

HIS OTHER SELF

A PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL.

By SARAH GRAND.

CHAPTER V.

Continued.

"You are very kind," she answered, simply. Then turning to Dr. Mansell, she said: "You have not found my husband?" speaking in a steady, self-contained, almost businesslike tone, which betrayed strong feeling enough, but without a symptom of tears or hysterics.

"No," was the doctor's direct reply. "Lord Wartlebury's men have scoured the heath in all directions, but they found no trace of him there. I heard, however, at the station that a gentleman did leave by the midday train for London. He was a tall man, clean shaven, regular features, thick brown hair, with a tinge of red in it, cut short behind, but curling on the forehead; pale blue eyes, deep set; and he wore a suit of summer tweed, light gray, and a white tie."

"That is my husband," she said, quite quietly.

"The fellow from whom you got your information must have had a nice faculty for observation, I should think," Lord Wartlebury observed.

"Yes, apparently," Dr. Mansell answered. "But he had a reason for noticing this gentleman particularly, and that made me think that perhaps I was on the right track. It was the ticket collector that gave me the information, and he said he couldn't help noticing the gentleman because his manner was so peculiar. He walked up and down the station while he was waiting for the train, flourishing his stick and talking at the top of his voice to everybody, and he would insist in getting into a third-class carriage, although he had taken a first-class ticket. He had no luggage with him, either. And the man thought he had been drinking."

A painful spasm contracted the young wife's face for a moment. "That is very unlike my husband," she said. "It must be as you say, doctor, he has lost his senses"—and then, turning to Lord Wartlebury, and speaking with more emotion than she had yet shown, she exclaimed: "Oh, sir, help me to find my husband!"

"My dear young lady," the old gentleman answered, "nothing would give me greater pleasure."

Then there was a pause.

"I must follow him," she said at last.

"That is what Dr. Mansell thought you would wish to do," Lord Wartlebury replied. "He has inquired about the trains and finds there are none until 8 o'clock this evening, and that is a slow one; but there is a fast one about 10, which arrives at the same hour, and it would doubtless suit you better to go later. You will probably have arrangements to make, friends to communicate with and that sort of thing."

"I am ready," she answered. "I packed my things while I was waiting for Dr. Mansell. We heard, you know, from a laborer that a gentleman had been seen going to the station, and so I prepared to follow him, if he had indeed gone. But about communicating with our friends; what would you advise? He may only have gone to our house in London, or to his own chambers, in which case I shall find him easily. And I have been thinking that the fewer people who know about this—this—this his going away like this, the better. If it were made public it might injure him in his profession. I do not know where my own people are at this moment. They have gone abroad, and are moving from one place to another, so that I am never sure of their address; and my husband has no near relatives, except a sister, who lives in London, and whom I shall go to, or send for, as soon as I arrive, to ask her to come here and look after my boy, in case I have to be away any time. She is a very discreet person, and I can trust her. Our own servants are all here, and I shall tell them that their master has been obliged to go to London suddenly on business of importance, and that I mean to run up and do some shopping while he is busy. They know he likes me to be with him always."

This last thought brought a dry sob to her throat. Were the happy, happy days all over? Was her husband to be hers no more? If she found him, would he look at her strangely, not knowing, not remembering?

Oh, God! She straightened herself on her seat as she uttered this bitter, inward cry, renewing her strength with the effort, and casting the distressing thought far from her. But how should she bear the hours of suspense that must elapse while she waited for the train? For the first time in all her healthy, happy life the fear of being left alone with her own thoughts appalled her.

"Indeed, I scarcely think you need advice," Lord Wartlebury answered. "What you propose seems to me in every way the proper thing to do; what do you say, Mansell?"

A hot flush came and went on the young man's clear skin. It was a peculiarity, this flush, in the way it came and went whenever he was moved. It was eloquent now of the sincere admiration he felt for the young creature, so cruelly placed, and yet so strong and wise in the midst of her calamity.

"It seems to me," he said, "that there is only one thing Mrs. Somers has not thought of—the—eh—awkwardness, for a lady, of arriving in London alone in the middle of the night."

"I had thought of that," his lordship answered, with a benign smile on his kind old face; "and as I have to go about—eh—that business, you know, Mansell, I told you of, I hope Mrs. Somers will allow me to be her escort." He looked very dignified, very much indeed a nobleman as he spoke, but the young lady smiled in his face, and the smile was infectious.

no more sign of waking than the half opening of his eyes that saw not, the perfect inward vision of the soul having for the time being replaced the uncertain feeble outlook of the body.

The regular beat of the machinery would affect her mind, shaping itself into rhythmic measure which presently took words to itself and became a silent song—"When the day breaks," it said; "when the day breaks, and the shadows flee, but nothing else."

Over and over again her mind involuntarily repeated it, at first finding rest and relaxation in the mechanical formula, and then being wearied by it because it was mechanical, then banishing it for an instant by an effort of will, but glad to have it back again when it returned of its own accord, replacing painful thoughts with a monotony which was soothing once more in comparison, and then benumbing, the cause of more moments of blissful unconsciousness.

"When the day breaks and the shadows flee away; when the day breaks, and the shadows flee."

It was with her still, and seemed to rouse her, as the train glided into the London terminus at 2 o'clock in the morning, and they found themselves at their journey's end at last.

But a few minutes sufficed after that for Lord Wartlebury to see her and her luggage safely into a cab. "God bless you, my dear child!" the old gentleman said, as he shook hands with her; "and may you find matters much better than you have dared to hope when you arrive. There is a card with my address. I shall be anxious to hear from you, and shall wait in London until I find that I can be of no more use."

Then all of a sudden she was overcome by his great goodness. She could not speak to thank him, but she did a better thing. She grasped his withered hand in both of hers and kissed it fervently, and the deed was more eloquent than any word.

As the cab drove off, Lord Wartlebury stood in the damp, chill morning air, an indistinct figure in the murky fog-bedimmed gaslight, looking after it, and sighed.

And he sighed, not because he was weary, but because, with all his wealth and greatness, he did not find it possible to do a good deed every day and reap the reward of it.

As she rattled away in the cab, Gertrude Somers found herself entering upon a new phase of emotion. So far she had felt keenly, but she had scarcely thought at all, or anticipated anything that might yet happen, or speculated about what had occurred already, except to the extent necessary to form the few practical measures she had adopted, and to carry them out. Now, however, her mind suddenly awoke.

She began to think and wonder, and particularly to notice every object she saw, as if any one of them might unexpectedly prove of use to her by furthering her search.

She had never seen the streets of London at such an hour before, and now she was struck by the strangeness of their appearance, even the most familiar having lost character and identity by reason of the unworldly solitude and silence which reigned supreme.

Here and there she passed a policeman, here and there a man and woman standing close together in drunken, degraded intimacy; once the light from a cab lamp flashed for a moment on the figure of a young girl, cowering in the attitude of a doorway, in the attitude of a breathless, hunted creature awaiting its doom in helpless terror. Gertrude saw the face distinctly; it haunted her afterward for many a day, and even at the time, with such a weight of anxious doubt and dread oppressing her, she was forced to acknowledge that what she felt herself was nothing as to the misery, that she saw.

To be Continued.

Embarrassing.

Some little while ago a popular writer visited a jail in order to take notes for a magazine article on prison life. On returning home he described the horrors he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on the mind of his little daughter Mary. The writer and his offspring, a week later, were in a train together, which stopped at a station near a gloomy building. A man asked:

"What place is that?"

"The county jail," another answered promptly.

Whereupon Mary embarrassed her father and aroused the suspicion of the other occupants of the carriage by asking, in a loud, shrill voice:

"Is that the jail you were in, father?"—Judge's Library.

Maintaining Discipline.

It is evident, by an anecdote taken from the London Mirror, that there are some persons who regard discipline as an end and not as a means. Not even the seed of insubordination had a chance under the eye of Sergeant D. C.

"Tention!" he cried to his squad. "Quick March! Left wheel! Halt! Take Murphy's name for talking in the ranks."

"But he wasn't talking," protested a corporal, who was standing near. "Wasn't he?" roared Sergeant Day. "Then cross it out and put him in the guard-room for deceiving me."

A Bumper Crop.

"Ya-as," said the man from Southern Kansas, "I reckon that year was what you might call a bumper year with a bumper wheat crop. W'y, do you know that Sile Edwards—neighbor o' mine, Sile was—had such a stand o' wheat on a ten-acre field o' his'n that he had t' rent th' field next t' 'im t' shock about half o' it—wasn't room for th' shocks on th' ground it grewed on."—Judge.

The German Emperor has more servants in his employ than any other monarch. Altogether they number over 3000, about two-thirds of them being women.

A Frenchman is said to have discovered a means of firing torpedoes by wireless electric power.

Imagination the Fairy Powder

By WINIFRED BLACK.

A little girl I know came running in from the garden the other day. She had two great, flapping catapala leaves fastened to her shoulders.

"See, mamma," she said; "look at my lovely wings; now if I only could find some fairy powder to shake on them I could fly, couldn't I?"

"Yes, honey," said I to the little girl I know. "If you could find some fairy powder and sprinkle it on those wings you could really fly."

The little girl I know looked at me with large, trustful eyes. Her chin began to quiver.

"It's too bad," she said, tremulously, "dat I can't find de fairy powder when I have such a lovely pair of wings, isn't it?"

And I comforted the little girl I know and kissed her, and then we went out to hunt for a fairy ring in the grass and to see if we couldn't find a toadstool where the old grass-hopper who plays for the fairies to dance sits when he is tuning his fiddle.

That evening I dined with the rich and great. After dinner we sat on the veranda and watched the stars come laughing down the sky, and the crickets chirped and the scent of the growing grass was sweet in the nostrils.

"Let's go to the theatre," said one of the rich and great, and in less than five minutes we were whizzing out of the green and the perfume and the starlight, down to the noisy, ill-smelling town. It was hot in the theatre and we sat in the middle of a row of seats. The play was inane, the actors were bad, the air was stifling, and we sat and were bored until it was all I could do to keep from rushing out into the clean night air again.

And all the time at the very gate of the stifling horror we sat in was a nice, roomy automobile, and in five minutes we could have been on our way to the starlight and the sweet winds and the sparkling heavens again.

I looked at the rich and the great, and wondered. Then all at once it came to me—"They have the wings," I said to myself, "the great, strong, untiring wings that money buys—but they have not found the fairy powder—that's the reason they cannot fly."

A friend told me a little story this morning. "Yesterday," said my friend, "I supped with a millionaire; he told me about a magnificent house he is building in a faraway city."

"I'm spending a million and a quarter on it," he said. "It is a palace, but all my friends are here, and this is the only place in which I really want to live. However, and the millionaire sighed a deep and mournful sigh, 'beggars can't be choosers.'"

I looked at my friend and smiled. "He has the wings, all right, you see," I said. "All he lacks is the fairy powder."

The fairy powder! How poor he is that lacks it. Imagination, the love of simple things, the love of beauty, the love of outdoors, of little children and of the singing of the waters in a free stream—he who has not found any of these fairy powders can never, never fly.—From the New York American.

The Amiable Spider.

The spider is not usually credited with amiability of temper, and so the proofs brought forward by M. A. Le-cailon in La Nature of its maternal affections are the more interesting. The species concerned is one which makes its nest and web in the ears of oats. The nest of one was broken open, the mother taken out, and another female spider put in. The latter on entering looked around and at once began to close the entrance. When the mother spider is brought back the usurper tries to defend herself, and they exchange blows through the opening. Then the mother goes round the nest to find another entrance. She is forced, however, by the other to retire again into the nest. Making a third attempt while the mother is absent again, the usurper escapes, though hotly pursued. Assuming herself that her enemy has really gone the mother enters her nest, and after a while begins to close the opening. The usurper is then placed on the nest three times, but always retreats in haste. A spider, it thus appears, will readily adopt another nest, but will not defend it as she would her own. If, however, the usurper has had possession of the nest for twenty-four hours, she will not leave it voluntarily, and will defend it vigorously against its true owner. A spider kept from her own nest for eight days does not try to recover it nor show any interest in it.—London Globe.

By This Shall All Men Know.

How are you going to tell whether you are a Christian or not? Not by the fact that you are a Catholic or a Protestant, not that you subscribe to some creed that man has drawn up. We must have something better than that.

What did Christ say? "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." I used to wish when I was first converted that every Christian had to wear a badge, because I would not want to be in the same household of faith. But I have got over that. Every hypocrite would have a badge inside of thirty days should Christianity become popular. No badge outside, but God gives us a badge in the heart.

The religion that hasn't any love in it I don't want; it's human. The man whose creed hasn't any love in it may let it go to the winds. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." That is the fruit of the Spirit.—D. L. Moody.



THE CITY OF GOD.

A city thronged upon the height below, Wherein no foot of man as yet has trod. The city of man's life fulfilled in God; Bathed in all light, with open gates of gold.

Perfect the city is in tower and street; And there a palace for each mortal waits Complete and perfect, at whose outer gate An angel stands its occupant to greet.

Still shine, O patient city on the height! The while our race in hut and hovel dwells. It hears the music of thy heavenly bells, And its dull soul is haunted by thy light.

Lo, once the Son of Man hath heard thy call, And the dear Christ hath claimed thee for us all.

—Phillips Brooks.

Parents and Children.

The inflicting of punishment is a serious and solemn thing, and although many recognize this, a large number do not, but punish carelessly with a light heart. "Punishment" means literally "pain," and should not lightly be caused by man to his fellow-man.

To inflict punishment is undoubtedly requisite. Those who have to be trained are certain at times to fall into error, either ignorantly, carelessly or wilfully. The punishment meted out should be less in kind, as well as in degree, for the two former, than for the latter, and we ought to think carefully, and really ascertain before deciding that a fault was committed wilfully.

We need a word of training in these matters ourselves before we are competent to train others, and we shall probably all be ready to admit that we are daily learning with, and through, and from the young ones whom God has put in our care.

How many there are who feel these difficulties intensely, and, from being in a position of compulsory authority, how many become somewhat haughty in manner or spirit, even overbearing and tyrannical! If this spirit grows upon us, we shall not succeed in training, though we may succeed in punishing those under our care. A wrong spirit in us will certainly produce a wrong spirit in them. This is probably the secret of much failure to induce good results from punishments. More especially does it happen in dealing with older girls or boys or adults. Then we must remember we are dealing with sinful natures prone to evil, which fact we know by our own bitter experience. We are dealing with human beings, with strong individual proclivities which cannot be overcome in a day.

I believe that nothing will so definitely bring down a defiant spirit in boy or girl, or even child, as a frank confession of our own difficulties or mistakes of which we may be feeling conscious—for this very good reason, that the child probably knows it as well as we do!

I would suggest three rules by which to guide your actions and decisions, when called upon to punish: 1. Put yourself in the child's place by careful thought.

2. Be without any animus—very naturally caused by previous insubordination, annoyance, or insolence on the child's part. A test of one's sincerity in this matter is to note whether the punishment or reproof gives you as much pain to administer as it does the child to receive.

3. Lastly, there is the golden advice and command of the Bible—"considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Let us remember that training is the work of a father—of a father, and not of a mother! The relationship made holy by the fact and pattern of the Fatherhood of God, and therefore let us learn from Him, and therefore of ourselves how to act towards our children.—A Learner, in London Christian.

"By This Shall All Men Know."

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God's Care of the Humble.

A man must strive long and mightily within himself before he can learn to fully master himself, and to draw his whole heart up to God. God protecteth the humble and loveth him; the humble He loveth and comforteth; the humble He inclineth Himself; unto the humble He giveth great grace; and after his humiliation He raiseth him to glory.—Thomas a Kempis.

The Negative Beauty.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions, little indulgences of the flesh—the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.—Andrew Bonar.

The One Who is in Need.

He who has no passion to convert needs conversion.—A. T. Pierson.

Fortunes Made From Bees.

The output of honey in Texas last year was 4,968,000 pounds. California came next, with an output of 3,667,000 pounds, and New York third, with an output of 3,422,000 pounds. Missouri was fourth, with an output of 3,018,929 pounds. Texas also stands first in the number of colonies of bees, the number being 417,000. The honey crop of Texas brings an annual revenue of \$500,000, the price for which it sells ranging from eight to ten cents a pound. In addition the beekeepers sell many thousands dollars' worth of bees each year.

THE TEMPERANCE PROPAGANDA

CONCERTED ATTACK ON DRINK WINNING ALL ALONG LINE.

Spread of Drink Habit—Women and Children Victims, Says Dr. Quackenbos—Urges Legislation to Combat the World's Evil.

It is the opinion of Dr. John D. Quackenbos that the spread of the drink habit, particularly among women and children, is a question that should receive the early attention of the legislators. The physician who through his method of treatment by auto-suggestion has cured hundreds of confirmed inebriates of the habit says that most New Yorkers, even those hardened from long experience, have little realization of the extent to which the habit is prevalent among women. One woman whom he treated for alcoholism, he says, according to her own admission, spent \$125 weekly for champagne for her own consumption. "To steady her nerves" thirty women always took with her both the sparkling beverage whenever she left the house. The wine bill was going up when she came to Dr. Quackenbos for treatment.

Dr. Quackenbos merely instanced this case out of many which have come to him in the course of his practice. He said that \$100 a week was no unusual figure for a woman to spend on champagne. Champagne is not the only beverage, however, that is undermining the physical, mental and moral health of New York women, ten or twelve of whom drink intoxicating liquors "there only one indulged a decade ago."

Dr. Quackenbos asserted that the worst feature about the spread of alcoholic drinking among all classes was that most of the stuff consumed was "stuff" and nothing else. Of every hundred drinks of whisky sold in the United States to-day, he said, only one was real whisky, and a like proportion held in regard to beer and wine. The counterfeits were cleverly enough concocted to deceive those who imagined themselves connoisseurs. The imitations were far worse in their effects than the pure liquors, the doctor said. "I can prove by statistics," said Dr. Quackenbos, "that the effect of adulterated liquors on the brain is fifteen times worse than the pure article."

Loss of memory and loss of identity were the special results of moderate consumption of the adulterated stuff, against the offer of which for sale the physician thinks that some radical and speedy measures should be taken by the law-making bodies.—New York Tribune.

Drink Slavery.

The drink habit is the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that was at noonday. What man is there that hath not seen the red ruin in its path—wrecked lives and homes and hopes and hearts, and shame and sin withal too deep for words? What community does not remember some once brilliant son, the rose and expectancy of its citizenship, by strong drink brought down to rags and to the gutter? What community does not remember some once strong victim brought low by its awful power? What man is there among my readers whose heart has not ached for some one in his own family, bone of his bone, blood of his blood, the knowledge of whose shameful drink-slavery has burned like a white-hot brand? And in every neighborhood, moreover, we know also the cruelly mistreated wife whom the drunkard had vowed to love and protect, the ragged children with lives blighted by a drunken father's neglect, and even the midnight tears of some gray-haired mother, with lamentations like those of another Rachel for some once promising son slain by the monster evil against which we now go forth to battle.

Small wonder that its allies have no word to say in its behalf, and must shield themselves behind the glittering generalities of "personal liberty" and "local self-government."

Widening the Problem.

The increase in the number and quantity of drugs which may be used to prevent pain, quiet the nerves, and produce effects similar to those gained by the use of alcohol widens the temperance problem. Nothing is gained and something may be lost beyond recall when a family depends on the use of beer or wine to take away the effects of cocaine. From all quarters come reports of the increased use of this pernicious drug which, with morphine and other narcotics, may easily be substituted for the more evident and grosser form of intoxication. Men and women brought down to the gutter by the use of these drugs are introduced among the negroes and poor whites drugs which, habitually taken, destroy both body and soul. Recovery from the pestilent influence of these drugs is even more difficult than that from the degradation caused by alcohol.—Christian Register.

Adam Smith on Strong Drink.

Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations," whose principles are still regarded as the standard basis of real political economy, lived over a hundred years ago.

It was Adam Smith who wrote: "All labor expended in producing strong drink is utterly unproductive; it adds nothing to the wealth of the community."

What the Liquor Men Really Mean.

"The liquor men are echoing the old cry of 'Prohibition don't prohibit.' In their hearts they really don't fear that at all. What they do fear is that it will prohibit."—Kansas Prohibitionist.

A Warning.

There is a warning for metal workers in a recent report by Dr. Biondi, of Italy, who has been investigating the combined effects of alcohol and chronic metal poisoning. He finds that workmen engaged in lead, quicksilver and antimony works in Sicily have a notably reduced ability to withstand alcohol.

Ohio Nearly Won.

The liquor people fear that all but five counties in Ohio will be prohibitory within a year.

And Still the Wonder Grows.

Then, one by one, the counties began to turn out the liquor traffic. Bourbon went partly "dry." Now, after twenty months of local option, ninety-three counties are wholly "dry," and only four—Meade, Jefferson, Kenton and Campbell—still remain "wet," as before the passage of the law.—Harper's Weekly.

On the Roll of Honor.

There are a hundred places in the United States with a population of 8000 or more which are now without liquor.—Harper's Weekly.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTARIES FOR OCTOBER 11.

Subject: God's Promises to David, 1 Chron. 17—Golden Text, 1 Kings 8:56—Commit Verses 13, 14—Read 2 Sam. 7 and Ps. 89.

TIME.—1042 B. C. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPOSITION.—1. "I have been with thee whithersoever thou wentest," vs. 1-10. Nathan took it for granted without consulting God that David's proposition to build a house for God would be acceptable unto Him. But God sent Nathan right "the same night." In the first instance Nathan had spoken out of his own judgment, but now "the word of the Lord" came unto him. God will make His will known to those who sincerely desire to know it (Am. 3:7). Jehovah speaks of David as "My servant," but refused to permit him to build a house for Him. God accepts one kind of service from one man and another kind of service from another man. The prime reason why God would not permit David to build His temple was because he had been a man of war and blood (ch. 22:7, 8; 28:3). Jehovah is the "God of peace." Israel had been pilgrims dwelling in tents and wandering from place to place; and David Jehovah had been a tent with him. He had "walked with all the children of Israel" (cf. 2 Cor. 6:16; Rev. 21:3). God has never complained at sharing His people's experience nor suggested to any of the judges that they should build an house of cedar for Him. God appreciated the love that prompted David to offer to build an house for Him, though He was obliged to decline the offer. He had done great things for David, exalting him from the lowliest position to the most exalted. It is ever God's way to exalt the lowly to a position among the highest (Ps. 113:7, 8; Lu. 14:11). Many of those who are to-day among the obscurest on the earth will some day sit among princes. God took David from being a ruler of sheep to be a ruler of a kingdom. He had the number position had fitted him for the higher position. But not only had God exalted David to this position. He had also "been with thee whithersoever thou wentest" (cf. 1 Sam. 18:14; 2 Sam. 22:30, 34, 38). And He promises to be with us also (Matt. 28:20). He had cut off his enemies and made for him a great name, and that He will do for us (Isa. 55:3). What God did for David is only a faint suggestion of what God can and will do for all who are in Christ (Eph. 1:18-22). God declared to David His purpose not only regarding himself, but also regarding all Israel. This purpose of grace as announced in v. 14 is a partial fulfillment of the promise made to David, but its complete fulfillment lies still in the future. It will be fulfilled to the very letter (Jer. 24:6; Ez. 37:25, 27; Am. 9:14, 15; Isa. 60:18; Ez. 38:24). Israel's history has been one of persecution and suffering, but it will not always be so. Its temporary triumph under David and Solomon was but a faint type of the triumph that is to be theirs (Zech. 8:33). Prepare for the day when the Lord come again.

II. I Will Raise Up Thy Seed After Thee, 12-16. Jehovah's goodness to David would not end with his departure from this world. He should sleep with his fathers, not die (cf. 1 Thess. 4:14), but his seed that proceeded from himself should follow him upon the throne. Two promises were made to David: "I will raise up," "I will establish." The immediate and partial fulfillment of this promise was in Solomon (1 K. 8:20; 5:5; 1 Chron. 22:9, 10; 28:6-10). But the final and complete fulfillment is in Jesus Christ (Ps. 69:29; Isa. 9:6, 7; 11:1-3, 10; Matt. 22:42-44; Acts 2:30). "He shall build the temple of God, which shall be built with the building of the temple by Solomon, but that temple was only a type of the true temple or habitation of God. The seed of David who is building that is Jesus Christ (Zech. 6:12, 13; Matt. 16:18; Lu. 1:31-33; 1 Pet. 2:5; Eph. 2:22). Of Christ's kingdom God says: 'I will establish His throne' (cf. Isa. 9:7; Lu. 1:32, 33; Gen. 49:10; Ps. 45:1; 72:1-17; 89:33, 37; Dan. 2:44; 7:14; Heb. 1:8; Rev. 11:15). In a sense it would be true of Solomon's kingdom that Jehovah would establish it forever (1 Chron. 28:7). 'I will be His Father, and He shall call Me Son' (true in the fullest sense only of Jesus Christ (Zech. 1:17). Yet even this was true in a sense of Solomon (1 Chron. 28:6). 'If he commit iniquity, etc.' applies primarily to Solomon, but Jesus entered into the place of the sinner (2 Cor. 5:21), and this about the consequences of the sin of David's seed is applicable to Him (cf. Acts 13:36, 37). 'With stripes of the children of men,' with patient chastisement, would Jehovah chasten Solomon, if he went astray. Solomon did go far astray, and God chastened him and brought him back. Every child of God at some time needs such chastisement. Blessed is he who receives it (Deut. 8:5; Job 5:17; Ps. 94:19; 137:8; Prov. 3:11, 12; Heb. 12:5-11; Rev. 3:10). God's severest chastisements of His people are entirely different from His judgments upon the world (1 Cor. 11:30-32). Was Solomon ever restored to God's favor? Verse 13 answers the question. Jehovah's love to David secured the perpetuity of his house and city (1 K. 11:13, 34-36; Isa. 37:35).

Wants a Piece of Her Own.

A special dispatch to the London Times from Sydney says: "Australia's first sight of modern battle-ships proved even more impressive than expected, especially to federal members, many of whom declared that the spectacle was such as to inspire the house after a six-mile walk may ere long earnestly hope that Australia, at least a squadron worthy to be counted as an integral factor in imperial defense."

Boy Foresees His Own Death.

"Mother, I am going to die," said Arthur Pauling, eighteen years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Pauling, of North Greenwich, Conn. "I have seen the house after a six-mile walk before in the best of health. The mother could not see anything the matter with the boy, but in a few minutes he was dead of acute dilation of the heart."

Life of Li in a Hundred Volumes.

The life of the late Li Hung Chang has been published in the Chinese language at Shanghai. It is an official compilation in 100 volumes.