of lime water to every quart of canned tomatoes and none will spoil.

Rinsing rice through two hot waters removes the starch as well as several cold water baths.

A lump of cut sugar in the teapot will prevent stain if the tea is spilled and will not perceptibly affect the taste.

To remove ink stains from cloth, rub thoroughly with boiled rice. If the stains have become dry it may be necessary to repeat.

For lime water, cover a piece of lime the size of an egg with a quart of cold water, stir well, let settle, pour off the clear water and bottle.

Replace the worn out cane in chairs with heavy chicken netting. Cut it two inches larger all around, turn in the edges and tack firmly.

For light pot-pie dumplings have a steamer made to fit inside the pot just reaching the liquor which will boil up and over but not submerge them.

The heels of rubber shoes will not wear out so quickly if pieces are cut from the old rubbers and fitted in the heels of the new ones. They should be glued in firmly.

Sewing needles if left undisturbed in the flannel leaves of the needle book are often rusted by the sulphur used in preparing the flannel. Use chamois skin instead.

To any favorite Johnny cake recipe add from three to six apples (according to the quantity) chopped very finely. Sweet apples preferred, makes a most delicious cake.

Grease well the bottom of frying pans and kettles before putting them over the fire. The smoke can be easily wiped off with paper or cloth, then clean with soda and a clean damp cloth.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR NOV. 17 BY THE REV. J. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Gideon and His Three Hundred, Judges 7:9-23—Golden Text, Dent. 3:22—Memory Verses, 17, 18.

The lesson deals with one of the famous characters of Israelitish history. It exemplifies how powerful a few Spirit-filled souls may be in the face of seemingly insuperable difficulties. It shows how thoroughly God can help us, how thoroughly He keeps His word. It is a revelation of what we all might do if we so desired.

When the armies met Gideon was outnumbered. When the battle became imminent he was in a hopeless minority. It was a handfull against a multitude. But the 300 were Spirit-filled, divinely chosen, consecrated. They were without fear, they had courage, and because they had courage and faith in Almighty God, because they had trust in the capacity of their God to deliver the Midianites into their hands they were victorious. And they won by the use of a very simple and unheroic method. They did not even have to use their weapons. Their bravery brought consternation to the hearts of the enemy and the rout became complete. They were stout hearted and victorious because they were indwelt of the presence of God.

God had promised to deliver Midian into the hands of Israel. And He kept His word. Without His help the conflict might have resulted differently. But when God helped the victory was assured. It didn't make any difference whether or not the Midianites and Amalekites were like the grasshoppers for number and their camels as numerous as the sands of the seas when God gave promise and aid. In that contingency numbers were a secondary quantity and great supplies inconsequential. For their power was augmented by the personality of God. Their strength was in no sense dependent upon the commissariat.

Gideon earned a reputation for consummate integrity that night. His 300 consecrated, divinely commissioned followers ensnared themselves for all time. Their dauntlessness has become historic. They are the epitome of daring. They are synonymous with surpassing fearlessness.

Now what Gideon did in his way any consecrated soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ and his power. The trouble is that most of us are like the 20,000 and more who went back to their tents. We are without the necessary courage. We are too much consumed with fear. We don't dare to dare. And no man can do anything who lacks heart, who hasn't nerve. No man can certainly go against the principalities and powers of the empire of unrighteousness who has no faith in God, and who is lacking in a necessary trust in divinity. But putting our faith and trust in Jehovah we may do anything. For God trusts those who sincerely put their trust in Him. He has faith in the faithful. He could not be other wise. And with Him with us we need fear no obstacles. Whatever may be the difficulties and oppositions that confront us He will guarantee us the victory if we will do His will. And we shall find that His methods are the simplest. We shall find how utterly cowardly and inefficient are the forces that oppose us and how little it takes to put them altogether to rout.

The lesson ought to be an inspiration to every man who in the name and for the glory of God and the conservation of the interests of humanity wars against wickedness in any place. It ought especially to be an inspiration to those who have banded themselves to fight the plunderers in every walk of life who are laying plans to rob the people of their birthrights, as Midian attacked Israel, or who already have annexed to themselves the properties and the possessions of the people. For as sure as God lives if we do God's will we shall confound them all. And by the most unexpected and simple methods. And it will need but a few valiant souls to do it. At home it is no more necessary to-day than it was that famous night when Gideon led the 300 against the multitude.

It is necessary that we shall have faith in God. That we shall band together the men whom God has fitted to do His holy work. It is necessary that we shall take our orders from the Spirit of truth who is the light of the world and the salvation thereof, and do His bidding and remain steadfast. For God is helping us. God has promised us victory as truly as He promised victory to Gideon.

Whenever we get discouraged let us look at Gideon. When we are inclined to doubt God's capacity and promise fulfilling power let us read anew what He did for Israel and for the endless fame of Gideon. When we think we are few against the hosts of sin that are oppressing us let us receive courage from the victory of Him who will trust us. For He is with us as He was with them. If we trust in Him we will trust us. If we will have faith in Him He will glorify us. For the God of yesterday is the same to-day and forever.

The Preacher.

A preacher's worth in the world is largely measured by his estimate of what the pulpit should be.—Rev. M. E. Harlan, Church of Christ, Brooklyn.

A War on the Ugly.

A circular countersigned by the Secretary for the Interior, the Minister of Public Works and the Minister of Education at Berlin, Germany, has been sent to all chairmen of local authorities, calling for a strict enforcement of the enactment forbidding the erection of buildings of other objects likely to offend the aesthetic sense. Landscapes or city views universally recognized as affording artistic delight are to be protected from disfigurement as far as possible by refusal to authorize the erection of new, or an architectural rearrangement of existing buildings not in symmetry with the general scheme.

Discovers Paint Secret.

The long sought secret of the composition of indestructible paint used by the Egyptians and North American Indians is believed to have been discovered by the finding of a heretofore unknown mineral substance in the Kern River oil field in California, by P. H. Austin, who has been pursuing scientific investigation for two years. Austin found this substance, which he named "Diatina," while digging in ancient Indian mounds.

THE WARFARE AGAINST DRINK.

TEMPERANCE BATTLE GATHERS STRENGTH EVERY DAY.

Scientific Explanation of Why Beer is More Deadly Than Whisky—Terribly Misguided by Superficial Thinkers Who Encourage Its Use.

There is a scientific reason why beer is more deadly than whisky. The process of fermentation is far from being completely understood by scientists. Fermentation is the beginning of a process of decay. In this process there are many noxious alkaloids, acids and other dangerous substances formed which may exist only temporarily, and then be again disintegrated. In fermentation there may go on a process akin to that which forms the deadly poisons in putrefying meat. When the fermenting, rotting "mash" is distilled these dangerous bodies are left behind, while the less harmful alcohol is distilled off.

There must necessarily be something of this kind to explain why beer produces so much more degradation of the bodily tissues both of men and animals than does alcohol in the shape of whisky. No one can deny this who studies even casually the general appearance of a beer-drinker and contrasts it with that of a whisky-drinker. Every educated physician will unhesitatingly testify to it. The Germans have the reputation of being the most scientific people in the world, and of studying these abstruse problems with more zeal, industry and thoroughness than any other in the world. To-day every scientific man in Germany is engaged in an active crusade against beer-drinking as the sure source of contamination and degradation of the physical stamina of the German people. The great Olympian games at Athens, where the German athletes made such a poor showing, have furnished them a most effective sermon to their people. They are showing that the flabby flesh and muscles of even the moderate beer-drinker and his physical powers even when moved to the highest effort in a world-wide competition, cannot approach the achievements of the non-beer-drinkers of our countries. The superiority shown at that time by the American athletes over even their British cousins was accepted as a demonstration that they had been more abstemious in the consumption of fermented liquors than the British, and, of course, far more than the Germans.

The German railroads have found by their daily experience, with all their prejudices at first in favor of beer-drinking, that their employes who drank even occasional glasses of beer were not nearly so safe and reliable as those who refrained altogether from the dangerous brew. Therefore, the railroads have found it very profitable to furnish their employes with coffee, tea and similar drinks, and to prohibit the sale of beer. Some obvious religious duties are performed in Christ's name and spirit, but life is not made uniformly Christian. Outside the conventional bounds of religion, it is apt to lapse into the world's way of thinking and acting.

In such cases the Christian has not been wholly mastered by the Divine ideal, which is to do the will of God and follow the example of Christ in all things, and to be utterly possessed by that Divine enthusiasm which accounts Christianity the solution of all doubts and all problems, and applies it as the universal touchstone to all that needs re-organizing and re-creating here on earth. We are withholders of faith and consecrated service in so far as we do not believe that Christianity can leave this whole earth, and make it like unto the life that is in heaven.—Zion's Herald.

Beware of Pride.

Some are proud of their race, others of their face, others of their gait. I have met people who are proud of their humility; and I rather think I was proud once of a sermon on the "Grace of Lowliness." Nothing shows more truly when a nature is out of union with Christ than the obtrusion of the self-life and the boast of a vain-glorious man. For such a state of mind chastisement is inevitable, and who would not rather trust himself to God than man? David knew that God's mercies were many and tender, and cast himself into His hands. Why do we dread God so much as not to trust Him with our lives, that He may do according to His good pleasure?—F. B. Meyer.

Why Kipling Recanted.

It is said that Rudyard Kipling, the great English literary genius, one time believed in the inalienable right of the individual to exercise self-control and self-regulation on the liquor question, but was converted to prohibition by witnessing the leading of two young girls to ruin through drink, after which he wrote, as follows: "Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks and to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why preachers rage against drink. I have said there is no harm in it, taken moderately; and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send those two girls reeling down a back street to God alone knows what end."

A Prediction.

"If the anti-liquor sentiment in this State continues to increase as it has in the last few years, I predict that Missouri, like Kansas, will be in the prohibition list," declares Major James H. Whitcotton, Representative in the State Legislature from Monroe County, and former Speaker of the House. On May 18, the Governor, in his message, urged a law for local option by wards in cities of over 25,000 population.

Common Whisky Less Harmful.

The best American whisky contains an average of forty-three per cent of alcohol; the cheaper grades an average of thirty-five per cent. The common whisky is therefore less harmful than the expensive kind. The strongest of all alcoholic drinks is brandy, which is forty to eighty per cent alcohol, and of which there were produced in the United States in 1905, 1,791,987 gallons.

Prohibition Gaining in the South.

The restriction of the sale of intoxicating beverages progresses encouragingly, particularly in the South.

THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

MY DAY.

I ask not that my future days be crowned with rich and golden store, No future days are mine; I have but one To-day is mine; no more.

Each morning I can consecrate anew One glorious day to God, And step by step my daily task perform. By treading where He trod.

To-day alone is mine; 'tho' I may long The hidden path to see; He stands before the gateway of each day; And keeps its golden key.

Then let me make the most of this, my day. And take the gifts He sends; So many duties, emblems of His love, Into my day He blends.

My sun may rise to-day 'neath clouded skies My soul be gay and free; But ere the noontide deepens I may tread The dark Gethsemane.

Yet, with my hand in His it matters not My day is dark and long, For with the shadows of the night I chant A joyous evensong.

'Tis thus my Master takes each day—my all— So carving out the way My soul is learning; waiting for the last— And best, Eternal Day.

—Millicent C. H. Gorges.

The Withholding of Christians.

The bane of the professedly Christian life is its pitiful withholding. How many there are who seek to live the new life as the Indian who sought to test the virtue of the white man's feather bed. He took a handful of feathers, laid them on a board, and slept on them all night. In the morning he remarked, with the accent of profound conviction: "White man say feathers bed soft. 'White man foot!'"

The Indian's test process for feathers is precisely analogous to the process by which thousands try to convince themselves that their type of Christianity is adequate to the demands of life. They take a handful of regeneration, and lay it on the hard side of worldly-mindedness, expecting to gain peace and blessedness thereby, and are disappointed because their new life does not yield what they anticipated. Why can they not see that it is because of their own withholding that Christianity fails short of giving satisfaction?

The world is full of these half-Christians, these withholders of themselves. They are the great rearguard of Christ's kingdom upon earth, the great draggers of the Divine blessing which is waiting to descend upon humanity. The trouble with them is, that they never go the whole length of belief and consecration. They believe up to a certain point, they become regenerated up to a certain point, and there they stop. Beyond that he unfaithful waveringness of conduct. Life with half-Christians is never wholly religious to Christ. Some obvious religious duties are performed in Christ's name and spirit, but life is not made uniformly Christian. Outside the conventional bounds of religion, it is apt to lapse into the world's way of thinking and acting.

Let us beware of pride. Some are proud of their race, others of their face, others of their gait. I have met people who are proud of their humility; and I rather think I was proud once of a sermon on the "Grace of Lowliness." Nothing shows more truly when a nature is out of union with Christ than the obtrusion of the self-life and the boast of a vain-glorious man. For such a state of mind chastisement is inevitable, and who would not rather trust himself to God than man? David knew that God's mercies were many and tender, and cast himself into His hands. Why do we dread God so much as not to trust Him with our lives, that He may do according to His good pleasure?—F. B. Meyer.

Everything Providential.

Everything is providential in God's world, and since little things make the most of life, in little things we are to find constant providential delight and discipline and duty.—M. D. Babcock.

Window in Prison of Hope.

The Bible is a window in the prison of hope through which we look into eternity.—Timothy Dwight.

Chicago Wants No Adults.

A recommendation by the superintendent of the Chicago public schools to admit certain adult foreigners as pupils brought out strong opposition, especially to Orientals, from members of the school board. Superintendent Cooly recommended that three Japanese, one Persian, one Hollander, two Irishmen and an Englishman be admitted to an ungraded room which had been provided at the Jones school building.

Brazil's Tale Deposits.

Brazil has deposits of talc which are seemingly inexhaustible.