

The... Lambert Mystery.

By MRS. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER IX. 17
Continued.

"I pretended to take the proposition of giving her up to Deering into consideration. Then you came back, and I played a last card. I asked you to marry my Elsie. But you couldn't, or wouldn't."
"Glynn started up. 'I don't know,' he began.
"Let me finish," interrupted Lambert. "The thought came into my mind to hide my darling. I ran over to England, telegraphed to Mrs. Kellett to meet me at a neighboring town, and told her something of my difficulties.

"A day or two before the ball Mrs. Kellett, down at her brother's place, was laid up with a severe cold, and was waited on by a faithful old servant who was partly in her confidence, and let no one else into her room; whereas in the night she had slipped out of the house and walked to the nearest station, where she caught the first train for London, and came through to Paris, bringing with her some English-made clothes to dress Elsie in. I did not warn my jewel, lest she should betray any uneasiness, but at the last moment I made her promise to come home from the ball—not to go to Madam's. This between ourselves.

"Then I met her, and took her into the kitchen of the empty stage below us. I had to contrive to get hold of the key. She was terribly startled, but I made her believe her hiding was essential to my safety. She changed her clothes and tried to eat something. We waited until I heard the concierge going about, for the danger was in going out. I had brought Mrs. Kellett in with myself the night before as soon as the house was heard when the concierge asked, 'Who was there?' Well, they got out exactly as that thief of a detective guessed, while the concierge was at the pump. They walked quietly along over the Font d'Alma, where they got rid of the ball dress, and near the Invalides took a fiacre; thus they got off by the first train.

"Once landed in England, it would be next to impossible to track them. In London, they went to a lady's school at Clapham, kept by a cousin of Mrs. Kellett's, where Elsie was to go as a teacher without salary.
"I made up my mind to do without letters for months; only one I must have, to say she was safe; that was sent to a false name at Marseilles, where I journeyed to get it.
"So I waited and waited, never writing to England except to Mrs. Kellett now and then, letters composed for inspection; never remitting money; waiting, watching for a chance of seeming to go back to America; really, of joining my jewel, and I found it at last; but there, I can't say another word. If it hadn't been for this unlucky illness, we'd have been on our way to Australia."
He lay back profoundly exhausted.

CHAPTER X.
A True Lover's Knot.
Lambert's hearers were silent for a few minutes. Both perceived the danger and difficulty of his situation. To Glynn there seemed but one means of security to both—one he was the most ready to adopt. As his wife, Elsie would be out of Deering's reach. While he thought Lambert seemed to revive.
"If not inconvenient, I should like to see the ring you mentioned," said Lady Gethin.
"Certainly," said Lambert. "Glynn, ask Elsie to bring the little despatch box from the table in my room."
Glynn went to deliver the message, and Elsie, who came down stairs, inquired anxiously if her father was not overtired. Glynn assured her that he seemed better for the relief of complete confidence. "I trust we shall be able to find a way out of all his difficulties," he concluded.
Elsie brought the box, and placing it in his hands, looked up in his eyes with a sweet, frank smile. "If his mind is at rest, he will soon be better."
"I am sure he will," said Glynn.
"And you, too," he added, "you need rest and a sense of security."
"When I see him well, I too shall be myself again."
Glynn took her hand and kissed it reverently. Something of consciousness called the color to her cheek at the touch of his lips, and she was with a faint, delicious glow of hope that Glynn went back to Lambert, who, drawing out a key which hung to his watch chain, unlocked the box. After a little search he produced a small case from which he took an old-fashioned gold ring, two hands clasped, and a bracelet of tiny turquoise on each wrist. "There," said Lambert, "that is the ring I took from the poor fellow's hand after he had breathed his last."
Lady Gethin took it and sat looking at it for a moment or two, her keen black eyes suffused with tears. "This is indeed a message from the grave," she said, with such emotion. "I gave this ring to Elizabeth Acton, a few days before she married my relative, Gilbert Deering."
"What an extraordinary piece of evidence!" exclaimed Glynn.
"It corroborates the effect of your daughter's remarkable likeness to her mother. There is a providence that shapes our ends," said Lady Gethin. "There is no time to be lost in making some arrangement that will relieve you from this horrible condition of fear and concealment. Let us consult my lawyer."
"A lawyer—no, no!" cried Lambert. "That would be dangerous."
"We must proceed with infinite caution," observed Glynn. "Deering's position is a strong one. If we could get hold of Vincent?"

est! read my heart in my eyes. Believe me, there is nothing in heaven above, or earth beneath, that I desire as I desire your love!"
Elsie grew a little pale.
"I am half frightened at the idea. It is not good for you; it is not wise of you; though I am ignorant of the world, I know it must be bad for any man to marry a girl who has been obliged to hide away as I have been—who is surrounded with mystery and fear, and who could never, never forsake her dear father even for you!"
"Even for me! then you love me a little, Elsie?"
"I do! with a slight sob. 'I love you for your loyalty and goodness to my father. I love you'—she stopped and added with gentle solemnity—"for yourself." Yielding to his passionate embrace, she clung to him and burst into a fit of wild weeping that surprised and disturbed him. "I hope it is not wrong to let you love me," she murmured brokenly; "I do not know what is behind, and if we must part—"
"We never shall unless by your special wish, my own, my life. I know everything, and you shall know everything by and by. Will you not wait and trust your father and me?"
"I will," she returned, and Glynn felt her "I will" was equal to another's oath. She disengaged herself from his arms, and stood for an instant with clasped hands in silent, prayerful thought. Glynn waited till she stirred, and then taking her hand, began softly to explain to her the necessity of a speedy marriage, and Lady Gethin's wish to take her abroad at once. This Elsie demurred to; she could not leave her father.
"Let us go and consult him," said Glynn.
"Oh, yes; I have forgotten him too long. Shall we tell him that I saw Vincent?"
"No, certainly not. The knowledge will not add to his safety, and may injure him. He must leave this."
"He is very safe here. The house is really ours."
"Ah! an excellent plan. But come to your father—we must consult him."
"Oh, yes; I have forgotten him too long. Shall we tell him that I saw Vincent?"
"No, certainly not. The knowledge will not add to his safety, and may injure him. He must leave this."
"He is very safe here. The house is really ours."
"Ah! an excellent plan. But come to your father—we must consult him."
"Oh, yes; I have forgotten him too long. Shall we tell him that I saw Vincent?"

"Pray do not lose any more time. She would never be such a fool as to refuse you."
"Thanks for the compliment. I dread the complications which would ensue if she refuses me!"
"Fiddle-de-dee. She won't refuse you! I would not refuse you were I a young lady."
Glynn laughed, and then grew grave. "I was rather annoyed yesterday to hear from Mrs. Kellett, who is staying at her cousin's school at Clapham, that she is afraid she is being watched."
"Well!" said Lady Gethin, "I shall make my preparations for going abroad; and you go and settle things with Elsie and her father. By the way, have you found out how he escaped from the steamer where Vincent absolutely saw him on route for America?"
"By a very clever dodge. Lambert waited and watched till he found a needy countryman about his own height and color, who wishes to go to New York. He offered to pay this man's passage from Liverpool if he would go under the name of Lambert. This he readily agreed to."
It was late before Glynn reached Garston Terrace.
When he reached the door, the landlady informed him that Misses "was very much upset and waiting for him in the drawing room." The moment he entered she flew to him with outstretched hands, which he took and tenderly held.
"Why have you been so long? Oh! I have seen him. He has followed us here! What shall we do—how shall we escape?"
"Whom have you seen?" asked Glynn, drawing her to him.
"Vincent!" she whispered. "He did not see me, I am sure. What can we do? Will you not help us?"
"I would give my life to buy peace for you, sweetest," cried Glynn, passionately. "Give me the right to be with you, to guard you and your father! I love you with all my heart and soul. Give me a little love in return; be my own dear wife. I swear, whether you are or not, that accursed American shall do you no harm. Elsie, beloved; will you be mine?" He grasped her hands tightly, and held her eyes with his, as if he would penetrate her heart's secret. At first an expression of profoundest amazement flitted over her face, succeeded by a deep burning blush, as she shrank back from him.
"Are you sure this is not compassion?" she asked, in a very low voice.
"Compassion? No; why should it be compassion? Do you not feel, do you not see, that I love you, as men rarely love?" A curious, amused smile stole round Elsie's lips, and her eyes sunk to the ground. "What do you smile at?" asked Glynn, surprised in his turn.
"At your change of mind. Some seven or eight months ago you refused to marry me!"
"How do you know?" cried Glynn, feeling as if the glowing currents in his veins were arrested and turned to ice.
"By means of which I ought to be and am ashamed."
"Tell me."
"You were sitting at dinner with my father, and I came into my little room. The curtain was down, but I heard him say something about 'my jewel,' as he so often called me, and, hesitating, 'I listened. I knew it was shameful, but I could not resist. What struck me was that he offered to go away, not to see me. I wondered what sort of man you could be to need such an assurance!"
"What could you have thought of me?" cried Glynn. "Can you ever forgive my insane folly?"
"Oh! I didn't mind! These plans of marriage are often made by thoughtful parents. You hardly knew me then; it would have been foolish to agree to what might not have been suitable. I did not dream of marrying you. You seemed to me too—"
"Old?" suggested Glynn, more charmed than ever with her sweet, grave simplicity, and thirsting to kiss the lovely mouth that spoke so melodiously.
"No," with a smile, "not old, but grand; I cannot exactly express what I mean. I did not want to marry you. Indeed, I was so taken up with what my father said about keeping away from me, that I did not think much about you."
"Will you think of me now?" exclaimed Glynn. "Look at me, dear-

POPULAR SCIENCE

A French invention, consisting of bulb thermometers, predicts at sundown whether there will be a frost.

A New York physician declares that the veriform appendix practically vanishes when a man reaches the age of fifty.

The size and voltage of transformers for use in long-distance transmission work continues to increase. The General Electric Company, of Schenectady, N. Y., are now building on order a number of transformers of 7500 kw. capacity, for operation at 140,000 volts.

In splicing a wire rope experience has shown that the efficiency of a splice depends on its length, the larger the rope the longer the splice required. In ordinary splicing of a three-quarter inch rope, the length of the splice should not be less than twenty feet, for a one-inch rope it should be thirty feet, and for rope over one and one-half inches in diameter it should be forty feet.

The dream of smokeless cities will be realized at no distant day. European engineers have visions of smokeless railways, and a method of solving this part of the problem is being already tested between Ostend and Brussels. The engine used is of special construction. It has an aspirator which sucks in all smoke and steam, and a special receptacle where the vapors, are chemically decomposed. Neither smoke nor steam escapes into the open air.

Dr. Hugo Miche, who has studied the spontaneous heating of newly-made hay ricks, considers the heating as entirely the result of physiological action and not, as is generally supposed, due to the action of bacteria. Several thermophilous species of bacteria and fungi, some of them new, have been obtained from heated hay. Dr. Miche thinks that injurious kinds of bacteria and fungi are probably fostered by sweating manure, and that the common occurrence of the tubercle bacillus may be due to this cause.

The surprising results recently obtained by means of the new kinds of glass manufactured at Jena, which permit the passage of ultraviolet rays invisible to the eye, but capable of affecting a photographic plate, are well illustrated by telescopic photographs of the constellation Lyra. One of these, made with an objective of ordinary glass, shows 354 stars; another, made with an objective composed of the new glass, and having the same time of exposure, shows in the same field of view 619 stars. It is hoped that by means of larger objectives still more surprising results may be obtained. Another method of photographing by invisible radiations consists in bathing which render them sensitive to the infra-red rays of the spectrum.

FAMOUS LOVING CUPS.

King Hal's Grace Cup and the Skinners' Peacock Cup.
Some of the old loving cups were called grace cups. Of the specimens now in possession of the English guilds and corporations the most famous is the Henry VIII. grace cup, which belongs to the Barbers' Company, of London.

With its four globular bells hanging around the outer rim, says the Jeweler's Circular, this cup might well excite the envy of even the most honest collector of silverware.
The name of the cup is derived from the fact that King Hal was the donor. The grace cup being intended to commemorate the union of the barbers with the Guild of Surgeons. The cover carries the Tudor rose, portucullis, and fleur-de-lis, the final of the lid being mounted with the imperial crown, the English and French arms being beneath, supported by the lion and greyhound.

The Skinners' Company has a peacock cup, though it is in the form of a peahen. This large silver bird, with three chicks at her feet, stands on the silver badge which was formerly worn by the company's barge master, and around it are the engraved words, "The gift of Mary, ye daughter of Richard Robinson, and wife to Thomas Smith and James Peacock, Skinners, 1642." The lady's two husbands were both masters of the company.

Self-Defense.

Professor Ogden Chalmers Lorimer, Toledo's veteran educator, is one of the few remaining schoolmasters who still cling to corporal punishment.
"I believe in corporal punishment," he said stoutly in a recent address. "I take no stock in moral suasion. Good, healthy boys under moral suasion have too free a time of it. They get out of hand."
"There is a friend of mine," said Professor Lorimer, with a grim smile, "who is raising a family of six boys with the help of moral suasion. The mild little chap argued about the matter the other night at a club."
"And do you believe," said I, "that moral suasion is better than corporal punishment for big, lusty boys like yours?"
"Yes," said my friend.
"And do you mean to say that you have never whipped your boys?" I asked.
"As true as I sit here," my friend declared earnestly, "I have never struck one of my children except in self-defense."—Washington Star.

Economical Woman.

Of small economies the following will be difficult to beat for smallness. A laboring man who hands over his weekly wages to his wife is allowed, by her an ounce of tobacco a week. She buys it herself in two separate, half ounces—in order, she declares to get the advantage of the two turns of the scale.—London Chronicle.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR DEC. 22 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Samuel, the Upright Judge. I. Sam. 7:1-13—Golden Text, I. Sam. 7:3—Memory Verses, 12, 13—Read I. Sam. 5-7.

It must have been with feelings very different from those of their last encounter, when the ark of God was carried into battle, that the host of Israel now faced the Philistine army near Mizpeh. Then they had only the symbol of God's gracious presence, now they had the reality. Then their spiritual guides were the wicked Hophni and Phinehas; now their guide was holy Samuel, says Dr. Baikie. Then they had rushed into the fight in thoughtless unconcern about their sins; now they had confessed them, and through the blood of sprinkling they had obtained a sense of forgiveness. Then they were puffed up by a vain presumption; now they were animated by a calm but confident hope. Then their advance was hallowed by no prayer; now the cry of needy children had gone up before God's faithful servant. In fact, the battle with the Philistines had already been fought by Samuel on his knees. There can be no more sure token of success than this. Are we engaged in conflict with our own besetting sins? Or are we contending against scandalous transgression in the world around us? Let us first fight the battle on our knees. If we are victorious there we have little fear of victory in the other battle.

It was as Samuel was offering up the burnt-offering that the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel. There was an unseen ladder that day between earth and heaven, on which the angels of God ascended and descended as in Jacob's vision at Bethel. The smoke of the burnt-offering carried up to God the confession and contrition of the people, their reliance on God's method of atonement, and their prayer for His pardon and His blessing. The great and good God had gathered a mile to the east, and now broke, probably with violent wind, in the faces of the Philistines, who were advancing up the heights against Mizpeh. Unable to face such a terrific war of the elements, the Philistines would turn round, placing their backs to the storm. The men of Israel, but little embarrassed by a wind that came behind them, and gave the momentum to their force, rushed on the embarrassed enemy, and drove them before them like smoke before the wind.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The characteristic feature of the inscription lies in the word "hitherto." It was no doubt a testimony to special help obtained in that time of trouble; it was a grateful recognition of that help; and it was an enduring monument to perpetuate the memory of it. But it was more, much more. The word "hitherto" denotes a series, a chain of similar mercies, an unbroken succession of Divine interpositions and Divine deliverances. The special purpose of this inscription was to link on the present deliverance to all the past, and to form a testimony to the enduring faithfulness and mercy of a covenant-keeping God. But was there not something strange in this inscription, considering the circumstances? Could Samuel have forgotten that tragic day at Shiloh? Had he not seen the most vicious and desperate men after dashed upon Shiloh like beasts of prey, plundering, destroying, massacring, till nothing more remained to be done to justify the name of "Ichabod?"
All that Samuel has considered well. Even amid the desolations of Shiloh the Lord was helping them. He was helping them to know themselves, helping them to know their sins, and helping them to know the bitter fruit and woeful punishment of sin. He was helping them to achieve the great end for which He had called them—to keep alive the knowledge of the true God and the practice of His worship, onward to the time when the great promise should be realized—when He should come in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed. Samuel's idea of what constituted the nation's glory was large and spiritual. The true glory of the nation was to fulfil the function for which God had called it into existence, with Himself as blessing, was a token of the Lord's remembrance of them. The links of the long chain denoted by Samuel's "hitherto" were not all of one kind. Some were in the form of mercies, many were in the form of chastenings. For the higher the function for which He was called, the more need was there of chastening. The higher the destination of a silver vessel, the greater is the need that the silver be pure, and therefore that it be frequently passed through the furnace. The destination of Israel does not merely give thanks for seasons of prosperity, but for checks and chastenings too.

Greatest of Calamities.

Success ill-used is the ruin of any man. It is the calamity which forgets the God who gave it is the greatest calamity of human life.—Dr. Parker.

Wireless on the Gulf.

An extensive wireless telegraph system has been erected by the United Fruit Company on its fruit steamers and at numerous points on the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, for communications between the offices, steamers in transit and its plantations in Central America and the West Indies. A station was recently added at San Antonio and the extreme western end of Cuba.

Killed by Autos in Three Months.

The Massachusetts Safe Roads Automobile Association shows that between Jan. 21 and September 21, of 1907, forty-one persons were killed and 312 injured by automobiles in that State. This covered 211 collisions.

Beats Louisiana For Bears.

John Inzer, of Lower Cheat, near Elkins, W. Va., killed his sixth bear this season. Thus far this season thirty bears have been killed in that locality.

The Deadly Mosquito.

There are 250,000 deaths annually as the result of mosquito bites.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST DRINK.

PROGRESS MADE BY CHAMPIONS FIGHTING THE RUM DEMON.

James K. Shields, Superintendent of the Illinois Anti-Saloon League, Writes About a Notable Victory in Illinois.

Illinois is the whiskey and beer centre of the world, is the third State in the Union in population and contains the second metropolis of the Nation; yet, during the session of the Legislature old Illinois swung into line on the question of temperance legislation, and possesses to-day one of the best and most effective temperance laws of any State north of the Mason and Dixon line. In the passage of the Berry-Shannon Local Option bill the voting part of 3,000,000 people was enfranchised on the saloon question and the next year will witness one of the greatest campaigns against the open dramshop that has taken place anywhere in America. Until the passage of this measure the people of the State had to depend upon the decision of city and village councils, composed of the mayor and aldermen, to decide this great moral question for every community. Henceforth, the people will decide it for themselves.

The bill provides that when twenty-five per cent of the voters of a township, or of a precinct in counties not under township organization, petition for the right to vote upon the question of saloon or no saloon, then at the next regular election the matter is settled by a majority vote at the ballot box. It is, however, a law for the purpose of creating anti-saloon territory, and is so framed that no city or village, or any portion thereof, or any part of a township that is already temperance territory, can be changed or jeopardized in any way by the failure of a vote to carry in favor of anti-saloon territory. In case the vote falls to reveal a majority in favor of anti-saloon territory, the situation remains unchanged and the present dramshop law is in effect under which saloons may be licensed and located according to the discretion of those in authority.

The strong point about the township feature of this bill is that it will enable each of the farmers of the State of Illinois to help decide the question as to whether or not the dramshop shall be in the incorporated city or village in his township. It also enables the people of an incorporated village that has voted out of the township to vote on the incorporation of a township, and to vote on the question of whether or not the township shall be in the incorporated city or village in his township.

In case, for any reason, the township does not care to vote as a whole, the city and village can vote independently of the township, and the majority vote will decide the question as to whether or not the dramshop shall have an existence anywhere in the township. This law is the greatest advance in temperance legislation yet gained in the State. But, entirely aside from the question of obtaining a splendid law, the victory of the recent Legislature was one of the greatest moral triumphs ever won in Illinois. It has been pronounced by the National Superintendent of the Berry-Shannon Anti-Saloon League in any of the States.

It is a revelation of the value of united effort and indicates the great possibilities of the federated churches applying Christianity through the ballot box for the uplift of the morals of society.

The League began to do practical business seven years ago. Six years ago a local option bill was introduced into the House of Representatives and was assigned to the License Committee, which took just about ten minutes to cut its heart out. To make a long story short, the crystallization of forces and the growth of sentiment in the last six years has resulted in a situation where practically every local option bill of six years ago, introduced into the House and Senate of the last Legislature, was able to overshadow all other legislation, command the attention of the public press and of the entire State for four and one-half months, and to be the one great problem to be settled by the Assembly, finally to be passed on the 7th day of May by that body, after the most vicious debate and most terrific opposition by a vote of eighty-two to sixty-five. When the Speaker of the House called up our bill on the third and final reading and the clerk began to call the roll, it was the most exciting moment seen in the session of the Forty-fifth General Assembly, yet it was the least exciting moment of the session. The result would be that the liquor advocates were defeated was written so plainly on their faces and in their attitude that any one familiar with the situation could prophesy the result. When the last name was called and eighty-two votes had been registered in the bill's favor—five more than a constitutional majority—tremendous cheers of approval, such as are very seldom heard in legislative halls, rang from the local option members of the House. A great majority of those voting for this measure were fully as anxious as to the final outcome as the Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League or any of his workers. Many representatives to the telegraph and telephone offices to send messages to their friends throughout the State that the long fought battle was won.

Toast With Adam's Ale.

The Bishop of Oxford is right in his belief that water is a good enough element with which to drink a toast to any man or cause.

Temperance Notes.

John Barleycorn still holds the championship belt as a fighter. A scientist having declared that champagne affects the eyesight the Washington Herald adds, "Also the nose." And also the pocketbook and the future.

One of the Leigh railroads, in discussing the local water move of his company, states that he considered the order a good one and would prove beneficial to the company and its employees.

It is stated that the railroads have offered to transport breweries and stills out of Georgia to the other States free of freight charges. A movement is on foot in South Africa looking to a reduction of the sale of beer to natives. The government's bill to permit the sale is meeting with strong opposition from the churches and the temperance press. In Atlanta there is a brewing company contemplating an investment of probably \$1,000,000, and in Savannah is another worth \$500,000. There are 263 saloons in Savannah and 125 in Atlanta. In the remainder of the State there are about 750.

RELIGIOUS READING FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

HEARTSEASE.
These are the things that hush my heart,
And lift it nearer Thee.
The mysterious pine that, green through all the year,
Is yet more green when the sweet spring is here;
The sky's deep curve, where close against it press
The hills whose strength doth comfort my distress;
The pure solemnity of winter snow,
Under whose silence muted life lies slow;
The bronze-hued shadow 'neath each green wave's crest
Whose following phalanxes Thy power attest.
These things there are that hush my heart,
And lift it nearer Thee.
—Joseph Horton Bruntton, in Christian Register.

The Use of Poverty.
We clip the following lines from the humor column of a daily paper. They were not intended to have any religious suggestion, but they have:

While the coin
Holds out to burn,
Few are the sinners
That return.
The prodigal did not "come to himself" and to return to his father's house until his money was all gone and hunger and rags had time to get in their work. God is good to take back people who are driven back by poverty and want, sickness and sin; but the disappointment and remorse; but the truth is He gets very few of any other kind. The currents which drag the flesh out to sea are strong and few resist them.

While the coin
Holds out to burn,
Poverty is God's greatest overcheck
On the great masses of humanity. Almost no white people and perhaps no negroes would do menial work, if it were not for the fact that a day and a shelter did not crack the whip of compulsion over their heads. And what would become of society if the great, ignorant masses should cease to work and become idlers? Society would rot.

Carlyle says that every man's daily task is his life-savings. The daily task of the masses is the life-preserver of society, the ballast of the ship of state, without which the good ship would go on the rocks in short order. The one flesh-deep cry of humanity is for inaction, idleness; and the God-call to humanity is ready help to humanity to their places in the human animal.

In organized society money is the expression of supply; and poverty, the need of money, the impelling expression of want. And as the force of gravity holds the astronomical bodies in their courses, so the force of poverty holds the individual and communities to respond to their places in the great onward moving of society. Then may it be truly said that poverty is a messenger, one of God's "angels" to save the race, and inspired force to press on the race to its goal of final material, intellectual and spiritual victory.—Baptist Argus.

Have an Ideal in View.

Why should any life be aimless in a world such as this? There is a path in it for every foot, there is a work for every hand. There are places waiting to respond to every word of love. There are parched lips waiting for the cup of cold water. There are tottering, blind spirits feeling their way over troubled pathways needing the guidance of eyes that can see. There are victims of vice whom the sword might lead to Jesus. There are warped and twisted tenements where penury has refused to relax its piteous grasp, where the prayers and the tears of the poor should be blessed as the footsteps of the Great Comforter on the streets of Capernaum. There is no need of emptiness of life in this world. From every soul paths radiate, like spokes of a wheel, paths of opportunity along any one of which we may walk to the glorification of God.—United Presbyterian.

How to Live the Infinite Life.

I quite care that one of our worst failures is at the point where, having resolved like angels, we drop back into the old matter-of-fact life and do just what we did before, because we have always done it and because everybody does it and because our fathers and mothers did it, all of which may be the very reason why we should not do it. There is no station in life and no place of one's home where, if he wants to enlarge his life in caring for people outside himself, he may not start on a career of enlargement which shall extend indefinitely. And the man who enters upon infinite purposes lives the infinite life.—Phillips Brooks.

Getting the Better of the Weather.

Gloomy weather makes little difference to the man whose heart is sunny. And the brightest day of the season cannot let in light and cheer to a man whose heart is darkened. A nature student writes: "The real sorrows of life are not of nature's making; if faithlessness add treachery and every sort of baseness were taken out of human lives, we should find only a healthy and vigorous joy in such hardship as nature imposes upon us." And even the faithlessness of others cannot permanently darken the life of one who lives in the friendship that never fails. To begin and live and close every day with that friend is better than to let spirits be controlled by the barometer.—Sunday-School Times.

A Ruined Man.

We say a man is "ruined." Are his wife and children dead? Oh, no. Have they had a quarrel and they separated from him? Oh, no. Has he lost his reputation through crime? No. Is his reason gone? Oh, no; it is as sound as ever. Is he struck through with disease? No. He has lost his property and he is ruined. The man ruined! When shall we learn that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"?—Henry Ward Beecher.

To Prevent Telescoping.

General Manager Frank Hedley, of New York City, has invented a simple device for preventing telescoping of cars in wrecks. Generally cars are telescoped by the end of one car rising above the platform of the next car, in which position the raised car can go easily through the work above the platform. Mr. Hedley's device is an attachment adapted to be secured to the end of the car platform which has three prongs on its outer surface. When two cars come together these prongs interlock and prevent either car from rising.