

THE MAN SHE LOVED

By EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS.

CHAPTER XXVII. 18

Enid crouched down as he disappeared; she rocked herself to and fro, her grief was so great, her mental agony so terrible.

"Heaven forgive me for this sin," she moaned out loud. "It was to save you, Gervais, to save you, my darling, and you did not know—you shall never know it! I must go away, and I shall never see you again, Gervais; but I have saved you, and that is all I need!"

The whisper was caught on the wintry wind and carried away, and Enid still wept on, but after awhile her tears ceased and she rose from her cramped position.

"It is good-by," she said, brokenly to herself, as she moved with difficulty along the snow-covered path; "good-by forever!"

As she went slowly away, a man came from behind the clump of trees and stood looking after her.

"For my sake!" he repeated, in a low voice. "For my sake, and I said such cruel things to her! Oh, my poor child, what a heart is yours, and how I have been mistaken! Would Dorothy have sacrificed herself like this?" He shook his head; his mad passion had gone, his face was set with a grim, determined look. "Dorothy—my wife—the woman I have worshipped—false to her honor and to her name! Well, the end has come; the scales have fallen from my eyes. Heaven knows what my life will be; she has destroyed all faith and trust, and shaken my great love to its very roots. I must know all, be it as black as hades itself. I have been walking blindfold—poor, miserable fool; now I must see, even if it break my heart."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

At Death's Door.

Enid had managed to get to her room without attracting much attention. Dare had waited for her at the gate and had silently drawn her hand through his arm and led her back to the house.

Once in her room, she crouched by the fire to thaw her chilled limbs; her teeth were chattering and her lips trembling.

She felt thoroughly ill, yet she was determined to call all her strength to her. She would only take such few things as she had brought with her when Dorothy had summoned her to Weir Cottage, and her pictures and brushes. She would leave all the rest behind her. Dare's proposal of love came to her mind as she bent toward the fire, and a pang of pity for him thrilled her breast, but she never wavered in her intention.

"I do not love him," she said. "I will not marry him. I could not."

As she sat like this, trying to check the shivering in her limbs and ease the burning pain in her head, a knock came to the door.

She was in her studio, the room where she had fought out so many mind battles.

She turned her face from being seen and answered faintly: "Come in."

The door opened and then was shut.

A vague, extraordinary sensation thrilled through the girl's being.

"Miss Leslie," said Gervais, in a low voice, "I have come to speak to you about the words I uttered just now."

He forced himself to speak coldly; he must not let her see that he had discovered her secret.

"Yes," she answered, dully.

"It will be impossible for you to leave Bromley to-night, and so I am here to ask you to postpone your departure till to-morrow or the next day. If you go away hurriedly there will be a scandal, and we must avoid that at all risk."

"I—I prefer to go at once," Enid said, with all the firmness she could command.

"And I wish you to stay. Surely, after all you have done, you might consider this small wish of mine!" Gervais had his arms crossed over his breast; the sight of that fragile girl, with her wan, wistful face and ruffled, red-brown hair, sent a pang to the heart that lay quivering and aching in his breast. She was drawn closer to him by her very frailness; yet he was compelled to crush all sympathy, all tenderness. "You will do this, please?" he said in cold, hard tones.

Enid rose to her feet and half-staggered.

His arms went hurriedly to help her, then dropped by his side again.

"I feel so ill that I must do as you ask," Enid whispered, as she fell rather than sunk into a big arm-chair.

"For two days I wish you to remain at Bromley; you understand?" Gervais walked toward the door. "Give me your promise to stay," he said, hurriedly. Admiration, pity, sympathy crowded in with his blank despair and hopeless misery. Even at this black moment he could not forget her brave sacrifice, nor withhold his tribute to her generous love; but beyond that was nothing but torture—horrible, maddening torture—that clamored at his heart and would not be still.

Enid closed her eyes and rested back in the chair. "I promise," she whispered; then, as he went, she gave a little moan and fainted dead away.

Gervais paced the floor of his room at a London hotel and tried to think, reason and hope, but all to no effect. His last glimpse of Dorothy had been the greatest vision against her; her white face, her sudden alarm and agitation, all spoke of the existence of some secret, whether a guilty one or go the morning would prove, for he

was going to interview this man, Jim Coates, and get at the truth for himself without delay. Little did Gervais think, as he walked to and fro, that all the painful explanations that presented themselves to his mind must fall far short of the real one.

He had come away without a valet, and had brought only a change of linen with him so as to prevent any remark, and had gone to a strange hotel out of the beat of the West End.

Early morning saw him out on the dreary streets. The snow that had made the country so pure had become heavy slush, except at the sides of the road, where piles of a dirty brown-white nature stood in uncomfortable proximity to the paths. But all the wretchedness of the cold, raw morning was lost on Gervais; he had other things to think of than the piercing wind and thick mud.

He took a cab and directed the driver to take him to Newman's Road, Houndsditch, and he was not long in reaching that poor and busy neighborhood. At the top of the road in question, which the driver had some difficulty in finding, he got out and told the man to wait, and going down the narrow line of laborers' cottages, he came to a small public house, over whose door hung a preposterous-looking bird as a signboard, that certainly needed the word "Bullfinch" written below to identify it.

Pushing open the door, Gervais went into the tap-room. It was being thoroughly washed and cleaned—a not unnecessary labor, for the whole place reeked of vile tobacco and worse beer. The pot-boy stopped whistling as "the swell"—to use the boy's words—marched in, and his surprise was deepened when Gervais, in brief, hard tones, asked for Jim Coates.

"E don't live 'ere," was the answer.

"Take me to him," Gervais said, hurriedly; "I must see him at once."

He drew out a sovereign and gave it to the boy, who dropped his dirty broom in amazement.

"Crikey!" was his only exclamation, and then he adroitly whipped the coin into some mysterious pocket, and began to roll down his sleeves.

"Foller me, sir," he said, respectfully.

Gervais strode after the stunted figure, his heart beating in mad fashion against his ribs. Now that the moment was so near, he grew faint and almost frightened, but the weakness did not last, and as the boy knocked on the door of a small, shabby hut—for it could scarcely be called a house—he was calm and cold as iron.

"Wait 'ere! I'll go and see if 'e's up, sir."

The boy darted into the unsavory place, and ran up a narrow staircase. He was a few minutes before he came down.

"Jim ain't very well, sir," he said, apologetically. "E's been ill, hof and hon, for a long while. Would you kindly tell 'im yer business, sir, afore he gets up?"

"I have come in answer to his letter," said Gervais.

The boy vanished again, but reappeared in a few seconds.

"Will you go 'up, sir? I'm bound to go back. You'll find the way easy, sir, but it ain't very grand."

Gervais nodded his head as the boy ran fleetly away.

Up the narrow, dirty, creaking stairs he climbed with difficulty; and then stood before a dilapidated room, which faced the stairs, with a picture of filth, misery and horror before him; a gaunt, unshaven face peered eagerly from what should have been a bed, but was only a mass of ragged clothes, thrown on the floor.

"Have yer brought the swag?" muttered a hoarse, weak voice, and then the words ended in a cry as the man recognized Gervais, and knew that the game was up.

A wave of sympathy and disgust passed over the earl. He could scarce speak at first; then, seeing the wretched creature's fear, he said, gently:

"I have not come to harm you—only to ask you some questions."

The miserable man, shaking in every limb, dared to lift his head again.

"I've been bad this many a day," he whined, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow with a thin, shaking hand. "I ain't got much longer to live; I knows it—ay, I knows it."

"Speak and tell me the truth," cried Gervais, sternly. "If you will tell me the exact truth I will give you all the help you need. Speak, man!"

"What 'a' I to say?" queried the other.

"What do you know about—about—Lady Derriman, that made you write such a letter to her? For Heaven's sake, man, don't lie; tell me all—now!"

"Ay, I'll tell yer," he said, slowly; "I'll tell yer all; it'll ease my mind, for Lord knows I've been a miserable wretch sin' that night. I'm the man as murdered George Laxon!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Bitter End.

Christmas broke cold and gloomy over Bromley Manor. Two days had elapsed since the earl's departure, and he had not returned, nor had his mother arrived on her expected visit.

Dare Broughton was down early on Christmas morning.

"Ugh!" he said to himself, with a shiver, "how cheerless and miserable!"

He made his way to Gervais' study to read through his letters and papers, but started back with astonishment when he entered and saw a man seated in the arm-chair, his face bowed on his folded arms that rested on the table.

"Derriman, my dear old fellow, why, how did you come?"

Gervais lifted his face. Such a face—gaunt, worn, aged; and Dare saw that his bright brown hair was streaked with lines of gray and white, turned so by the anguish he had endured.

"Dare," he said, brokenly; his voice sounded hollow and faint, and he seemed to cling to his friend's hand that grasped his so firmly.

It would be impossible to describe Dare Broughton's pain at sight of this man's suffering; a mist rose before his eyes, and a lump in his throat.

"Is it so bad, old fellow?" he muttered, huskily.

"It is worse than death," Gervais answered, as he drew his hand away and turned to the fire. "Don't ask me to say more, Broughton. To speak of it is to plunge a knife into my heart. There is such shame—such bitter shame!"

An angry exclamation broke from Dare's lips against Dorothy, but Gervais checked it.

"She is my wife still—we must not forget that."

There was a pause between them for a moment.

"And this is Christmas Day!" Gervais broke the silence. "The merry, happy, glad time I had pictured in my mind! Ah, well! Thank God for His mercy in blinding our eyes to the trials in store for us! Had I guessed this back in the summer I should have destroyed myself; but now—I have a duty to perform which, despite my broken heart and life, I will do, with heaven's help." He passed his hand over his brow then went on quietly and sadly: "I am going to ask you to leave us to-day, Dare; it sounds inhospitable, but you will understand my motive, I know. Miss Leslie, too—Gervais' voice trembled slightly—"she must go."

"Gervais," Dare broke out hurriedly, "I must speak. You are judging her wrongly!"

"I know all. I overheard her words the other day. Besides—besides, Dare, I have had most horribly conclusive proof of her innocence and generosity and—another's guilt."

Dare stretched out his hand again in mute sympathy; then he thought of Enid.

"Where will she go? Has she other relations? She is so young to be alone."

"She will go to my mother," the earl said, with a deep sigh. "I have made all arrangements and only need her consent."

"You have seen your mother?" Dare said, involuntarily.

Gervais nodded his head sadly.

"Yes, I have seen her."

And Dare knew that he had broken part of the truth, if not all, to the loving, noble woman who was to him the embodiment of everything good and pure.

Neither man spoke again till Gervais, waking from his miserable thoughts, said:

"I am going to ask Miss Leslie to speak to me. Will you escort her into town? My mother is staying at Cadogan Place, and expects you both this afternoon."

"I will do anything you wish," Dare hesitated a moment, and then said, with deep affection: "And you, Gervais, what of you?"

"I shall either remain here or go abroad at once with my wife."

Gervais said nothing more, and he rang the bell and sent his message through Parsons, who was too well drilled to exhibit any surprise at his master's unexpected presence. In a few minutes the door opened and Enid appeared.

She was pale as death, and was dressed in her outdoor clothes ready to start.

Gervais cleared his throat; he found it difficult to speak at first; then he said:

"Miss Leslie, I have to tender you a most sincere apology for my harsh words of the other day. I—I have since learned my mistake, and I should like to try and thank you."

His voice broke a little, and he turned away.

How she longed to comfort him, to give him hope and happiness; but she could say nothing, and all she did was to put her hand on a chair for support and turn even paler than before. Dare came forward to help her, but she shook her head, and then Gervais, having mastered his emotion, went on in a low, subdued way, and told her of his mother's earnest entreaty that Enid would make a home with her.

(To be continued.)

The Kansas Corn Crop.

We have noticed several articles in your valuable paper in the last two weeks in regard to the corn crop in Kansas. We think we have the banner stalk of corn. It measures 14½ feet high and the first ear of corn is eight feet from the ground. There will be a good chance for some wide-awake salesman to dispose of several cars of stepladders or a carload of axes in this community between now and corn gathering time.—Quenemo (Kan.) Letter to the Kansas City Star.

The First Evolutionist.

The first to suggest the transmutation of species among animals was Buffon, about 1750. The eccentric Lord Monboddo was the first to suggest the possible descent of man from the ape, about 1774. In 1813 a Dr. W. C. Wells first proposed to apply the principle of natural selection to the natural history of man, and in 1822 Herbert first asserted the transmutation of species in plants.—The American.

Too, Too!

A woman on a train entering Grand Rapids asked the conductor how long the cars stopped at Union station:

He replied: "Madam, we stop just four minutes, from two to two and two."

The woman turned to her companion and said:

"I wonder if he thinks he's the whistle on the engine?"—Outdoor Life.

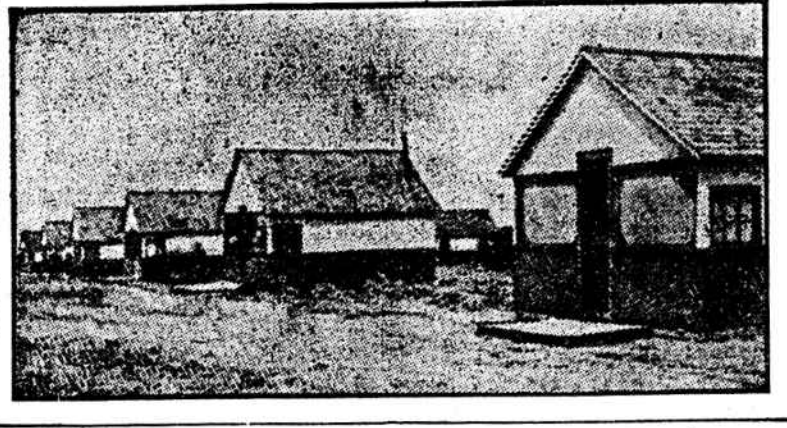
A New Desk Chair.

A South Dakota man has devised a desk chair which is handy for use in

supported on an adjustable brace. The flat surface, or writing table, is fastened to the top of the chair and can be widened or constricted as desired. The brace, or support, sets on the back of the seat, and can be lengthened or shortened. When not in use the writing table can be folded in close to the back of the chair, and when needed can be fixed at any angle required. The writer, of course, needs another chair to sit upon, but the advantage of the desk chair is its economy in space. The device will be found useful in small schools, as it can be made to sell for a low price. Such chairs would also be found convenient in homes where there are several children who have lessons to do at night.—Washington Star.

The new and beautiful villa unearthed at Pompeii is situated, writes the Naples correspondent of the London Daily Mail, near the house of Diomed. It consists of a row of rooms of great elegance, the largest having a marble floor and frescoes on three walls.

TENT COLONY FOR CONSUMPTIVES; SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

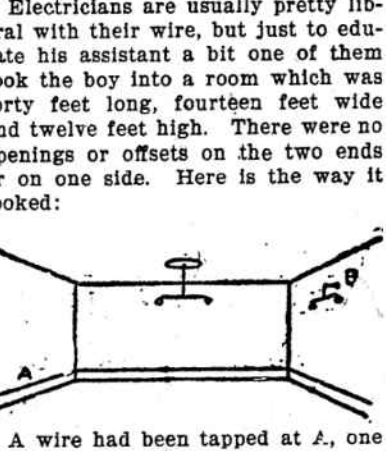


Geometrical Problems.

It may interest readers to know that the problem of the square and triangle can be solved very easily if the required number of pieces is five, instead of four. Those who do not know that solution may like to try for it.

Here is something that is going to make trouble, sure as fate. The thing is not so much to find the answer as to prove it.

Electricians are usually pretty liberal with their wire, but just to educate his assistant a bit one of them took the boy into a room which was forty feet long, fourteen feet wide and twelve feet high. There were no openings or offsets on the two ends or on one side. Here is the way it looked:



Clever Boy.

As it happened, the boss was talking to a customer when a boy came in. Thinking he wanted to buy something, he excused himself, and going over to the boy asked him what he could do for him. The boy told him that he came in answer to his advertisement and asked for the job.

Well, of course, the boss got mad by being disturbed while he was talking to a customer. He said to the boy, "You go outside and walk a block. If I call you back, why, I will hire you; if I don't, why, you just keep right on walking."

The boy did as he was told, but going out, he picked up a shovel that was standing near the door, put it on his back and started down the street.

Before he had gone ten feet away the old man was after him, yelling: "Come back! Come back!"

The boy came back, took off his coat, asked where he wanted him to work—downstairs or upstairs, or where.

The man took one good look at him and said: "I guess I'll hire you. Never mind putting your coat on. Start right in!"—Judge.

Retort Courteous.

"Work of art!" exclaimed the critic. "Say, if that daub is a work of art, then I'm an idiot."

"The latter part of your statement," rejoined the artist calmly, "would seem to furnish conclusive proof that it is a work of art."—Chicago News.

A Matter of Form.

"Frau Flamingo, where do you get your frocks made? You always look so elegant."—From Simplissimus.

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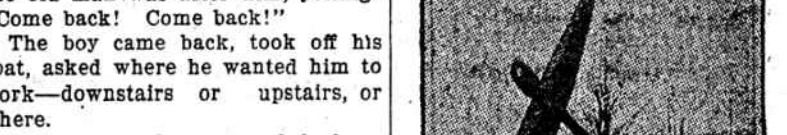
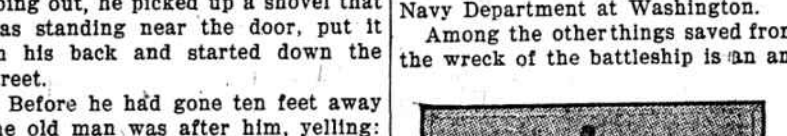
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been placed among the relics of the Navy Department at Washington.

Among the other things saved from the wreck of the battleship is an anchor.



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THE TEMPERANCE PROPAGANDA

CONCERTED ATTACK ON DRINK
WINNING ALL ALONG LINE.

Thrift and Temperance.

May I comment upon some "points" made by "H. D." in a recent communication entitled "Finance of Prohibition?"

It will not be long before "triumphant virtue" will result. It is now commencing in the "revival of the public revenues." "H. D." need not fear that the "revival of a spirit of frugality" will ultimately and irresistibly extend, as voiced by the people, to the political managers and the officers and members of all our municipal corporations, city, State or nation.

Our State Legislatures and Congress as well as Boards of Aldermen and Common Councils are the majority of citizens that the "great families which are strictly temperate and consequently frugal and industrious are always thrifty and progressive. What is true to the individual, and the family is certainly logically to be taken as true of the State and the nation.

Alabama, Georgia and Virginia will now begin to reap the advantages and increased revenues which have been so abundant in all such temperance States as Kansas, Texas, Maine, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan and the other prosperous, debt paying States which have adopted the watchwords of "temperance and thrift."

If in Alabama, Georgia and Virginia the practice of strict temperance puts a stop to the propagation and increase in that vast army of criminals which "rum" and "alcoholic" hysteria create, if there are no alcoholic murderers, paupers and insane, an immense load will be taken off the taxpayers.

If temperance reigns there will not be that need we have now in the "wet" communities for asylums for the victims of alcoholism, poorhouses, penitentiaries, jails, State prisons, hospitals and many other institutions of expense. The criminal courts and police have little to do in temperance communities; and the expense of maintaining them is generally very light and finally practically eliminated. It was proved beyond a doubt in San Francisco when General Funston closed all saloons and drinking places during that period of unrest immediately following the earthquake and fire that no cases of drunkenness, riot or crime traceable to liquor or alcohol or any other vice were found in the city. All the large expense and danger universally traceable to the victims of drink and those habitually addicted to liquor were eliminated.

It is not pleasant to think that "H. D." deplores an "unbroken reign of virtue from the Potomac to the Rio Grande" any more than he would from the Lakes to the Gulf and the Atlantic to the Pacific. What a glorious, thrifty, enterprising, patriotic and prosperous country we should have if all the money which is wasted on drink could be turned into the channels of legitimate business; if all the time which is lost in the use and abuse of drink could be devoted to the substantial industries and work of the nation; if all the ill health, disease, sickness, insanity and crime directly traceable to drink could be obviated! How at once the prosperity and general thrift of the nation would be stimulated! The money now absolutely lost by the individual and family indulging in useless demoralizing drinking would be saved and employed in a thousand methods and channels of investment and substantial permanent industries which would solidly increase the tax valuations and genuine wealth and provide for larger and more substantial tax reserves for the support of the municipal and State institutions and the departments of government.

This undoubtedly is shown in those communities where restrictive liquor laws are enforced and temperance is practiced. Look at those cities, counties and States where liquor and drink is controlled and limited as a social evil, a menace to health and a subverter of morals, and you will find them in every way reaching higher standards, stronger financial conditions and more elevated planes of thought and action.

Pick out those States, those cities, towns or counties in New England, in the Northwest or South, or any part of our nation, which have adopted temperance standards and compare them with those which have the "hysterical cries" for free beer, free rum, liberal "licentious" Sundays and weekdays, and compare the pictures and the results.

I suppose those people who want to enjoy the temporary "inspiration" and "hallucinations" which come from drink and drugs cannot ever be entirely prevented from the folly of ruining their health and their morals. We cannot wholly prevent crime and insanity, but as we try to prevent the spread of disease and moral extending of fevers, diphtheria, tuberculosis, bubonic plague and all vile and dangerous ills, why should we not try to stop the disease of alcoholism, which probably has created as many pitiable victims and deplorable degenerates as all the rest of the evils first enumerated have cast upon the various communities and municipalities. To be taken care of at great expense by the public and private charities and general institutions of our land?—R. G. Co-hlan, of San Francisco, in the New York Sun.

Try It On, Mr. Gilmore!

The Model License League "challenges the advocates of Prohibition to name a trade or industry in Kentucky which would not lose if the State Widens (State Prohibitionists) should be victorious."

Well, Mr. Gilmore, suppose you start with shoes. Would the poor chumps in Kentucky who now go with their feet half clad and give their money to your folks buy any less shoes if they didn't buy as much booze?—Franklin (Pa.) Venango Daily Record.

Decreasing.

In the United States on June 30, 1906, there were 4290 rectifiers and 243,000 retail liquor dealers. On June 30, 1908, there were 2447 rectifiers and 236,488 retail liquor dealers. This represents a falling off of 1843 rectifiers and 6552 retail liquor dealers and this decrease is growing.

Seventy-five per cent. of the crime committed in Chicago and Cook County is due to liquor, gambling and houses of ill fame.—John J. Healy, Former State Attorney of Cook County, Chicago.

Stupid Mankind.

Notwithstanding our boasted civilization, mankind, as a rule, is more stupid than the ox and the ass, because those creatures know their masters; but mankind, during the long ages of its pupillage, has not learned to know its Father.—Rev. O. Ross Baker.

Theology and Christ.

A knowledge of theology does not bring a knowledge of Christ.—Rev. E. L. Powell.

Invents Noiseless Cannon.

Hiram Percy Maxim announced that he has invented a noiseless cannon of large bore and that he will go to Europe to demonstrate it. He decided to prepare for the test in Hartford, Conn. His patents for noiseless weapons cover Japan as well as European countries.

Observed Strikers From Balloon.

Swedish officials made use of a captive balloon to watch the first meeting of the strikers, which was peaceful.

*Give for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields
of Holy writ I might despair
—Tennyson*

REJOICE.

In the morning time, rejoice.
Hear ye not the tuneful rhyming
Of all things—the gifts of God?
Each shortening shadow; each brightening
vision.
Doth more plainly show the beauty
Of the love that He bestows.
From the distance comes the cadence
Of the zephyrs, soft and low,
Singing in their mellow freshness
Of the long, dark night just past.
Within the heart there is reflected
Every image from without—
Every love and every beauty,
Every joy and every duty—
"And methinks that Hope doth whisper,
"This a foretaste of the morn which comes
When time shall be no more."

The Water of Life.

Salvation is free. Yes, free as anything man can desire to exist, as the very air we breathe, or the water we drink. And yet how few there are who avail themselves of its blessings.

But, says one, if the religion of which you speak is adapted to my wants, and is free, why do I not possess it? There are even some persons who murmur because God in His goodness has so freely offered salvation to a lost and ruined world. They wish the Almighty would, and try to convince themselves that He does, oblige all to be saved; and thus, by compelling them to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, render that state, not one of freedom, but of endless slavery.

A party of persons embark upon a river, and an aborigine along with its tide towards the ocean. The scenery upon every side enchants them; and the breeze refreshes them. After a while they become thirsty. A portion of the company put forth an exertion, and partake of the water of the river which upon every hand surrounds them. The remainder simply neglect, thirst on, and finally perish for want of water. The scenery would for a moment deny that the water was free, and as free for the one class as the other.

Thus it is with the fountain of living water so freely offered in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Moment by moment we are hurrying down the river of time, to the eternity beyond. We may, perchance, be surrounded by friends who have drunk at the fountain, and in whom it is as a well of water springing up and ever flowing life. They would rejoice to see us partaking of the same, which is offered as freely to us as them; the Spirit of God which has, even since our earliest recollections, surrounded us by its blessed influences, and which has been rejected by us, is still pointing us to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, but we simply have neglected to partake of the Water of Life, and perish. Whom but ourselves can we condemn in that day?—Zion's Herald.

Sometime; Somewhere.

The outcropping rock upon some of the Catskills is cemented conglomerate—pebbles cemented together, each one of which was worn smooth by the ceaseless ebb and flow upon the shore of some geologic sea ages before man was spoken into being.

Could you or I have walked upon that ancient shore, and have seen those pebbles as they were being smoothed and polished by the waves, we might have asked: "What are these for? Why are they being thus tossed about?" There would have come no answer but the moaning of the sea. Nevertheless God had a purpose which was to appear in the far extended ages, and we now see it in the upheaved mountains.

View our hearts and sad life experiences one by one, and we impatiently ask: "What are they for?" There comes no answer but the sobbing of our own hearts. But every one of them has a blessed spiritual meaning. That meaning is to be grasped by faith. It will be manifested in God's own time.—Rev. Craig S. Thomas, in the Standard.

The Highest Achievement of Prayer.

That prayer which does not succeed in making God angry, and changing the passionate desire into still submission, the anxious, tumultuous expectation into silent surrender, is no true prayer, and proves that we have not the spirit of true prayer. That life is most holy in which there is least of petition and desire, and most of waiting upon God; that in which petition most often passes into thanksgiving.

Fraught prayer makes you forget your own wish, and leave it or merge it in God's will. The divine wisdom has given us prayer, not as a means to obtain the good things of earth, but as a means whereby we learn to do without them; not as a means whereby we become strong to meet it.—F. W. Robertson.

Cast Thy Care on Him.

Whatever it is that presses thee, go, tell thy Father, and let over the matter into His hand, and so thou shalt be freed from that dividing, perplexing care that the world is full of. When thou are either to do or suffer anything, go, tell God of it, and acquaint Him with it; yea, burden Him with it, and thou hast done for matter of caring; no more care, but quiet, sweet diligence in thy duty, and dependence on Him for the carriage of thy matters. Rob thy cares and thyself with them, as one burden, all on thy God.—R. Leighton.