

CHAPTER XXIX. Continued.

"Lady Derriman!" repeated the girl, faintly; words were almost impossible to her just then.

"Will you do this? It will give me great happiness if I know you are together."

A wave of inexpressible gladness and joy mingled with Enid's mental agony; the tenderness of his tones 'ouched her poor, aching heart to the core.

"Then I will go most willingly." she said; and Dare saw that the tears well into her eyes.

It was he who then took up the subject, and very briefly told Enid all :hat Gervais wished, and before 11 1ad struck, while the bells were chiming out on the cold, wintry air, Enid had stepped into the carriage with Dare and her faithful Maria, who went at the earl's command, and colled away from Bromley Manor, leaving the man she loved above all n the world sitting, with bowed head, alone before the shattered remains of his great love, faith and happiness.

And while the world gossiped, and then forgot them for a time, two women lived a peaceful life together in the London house of the Derriman Enid and Gervais' mother family. would have been happy-more than nappy-in the mutual pleasure their :lose companionship gave, had not both their hearts been heavy and sore with thought of him; they neither of chem knew half of the misery that he was enduring, but they had learned enough to pity and to mourn.

"My child!" Lady Derriman would call the girl, "my dear child!" And Enid's big blue eyes would fill

with tears as she was drawn down and tenderly kissed. "My mother in Heaven sees this

and is happy," was her grateful hought.

In her letters to her son Lady Derdiamonds, lovely as the stars. riman told him again and again how much she loved Enid, and what a comfort she was; and Gervais always felt a thrill of satisfaction and pleasure come to him as he read this; a momentary gleam of something rare and sweet that flashed across his you a-comin' and got loose. Here dark life like a golden meteor, only comes his lordship, poor fellow! Ah, to vanish and leave a blackness of it most breaks my heart, that it does. despair and suffering worse than before.

What had passed between himself and his wife that awful Christmas hands, and he grasped them; the Day none would ever know: perhaps Enid alone out of all guessed what a terrible meeting'it must have been, after that hideous scene. Without out she did not see him again, and she never spoke of the subject to his mother.

Gervais and his wife traveled about from place to place, staying in none long.

"What was the matter with the countess?" the fashionable world

into her breast as she alighted and 19 passed in through the open door. Meg, the collie, rose to greet her with a low whine of delight, and Parsons hurried into the dining room full of surprise and pleasure at sight of Miss Leslie.

"Where is Lord Derriman?" she asked, quickly. And then, before he could answer, some one came rushing down the stairs toward her. Could her senses have left her, or

was this Dorothy-the beautiful, golden-haired girl whom everybody worshiped so blindly? This was an untidy, shapeless creature with disheveled locks, white, bloated cheeks, red, bleary eyes and coarsened lips; her whole person breathing the existence of some hideous meaning.

Enid staggered back as this adthem or between themselves when vanced toward her and Maria uttered alone. a cry of alarm.

hoarse cries and screams, in the midst

of which Enid felt rather than saw

Gervais' pure, pale face pleading al-

most tenderly to his wife to go quiet-

She closed her eyes and leaned

"She's awful bad to-day; the

against a chair. Parsons stood by,

tremens is worse nor usually!" he

Enid gasped; the ghastly proces-

sion had passed up the broad stair-

case down which Dorothy had glided

so often, decked out in her silks and

"What-what is it?" she breathed

He turned and looked at her and

"It's drink, miss; she's been like

this for weeks past. She must a' seen

Gervais came quickly up to Enid.

Involuntarily she held out her two

sight of her pure, fair face, her sweet,

trustful eyes, was like heaven to him

speaking, he drew out into the sun-

shine. Maria stood aloof, tears rain-

shook his head with a sigh.

brushing his brow with his hand.

ly back to her room.

muttered.

to the man.

to see him."

ing down her cheeks.

Lady Derriman kept the bitter dis-Parsons flung himself between appointment and pain that had fol-Enid and her cousin.

lowed on her son's marriage to her-"You must go back, my lady!" he self, and Enid was thankful, for said, firmly; then, lifting his voice, he what could she say now with this called, loudly, "Virginie! Mrs. Robknowledge ever before her awful erts! Come down!' eyes? The wretched creature tried to

One late night, so hot that the force past his arm, growling savagely muslin curtains did not move in the the while at the pale, frightened girl, breeze, a cab rattled up to the door who crouched back in sick dread and and a man entered the house hurpain, and then the hall seemed full of riedly. people running, and sounds of ex-Lady Derriman had gone to bed, postulations mingled with a woman's

only too glad to go.

and Enid was alone in the drawing room, dreaming by the open window She started up as Gervais came in; he was dusty and worn, his face was lined and furrowed, his eyes sunk and weary

"Enid," he said, with a broken sob it-it is ended; she is dead! Oh Dorothy, my lost wife! My lost darling!

He staggered to a chair, buried his face in his hands and burst into a flood of passionate tears. It was of his fair young bride he thought then! The agony, the horror, the misery were gone, and yet he mourned her. for he had loved her with a love passing words. Enid rose and put one

Six Years After. "What is it, Parsons?"

with his sorrow alone.

Lady Derriman looked up 1rom ner

walked over from Sir George Knebwell's and wishes to see her. "You will find her in the studio, I fancy.

in. Six years had made of her a very

beside him, knowing him to be the timidity was gone. very some of her existence, yet for-

"Mother what do

THE PULPIT.

2N

ELOQUENT BACGALAUREATE SERMON BY PRESIDENT HADLEY, OF YALE.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT

THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Dog, or the Wife and Children.

the commonest and most unskilled

labor. He had moved from his former comfortable home to a

former comfortable home to a wretched little shanty on the out-

skirts of the city. Saturday meant a

half-holiday to Hueber, a great spree,

and the wasting of all his wages. It

meant dread and grief to his family.

It was March, a cold, pitiless day,

with the biting wind from the north-

ber made a bee-line for the saloon,

paid up for last week's drinks and

then filled up full on the poison they

willingly gave him. With a few pen-

poorest and cheapest were given him,

bone.

Three small pieces of the

west. After drawing his \$8.50 Hue-

Theme: Faith in Man.

Conn.-President Haven, New Hadley of Yale University preached his baccalaureate sermon before the faculty and students in the chapel in New Haven. His subject was "Faith in Man." He took his text from Psalms 15:1-3: "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbleth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor." In the course of his sermon President Hadley said: In order to accomplish anything

great; a man must have two sides to to whirl and his feet to stagger. He his goodness: a personal side and a social side. He must be upright himself and he must believe in the good intentions and possibilities of others about him.

We recognize the first of these We know that the leader things. must have principles of 'his own; that he must stand for something step. definite, which he is prepared to maintain through evil report and good report. We do not, I think, recognize the second of these things to an equal degree. We do not ap-preciate how necessary it is for a stands for all that is good and eleman to believe in those about him just as far as he can and co-operate with them just as fully as he can. Yet this also is a condition of leaderon ship. No matter how high the ideals for which we stand, we cannot expect others to follow us unless we have not. Then a beautiful child, a little confidence in them. We cannot exboy about four years old came to pect devotion if we return it with distrust. We cannot expect co-oper-ation unless we are prepared to give him a minute, while the man looked up at the child. Finally the dear litfreely of our confidence. The man tle fellow took in the situation, eviwho lacks faith in other men loses dently thinking the man was sick. his best chances to work, and graduand so he gathered up the pieces of ally undermines his own power and soup bone, while the man staggered his own character. The man who has this faith in other men gets his desperately to regain his footing. when he had done so, the child work done and impresses his own handed him the pieces of soup bone personality and ideals upon his age and tripped merrily on. Hueber blundered forward two blocks farand his nation. It was this faith in men which made David, with all his ther and again fell to the cement faults, a worthy forerunner of Jesus sidewalk. Again the meat was scat-It was this faith in men tered here and there. This time not which marked every stage of the a child, but a large dog came upon work of Jesus Christ Himself. the scene, and thinking, no doubt,

It is not hard to see this when we study the history of religion. It is had to realize its decisive importance in the incidents of our daily life. Yet it is just as essential to-day as it ever was.

Now we, as ambitious men, are not only ready, but anxious, to go into to regain his feet and his remaining honorable competition. We believe two pieces of soup bone and reached that we can do something for the home, where the wife and children world, and we are ready to stand by had been anxiously waiting for him many hours. When the wife saw the the results; to make what we do the two tiny pieces, with not enough meat test for leadership. But while we are engaged in this work-whether upon them for one person, her heart it be in law or in business, in poli-tics or in scientific discovery-there bing. sank and she fell into a chair sobcomes a tempter who says: You are "O John! John! is this all we are to have from now until Monday mornmaking a mistake to put your attening? What have you done with the tion solely upon your work. You You will never get on in this way. paper that was wrapped about the are intent upon doing what is to be meat? done. This would be all right if all "I-I dun know. Guess it blowed others were doing the same thing.

away, an'-an'-the cur-he took the biggest piece. I seed him run off But they are not. They are bending their energies toward getting credit with it-but-but-I couldn't catch for what is being done-not only the him!" And so the poor Hueber family had credit that belongs to them, but the credit that belongs to you. Insensi- to manage on less than five cents' bly, we begin to believe these intima- worth of meat for their Sunday tions: insensibly we pay a little less meals. attention to our work and a little more to keeping ahead of our fellows. Suspicion takes the place of laughed, kneeling down beside the co-operation. We enter into a coneves glistening and sparkling. "Simtest with those who ought to be our friends. Sometimes we win the contest, sometimes we lose it. Whether we win or lose, the work itself is and children. sacrificed. We remain at best leaders of a cause where there is nothing worth leading. The man who is cynical, whether about women, or business, or poli-tics, is assumed—and in nineteen cases out of twenty, with full justice -to be immoral in his relations to women or business or politics. The man who has faith in the integrity of others in the face of irresponsible accusations is assumed-and in nineteen cases out of twenty justly as-sumed—to have the confidence in others' goodness because he is a good

That same afternoon the saloon-

confusion.



Dear Father, hear us while we pray, That through the hours of this one day Our humble dwelling place may be Fast closed to all despondency. Hueber had drawn his wages for the week, now \$8.50; formerly it was \$30. But Hueber had fallen into evil ways and gone down gradually, Let sunshine find an entrance here, To fill our hearts with wholesome cheer, until he was unfit for anything but

And grant us courage to express A large, unflinching hopefulness. Strengthen our hands, and help us find The fountains that refresh the mind, And may the faith by which we live Have fragrance such as roses give.

Help us, dear God, this day, and make New music in our souls awake-Communicable songs that show The glad companionship we know. --Stephen Tracy Livingston, in The Con-gregationalist

gregationalist

Unfinished Pictures. I had laid myself down to rest, and nies in his pocket, he started for the butcher's. His brain was beginning as I closed my eyes my mind wandered back to the words I had been reading in the Bible a few moments asked for ten cents' worth of soup before, about the great refiner. I remembered also, the process of refining silver, how the metal was conbeing wrapped in a piece of brown paper, but not tied. Then Hueber sidered unfinished until it reflected the refiner's image.

started home, growing colder and Thus thinking I fell asleep, and more bewildered at each and every was led into "dreamland," where I He tried hard to hold on to thought myself in a studio. I looked the three small pieces of soup bone, around, wondering, for it did not seem like anything I had ever seen but his hands were very cold. He before. There were many easels had no mittens, no overcoat, a standing about, holding unfinished wretched old hat, shoes badly worn. pictures; and pieces of canvas, with Just as he passed the church that simple outlines, were resting against the wall on all sides of the room just vating in the community, his legs leaving a corner, where an old man gave out and he fell to the pavement. with silvery hair and softened fea-The pieces of soup bone went with tures sat slowly painting. In a few moments I noticed that he stopped him, one piece in front of him. one each side of the cement walk in the dirt. He tried and tried again and put aside his brush and palette, to rise, but for a long time he could when only the very last touch seemed wanting to complete his labor.

I was puzzled with the scene before me; and, eager to have it ex-plained, I said: "Sir, will you tell where he was, stood and looked at plained, I said: me why there are so many pictures unfinished, and what all these outlines are for?"

He replied, "I am the artist of the King of kings, and He bids me paint the pictures of His children. I can only paint them as they grow like Him in their character, and, alas! it is very slow work. Sometimes there are years in which I cannot touch a picture already begun, for the characters do not grow, they are ever asleep. Others grow quite rapidly and suddenly stop, as if they were wearied, and so the pictures must remain as I left them. The outlines that he had more right to the bone that you see are those who bear our than the prostrate man, he seized the Lord's name, but have never shown any likeness to Him, and I am watchlargest piece and trotted off, while poor Hueber looked on in helpless ing each day, hoping to fill them in." I thought to myself, is there a Some time later Hueber managed

picture here for me, or am I one of those simple outlines? but I will ask, for I ought to know where I stand. trembling, I said:"Is there anything here for me?"

The artist moved to a corner I had nct noticed, and drew from it a picture just commenced. There was something more than an outline, and There was there were touches that looked quite fresh, as if they had been put on lately. I looked at it with eyes scarce able to distinguish, they were so full of tears, as I saw how little was painted; and yet, hardly expecting anything. I was glad and grateful. The old man seemed touched by my emotion and said to me, "You

have been growing more this last year; you have been working for our Lord commanded. others as Many times you have not pleased yourself, and we are told in holy Scripture that that was part of our

The Sunday=School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-MENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 26.

Subject: Temperance, 1 Cor. 10:23-82-Golden Text: Rom. 15:2-Commit Verse 24-Commentary

on the Day's Lesson. TIME.--- 57 A. D.

PLACE.—Ephesus. EXPOSITION.—I. Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's Some of the Coringood, 23-30. thians whose thoughts were entirely occupied with themselves and their own rights and privileges were saying: "All things are lawful to me." Paul, who was governed by the Christian principle of love, and therefore thinking of the effect of his actions not only upon himself, answers: "Yes, all things are lawful; but all things are not expedient (or helpful, or profitable)." A true Christian does not ask what is permissible, but what is profitable. He asks, not what I have a right to do, but what will "edify," what will build up the Church of Christ, others as well as myself. "Is it permissible for a Christian to attend the theatre?" one asks. Better ask, Is it profitable, will it edify? "Is it permissible for a Christian to use the Lord's Day as he does other days?" Better ask, Is it profitable, will it edify? In all things "Let no man seek his own but each his neighbor's good." The believer should not be troubled with a morbid conscience, he should not fear to eat anything sold in the markets because of a suspicion it might have been offered to an idol and thus tainted. He need ask no question about that; for even if it had been offered to an idol it really belonged to the Lord; "for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. 24:1; 50:12; 1 Tim. 4:4). A glorious truth that, with many practical ap-plications. If the earth is the Lord's it is ours also if we are His children. There are some to-day afraid to sit down to the Lord's table unless they have first carefully examined every one there and found that they are perfectly sound in doctrine and in life, lest they themselves be defiled. That is sadly confounding the O. T. laws with N. T. liberty. One can never know perfectly, and could therefore never have a conscience perfectly at rest. Christianity is not morbidness (2 Tim. 1:7; Rom. 8:15). The Christian might even go to a feast made by an unbeliever, and in case he did he should eat whatever was set before him, and not be haunted by the torturing suspicion, haps this was offered to an idol." He need ask no question about this. But if some one should say, "This hath been offered in sacrifice," then he should not eat, not because he would himself be hurt, but for the sake of the one who said it, that he might not be hurt. His liberty could not be judged by another's conscience, and he would still have liberty to eat as far as his own conscience was concerned, but his liberty would give place to love. Here are two great principles: (1) Every man's liberty must be determined by his own conscience, not another's (cf. Rom, 14: 2-10). (2) Liberty must give way before love. The question is not what have I liberty to do, but what does love prompt me to do. If I do partake in grace, no one else whose opinion may differ about what is permissible has a right to speak evil of me concerning that for which I return thanks to God. But if I am a real

the glory of God, 31-33. Paul lays

down a very simple but very great

principle for deciding what we may do and how to do it, "Whether there-

fore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever

ye do, do all to the glory of God." That principle will settle all our ques-

tions. Do nothing that you cannot do

to God's glory, and whatever you de-

cide to do, do it to His glory. Then

we can put away all troublings of our

conscience and be free from all sense

of condemnation. But how many

things professed Christians are doing

which if they stopped and thought

they would soon see that they could

doubt about anything you are doing,

ask yourself, can I do this to God's

glory? If you are not absolutely sure

if you do it be sure you do it to God's

glory. We should give no occasion

to stumbling to any one of the three

classes into which God divides men,

Jews, Gentiles, the Church of God.

Our own pleasure should never be

our rule of action, but the pleasure

and profit of others, even all men.

Our own profit should be utterly ig-

nored (cf. Phil. 2:4), and we should

live for the profit of others, i. e., that

glad to give up our liberty or any

right if some one thereby may be

tensely Paul was occupied with one

thing, the salvation of others (cf.

Rom. 10:1; 9:1-3; 11:14; 1 Cor. 9: 22). This is the Christian principle

of total abstinence, abstinence for

Social Position.

What satisfaction is it to have so-

cial position and political preferment

if our conscience is dulled?-Bev.

Sacred Truths.

The truth of affection is more sa-

cred than the truth of science .- Rev.

How in-

saved (cf. ch. 9:12, 22).

the purpose of saving others.

John Hale Larry.

Lyman Abbott.

that you can then don't do it.

Christ.

trembling hand on his bent head, then went slowly away and left him

CHAPTER XXXI.

book. "Please, my lady, I'm lookin' for Miss Enid. Mr. Simmonds have

And in a few moments Enid came

Gervais drew a deep breath as they beautiful woman; she carried herself were outside, then buried his face in with rare, proud grace; the old modhis hands, and she stood trembling esty was there, but the shy, shrinking

That night she knelt down and prayed for him, and for Dorothy, too. She dared not let herself think of her cousin. The haughty, beautiful face, with its cold, steel-gray eyes, its

man, pass from her sight.

laughing mouth and ivory teeth, would 'rise out of the past to mock her; and then once again she would see that hideous, bloated countenance, hear the coarse screams and words

"I will come again soon," he said

to Enid as they stood alone, "but I am

content when I know she is with you.

Heaven bless you, dear, and grant

your life may be a happier one than

mine. Enid, I sometimes think I am

being punished now for my idolatry.

I loved her more than my life-ay, I

lovely eyes were wet with tears, and

then he went, and she stood watching

his young figure, stamped with such

woe and agony as rarely come to

They clasped hands silently; Enid's

fear more than my God, and now-'

and realize with a shiver that this was proud Dorothy's end. * * * * July was drawing to a close. Lady

Derriman, now convalescent, was

thinking of migrating to her Scottish

home for change of air, and Enid was

Every now and then Gervais had

been up to see his mother, but no

word of Dorothy passed his lips tc

would ask itself; "it certainly was mysterious; no one seemed to know what ailed her, and yet she undoubtedly was an invalid, and the earl was dreadfully troubled about her, anybody could see that. Why, he looked a different man of late, he seemed to have grown almost worn and oldhandsome Gervais, the idol of society!-and his hair was almost gray Oh! he was absurdly fond of her then, she was very beautiful, perhaps not so beautiful as she used to be, and her manner was so strange.

Enid and Lady Derriman heard since Christmas, and now, you see," little of this chatter; they lived in a quiet world of their own, peopled with artistic fancies and poetical 'houghts. The few guests who came to visit marvelled at the sweet beauty of the girl, and her contentment with so monotonous an existence, and they would ask her out, now and then, from a mistaken idea of charity.

"Why not go, my dearest?" Lady Derriman would ask sometimes. 'You are too young to be cooped up with an old woman."

Eut Enid had always one answer: "I do not want them, and I want you."

So time went on, and as spring was tast melting into summer, Bromley Manor was opened to receive its lord and lady again.

CHAPTER XXX. The Drunkard.

One lovel; June evening Enid was at Bromley. alarmed and distressed by a sudden fainting fit ;eizing Lady Derriman. The sweet, gentle natured woman had been ailing more or less for the last lew weeks, but she steadily refused to let Gervais know; she did not wish to alarm him.

The old doctor who came confirmed | was too overwrought and wretched | Enid's own opinion that the malady to listen to his miserable story. was not so much mental as bodily and the girl determined that Lord mistress in alarmed silence. Enid Derriman should be made aware of only opened her lips once. his mother's weakly condition without delay.

"Briggs," she said to the faithful | white as death. maid who had been in her ladyship's service for years and years, "I am little while Gervais joined them and going to tell Lord Derriman about this illness without delay."

"Yes, miss," Briggs answered. with a sigh. "Shall you write or telegraph | Lady Derriman welcomed her son | to his lordship, Miss Enid?"

Enid paused. A faint color rose to her pale cheeks. "Neither," she an- him in her arms. swered, firmly. "I will go myself tomorrow morning early. Say nothing to Lady Derriman about this, or else "Oh. my dear, dear one!" she will perhaps prevent me, and 1 know that the sight of the earl will brown locks so cruelly and premado her more good than all the doc- turely whitened, but she asked him tors. Maria shall go with me."

Briggs listened in silence, and as holding each other's hands, content the girl went away she shook her head.

"Ah! if he'd only chosen her!" she said to herself.

The sun shone radiantly as Enid. with Maria in graceful attendance. alighted at Groombridge Station, and with double tenderness, and gallantly drove away in a fly to Bromley- hid from him her aching heart and Manor.

1

Her heart vas beating wildly, a He stayed till evening and then crowd of painful memories thronged | went.

bidden to minister to his sufferings. "My mother-what of her? For older woman, her great sapphire Heaven's sake, never tell her!"

'Oh, Enid! child, if you could only

know all I have endured-the shame!

can scarcely hold her!"

Enid turned away.

throat.

you this."

Walk slowly."

not speak; words were choked in her

"Poor child," he said, tenderly;

she could not bear to remain longer

no questions. Mother and son sat

gladness and comfort of each other's

If she traced new agony on his be-

loved face. Lady Derriman made no

mention of it, only caressed her boy

presence.

mother's sorrow.

"Can you not trust me?" she anmonds has just been here to tell me swered; and then she told him the he is going to be married-to Mrs. reason of her coming. Cullam, too!" "I will return with you," he said.

"I heard it an hour ago from Briggs, who, I am bound to confess, a's a sigh broke from his lips; "but I can not stay-I am wanted here." was not very complimentary to He took two or three turns on the them." colonnade, then stopped before her.

"They are two dear old creatures, and I like them both!' Enid planted her chin in her hand

This-this has been going on ever and gazed into the fire, for it was winter time once more. "I must run over and see Cullam some time durhe shuddered, "I can do nothing for her-give her no pleasure in lifeing the day."

but this horrible, cursed drink! She "I expect we shall have Lady Knebdoes not even realize my efforts; she well here to tea with Mildred; you has grown to hate me! My wife, the might drive back with them," Lady woman I loved so well-Heaven help Derriman said, fondly.

me, too well!-is degraded to the The inhabitants of Knebwell Hall animal you saw just now!" Then and Bromley Hall were on terms of suddenly looking at her, "Did she warm friendship. It had come as a touch you?" he asked nervously; "did surprise not unmingled with pain and she hurt you? She is strong and sorrow to Sir George Knebwell when powerful at these times-her keepers he found that his poor young cousin, who died so prematurely, had be-Enid shook her head; she could queathed her fortune and estates to

him. He never knew and never would know that it was Gervais' doings, and that Dorothy had always poor child! I would have spared hated him; but the earl had guarded her memory so carefully that only a

remote few were aware of her terrible "Will you come now?" she faltered, | end, and those were stanch to him tremulously, and he understood her; and kept his secret well. (To be continued.)

Rock of Ages.

It

"Walk down the avenue with your maid; I will overtake you. I have A beautiful picture 7x8 feet in some orders to give. We shall just size is on exhibition in one of the catch a good train back to town. windows of Eisenstein's store. was painted by Denny Scott for August Busch, of St. Louis, and de-Gervais spoke in a commonplace signed from the sentimental compoway on purpose; he saw that the girl sition "Rock of Ages." It is that of

a lady clinging to the cross for refuge as her only means of safety. Mr. Maria walked beside her young Scott is becoming quite an artist, and this piece of work adds new laurels to his credit.-St. Charles (Mo.) Cos-

"Not a word of this at home," she mos. said, and Maria saw her face was as

A Doctor's Mistake. Then they pushed on, and in a A physician in a small town in Northern Michigan got himself into they walked till they overtook the a serious predicament by his inability village fly that had brought Enid, to remember names and people. One and drove in it the rest of the way day while making out a patient's recelpt his visitor's name escaped him. with a cry of joy, and he buried his Not wishing to appear so forgetful face on her shoulder as she clasped and thinking to get a clue be asked "This was Enid's doings. I know.

her whether she spelled her name with an e or i. The lady smilingly she said, tremulous with happiness. replied: "Why, doctor, my name is Hill."-Success. She stroked the bent head with the

The Superior Man.

A new electric fixture consists of a jeweled, hand-wrought, polished, for the moment in the inexpressible brass band carrying a centre light with mother of pearl shades and three drop lights, with shades of the same material.

> The timber output of Maine last winter was 900,000,000 feet, and the indications are that these figures will be about equalled this year. The scarcity of labor prevented operations to a large degree.

man himself. This is why people will follow the optimist even though he is sometimes wrong, and shun the pessimist even though he is sometimes right.

It does not make much difference what is the law or what is the creed of the church, in comparison with the question what is the habitual attitude of men toward their neighbors. Not only the man who originates slanders, but the man who idly repeats them, or even lends ready credence to them, is poisoning the sources of public opinion. One of the irst things that is prohibited in warfare as soon as nations begin to become civilized is the poisoning of Yet we too often allow in vells. mes of peace the poisoning of the vells of public opinion by the light repetition of unfounded reproach against one's neightor.

The prophets who preceded Jesus criticised the evils of their time just as unsparingly as did Jesus Himself, and at far greater length. The thing that He had and that they had not was the belief in the essential goodness of humanity, which would respond positively to the gospel of selfsacrifice. He that would follow in the footsteps of the Master must be prepared, not simply to stand upright himself, but to have faith that others will stand by him.

Gentlemen of the graduating class: The scholars and scientific men of the country have sometimes been reproached with a certain indifference to the feelings and sentiments of their fellow men. It has been said that their critical faculty is developed more strongly than their constructive instinct; that their brain has been nourished at the expense of their heart; that what they have gained in breadth of vision has been outweighed by a loss of human sympathy

It is for you to prove the falseness of this charge.

There will probably be times when this is a hard task. If you have studied history or literature or science aright some things which look large to other people will look small to yer.

You will frequently be called upon to give the unwelcome advice that a desired end cannot be reached by a short cut.

There are always times when a man who is clear-headed is reproached with being hard-hearted. But if you yourselves keep your faith in your fellow men, these things, though they be momentary hin-drances, will in the long run make for power of Christian leadership.

keeper's wife went downtown with six dollars of the wages of Hueber in her pocket. She purchased a nice roast for eighty-five cents and a better soup bone for her yellow dog than John Hueber had bought for his wife

Somebody had voted to give the saloonkeeper the right to rob John Hueber and his wife and children. Somebody had voted to make it possible for John Hueber to get so drunk that he could not walk and for the dog to run away with his soup bone, and somebody in a little while will have to help support the Hueber wife and children, for John will not last long at this rate. Someone is helping to kill him. Noboay arrested the dog for stealing the meat, for everybody was sure the dog was not to blame. But somebody was to blame and 1 have been asking who it was. Can any one tell?-C. W. Stephenson.

Saloon is Doomed.

The official organ of the National published under the name, Beverexpressing the opinion that the sa- Zion's Watchman. loon is doomed. It writes editorially as follows:

"The result in Georgia presents no pleasant outlook for any section of the business. That State in its judgment has treated all alike, and no to hold on has been brought for, ward.

'We dislike to acknowledge it, but we really believe the entire business all over has overstayed its opportunity to protect itself against the onward march of Prohibition, which in some sections of the country is advancing like a prairie fire and not a hand raised to stop its progress.

might have kept back the situation that now confronts it, but to-day it is too late.

"Might as well try to keep out the

Prescribes No Alcohol.

Professor Max Kassowitz, M. D. of Vienna University Medical School, Austria, says: "I have not prescribed alcohol to my patients for more than fifteen years, and can affirm positively that they have fared well under this change of treatment. Since I formerly followed the universal practice, I am competent to make comparisons, and these speak unconditionally in favor of treatment without alcohol."

A Hateful Thing.

Search through the history of this hateful thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame and stains of crime and dark blots of disgrace .-"Bob" Burdette.

Not many years ago of the twenty four aldermen in New York City ter were liquor dealers and two others had been such.

Saviour's life; 'for He pleased not Himself.' Take courage! and let me nothing that will cause another to When you become stumble just because I have a right paint diligently. like unto Him, the picture will be to and no one else has a right to condemn me for doing. lone II. Whatsoever ye do, do all to

Then I understood why there were so many unfinished portraits in this quaint old studio, and why the dear, gray-haired artist stopped just as his work seemed completed. It was because our Lord's disciples stopped in the way of their duty. And with these thoughts I awoke from my strange dream.

But I felt as if I had looked beyond the veil. The studio and its uncompleted pictures and bare outiines, were all plain before me; the gentle face and touching tones of the artist were with me, too, all were stamped on my memory. The parcial picture of myself I felt I could never forget, and yet I was humbly not do to God's glory. \ If you have any thankful that it was not a simple outline. It had begun to be something.

Let us not be content until we are full pictures of Him "who paints our everyday lives." Let us not be weary and pause in our duty, but, with His Liquor League of America, which is grace, go steadily, lovingly on until published under the name, Bever the last touch is added to the canages, unites with Bonfort's, another vas, when it will leave the studio of periodical in the service of alcohol, in earth for the walls of Heaven .--

Give Yourself.

Someone has aptly defined ordinary charity as "giving something that you they may be saved. We should be don't want to somebody else." And scientific charity as "giving somefalse notion that beer is a temper-ance beverage and should be allowed body that doesn't want it." And organized scientific charity as "giving something that you don't want to an institution that it may give it to somebody that doesn't want it." But Christian charity as "giving something that you want to somebody that wants it more." He might have gone on to add that Christian love is giv-

ing yourself to somebody that wants you; giving your sympathy, your fellowship, to somebody that needs it,

holding out the friendly hand to some feeble grasp that must have it, or else sink into the Slough of Despond .- Bishop Williams.

The Pious Fraud.

The wealth of the pious fraud, the wolf in sheep's clothing, whose stolen (ortunes should be denounced; the men who help to build the churches, out at the same time exact their asurious returns from the tumbleiswn, ramshackle, tenement houses. -Rev. T. Schanfarber.

hristians need .- Rev. Edward Yates

Like Son, Father is Killed.

Joseph A. Blundon, sixty-five, never recovered from that first trag-

Meridian to Natchez, 195 miles.

Anti-Opium Law Annulled.

The Chinese at Pekin report that Japan has annulled China's Anti-Opium Growing law within the South

Realism in War Practice. The battleship lena, the magazine of which exploded in March, 1907, killing or injuring many and badly damaging the vessel itself, is being used as a target in an interesting series of gunnery trials at Toulon,

France, by the armored cruiser Conde. The experiments are being conducted by Admiral de la Payrere,

from a fishhook.

Fishhook Causes Lamoreux's Death.

and carefully notes the effects of the firing on them. Judge Silas W. Lamoreux. United States Land Commissioner under

President Cleveland and a prominent

Wisconsin steel manufacturer, died at

Beaver Dam, Wis. His death fol-

lowed a long illness from sepsis aris-

ing from a small scratch on his hand

Minister of Marine. Dummies and live animals are placed on board the lena, and after each shot from the Conde the Minister boards the Iena

Confidence Needed. Confidence is what we present-day

Hill

prominent contractor, was killed by a B. and O. train near his home at Riverdale, Md., a suburb of Washington, D. C. Fourteen years ago Waters Blundon, the fourteen-year-old son of Joseph A. Blundon, was killed in the same manner, on the same spot and at the same hour. Mrs. Blundon has

edy. It was feared the second will be more than she can survive.

New Railway Begun. Construction has begun on the Mis-

sissippi Western, which is to run from Manchuria Railway zone.

"Five years ago a united industry

Hudson River with a whisk broom.'