******* BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X. 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 career there, which gave his mother let me ride her-and she is a delightful pony. But I could not take her as a present, I could not buy her, she felt to be so ill-omened a house. and you must just-you must justnever mind, for I cannot help it. Oh, in these controversies. What did one I am afraid it has been all wrong," cried Janet, though she could not tell Why should one be ill-omened more

"Not a bit," said Charlie Blackmore. "It's been the happiest time into scrapes quite as great as he could 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 gers for the headstrong boy whose she is the most delightful pony I ever passions were so strong and his prusaw. But please let us go home now, dence so small. A boy who is not to longer be ignored. Tom came of age, for they will be sure to miss me, and be trusted to keep his word, who and Lady Car could no longer combat everything is in a confusion, for it is cares only for his own pleasure, who the necessity of going back to hold our last day."

I would like to keep you a little how should he be safe anywhere? home. Tom had come altogether to longer," said Charlie; "for what am Beaufort was too polite to say all blows with his college and all its I to do after you're gone? I will just these things about Carry's boy, but functionaries by this time, and had come back. It's a long, long time the disciplire of having guests to en- from the university in a somewhat till next year, and I'm feared you'll tertain, and the occupation of shoot- hasty manner, which he declared 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 Probably he was right, and she inju- for he had a great deal of that Scotch go back. I am afraid somebody will dicious. Who can tell beforehand pride which cannot bear to fall, even 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 somehow had come to share her anger gave her wings. She darted in mother's disinclination for the Towat the little gate which gave access to ers. Janet had received a letter, not a sidepath toward the back of the long after her return to Easton, house, and fled without ever looking which had plunged her into the deepback. But she had not gone far est alarm; which had, indeed, reached when she ran full upon Beaufort, who her innocently enough without any was going tranquilly along across the remark, being taken for a letter from park, just where the path debouched. one of her cousins at Dalmylian, but She was upon him before either of which frightened her more than them perceived. Janet was flushed words could say. She had dispatched with shame and terror, and her eyes a furtive note in reply, imploring full of tears. She gave a cry of alarm when she saw who it was.

look as if something had happened." the pony if he only would do what away. long breath. "It's nothing wrong, Beau. was only frightened."

"Who frightened you?" he said. you are trembling all over. Are you good fortune when she found herself running from anyone?"

herself away from his observationand it flashed into her guilty mind which is so much longer to the young that she had passed some cows peace- than it is to the old. Lady Car, infully grazing. "I was frightenedfor the cows." she said.

Deaufort's way that he was too much had been so many, that she fell very a gentleman to be able to suggest to early into the passive stage. All that anyone, especially a lady, that what she had done had been so ineffectual the said was not true. He said, with the result had been so completely unsome severity, "I did not know you responsive to her efforts; at least, it were so nervous. You had better go seemed the only policy to accept at once to your mother. She has everything, to attempt nothing. Life been looking for you everywhere." at Easton had accordingly fallen into He took off his hat in a grave way, an exceedingly cosy routine, Beauwhich made Janet more ashamed fort's beautiful library was a place than ever, and went on without even where he read the papers, or a novel, looking back. She threw herself or some other unfatiguing book. down on the grass when he was out Sometimes his studies were classical: of sight, and cried in a wild tumult that is to say, he went over his faand passion which she herself did vorite bits of classical authors, in denot understand. Beau did not be- lightful dillettantism, and felt that lieve her. What did he think? What his occupations were not frivolous, would he say? But this was not but the highest that could occupy the what made Janet cry.

the gate, and when he emerged upon one. He had, he said, no desire to the road he saw someone riding off shine. Sometimes he rode into Corin the distance, a tall figure on a tall delton to the County Club. Somehorse, which he thought he recog- times he went up to town to the which is making the round of a nized; for Charlie Blackmore was a Atnenaeum, to see what was going very well known figure. The horse- on. His wife's society was always man was leading a pony with a lady's pleasant to him in the intervals. saddle. Beaufort did not put two Nothing could be more agreeable, "the longest resident," the sad physiand two together, being too much be- more smooth, and soft, and refined, wildered by the suggestion of some- and pleasurable than his life; noth- the shortest, although in bulk and thing mysterious that darted through his mind. But he shook his head as deavor and power of which Lady Car he lacks in height. 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 erying. Is it because you are sorry to pily, he was not dependent upon his go away?"

"Yes, mother," said Janet, trem-

"It is very strange," said Lady Car, "and I am glad. Oh, I wish we could feel alike, dear, you and I. I pled leaf in her bed of roses, people used to think a girl would always fol- said. low 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 there, but anywhere else-anything 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 languid and lazy; but gradually fell not answer to her call, "I suppose it is because we were born here."

"I suppose that is a reason," Carry said

it will be Tom's," said the girl.

Her mother loosed her arm, faint- charm of his wife's character was

•••••• 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 attempts to take her back to what Beaufort took the common-sense part house or another matter? he said. than another? As well say that Oxthe world, had not been without dan- more? likes everything he ought not to like, the necessary festivities and put him "That's just the very reason why and cares for nothing that he ought, in possession of his lands and his wait and think it a long time till you he tried his best to persuade her that been requested to remove himself ing-"something to do," which is so loudly was very good fun, but did not be the best things possible for Tom. joke of so much as he made appear, what procedure is the best? But when he had done everything to bring poor Lady Car could not get out of the catastrophe about. He had not her eyes Tom's wild aspect as he had met with many reproaches at home, burst into the hall on that dreadful for Lady Car was so convinced of the evening, dancing around the track of great futility of her own exertions, the procession going in to dinzer. that, save for the "Oh, Tom!" with Peccadilloes of this kind since had which he was received, and the tear been kept out of her sight, and she which made her eyes more lucid than had tried to convince herself that it normal, she made no demonstration had been in the wrong. And Janet "Mr. Charlie" not to write-oh, not "Janet! What's the matter? You eagerly not to forget either him or her brother's arm and drew him she asked, and not write again. poor Janet had been on the tenterhooks for a long time, terrified every day to see another missive arrive. "What's the matter? Why, child, She could scarcely believe in her unmolested, but she was too much "No-no!" said Janet, drawing frightened to wish to return to the Towers. And thus time went on,

deed, was not old, but the children were so determined in believing her "The cows!" It was greatly in so, and in her life disappointments mind. He was quite contented, Mr. Beaufort walked on startled to though his life was not an eventful ing more unlike the life of high enhad dreamed. Poor Lady Car! She had dreamed of so many things which had come to nothing. And she had and tranquil life; a husband full of ;, people thought, to give her trouble. No doubt she had reason to be anxious about her son. But, hapown industry, nor was it of very much

She herself never disclosed to any body what was in her inmost heart. She had a smile for them all. The only matter in which she stood fc. her own way was that question of going to Scotland-not there, not else. She fell into a sort of petite sante during these years. She said she was not ill-not ill at all, only into the quiescent condition which might be appropriate to a mother of seventy, but not to one of forty. Tom and Janet did not see much dif-"And then it's father's house, and | ference between these ages, and as

importance to him to do well at col-

lege. A young man with a good

estate may sow his wild oats, and all

be " ell. And this was the only rum-

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-verything 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 Oxford and had a not very fortunate sometimes felt there was something which he did not quite understand. a certain justification in resisting all 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 ford was ill-omened when Tom got and listen. What happiness could a woman-a woman no longer young, have done elsewhere; indeed, even not in very good health, an idealist, a Easton, the most peaceable place in minor poet-what could she desire

There came, however, a time when the claims of the Towers could no essential for every creature—would perhaps in his secret heart enjoy the was the place and not the boy who 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 youbecause 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 to write any more—and promising answered coldly. Janet seized upon

"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.

shouldn't have let anyone say that what was needed for a gentleman was too much for me. Oh, I would have died sconer!" 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 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."

To be Continued.

Where the German Language Scores.

The poverty of the English language is exemplified by a circular suburb and inviting subscriptions to a testimonial to the station master. It comes from one who styles himself cal fact being that he is probably rotundity he makes up for the inches

Here is a case in which the very clumsiness of the German language would be inestimable help, for then much to make her happy-a serene this gentleman could quite correctly describe himself "the for-the-longestaffection. Her son, indeed, was like- time-herein-residing," or even perhaps "the for-the-longest-time-herein-residingest" individual. Those compound adjectives of the Teutons may be awkward, but they express what the use means, and insures accuracy .- London Chronicle.

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

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.

Our National Flower.

Everything drooped except those stalwart American Beauty roses, so for Beaufort, the subdued and gentle costly, so splendid, so hard and so our lives than the missionary work unromantic. O, national flower of ly, with a sigh. "Yes, my dear, these | quite appropriate to a cessation from | Americans! -- Mrs. John Lane.

The Sunday-School

MENTS FOR APRIL 4.

Commentary on Day's Lesson.

the race. The understanding that the inexplicable and universal external potency is Deity marks an advanced step in the spiritual intelli-gence of humanity. The sense of the proximity of divinity is characteriste 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.

A mighty reason for asserting the supremacy of that religious system that we call Christian lies in the fact that in it we have the efflorescence of the thought that our God is not an absentee but 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 deceitfulness, are feeding their souls

The Pulpit

Subject: The Nearness of God.

Acts 17:27: "Though He be not far

The consciousness of the reality of

a power outside ourselves is a funda-

mental in the religious experience of

warens

A SERMON'

THE REV-

IRA W. HENDERSON

from every one of us.

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

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 Jehovah there lies the alone hope for 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 pre-requisite that we may have that revival of religion for which we hope and pray. It is impossible to teach a man anything about the supernal God or to make him understand his holiest obligations to God and the children of God until he has a lively consciousness of the reality and near-

ness 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 con-scious of the nearness of God is he doughty 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 be well-pleasing to God and worthy of His approbation. The man who doesn't 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 history can be cheerful as he contemplates the morality of the 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 in the 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 correspond-

ingly less terrific. The sense of the nearness of God makes for peace. It ministers not 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. It ministers not the peace of satisfaction with 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, we have neither time nor strength nor opportunity successfully to overthrow many a mighty wrong, God will labor where we may not He will be here when we are gone, 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 disheartening 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 and ideal, possessed of the assurance that the God who was near His people in the past is near to them The sense of the nearness of God gave Atraham hope and Jacob spiritual vitality. It warmed the zeal of the prophet and quickened the pulses of the priests and kings whose names Israel reveres. It augmented the spiritual capacities of the apostles, produced Pentecost, com-forted 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, noth-

ing 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 signt.

A Majestic Outlet.

There is no more majestic outlet for all the true love Christ pours into of the church .- Rev. Marshall HartINTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-

Subject: Peter and Cornelius, Acts 10:1-48-Golden Text, Acts 10: 35-Commit Verses 13-15-TIME. - A. D. 40. PLACES.

Caesarea and Joppa. EXPOSITION. — I. A Godly Sol dier, 1-8. The central figure of this lesson is a captain in the Roman · The barracks at Caesares 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 Godfearing man. He was one who did not keep his piety to himself, but called upon his whole household to share it with him. He was a man of prayer and a generous giver. He prayed for light (cf. vs. 31, 32) and followed the light when it was given. It was because he asked for light that he got it (cf. James 1:5). The alms he gave to others had much to do with God's giving the saving truth to him (v. 4: cf. Luke 6:28; Prov. 21:13; 2 Cor. 9:6-8). 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 truth. 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 7:17). It was while Cornelius was praying that the first leadings came to Cornelius. when we draw near unto God that He draws near unto us (Jas. 4:8). Cornelius was frightened by the celestial visitor as sinful man always is by the approach of the supernatural (cf. Dan. 10:11; Luke 1:12-19; 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 salva-tion. 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

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 man (cf. ch. 9:6-17; 8:26). Cornelius proved his faith by his prompt obedience. Cornelius' piety was 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 world to-day from the standpoint of Gospel, He also prepares another man to preach it to him. It certainly cannot be explained away 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 hear the voice of the Spirit bidding him go. There is, beyond question, a supernatural world and a possibility of present contact between the surer. natural 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 in 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 defi-nite 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 un-like 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 go and that 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

him what he ought to do (cf. ch. 11:

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 engineers is \$800 a year and of fremen \$500

"Uncle Remus' " Home as Memorial. Snapbean 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 "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

person a man in the penitentiary, who was sentenced there for a crime which he

THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE. What is a Saloon?

committed while drunk.] A bar to heaven, a door to hell— Whoever named it, named it well! A har to manliness and wealth, A door to want and broken health. A door to want and broken health.

A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A har to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.
A bar to honored, useful life.
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to save darkness days and contents. door to every drunkard's grave. bar to joy that home imparts, door to tears and aching hearts; 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 in-

terview with a representative of the San Antonio 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. You can go 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 as-

sure 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 me. I've raised my children on this punch."

"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 sa-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 of remonstrance, but never

The Uses of Adversity.

"Grogan," said the head of the department store, eying him sharply, "you've quit drinking, haven't you?"
"Yes, sor," answered the red-headed Hibernian who worked in the packing department. "I haven't taken a dhrink av annything sthronger th'n

iced tay f'r 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' "I don't see how that could cure

"Well. Misther Barker, it was this way. If I'd been sober, d'ye moind I'd niver have done it, but I wasn't Whin I whacked me thumb instead av the nail I was thryin' to dhrive, it made a black spot at the root av me thumb-nail. I says to mesilf, 'Grogan, I'll punish ye f'r that. Ye sha'n't have a dhrink av ayther beer 'r whusky until that black spot has

gone. Well, sor, it was two months befure it had growed out to the end o' me thumb an' I cud cut it off an' be that time I'd lost all me appetite f'r

"Thin I says to mesilf, 'Grogan, I'll reward ye f'r that. Ye're a sober man now, an' ye'll stay sober.' That's the whole story, sor."-Youth's Companion.

The Salcon 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 havemen 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 unnerves 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.

The Real Source.

The temperance movement is not due to local or ephemeral causes, writes Dr. Samuel J. Barrows, in the Outlook; it springs from a public conviction which the United States Supreme Court has well rendered, namely, that "the public health, the public morals and the public safety are endangered by the general use of intoxicating liquors;" and that "the idleness, disorder, pauperism and crime existing in this country are largely traceable to this evil."

Oklahoma Done With It.

Oklahoma voted, at the recent election, to abolish the dispensary system, and Governor Haskell has now declared it at an end. It is said that the action leaves the citizens of he State without any lawful way of purchasing liquor for even medicinal purposes, which makes it impossible o work off on the druggist the old excuse of "a misery in the bones."

Laughing Schools.

What will drunkards' wives do when all the saloons are wiped out? -Start laughing schools.



I WONDER WHY?

There's joy and gladness everywhere, Like gentle snowflakes in the air;

I wonder why?
The angels sang good will to men;
Sweet tiding are proclaimed again,
And that is why.

Christ came to earth a little one; So lowly, yet He was God's Son; I wonder why? God gave His Son from Heaven above That we might live; for God is love;

And that is why.
-Wm. Harvey Erb. A Lover of God.

wo matter what the calendar said, the month ended uniformly on a 3aturday night at Saints' Rest. This because the mine operators counted on two or three days' idleness after pay-day, and thought it well that Sunday should be among

They had experimented once of twice, paying all the men in new one-dollar bills. There were about two hundred men, and the average was fifty dollars to a man. Before the the numerous saloons had deposited more than six hundred of those new bills. But the monthly wage of Theophilus Lloyd was not among

Yet when he had lived near Scran ton, there was not a wilder man in the mines than he, nor one who drained a deeper glass, till the Sal-vation Army got hold of him, and helped him on his feet. But he fell again and again, for his companions in evil were many, and the habit was strong upon him. And so one day he came home with a month's pay in his pocket, gave half of it to his mother, and with the rest paid his way to the new Saints' Rest mine in East Tennessee; for he was determined to make one last effort to reform. And before he went he gave his testimony in the Army meeting that he was leaving home sober and in the fear of Cod, and he asked the prayers of all his friends that he

might be faithful to the end. His mother encouraged his going yet wept in his arms. He was all she had. Some one had told her that the name Theophilus, which she found in her Testament, meant "Lover of God." She had given her boy that name—her only boy, born after his

father's death.

Somehow she lived through the years of his childhood, and till he was big and strong, and could dig as many tons of coal a day as the best of them. And he was true to his name till he got to earning money and drinking. After that came bitter years, but years of hope, for she never could bring herself to believe that some day he would not be what

she had named him. Once a month from the Saints Rest mine came the surplus of his wage, and it left no margin for bad habits. The letters were full of hope. and written with increasing strength of will. From the day of his arrival, Theophilus had taken his stand as a sober man and a Christian, and that made it not so hard. At Scranton they all knew his past, but here it was as if he had always been soher. The superinterdent encouraged him; the mine "bcsa" befriended him; the best men were his associates. It was not always easy to go by the saloons,

but it was not impossible, and he did Two years went by, and the time was in sight when Theophilus would return home. Pay-day was to come next Saturday. He would collect his last month's pay and return to his

mother. Then out of a clear sky came the had been killed in a drunken fight. "O God," cried the agonized moth-"is this the answer to my play-

ers?" Theophilus was shot on Saturday night and buried on Sunday afternoon. While the minister preached above his grave, a group of drunken miners near by quarreled over a keg of beer, until they came to a fight, and the defeated portion of the company took refuge from pursuit in the assembly, and so augmented the fu-neral company. And one bullet struck the tree which stood at the minister's back. If the conditions were not favorable to pulpit oratory. they gave added point to the temperance sermon. And back in Scranton a mother wept, and said, "O God, I

could give him up willingly, almost gladly, if he had not fallen!" But in the quiet of the Sabbath evening, as she prayed, there came a strange peace, and a conviction which brought comfort. Her boy had not fallen. She would not believe it. He had remained true these two years; she would not believe that he had failed at the last moment.

It was Wednesday before she knew the whole story. The minister wrote it out and sent it to her, and the superintendent of the mine added a let-ter confirming it. Theophilus had collected his month's wages, nearly, seventy dollars, and had the money in his pocket. He was returning to his boarding-place when a fight occurred, and he attempted to make peace, and was shot. He played the part of a brave man to the end, and left a clean record behind him.

The superintendent sent the money, and the minister forwarded a letter, sealed and ready for the mail, which they found in his pocket. He had intended that it should precede him by a few hours, and assure his mother that he was on his way. Just what it contained, only the mother knew; but it brought her comfort, and she knew that her boy had died. as during the years of trial he had lived, a lover of God.—Youth's Com-

Turn to the Cross.

The cross is the great centre of God's moral universe! To this centre God ever pointed, and the eye of faith ever looked forward, until the Saviour came. And now we must ever turn to that cross as the centre of all our blessing, and the basis of all our blessing, both on earth and in Heaven-in time and throughout all etornity.-D. L. Moody.

Grows as It Gives. The light of love always grows as it gives itself away.

Disc For Hooker Telescope. Word has been received by Dr. George E. Hale, at Los Angeles, Cal., head of the Mount Lowe Solar Observatory, that the glass works in Gobain, France, will at once undertake another cast of the 100-inch disc for the eservatory, to be placed in the Hooker telescope to cost \$50,000.

To Build Tenements. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt gave \$1,000,000 to fight the white plague

by building sanitary tenements.