

LADY CAR; THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

OR—
BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X. 12
Continued.

Janet was greatly bewildered by the look in his eyes. She glanced at him, then turned her eyes away. She could not think what had happened. He was not angry; he looked quite kind; almost more kind than ever. But she could not look at him any more (she said to herself) than she could look at the sun shining. He was leaning down toward her from his big horse, and Janet felt very uncomfortable, confused and distressed.

"Oh, but you must not," she said—"not keep her for me. It is very kind, and I will never forget it, to let me ride her—and she is a delightful pony. But I could not take her as a present, I could not buy her, and you must just—never mind, for I cannot help it. Oh, I am afraid it has been all wrong," cried Janet, though she could not tell why.

"Not a bit," said Charlie Blackmore. "It's been the happiest time I've had all my life, and if you will never forget, as you say—"

"How should I forget?" said Janet. "You have been so very kind, and she is the most delightful pony I ever saw. But please let us go home now, for they will be sure to miss me, and everything is in a confusion, for it is our last day."

"That's just the very reason why I would like to keep you a little longer," said Charlie; "for what am I to do after you're gone? I will just wait and think it a long time till you come back. It's a long, long time till next year, and I'm feared you'll never think more of me, or the pony, when you're gone."

"Oh, yes, I will, indeed I will," said Janet. "Oh, Mr. Charlie, let us go back. I am afraid somebody will see us—and mother will be vexed."

"Well, if it must be so—here we are at the little gate," he said, with a sigh. He got off his horse and fastened it, then lifted her off the pony. "What are ye going to give me for my hire?" he said, holding her for a moment. "I've been a good groom to ye. Just a kiss for my pains before you go."

"Oh!" cried Janet, wrenching herself away. "Fright, and shame, and anger gave her wings. She darted in at the little gate which gave access to a sidepath toward the back of the house, and fled without ever looking back. But she had not gone far when she ran full upon Beaufort, who was going tranquilly along across the park, just where the path debouched. She was upon him before either of them perceived. Janet was flushed with shame and terror, and her eyes full of tears. She gave a cry of alarm when she saw who it was.

"Janet! What's the matter? You look as if something had happened."

"Oh!" she cried, with a long breath. "It's nothing wrong, Beau. I was only frightened."

"Who frightened you?" he said. "What's the matter? Why, child, you are trembling all over. Are you running from anyone?"

"No—no!" said Janet, drawing herself away from his observation—and it flashed into her guilty mind that she had passed some cows peacefully grazing. "I was frightened—for the cows," she said.

"The cows?" It was greatly in Beaufort's way that he was too much a gentleman to be able to suggest to anyone, especially a lady, that what she said was not true. He said, with some severity, "I did not know you were so nervous. You had better go at once to your mother. She has been looking for you everywhere." He took off his hat in a grave way, which made Janet more ashamed than ever, and went on without even looking back. She threw herself down on the grass when he was out of sight, and cried in a wild tumult and passion which she herself did not understand. Beau did not believe her. What did he think? What would he say? But this was not what made Janet cry.

Mr. Beaufort walked on startled to the gate, and when he emerged upon the road he saw someone riding off in the distance, a tall figure on a tall horse, which he thought he recognized; for Charlie Blackmore was a very well known figure. The horseman was leading a pony with a lady's saddle. Beaufort did not put two and two together, being too much bewildered by the suggestion of something mysterious that darted through his mind. But he shook his head as he walked along, and said "Poor Carry!" under his breath.

But Lady Car did not see Janet till she had bathed her eyes and calmed herself down. She had not, however, quite effaced the traces of her agitation. Her mother called her to come to her, and put an arm around her. "Janet, I can see you have been crying. Is it because you are sorry to go away?"

"Yes, mother," said Janet, trembling. "It is very strange," said Lady Car, "and I am glad. Oh, I wish you could feel alike, dear, you and I. I used to think a girl would always follow her mother. The boy might take his own way, but the girl—Why are you so fond of the Towers, dear?"

Janet trembled, for she was not thinking of the Towers, nor was she sorry, but only startled and frightened and confused. But she dared not throw herself on her mother, and tell her what was in her mind. She said dully, with a summoning of old artificial enthusiasms which would not answer to her call, "I suppose it is because we were born here."

"I suppose that is a reason," Carry said. "And then it's father's house, and it will be Tom's," said the girl.

are all good reasons," she said, resuming her habitual gentle calm. She had not been able to help making another little futile effort to draw her child to herself. And it had not been successful, that was all she knew. She could not have guessed with what tumultuous passion that young bosom was beating, nor how difficult it had been for Janet to keep down her agitation and say no more.

CHAPTER XI.
It was some years before the Towers was visited again. Tom went to Oxford and had a not very fortunate career there, which gave his mother a certain justification in resisting all attempts to take her back to what she felt to be so ill-omened a house. Beaufort took the common-sense part in these controversies. What did one house or another matter? he said. Why should one be ill-omened more than another? As well say that Oxford was ill-omened when Tom got into scrapes quite as great as he could have done elsewhere; indeed, even Easton, the most peaceable place in the world, had not been without dangers for the headstrong boy whose passions were so strong and his prudence so small. A boy who is not to be trusted to keep his word, who cares only for his own pleasure, who likes everything he ought not to like, and cares for nothing that he ought, how should he be safe anywhere? Beaufort was too polite to say all these things about Carry's boy, but he tried his best to persuade her that the discipline of having guests to entertain, and the occupation of shooting—"something to do," which is so essential for every creature—would be the best things possible for Tom. Probably he was right, and she was judicious. Who can tell beforehand what procedure is the best? But poor Lady Car could not get out of her eyes Tom's wild aspect as he had burst into the hall on that dreadful evening, dancing around the track of the procession going in to dinner. Peccadilloes of this kind since had been kept out of her sight, and she had tried to convince herself that it was the place and not the boy who had been in the wrong. And Janet somehow had come to share her mother's disinclination for the Towers. Janet had received a letter, not long after her return to Easton, which had plunged her into the deepest alarm; which had, indeed, reached her innocently enough without any remark, being taken for a letter from one of her cousins at Dalmyllan, but which frightened her more than words could say. She had dispatched a furtive note in reply, imploring "Mr. Charlie" not to write—oh, not to write any more—and promising eagerly not to forget either him or the pony if he only would do what she asked, and not write again. And poor Janet had been on the tenterhooks for a long time, terrified every day to see another missive arrive. She could scarcely believe in her good fortune when she found herself unmolested, but she was too much frightened to wish to return to the Towers. And thus time went on, which is so much longer to the young than it is to the old. Lady Car, indeed, was not old, but the children were so determined in believing her so, and in her life disappointments had been so many, that she fell very early into the passive stage. All that she had done had been so ineffectual, the result had been so completely unresponsive to her efforts; at least, it seemed the only policy to accept everything, to attempt nothing. Life at Easton had accordingly fallen into an exceedingly cosy routine. Beaufort's beautiful library was a place where he read the papers, or a novel, or some other unflagging book. Sometimes his studies were classical; that is to say, he went over his favorite bits of classical authors, in delightful dilettantism, and felt that his occupations were not frivolous, but the highest that could occupy the mind. He was quite contented, though his life was not an eventful one. He had, he said, no desire to shine. Sometimes he rode into Cordelton to the County Club. Sometimes he went up to town to the Athenaeum, to see what was going on. His wife's society was always pleasant to him in the intervals. Nothing could be more agreeable, more smooth, and soft, and refined, and pleasurable than his life; nothing more unlike the life of high endeavor and power of which Lady Car had dreamed. Poor Lady Car! She had dreamed of so many things which had come to nothing. And she had much to make her happy—a serene and tranquil life; a husband full of affection. Her son, indeed, was like-ly, people thought, to give her trouble. No doubt she had reason to be anxious about her son. But, happily, he was not dependent upon his own industry, nor was it of very much importance to him to do well at college. A young man with a good estate may sow his wild oats, and all be well. And this was the only rumpled leaf in her bed of roses, people said.

She herself never disclosed to anybody what was in her inmost heart. She had a smile for them all. The only matter in which she stood for her own way was that question of going to Scotland—not there, not there, but anywhere else—anything else. She fell into a sort of petite sante during these years. She said she was not ill—not ill at all, only languid and lazy; but gradually fell into the quiet condition which might be appropriate to a mother of seventy, but not to one of forty. Tom and Janet did not see much difference between these ages, and as for Beaufort, the subdued and gentle charm of his wife's character was quite appropriate to a cessation from

active ventures. He liked her better almost upon her sofa, or taking a quiet walk through the garden leaning upon his arm, her wishes all confined within that peaceful inclosure, happy to watch the moon rise and the sun set, and apparently caring for nothing more. He talked to her of the light and shade, the breadth of the quiet soft landscape, the stars in the sky, or about the new books, and sometimes what was going on—everything he could have said. They were spectators of the uneasy world, which rolled on as if they were outside of it in some little paradise of their own, watching how men "play pranks before high heaven as make the angels weep." He was fond of commenting on all that, on the futility of effort, on the way in which people flung themselves against the impossible, trying to do what no man could ever do, to affect the movement of the spheres. He would smile at statesmen and philanthropists, and all kinds of restless people, from his little throne on the lawn, looking out over the peaceful landscape. And Lady Car would respond with a smile, with a glance that often lingered upon him as he talked, and in which he sometimes felt there was something which he did not quite understand. But what should that be—something that he did not understand? He understood most things, and talked beautifully. He was the most perfect gentleman; his every tone, his every thought was full of refinement. And Lady Car was well pleased, who could doubt, to lie back in her deep chair and listen. What happiness could a woman—a woman no longer young, not in very good health, an idealist, a minor poet—what could she desire more?

There came, however, a time when the claims of the Towers could no longer be ignored. Tom came of age, and Lady Car could no longer combat the necessity of going back to hold the necessary festivities and put him in possession of his lands and his home. Tom had come altogether to blows with his college and all its functionaries by this time, and had been requested to remove himself from the university in a somewhat hasty manner, which he declared loudly was very good fun, but did not perhaps in his secret heart enjoy the joke of so much as he made appear, for he had a great deal of that Scotch pride which cannot bear to fall, even when he had done everything to bring the catastrophe about. He had not met with many reproaches at home, for Lady Car was so convinced of the great futility of her own exertions, that, save for the "Oh, Tom!" with which he was received, and the tear which made her eyes more lucid than normal, she made no demonstration at all of her distress. Beaufort looked very grave, but took little notice. "It was evident that this must have come sooner or later," he said coldly, with a tone in which Tom read contempt.

"Why did you send me there?" the young man cried, reddening sullenly, "if you knew that this was what must come?"

"I suppose your mother sent you—because it is considered necessary for a gentleman," said Beaufort.

"And I suppose you mean I'm not one," cried Tom.

"I never said so," his stepfather answered coldly. Janet seized upon her brother's arm and drew him away.

"Oh, what is the good of quarrelling with Beau? Did you expect nobody was to say a word?" cried Janet.

"Well, said Tom, "they can't prevent me coming of age next year, whatever they do, and then I should like to know who will have any right to say a word?"

"Mother will always have a right, to say whatever she pleases, Tom."

"Oh, mother!" he said. Janet shook him by the arm she held. She cried passionately—

"I wouldn't if it had been me. I shouldn't have let anyone say that what was needed for a gentleman was too much for me. Oh, I would have died sooner!" Janet said.

He shook her off with a muttered oath: "Much you know about gentlemen—or ladies either. I know something of you that if I were to tell mother—"

"What?" Janet cried, almost with a shriek.

"Oh, I know—and if you don't sing very small I'll tell; but, mind, I'll not say Oh, dear! like mother. I'll turn you out of house and home if you carry on with any fellow when you're with me."

Subject: The Nearness of God.

Acts 17:27: "Though He be not far from every one of us."

The consciousness of the reality of a power outside ourselves is a fundamental in the religious experience of the race. The understanding that the inexplicable and universal external potency is Deity marks an advanced step in the spiritual intelligence of humanity. The sense of the proximity of divinity is characteristic of the most advanced explanations of the religious experiences of men. That religion offers the most satisfactory practicalities and theology which is possessed of the clearest comprehension of the reality and presence of the God in whom we live, as Paul says, and move and have our being, is a sufficient reason for asserting the supremacy of that religious system that we call Christian lies in the fact that in it we have the efforescence of the thought that our God is not an absentee near. The God and Father of us and of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is not far from any one of us who knows Him and endeavors to keep His commandments, neither do we postulate Him as far from those who, out in the far country of iniquity and folly and deificity, are feeding their souls on food unfit for swine.

The God of Christ is as near as ever. His Spirit is with us and within us. His presence is a feature and a force, and may be if we will a consciously accepted fact and power in our lives.

In the consciousness of the nearness of God there is to be found the power, the peace and the inspiration beyond compare. And in the sense of the all presence of God, the spiritual regeneration and the moral reformation of the race. For the sense of the nearness of God, moulding force in the moral life of man and intensifier of spiritual vigor as it is, is prerequisite that we may have that revival of religion for which we hope and pray. It is impossible to teach a man anything about the supernatural, unless he first understand his holiest obligations to God and the children of God until he has a lively consciousness of the reality and nearness of God.

The sense of the nearness of God makes for power. It strengthens the arm of man and stoutens the heart of man for Christian service. It amplifies the moral faculties of men. Just in proportion that a man is conscious of the nearness of God is he mighty in the service of God and careful of the moral integrity of his life. The man who has little sense of the proximity of God does little for Him and lives little like Him. The man who habitually practices, the presence of God, having an ever present measure of and incentive to righteousness, endeavors constantly to do His pleasing to God and worthy of His approbation. The man who does not have thought of the nearness of God never feels the need to live as God would desire him to live.

The sense of the nearness of God makes for power not only in the ordering of the internal moral life of man, but it makes for valor in the warfare against sin. No careful student of scripture can be cheerful as he contemplates the morality of the world to-day from the standpoint of one who would transform morals by the power of the will of men. Not more can we hope to transform the world by the energies of man than we are able to rid ourselves unaided of the grace and empowering of God from sin. But when a man understands that the God of the world is his world, and that the God who has commanded that we shall rebuke sin stands with us and abides within us, then the mass of sin loses its insurmountable aspect and the onslaught of Satan becomes correspondingly less terrific.

The sense of the nearness of God makes for peace. It ministers to the peace and comfort of material things, though we should never forget that by seeking the kingdom of God first we shall soonest enjoy that blessed life when all men shall enjoy the material comforts of the world, but it gives to us the spiritual peace of God incorruptible, undefiled and fadeless, which is the gift of God to those who in sincerity and truth try to do His will in all things as they are. But it does give us peace ineffable in that it assures us that though we may be unable to rectify the evils of the day and age, though we have neither time nor strength nor opportunity successfully to overthrow many a mighty wrong, God will labor where we may not, and He will succeed where we must cease, He will accomplish in His time what we cannot achieve in ours.

The sense of the nearness of God makes for inspiration. The nearer we conceive God to be, the nearer we are sure He is, the more are we inspired to do our work in our own time under His direction, to sacrifice, to suffer, to be patient, forbearing, obedient. There is nothing more deheartening than to attempt to carry on the fight against sin unaided by the help of the ever-present God. Nor is there anything more inspiring than to undertake the positive and progressive program of righteousness that looks toward the kingdom of God as an ultimate ideal, possessed of the assurance that the God who was near His people in the past is near to them to-day. The sense of the nearness of God gave Abraham hope and Jacob spiritual vitality. It warmed the zeal of the prophet and quickened the pulses of the priests and kings whose names Israel revere. It mented the spirit of the apostles, comforted Stephen, surcharged Paul, energized the forces which in the name of Christ swept the Empire of Rome. The sense of the presence of God has an equal inspirational influence to-day. Controlled by it we may dare the impossible, overcome the overwhelming, change the age-long habits of a sinful world. Without it we can do nothing perdurable, nothing eternally superb.

He is not far from every one of us. Therefore, let us be zealous, let us be circumspect, let us trust and be worthy. With Him near there is power, peace, inspiration, the incentive to live as ever in His sight.

A Majestic Outlet.

There is no more majestic outlet for all the true love Christ pours into our lives than the missionary work of the church.—Rev. Marshall Hartley.

Our National Flower.

Everything drooped except those stalwart American Beauty roses, so costly, so splendid, so hard and so unromantic. O, national flower of Americans!—Mrs. John Lane.

Pathetic.

He was very sad. His confidence in some of his best friends had been rudely shattered. He had just acknowledged that he had been mistaken and they had not contradicted him.

Austrian Women Barbers.

Women barbers are admitted to the Austrian Union, but they are required to apprentice themselves for three years before they can go into business on their own account.

The Pulpit

A SERMON
BY THE REV.
IRA W. HENDERSON

Subject: The Nearness of God.

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The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 4.

Subject: Peter and Cornelius, Acts 10:1-48—Golden Text, Acts 10:35—Commit Verses 13-15—Commentary on Day's Lesson.

TIME.—A. D. 40. PLACES.—Caesarea and Joppa.

EXPOSITION.—I. A Godly Soldier, 1-9. The central figure of this lesson is a captain in the Roman army. The barracks at Caesarea would seem to be a most unlikely place to find the first Gentile convert to Christianity, but there is where he was found. Cornelius was a God-fearing man. He was one who did not keep his piety to himself, but called upon his whole household to share it with him. Cornelius does not seem to have been a proselyte of the Jewish faith (v. 28; cf. ch. 11:3) and he certainly was not as yet a saved man (ch. 11:13, 14), but he was on the road that leads to salvation. He became a saved man by believing on Jesus Christ (v. 43; cf. ch. 15:7-9).

There are those who contend we should never get a man to pray until he is definitely saved, but it was in answer to prayer that Cornelius got the light by which he was saved. Of course, if a man is a deliberate rebel against God, we should not get him to pray; for the prayer of such a one is an abomination unto God (Prov. 15:8; 28:9; Is. 59:1, 2). But a man may be a sincere seeker after truth like Cornelius, though he has not yet found the light. There is nothing better for him to do than to pray (James 1:5). God will always lead into light all those who sincerely desire it (John 1:7-17). It was while Cornelius was praying that the first leadings came to Cornelius. It is when we draw near unto God that He draws near unto us (Jas. 4:8). Cornelius was frightened by the celestial visitor, but man always is by the approach of the supernatural (cf. Dan. 10:11; Luke 1:12-13; 24:5). But Cornelius while frightened maintained his equilibrium and was ready to obey; he was every inch a Roman soldier. He was encouraged by being told that God had noted and remembered his prayers and alms. His prayers and alms did not save him (ch. 11:13, 14; 10:43), but they had prepared the way for his salvation. God takes note of sincere prayer and of the alms that accompany them. Praying and giving should always go hand in hand (1 John 3:16-22). Cornelius' faith was put to a severe test; he was told to send to a certain unknown man who would tell him what he ought to do (cf. ch. 11:14). The angel himself might have told Cornelius this, but it is the plan of God to have the way of life made plain to man by men (cf. ch. 9:4-7; 8:26). Cornelius proved his faith by his prompt obedience. Cornelius' piety was also of the communicative sort; for the soldier who waited upon him continually was also a religious man.

II. Peter Prepared to Preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, 9-20. While God prepares one man to hear the Gospel, He also prepares another man to preach it. It certainly cannot be explained as empty dreams of a fevered imagination that Cornelius at one end of the line saw an angel who bade him send for Peter, and that Peter at the other end of the line should have a vision preparing him for the call just before the messengers arrived, and should have the voice of the Spirit bidding him to go. There is a possibility of present contact between the supernatural world and human life. History demonstrates this. One can be an Atheist or a Deist or Agnostic only by deliberately shutting his eyes to the established facts of history. Note how the supernatural and natural play into one another in Bible history; Peter's hunger was natural, and there is nothing more natural than that a hungry man dream of eating, but God gave supernatural direction to the dream that had a natural origin. God knows how to time things just right. Just when Peter was at a perplexity about the meaning of the vision of unclean beasts, the "unclean" Gentiles are asking for him at the gate. The Spirit was very definite in His words to Peter. He told him just how many men there were at the gate asking for him (v. 19). Peter had a very practical test as to whether it was the Spirit of truth that was speaking to him. How unlike the confused and uncertain (oftentimes mistaken) voices that people tell us are voices of the Spirit. When the Spirit sends there is nothing left to do but to obey, and without doubting, even though we do not understand at all (v. 20). Peter's faith was equal to the occasion, he obeyed orders. It was while Peter was in prayer that the guidance came to him (v. 9).

Breaks His Bridge.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.—Herbert.

A Bad Plan.

Running another down is a poor way of making the Christian race.

Pensions on French Roads.

The French Government's project to pension employes of the State railroad has been completed and presented to a Parliamentary commission in Paris. It provides for the retiring of engineers and firemen over fifty years of age who have been twenty-five years in the service on half-pay, and gives pensions to disabled men who have fifteen years of service to their credit. The average salary of an engineer is \$800 a year and of firemen \$500.

"Uncle Remus" Home as Memorial.

Snapeban Farm and the Sign of the Wren's Nest, as Joel Chandler Harris styled his home at Atlanta, Ga., is to be purchased by the friends of "Uncle Remus" and presented to the public as a memorial to the author.

Legal Aid Society.

The Legal Aid Society, of New York City, started a movement to rid the Criminal Courts Building of legal leeches who prey on the ignorant and defenseless.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

What is a Saloon?

From a man in the penitentiary, who was sentenced there for a crime which he committed while drunk:
A bar to heaven, a door to hell—Whoever named it, named it well!
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.
A bar to honor and a grief and shame;
A door to sin and an angry name;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to having senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.
A bar to joy that makes men impart,
A door to tears and aching heart;
A bar to heaven, a door to hell—Whoever named it, named it well!

The Most Dangerous Tempters.

A man who has mingled much with the business and social world was discussing the drink habit, in an interview with a representative of the *Saturday Express*.
"It is all nonsense," he said, "for young men to say that they cannot resist the temptations of the saloon. As far as my experience goes, the saloonkeepers of San Antonio and the men of San Antonio seldom urge a young man to drink. They say, 'No, I never drink,' or 'I would like to be excused this time,' that is the end of it. It is all a mistake about a young man being forced to drink if he mingles much with the men of the town. He can refuse very easily, if he wants to; and when it is once known that a man never drinks, he is seldom asked to do it. But the real hard people to get away from are the women who come into a reception where the punch is strong enough to knock you down, and the first woman you meet will say, 'Do come and have some punch.'"
"No, thank you, not now."
"Oh, yes; just one glass with me."
"If by a certain amount of rudeness you are able to escape this woman, the next one you meet will say: 'This is the most delicious punch. Let me help you.'"
"What! Don't drink much? What kind of a man are you? I assure you this is quite harmless."
"A matronly woman comes along and says: 'You must taste this punch; it is made from my special recipe and I am proud of it.'"
"Don't drink? Well, just this time to please my children."
"And so on through the evening. A young man who is strong enough to resist the temptations of society has nothing to fear from the saloons."

This is the testimony of not one young man, but several, and it is no uncommon thing to hear men and boys say: "Why will women urge a fellow to drink the way they do?"
There is something peculiar about wine or liquors of any kind—you are always urged to take it. You can refuse bread and butter, meat and potatoes, and even coffee without a word of remonstrance, but never wine.

The Uses of Adversity.

"Grogan," said the head of the department store, eying him sharply, "you've quit drinking, haven't you?"
"Yes, sir," answered the red-headed Hibernian who worked in the packing department. "I haven't taken a drink any stronger than 'niced tea' for three months."
"I am glad to hear it, Grogan. I'll make it an object to you to stay quit. But how did you break yourself of the habit?"
"Be hittin' me thumb-nail wid a hammer whin I was packin' a box o' goods."
"I don't see how that could cure you."
"Well, Misther Barker, it was this way. If I'd been sober, d'ye mind, I'd never have done it, but I wasn't. Whin I whacked me thumb instead of the nail I was thyrin' to drive, it made a black spot at the root of me thumb-nail. I says to meself, 'You'll never be able to work any more at work. I'll punish my fr' that. Ye hadn't have a drink ay ayther beer 'r whiskey until that black spot has gone.'"
"Well, sir, it was two months before it had grown out to the end o' me thumb an' I cut it off, an' be that time I'd lost all me appetite fr' beer an' whiskey."
"Thin I starts meself. Grogan, I'll reward you for that. Ye're sober! That man now, an' ye'll stay sober. That's the whole story, sir.—Youth's Companion.

The Saloon a Parasite.

Business men are coming to realize that there are two wealth producers on earth—one is the hand and the other the head. All wealth is created by work. For a city or State to be prosperous two things it must have—men and women with steady hand and cloudless brain who are at work. These are our money-makers. Saloons make no money. They gather in a lot of it from those who do make it, but wealth is produced only by those who toil with the hand or head. The saloon is the greatest curse to the business producing interests that is known to civilized men, and the business men are coming to realize it. They know that it unerves the hand and paralyzes the brain of everyone under its influence.

The Best Way.

The most successful way to promote abstinence from liquor, says Forward, is to invite men and women to give their hearts to Christ. The fight against habits is vain without His help, but when He holds the hand of the tempted man the victory is sure.