

# THE HOUSE ON THE ISLAND

By ETTA W. PIERCE  
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## CHAPTER VIII. 11

Continued.

Mrs. St. George went out with an alacrity that betrayed her dislike to the boy. Doris drew the little hunchback to her side. Her heart began to warm toward him.

"I am Miss Doris Hutton," she said, "and I came here to amuse and help you—if I may. It is for you to say whether I shall stay or go."

"He made a grave survey of her. 'You shall stay!' he said, 'and give me all my medicines till papa comes back.'"

"I hope your papa is not far away," said Doris, tenderly.

"He shook his golden head. 'I don't know.' 'Where is his mother, nurse?' murmured Doris, aside. Nurse flung up her hands.

"Oh, miss, don't mention that person here!"

"Is she dead?"

"Much worse!" in a whisper. "Mr. St. George divorced her years ago. The child is like her, and for that reason his grandmother isn't over fond of him."

Doris kissed the boy suddenly on the forehead.

"Oh, you mustn't think," continued nurse, in the same guarded tone, "that he isn't well cared for, miss. His father just adores him, and he's indulged to a ruinous extent. Indeed, we're all his slaves, and the whole house is at his beck and call."

"I am glad of that," said Doris, involuntarily. "Can I read to him, nurse—is he interested in games, or any other pastime that appeals to the ordinary child?"

"You can read," answered nurse, "but if he doesn't like your way, or the turn of the story, he'll fling the book at your head. Romping sorts of game you'd better see that he always wins, miss, or he'll turn like the swine in Scripture, and rend you."

Wistfully Doris searched the boy's face. Its high-bred lines and marble pallor were exquisitely beautiful.

"Basil," she pleaded, "do you want to be friends with me? Then tell me how I can amuse you—how make myself useful to Mrs. St. George and your nurse?"

He leaned his little, sharp, velvet-clad elbows on her knees.

"Do you know any stories?" he asked, solemnly; "not the kind nurse and grandma like—not any out of books; but such as papa tells, about a fairy queen, who went away from her kingdom, and could never find the path back to it?"

"I think I have heard of her," answered Doris, very gravely. "Did she want to return, Basil?"

"Yes, but the gates were all locked behind her, and the roads were turned in new directions. So, try as she would, she could never, never come back!" he answered.

"How sad! And you like to hear about her lost majesty?"

Basil nodded.

"My papa talks of her often. I want you to tell me her story, too."

With a light heart Doris returned to the Wingate house. She had established a firm friendship with the deformed boy, and Mrs. St. George had engaged her as his daily governess, at a salary far exceeding the girl's expectations. She told Miss Wingate all that she had seen and heard at the Back Bay Avenue house, and the deaf lady listened thoughtfully.

"My dear," she sighed, at last, "the shadow of Philip Trevor seems to pursue you everywhere! When he fled from this city the mother of that deformed boy, a beautiful woman and a society belle, was the companion of his flight."

"Oh, Miss Wingate!"

"Yes, Trevor was much older than Mrs. St. George, but he was a fascinating man, and a great favorite with women. She left husband, child, wealth and social position, and went with him. It was through the carelessness of his beautiful mother that little Basil received the spinal injury which has made him what he is. He is heir to a great fortune, and I have always heard that his father is devoted to the boy."

Doris's sympathies were enlisted and she flung herself whole-heartedly into her work. Touched by the child's white, wistful face, she invented new experiences for the fairy queen who had lost her kingdom. The roads leading back to that forfeited Eden she reconstructed; she broke down the inexorable gates, and brought the queen to her own again. Basil clasped his thin hands with delight at the happy turn given to the story.

But his demands upon her were ceaseless—he taxed her invention to the utmost. Mrs. St. George left the child wholly to his new governess and never appeared in the nursery. Teddy Craven watched Doris with anxious eyes. Jacqueline, in her glorious beauty and haughty self-sufficiency, began to fade into the background of the young man's mind, and this star-faced sister came steadily to the front. Her low, appealing voice drowned the memory of Jacqueline's clear bell tones.

person a load fit for a pack mule. Jacqueline looked around in bewilderment. The beach lay flooded with moonlight, but empty of all life.

"Where are St. George and the boat?" she said, wildly. "Where are Mrs. Trevor and Peter and the skipper?"

Vic regarded her with alarm.

"Oh, miss, I've seen no one! There isn't a soul about. You must be dreaming."

"They were all here when I fell," insisted Jacqueline. "The men were struggling together, and the skipper had fired a pistol at Mr. St. George."

"Miss Hutton, dear, I'm afraid your head's a little queer," said Vic, soothingly. "That was a close call. If the rock had struck you fair you'd have been killed complete." She supported her companion tenderly.

"Do you feel able to walk across the island with me? I know a spot on Dragon's Nose where we can safely spend the night."

"I think," answered Jacqueline, "I am quite able."

They rested awhile till her head was again steady, then Vic spoke anxiously:

"Say, miss, we ought to be moving! It ain't safe to stay here longer. You keep close to my heels—I'll help you what I can."

The two turned from the beach and set their faces toward the opposite end of the island. Vic led the way, bearing her heavy load jauntily. By straggling paths, made by cattle, the girls entered on the savage, uninhabited portion of Deadman's. It was a rough tramp. Often treacherous swamps barred their advance—often they plunged into gorges, strewn with the bleached debris of dead cedars, and altogether impervious to moonlight. A resinous undergrowth, black and seemingly impenetrable, covered most of the ground. Through this Vic guided her companion slowly by the slender tracks and the dark burrows which the sheep had everywhere left. Long mosses hung from the spruces, and swept their faces, like bats' wings. For a mile or more, in unbroken silence, the pair went on.

This was simply a detached portion of Deadman's, separated from the main island by a channel, through which the sea boiled at high tide. Luckily for the fugitives, the bed of this passage was now bare.

"We'll go over on the rocks," said Vic. "Look out you don't slip in the seaweed, miss."

She picked her way carefully, and Jacqueline followed. So they came to what seemed a bank of rugged granite, towering high in the moonlight, with fringes of dwarfed spruce and cedar about its base. Bending down, Vic pushed aside the green growth and disclosed to Jacqueline an opening in the rock—the mouth, in fact, of a natural cave, formed by two masses of granite, cloven at the base, but firmly united at the top. The entrance was high enough to admit even Jacqueline's tall figure. Vic led the way into this unlooked-for refuge and from the numerous parcels about her person she produced a candle and lighted it.

"Any port in a storm!" she said.

Jacqueline looked and found herself in a fair-sized room, with rough flint walls and a floor of dry earth. Vic drew a breath of relief, and proceeded to divest herself of her various burdens.

"I've known this cave a good while back," she said to Jacqueline. "Joe Raby told me about it when I first came to the island and afterward I looked it up myself. Here we must shelter for to-night. I'll light a fire now and make you a cup of tea."

Her admirable forethought had provided well for the occasion. She opened her bundles and shook out a quantity of soft wool blankets. She stuck her candle in a tin candlestick and set it on a rock shelf over Jacqueline's head. Then she brought in leaves and dry branches from the outside thickets and lighted a fire.

"There's a current of air moving here," she explained, "that sweeps the smoke to some opening overhead, so it won't choke us out—Joe Raby told me that also. Best of all, on 'tother side of the rock a spring of fresh water comes up from the cedar roots. I've got provisions here, and matches and candles and lots of things."

To be Continued.

D. B. Hill's Hat.

David B. Hill, former Governor of and Senator from New York, had a secluded hatter somewhere in the State who made his high hats after elaborate plans drawn by Mr. Hill many years ago, and not changed since.

One night Governor Odell, of New York, was giving a reception in Albany, and Mr. Roosevelt, then elected Vice-President, met Mr. Hill on the steps of the New York Executive Mansion.

Roosevelt wore a black rough rider hat and Hill had one of his peculiar spikeheels.

"Senator," said Roosevelt, "you should wear a hat like this one that I have on. They are much easier on the head, preserve the hair and are altogether better than silk ones."

Mr. Hill looked at the coming Vice-President. "My dear sir," he said, "I haven't worn a hat like that since I went out of the show business."—Rochester Herald.

Triumph of Modernity.

Papa was about to apply the strap. "Father," said Willie, firmly, "unless that instrument has been properly sterilized I desire to protest."

This gave the old man pause.

"Moreover," continued Willie, "the germs that might be released by the violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric but lately exposed to the dust of the streets would be apt to affect you deleteriously."

As the strap fell from a nervous hand Willie sloped. — Philadelphia Ledger.

Plates are substituted for collections bags at St. Mary's Church, Dover, England, because so many buttons have been found in the latter.

## THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. I. M. HALDEMAN.

Theme: Seminars a Menace.

New York City.—Before an audience that taxed the capacity of the building, the Rev. Dr. I. M. Halde- man delivered the second sermon on "The Signs of the Times." His subject was: "The Modern Theological Seminary a Menace and Peril to the Church." The text was II. Kings, 2:18. He said:

Elijah, the mighty prophet of God, who defied the king, shut up the heavens that there was neither dew nor rain, but, according to his word, slew the prophets of Baal, called down fire from heaven upon the sacrifice, visited terrific judgment upon the land, is now to be taken up to heaven by a whirlwind, attended by fire. Elisha, his successor in the prophetic office, accompanies him on the journey from Gilgal to Bethel, from Bethel to Jericho, where there was a theological seminary, and the sons of the prophets (the ministerial students of that day) said to Elisha: "How dost thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thee?"

"I am answered," he said, "I know it. Hold ye your peace." And they two went on to the River Jordan. And fifty of the sons of the prophets went and stood afar off to view what would happen. And Elijah took his mantle and smote the waters and they were divided, so that they two went over on dry ground. And Elisha said unto Elisha: "As thou art taken away, I shall be taken away." And Elisha said: "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." And he said: "Thou has asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken away, it shall be so unto thee, but if not, it shall not be so." And it came to pass as they still went on, behold, there appeared a chariot and horses of fire, and Elijah went by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it and cried: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." And when Elisha returned to Jericho with the mantle of Elijah, the sons of the prophets said: "The spirit of Elijah does rest upon Elisha." And they said unto him: "Behold, there he go and stand on the bank, lest peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath vented him up and cast him upon some mountain or into some valley." And he said: "Ye shall not send." But they urged him until he was ashamed, and he said: "Send." They sent therefore fifty men; and they sought three days, but found him not. And when they came and told him (for he had returned to Jericho), he said unto them: "Did I not say unto you, 'Go not?'"

To-day we have the same story. The passing through Jordan typifies our Lord's death and resurrection, for Jordan, in Scripture, sets forth judgment, and is a type of the cross of Christ, where with an agony that rent the rocks and drew the veil of midnight darkness over the face of nature, He bore the judgment of sin in His own body on the tree, crying out: "My God, my God, why dost Thou forsake me!" Christ came not to be an example, or a teacher, but to be a sacrifice—to die for the sin of the world—for He poured out His soul unto death.

The ascension of Elijah sets forth in type our Lord's ascension into heaven, through the shining portals of glory, to sit down on the right hand of the majesty in the heavens, an enthroned sin-purifier, the risen man in the heavens in bodily form. The spirit of Elijah resting upon Elisha shows the spirit of Christ incarnated in the Church. After our Lord's resurrection He breathed upon His disciples saying: "Receive ye the Holy Spirit," and on the day of Pentecost the promise of the Father was fulfilled, and they were endued with power from on high.

Our present-day theologians are like the theologians of Jericho of old. They perceive the spirit of Christ, but repudiate His material presence in heaven. All sorts of things are being attributed by them to the Spirit of Christ. They tell us that the Spirit of Christ has given us the marvelous inventions of the day, rapid transit, airships, woman suffrage, and inspired the discovery of the North Pole. All these things of the spirit world, they perceive in the outworkings of the Spirit of Christ in man. Of course, they deny a bodily resurrection and teach a ghostly Christ, instead of one who called to His disciples to "handle Me and see that I am flesh and bones, and not a spirit as ye think," and who sat at meat with them, after His resurrection, partaking of broiled fish and honeycomb. As the sons of the prophets of old sought to account for the disappearance of Elijah, so do our modern up-to-date theologians, whether native born or imported, seek to account for the disappearance of Christ.

One would almost think that when these learned men in the "wisdom of this world" pass away, all knowledge will perish with them. Some, like Elisha, who was called from the flow when confronted with the assertions of "aged scholarship," trained mentality and the assumptions of wise men of Jericho, grow ashamed and stumble and fall in power and become paralyzed. We should repudiate most earnestly those who attempt to explain away the miraculous.

We should repudiate the preacher or professor in our theological institutions who questions the bodily resurrection of Christ, the Virgin birth, and the second coming of our Lord in glory, majesty and power.

To-day men are being ordained into the sacred ministry from our Jericho theological seminaries who teach not individual but social salvation, who cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace; who talk about the conversion of the world when that idea is not found in Scripture.

Protests against so-called "Bibliolatry" are sounding from these institutions of modern-day learning, that while the religion of Christ may be more elevating, yet it is on the same plane with the teachings of Confucius or Mahomet, and is no more inspired than any of the others. Such institutions were better rader, no wonder such a ministry is fruitless and of no effect in the salvation of men. Unless we arise and contend earnestly for the faith as it was delivered to the saints, in twenty-five years the Bible will be utterly repudiated, as, indeed, it is by many who have departed from the faith.

## Thoughts for the Quiet Hour

THE PERFECT GIFT.

"The Lord be gracious unto thee." "May the Lord bless thee, dear," each night I say.

"Renew in thee the flood-high tide of faith, The high-held courage that was Christ's. Nor leave thee to the soul's worst foes a prey— To Doubt, or drear Discouragement, or Fear."

Nor ever, in the battle of the years, An inch to Pain or Sorrow let thee yield; But inch onward, o'er a well-fought field, Lead thee to His fulfillment day by day. —Josephine Horton Ewerton, in Christian Register.

How John Duff Found His Mind.

John Duff is the solidest man in the old town of Britton. While making handsome additions to his modest inheritance, he has been open-handed in public benefactions and private charities. Even Scotch wit, the socializer, and Gorton, the anarchist shoemaker, have been heard to admit that if all men got property so fairly and used it so honorably, the mischiefs and miseries of the present economic order would soon mend themselves.

In fact, Scire Duff, as they call him, has never been suspected of enriching himself by impoverishing others, and many of his townsmen might testify that his prosperity had contributed largely to their own.

His rugged integrity is in partnership with a clear and broad intelligence. He is not a lawyer; yet from near and far men come to him for counsel, and refer their disputes to him for settlement. In the town meetings, after other voices have been heard, the doubtful scale is generally tipped by a few cool words from John Duff. His name has even been suggested for a place in the governor's council.

The village schoolmaster once called him "Old Brains," and the title has stuck, just as if Dartmouth College had decorated him with a degree.

But now comes a pretty piece of history. In his youth John Duff was looked upon as the most unpromising lad in Britton. Old Peter Duff and his wife were among "the excellent of the earth," and people wondered that so worthy a couple should be burdened and cursed with such a rascally, good-for-nothing son—their only child. As parental admonitions seemed to fall upon him like lime and rain on desert sand, there remained only the resource of secret prayers and tears. The mother's heart was wrung; the father grew old before his time.

As John neared his twenty-first birthday, he eked out in the city, in a few weeks, the last restraint upon him, and he should be "his own man." But one day the kind-hearted doctor startled him with a message: "Your father can live but a few hours, and he wishes to see you." "About the disposition of the property?" was John's inward question.

But a feeling of awe swept over him as he stood at the bed of death and saw the strange change which had come over the face so familiar to him from childhood.

A feeble hand reached out to clasp his own. The voice seemed to come from far away—from the boundary-line of worlds.

"My son, I only ask from you one promise. After I am gone, will you go down to the wood-plot every day for a week, and spend half an hour alone in thinking?"

Deeply agitated, yet half-relieved at being left so easily, John made the promise.

The day after the funeral he repaired to the wood. As he sat among the trees, the image of his vanished father rose before him with a solemn and commanding grandeur, which seemed to reprove his own pettiness and worthlessness. "What would he have me think about, and how am I to begin? I seem to have no mind."

Could this be the place where he had gone bird-nesting, chasing squirrels, gathering nuts and hulloing with the other boys—often to the neglect of his duties? He was here now on a different errand, and the place was changed.

His thoughts were impressed with silence and solitude, with the soft air, the breadths of sunlight and shade, the pomp of the sky, the unfolding life and beauty of the springtime.

"Some slighted lessons about creation and the Creator seemed to mix with the scene, as if he were a part of the vast order, and yet not in full harmony with it."

The calm, patient memories of his father, whose forgiveness he could never ask; a stirring of tenderness toward his lone and sorrowing mother; with anger and shame toward himself for having caused them bitter years.

But he could not dwell on the wasted, wretched past. The future rose to meet him with a challenge and a voice of hope. Then all his newly roused forces of thought and feeling gathered to a prayer and a purpose. By the Heavenly Help, might he not yet be a man?

A half-hour is a long time for an undisciplined youth to spend in solitary reflection; but John Duff did not emerge from the grove for three full hours.

"Mother," said he, in a voice she had never heard before, "you may trust me now. I have found my mind."

There was much craning of necks on Sunday morning as the widow walked to her pew, leaning on the arm of her son. But not even the pastor could realize the fitness and force of one verse in the Psalm for the day: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies."

Our Father's World.

This is our Father's world. He loves us and is watching over our lives. This is the world in which Christ died to save us. Only our own hands can defeat the blessed purpose of God's love. Only our unbelief can turn the divine good into evil for us. We need never be defeated; we need never fail. Whatever our sorrow, our discouragement, our defeat, our failure, there is no day when we may not look into the face of Christ and say: "It is well."

\$140,000,000 For Health.

The cost of safeguarding the public health in the United States is now \$140,000,000 a year, according to a statement of Walter F. Willcox, the Cornell statistician, in a lecture before the Cornell students at Ithaca, N. Y. Judging from the death rate, the speaker said that the public health seems to be improving. He further said that 104 to 106 males are born to every 100 females, and that married people have a lower death rate than the unmarried.

Against Opium Evil.

China is to take stringent measures against the opium evil.

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Testimony For Pledge Signing.

"Total abstinence we seek through voluntary action for the promotion of individual virtue and of the general good."—Mark Hopkins, D. D.

"Total abstinence is the surest way, all other things being equal, of attaining the highest physical, mental, moral and every other kind of health."—Norman Kerr, M. D.

"Total abstinence from an intoxicating drink is more desirable for the country's welfare and morality than all the revenue to be derived from the manufacture and sale of 'a pernicious drink.'"—Emanuel Swedenborg.

"If total abstinence from intoxicating drinks were not a wise policy for the individual, it would be impossible to show that prohibition of the liquor traffic is a wise policy for the State."—Joseph Cook.

"Do you know me to give up what to me is a lawful gratification because another man is a drunkard? Yes, if you do not need the total abstinence pledge for yourself, sign for the sake of those who are weak and need help."—John B. Gough.

"The reform found the business world opposed to it, and by facts and arguments, organized business has been convinced that total abstinence is right."—John B. Finch.

"For my own sake—for the sake of others and for the glory of God, I abstain."—Father Mathew.

"We esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink."—Pope Leo XIII.

"The temperance pledge will be a jewel in your nature, and a talisman against temptation when social customs would lead you astray."—George W. Bain.

"To escape the evils arising from the use of alcohol, there is only one perfect course, namely, to abstain from alcohol altogether. No fear need be entertained of any physical or mental harm from such abstinence. Every good may be expected from it. A man or woman who abstains is healthy and safe; a man or woman who relies on alcohol is lost."—W. B. Richardson, M. D.

No Time For Relaxation.

This is a critical time for the cause of temperance. On every hand temperance sentiment is gaining—gaining by reason of the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League and the other organizations. Prohibition is being gained by more thorough education of the people. Prohibition is sweeping away the saloon. Such splendid evidence as appears in The Standard this week is inspiring. But just because the "water wagon" appears to be rolling triumphantly over the "ice power," temperance people are in danger of concluding that it runs itself. The saloons have wonderful recuperative power. Brewers, distillers and saloonkeepers will often secure the repeal of temperance legislation. The time for the expenditure of the most temperance energy often is just after a temperance victory.—The Standard.

A Boy Who Took a Stand.

'Abraham Lincoln always attributed much of his success in life to his temperance principles. From a boy up he meant to do right in everything, no matter what. Almost everybody drank then, but there were temperance workers, even in those days. 'Old Uncle John' was one, preaching in a log schoolhouse. One night he made his plea, but nobody responded to his invitation to come up and sign the pledge, till a tall, poorly dressed boy came forward and stooped to write his name. There it stood alone—there was the first pledge. The boy was of his determination to live in the glory of God, and well he kept it.—Senior Quarterly, The Pilgrim Press.

Testimony From Maine.

After a long visit in Maine, W. H. Anderson, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Maryland, has returned to Baltimore, firm in the belief that whisky is scarce in the Pine Tree State and that stories to the contrary are base libels, circulated to discredit prohibition laws. "I was told in Portland," says Mr. Anderson, "that if I really wanted a drink I could find one, but I would have to go up back alleys, rough fifth and amid the slums, to obtain it. This certainly does not agree with the statements that liquor can easily be obtained in Maine. During my whole stay in the State I saw only two drunken men."

Bishop Thoburn's Warning.

The whole tropical world is rapidly coming under the control of nations which profess to be Christian in a high acceptance of that word. It is, in my opinion, one of the most important questions of the day, whether the millions of the Eastern tropics are to be received as helpless wards, and elevated in civilization and enlightenment, or debauched and crushed by a traffic which recognizes no conscience, shows no mercy, and is amenable only to a gospel of financial greed.

Had Been Drinking.

William Rose, of Gary, Ind., caused the death of himself, wife and two children by stopping his buggy in front of an interurban car. Rose had been drinking, and purposely stopped his buggy on the track as the car approached.

Temperance Notes.

Close up the saloon on Sunday and every other day of the week.

We must teach children to reverence God's work out of doors in distinction from shutting themselves up in dens to drink.—Dr. Mary Sturge, England.

Temperance work, to achieve permanent results, must be supported by wise legislation, especially should education be emphasized and particularly education that will help secure enforcement of laws already passed.—Dr. Vogt, Norway.

Certainly the Sunday saloon is not run for the honor and glory of God, but for the everlasting degradation of its patrons, many of whom, sad to relate, are composed of American working-men, whose wives and families need the money that goes over the bar to the man in the white apron.

Australia's temperance work has been helped by giving the vote to women. Women are naturally conservative, but when they see that any institution is a menace to husband and children, in spite of conservatism they shut up that institution like a class knife.—Sir John Cockburn, Australia.

## The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR DECEMBER 10.

Review of the Lessons for the Fourth Quarter.—Golden Text: "I Have Fought a Good Fight, I Have Finished My Course, I Have Kept the Faith." 2 Tim. 4:7.

The lessons of this quarter again are all about Paul, his life and his teachings. They can be profitably reviewed under two heads: The leading events in Paul's life; and, The prominent points in his character. We give here a few prominent points in his character as brought out in the lessons of the quarter:

In Lesson I. We have his calmness and fearlessness in danger.

In Lesson II. We have again his calmness in danger and also his prudence and good sense.

In Lesson III. We have his delicate courtesy and his fearlessness and faithfulness.

In Lesson IV. We have his prompt obedience to divine guidance, his untiring zeal for Christ.

In Lesson V. We have his absolute fearlessness in storm and tempest, and his absolute confidence in God's Word.

In Lesson VI. We have his humility and his readiness to do any kind of work for the welfare of others.

In Lesson VII. We have his longing for human friendship and sympathy, his love for his countrymen and his faithfulness in declaring the whole Word of God.

In Lesson VIII. We have his joy in suffering for Christ and his humility.

In Lesson IX. We have his sound judgment, breadth of view and love of peace.

In Lesson X. We have his tact and his justice.

In Lesson XI. We have his faithfulness to the end, his hopefulness in regard to the future, his forgiveness toward his faithless friends and his unshakable confidence in the Lord.

Herald Blasts.

"I shall not want," is always the song of the soul in which there is no doubt.

Whoever gives his body to be burned, and has not love, throws away his ashes.

No greater mistake can be made than to make the accumulation of riches the first business of life.

The lantern that only shines when the sun shines will never be of any service to those who are lost.

Unless we say "Our Father" in our money getting, we cannot worship God by saying it in church.

Without consistent Christian life to back up the preacher, there is no use in ringing the church bell.

The preacher who puts thought into his sermons will, sooner or later, find himself preaching to people who think.

It hurts more to live a day without prayer than without bread.

Suppose there are hypocrites in the church, does that make your sinning any safer?

The man who loves sin is a sinner, no matter how much he pays for a new in church.

Begin every day with this thought: What happens to-day will be what God sees is best.

The Christian never has to count his cash to find out how much he has to be thankful for.

A cold church will soon begin to warm up when God's fire is burning in the preacher's heart.

Isn't there a strong touch of hypocrisy in thanking God for the bread and finding fault with the cook?—Home Herald.

Our Sphere of Service.

Our Lord did not give the wretched man whom He had found lurking among the