How to Keep Water Cold.

"Having tried it, I recommend the following mode of keeping ice water for a long time a common pitcher," says a writer in Woman's Home Companion. "Place between two sheets of thick brown paper a layer of cotton batting about half an inch in thickness; fasten the ends of the paper and batting together, forming a circle, then sew or paste a crown over one end, making a box the shape of a stovepipe hat minus the rim. Place this over an ordinary pitcher filled with ice water, making it deep enough to rest on the table so as to exclude the air, and you will be astonished to see the length of time that the ice will keep and the water remain cold after all the ice has melted."

RELIC OF OLD LOUISBURG.

Harvard's Cross that Pepperell's Men Brought from Stronghold.

In a closet in the library at Harvard College is stored one of the few existing relics of the campaign of Sir William Pepperell and his New Englanders against the French stronghold of Louisburg, in the year 1745.

This relic is an iron cross that is believed to have adorned a church in Louisburg. How it came into the possession of Harvard is not known at this time, as no antiquarian has ever taken the trouble, it appears, to establish its history, since it became a college possession.

About sixty years ago John L. Sibley, then librarian at Harvard, found the cross in a lot of discarded articles stored in one of the smaller buildings on the college grounds. It was marked with a tag, on which was written the statement that the cross was brought from Louisburg by one of Pepperell's soldiers. Mr. Sibley attempted to trace the history of the relic in order to discover under what circumstances, and by whom, it was presented to the college, but, so far as his successor knows, he made no headway in his quest.

In 1841, shortly after its discovery by Mr. Sibley, the cross was stored in a small building that stood back of the Charles River National Bank, near the college. The building was burned in 1845, and the cross was found in its ashes, undamaged except for slight pitting caused by the heat.

Taken in hand by Justin Winsor, then librarian, the cross was given a heavy coat of gilding, such as it had borne originally, and was fixed to the east wall of Gore Hall, in the library building. Here it remained for many years, until alterations made its removal from the wall necessary.

It was next stored in the cellar of the library, remaining there until the early '80s, when it was firmly fixed in the stone peak of the gable over the entrance to the library. Here it remained an object of interest to all who saw it, and heard of its origin until October, 1895, when some mischievous person broke it off near the base and carried it away.

No trace of the thief was obtained, and hope of securing the return of the relic was given up, when, in the night of Jan. 7, 1897, the cross was returned to the roof of the library portico and placed at the base of the gable, probably by the person who took it away.—Boston Globe.

Poor Man!

Pearl—It was a fashionable June wedding. Three columns were given over to a description of the bride.

Ruby—Gracious! And did the bridegroom attract much attention?

Pearl—A little. He was mentioned as "among those present."

ALMOST A SHADOW.

Gained 20 lbs. on Grape-Nuts.

There's a wonderful difference between a food which merely tastes good and one which builds up strength and good healthy flesh.

It makes no difference how much we eat unless we can digest it. It is not really food to the system until it is absorbed. A Yorkstate woman says:

"I had been a sufferer for ten years with stomach and liver trouble, and had got so bad that the least bit of food such as I then knew, would give me untold misery for hours after eating.

"I lost flesh until I was almost a shadow of my original self and my friends were quite alarmed about me.

"First I dropped coffee and used Postum, then began to use Grape-Nuts, although I had little faith it would do me any good.

"But I continued to use the food and have gained twenty pounds in weight and I feel like another person in every way. I feel as if life had truly begun anew for me.

"I can eat anything I like now in moderation, suffer no ill effects, be on my feet from morning until night. Whereas a year ago they had to send me away from home for rest while others cleaned house for me, this spring I have been able to do it myself all alone.

"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, with sometimes an egg and a piece of toast, but generally only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I can work until noon and not feel as tired as one hour's work would have made me a year ago." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A LONELY GIRL

By Mrs. Hungerford

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Now they belong to nobody," says he, with quite extraordinary pleading. In his heart he knows they belong to Sir Lucien, but sometimes it is impossible to be too honest. And that old miser can wait for these until he gets the rest. "Come up out of this dismal place."

Outside they part, but when they have gone a step or two, he stops and comes to her again.

"It is nothing," says he, uncertainly, "only, a little while ago I said our acquaintance was but a short one. I want to take that back. I want to tell you that I feel as if I had known you forever, and"—slowly—"and only you!"

Tears rise in her eyes. She gives him her hand silently. Raising his hat, he stoops and presses his lips to it. Their eyes meet. She is seeing him through a misty veil—he is seeing her as he has never seen woman before! Oh! the dear, sad, sweet little face!

He would have held her, but she shakes her head, and without a word goes swiftly from him. Her steps have turned towards her home, that bleak, melancholy old house on the top of the hill. And without so much as one backward glance, she disappears from his view.

"She might have looked, even once," says he disappointedly, when the last turn of the last corner has been passed by the all too swift feet of his beloved. "It wouldn't have been so much!"

But how could he know that the tears were running so fast down her cheeks that she dare not turn, that she does not dare even to raise her handkerchief to stay them, lest he read the action rightly and come back to her.

CHAPTER XI.

If Adare had not seen those sad tears running down Amber's cheeks, someone else did. A tall, dark man, coming out from the shadows of the few trees that surround the Mill House, quickly follows her, and now is at her side.

"So that is all your new-found relation can do for you," says Brian Deane, "to make you cry your eyes out. What have ever any of your mother's people done for you, but that? Even your 'lady' mother"—with a scornful emphasis on the adjective.

"Don't speak to me now, Brian. I want to be alone." Her tone is heart-broken, and to this man, who in his own wild, rough way loves her as well as even Adare does, this gentle answer from Amber, when he has been expecting one of the usual "shutting up" order, adds fuel to the fire of the passion that has been consuming him ever since he first met her.

"If it is his fault that you are crying now—if he has given you one sore thought, I'll choke the life out of him."

"If you are really talking of Captain Adare, he has had nothing to do with my crying," says she slowly, as if thinking, as if making very sure. "No, it is life that troubles me. I'm tired of it already, Brian, and that's the fact. There's too much against me, too little for me."

"A strong thing for you is better than a few weak things against you," says he gruffly. Then, after a pause, "I'm for you!" He has plainly great faith in his own powers.

"Yes, I know"—indifferently—"I know. You are always very kind."

"Kind! It isn't that," says he, swinging round to her. "It is you who might be kind, for the matter of that. I'll tell you the truth now, straight here. I worship the very ground you walk on. I'd sell my soul for you——"

"Stand there!" her voice rings out clear and calm.

He had made a movement towards her, but now checks himself as if paralyzed. Her exquisite head is thrown back, her eyes are fixed on his. There is no thought of fear in all her slight and beautiful body. "What do you mean," says she, "by speaking to me like this? It is absurd. I do not wish for your love."

"Is that"—he frowns heavily—"because you desire his?"

"His? Captain Adare's, you mean." She speaks clearly still, though her lips whiten a little. "He is nothing to me."

"You are still free, then? If—if I"—looking round him, and sinking his voice—"if I could clear your father's memory"—Amber, who has turned away, now suddenly looks back at him, her eyes lighting—"if I could say where those lost jewels are——"

"Brian! You know. You know. Oh! say, say that you know."

"I can know, if you will make it worth my while," says he, with a cold sort of laugh. "You know what I mean. See here, my girl, if I tell you where the stones are—if I clear your father's memory—for that I know is what you are up to—will you marry me?"

There is a dead pause. To clear her father's memory. The father who had been so dear to her in her early life—the father who had been kind to her to the end, whose memory now is the only thing on earth she has to reverence, to love—

She hesitates here. Her breath grows quicker. Is that memory to her father all that indeed now she has to love? This sudden inrushing of a new thought upon the old one checks her, and finally steadies her. The father who had loved her in the old days, before time and grief had deadened his senses, would wish her above everything to be happy, to be free! She turns to Deane.

"No. Not even for that." As she says it she turns away from him, and steps out quickly towards the house.

Straight to his sister's sitting room he goes. Esther Deane, small, fragile, a bare fragment of a woman, with pale blue eyes sunk in a face almost emaciated, looks up from the eternal patchwork she is always employed on, to greet him. His entrance has changed the entire expression of her face. Through the sullen dullness that usually characterizes it, a gleam of honest joy now shows. On this brother she has lavished all the small stock of love that even the coldest creature must contain in his or her breast.

"I want to talk to you," says he, "about—those jewels."

"What!" She starts to her feet. "You have found them?"

"Not exactly. I have made a discovery, however."

"My letter to you, enclosing those papers, was of use, then?"

"Yes." He draws in a little. "At least——"

"I knew it," interrupts she triumphantly. "When I went over the old man's papers, and saw those strange scribblings, with the arrows on them, and then noted his words, I felt there was something in them; something that you ought to know."

"Look here, Esther," he says, "the give and take system is the honestest all round—the one I hang on to. Come! I'll make a proposition to you. If you will help me to marry Amber, I'll take you and Amber and the jewels to Australia. It is a bargain!" Esther was silent. She turns again to her writing table and thus conceals the terrible change that has come over her face. He loves that girl! Amber! He loves Amber! All her—Esther's love for him; all her care; all the eager desire for his welfare that has led her (through these jewels) almost to the verge of crime, is now to be cast aside, forgotten—because of that girl's eyes, or hair, or smile.

"Well," says he, gruffly, having waited quite a long time for her answer; "can't you speak? Didn't you hear? It's an offer that you ought to snap at!"

"Well, so I do," says she at last, with a strange laugh. Laughter is so unusual a thing with her at any time that he stares at her for a moment, then lounges out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.

An interview with Miss Deane is gone through without so great a hitch as May had anticipated. Miss Deane, indeed, had shown herself not only compliant, but actually anxious that Amber should go and spend a week with her uncle.

Esther had heard of Hilary Adare, of his meeting with Amber, both at the mill one day, and at Madam's later on, and had drawn certain conclusions. If—her heart beat fast as she dwelt on it—if Captain Adare should fall in love with the girl, and she with him, there would lie a solution of the trouble that is worrying her. Amber once married, Brian will be hers again to influence—to hold—to live for! And she has so little to live for, so little to make life sweet!

That Brian can greatly care! She has gone into this and has come out of it with the settled belief that he is incapable of caring much for anything—except himself. In this she wrongs him.

So Amber, who had met May's very charming advances with a shy pleasure and Mr. McGrath's all too genial advances with a touch of reserve, promises to go over to Carrig on Tuesday next—to-day is Friday—and spend a week with her cousins.

"We are all of us your cousins, you know. All of us," says May, pressing her hand at parting.

"Yes, all of us," repeats Mr. McGrath with emphasis.,

"And come early, come in time for tea," says May, glancing up at Amber from the pony carriage in which she is now again seated. "Or perhaps—luncheon."

"Or breakfast," suggests Mr. McGrath most hospitably. May gives him a withering glance.

"I shall come as soon as I can," says Amber softly.

"We shall be looking out for you," nods May, brightly. "Good-by, Good-by, Miss Deane!" to Esther, who is also standing up above on the hall doorsteps. "So good of you to spare Amber for a few days."

The ponies dash away down the grass-grown old avenue, as if wild with a desire to be gone; and as they disappear, Esther Deane touches Amber's arm.

"Not a word of this to—to anyone," says she. "If you say a word to anyone, you won't be able to go."

"I am my own mistress," says the girl proudly. Yet for all that she takes the lesson to heart, and it is not until she is well on her way to Carrig Castle on the following Tuesday that Brian learns of the invitation, the visit of May, and the gong of Amber!

On that afternoon, after an unsuccessful search for Amber round the grounds and in the old mill, he enters his sister's private room.

"Where is Amber?" asks he quickly. There is no suspicion in his tone.

Miss Deane rises. The worst is before her now and she faces it steadily.

"She has gone to spend a week with her uncle, Sir Lucien Adare!"

"What?"

The man's face grows ashy as he looks back at her. Nay, it grows dangerous.

"I thought," says she coldly, quietly, though her heart is beginning to die within her, "that it would be well for her to know something of her mother's people."

"You thought that for her. What did you think for me? You," he comes closer to her, "you heard what I said the other day. You knew what I meant. I did not even hide from you that I loved her. When did she get this invitation?"

"Last Friday!" She answers him clearly, and still her eyes are fixed on his. And still she stands straight and firm before him without a shadow of outward fear.

"And this is Tuesday." His face grows terrible now. "For four days you kept this secret. For four days you knew she was going to stay in the house with Hilary Adare, the man who you think loves her—and yet——" He makes a sudden, swift backward movement of his arm.

"Take that, you traitor," says he, dashing her in his blind fury to the ground.

The room is alwost dark when she comes to herself again. Dragging herself to her feet by the aid of a chair near her, she stands, tottering a little, trying to bring back her senses whilst wiping, vaguely, the blood from her mouth. Then all too suddenly it comes back to her—the scene with him, the cowardly blow.

"He didn't mean it," breathes she through her poor, swollen lips. "He was always hot tempered, poor boy! He is sorry now, I know. He—did not mean it."

Even in this woman—hard, cruel, unprincipled—the touch of the Divine dwells! Love! And the desire to pardon.

"Forgive them that despitefully use you."

No. He had not meant it!

CHAPTER XIII.

Amber, following the footman across the great stone hall to the drawing room, is conscious that her heart is sinking within her. Why had she not told May the exact hour she would drive over? Then she would have been met by someone, by—at all events by May.

Mrs. Clarence has come forward and made friends with her in a very charming fashion. It has occurred to Mrs. Clarence that she may be useful. Col. Clarence is coming home within six months anyway, and to get rid of Everard before that auspicious occasion seems a good thing in her eyes. She had not failed to notice Everard's intent glance at the girl as she came in. Everard is always intently glancing at some girl or other, and then—coming back to her; six months is a short time. She had better shunt him finally over this "new girl," so as to have him off the grounds before the Colonel puts in his next most undesirable appearance.

"We were singing," says Dolly, "as you came in. I hope it sounded like that."

"But—go on, Dolly!" says Mr. McGrath, making signs to his sister and frowning at her anxiously. "What we really wish to say, Miss O'Connell, is that what you propose to say yourself, but—Go on, Dolly!"

"I really shan't," says Mrs. Clarence, laughing. "It's sometimes bad enough what you want me to say is beyond me. You must not mind my brother, Amber. May I call you Amber? He is not responsible always for his actions."

Even as they laugh the door again opens to admit someone. Someone who puts an end to the laugh instanter. In a word, Sir Lucien. It is so unlike him to approach his guests at this hour, at indeed any hour when he can decently elude them, that even Mrs. Clarence, who is equal to most things, stares as if a first-class, highly up-to-date spook stands before her.

He advances up the room to where Amber is sitting near May, careless of the queer little silence that has followed his entrance. Everard and Hilary make a pretense at conversation, making vigorous efforts to get Mr. McGrath to join them in this attempt, but Owen scorns at keeping up appearances; he even frowns and winks; he waves them off, as it were. He is indeed consumed with a fearful joy—an undisguised curiosity as to what the entrance of his host at this moment may mean.

The tall, grim old man, lean and cruel-faced, but singularly handsome, has now reached Amber's side. He had taken no notice whatever of anyone else in the room as he walked up—and standing motionless, looks down at the girl.

"You are my niece"—he pauses; the pause is insulting—"I am told."

Hilary makes a movement as if to go to her, but Mrs. Clarence lays her hand upon his arm. She is very clever. Amber rises slowly to her feet. Her face is always so clearly white that the little additional pallor that now grows upon it is not sufficient to raise joy in the breast of the one who is bent on embarrassing her.

"I really don't know," says Amber in slow, even tones. "You are my uncle—I am told!"—the pause is identical—"but how can I be sure?"

(To be continued.)

GOOD OLD 'FRISCO.

Beautiful City Springing With Incredible Swiftness From Ruins.

S. F. Booth, general agent of the passenger department of the Union Pacific in San Francisco, in discussing the progress of the rehabilitating of that city, says:

"It is now twenty months since San Francisco experienced the most destructive fire of either ancient or modern times, and the vast amount of work accomplished in that time has astounded not only visitors, but our own people. Many predictions were made as to the time necessary to make even a showing in the vast ruins which lay on every hand; the most sentimental among us guessing five years, while conservative business men said ten, twenty or more, but they all gave too little credit to the indomitable energy which pervaded the citizens of San Francisco in every walk of life with a desire as fiercely burning to rebuild as the element which consumed our fair city. The city is in reality as far advanced as the most sanguine thought it would be in five years, and at the same rate of progress another year will wipe off all the scars. Over 28,000 buildings were destroyed by fire. Since then over 6,000 have been completed and about 3,000 more are under way. This shows about 30 per cent of restoration. The value of the new buildings represent an outlay of $103,000,000, while it is estimated the value of the 28,000 destroyed was $105,000,000, showing our new buildings to be approximately three times as good as the old ones.

"So great was the volume of supplies for rebuilding and replenishing the temporary stores that almost immediately the railroad lines were completely swamped and utterly unable to handle the freight. Then came strikes of all kinds; claims from rival cities on the coast that San Francisco had the dreaded bubonic plague; and to cap the climax our mayor and city fathers were charged with plundering us right and left while the ashes were yet hot.

"The north end of the town, which was completely wiped out by the fire, has been rebuilt so solidly that no trace of the fire is now visible in that section. In the Mission, or southern end of the town, equal energy has been displayed.

"The only section which has been slow in rebuilding is north of Market street, where, prior to the fire, there was a number of fine houses. This is owing to the fact that these parcels of land are held in small holdings by people of moderate means, and being within the fire limits, they are unable to obtain the necessary capital to put up expensive buildings, as required by law.

"There is a movement on foot for a 'Greater San Francisco,' taking in the towns within a radius of fifteen miles. This would give San Francisco a population of 800,000, and it would thus actually place her in the position she nominally occupies, of the fourth largest city in the United States."

Almost Congealed.

Eva—And you really think he loves you?

Edna—I know it. Didn't he propose on his knees?

Eva—Oh, that's nothing! Many lovers do the same.

Edna—Yes, but he proposed while strapping on my skates and his knees were on the ice twenty minutes.

True Test.

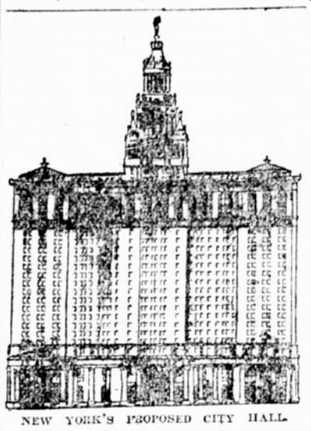
She—Was De Plunk's wedding a larger affair than the Sweelenls'?

He—Yes. De Plunk's had fifty detectives to watch the presents, whereas Sweelenls' only had forty-four detectives to watch theirs.

HIGHEST CITY HALL.

New York to Have a 34-Story Municipal Building Costing $7,000,000

The New York board of estimates and Mayor McClellan are now passing finally on plans for the highest city hall in the world. This 34-story building, to cost $7,000,000, will stand in the triangle of Park Row, Center and Duane streets, and tower 559 feet 8 inches



NEW YORK'S PROPOSED CITY HALL.

above the sidewalk. It will be twice as high as the Flatiron and just a few feet shorter than the Singer building. The New York hall will house practically all the city departments and leave 23 floors to be rented by the city as offices. It is expected they will bring in $500,000 in rentals annually. French renaissance is the type, with exterior columns. Steel and stone is to be the construction. A peculiar feature of the building will be that all the rooms will be outside rooms and no interior light court will be needed.

New York's municipal skyscraper will differ from the ordinary ones in that it will not depend upon its tower for its great height. The height to the roof of the main structure is to be 340 feet. From the roof to the head of the figure on the tower is a distance of 210 feet 8 inches. The figure will be 34 feet high and the diameter of the clock face is to be 25 feet.

HOW TO RESTORE A DROWNING MAN.

Here is a simple and effective way to restore a drowning man:

The man should be stood on his head in order that all the water possible be gotten from his lungs. The old method of rolling him on a barrel is not a bad one for the same purpose.

Then an effort should be made to induce artificial respiration. To this end put the person flat on his back and let some one catch hold of his arms just below the elbow.

Then raise the arms above the head and bring them down.

As they reach the body, press in on the ribs to force out the air gained by lifting the arms.

Keep this up at the rate of 18 times a minute.

Then try to get the heart to moving by giving a stimulant like liquor or a hypodermic injection.

Sometimes a slight fluttering of the heart is sufficient to get back life.

Get a physician as soon as possible.

Labor World

A delegation of French leather workers is making a tour of American factories.

Hebrew painters and paperhangers of Boston, Mass., are reforming their old union.

San Francisco (Cal.) Building Trades Council has organized an athletic association.

Carpenters of the City of Mexico have organized a labor union affiliated with the A. F. of L.

More union car men are wearing the union button in Chicago to-day than ever before in the history of the organization.

White and negro longshoremen at New Orleans, La., have signed a five-year contract with the stevedores and steamship agents.

A seceding organization from the Brotherhood of Railroad Employes has taken the name of Brotherhood of Railroad Station Employes.

The railway trackmen are planning for the establishment of a home for their aged and indigent members. It is proposed to acquire a tract of 500 acres near Fort Scott, Kan., as the location for the institution.

St. Paul Typographical Union has decided to make a label exhibit at the Minnesota State fair, and will ask the Minneapolis union to join with it. Last year the St. Paul men made a label display which was very creditable.

In New York State a bill which takes from the health boards of the first-class cities the inspection of mercantile establishments and places it in the hands of the responsible labor department was passed at the extraordinary session of the Legislature and will go into effect on Oct. 1.

The next convention of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders will be held during the second week in June, 1910, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Cleveland (England) ironstone miners have decided to press for a 12 o'clock Saturday; that is, that operations shall cease at the mines at 12 o'clock on Saturdays instead of 1 o'clock, but no stoppage of work is likely to result if the masters refuse to make this alteration. There has been no general strike of the Cleveland ironstone miners for more than thirty years.

Initial steps are being taken by the Canadian Pacific toward securing the army of harvest laborers that is called for from the West every year. Advices from Montreal indicate that 25,000 men will be needed. Large crops are indicated.

At Hudson, Wis., by a vote of 4 to 4 the city council decided against issuing $30,000 bonds to build a coal gas plant. One member was absent, and the tie defeated the proposition, the mayor having no vote under the present charter. At the spring election Hudson citizens decided by a vote of 467 to 133 to erect a gas plant, but the final decision had to be made by the city council.

The Popular Pulpit

HELP FOR ALL IN GOD.

By Rev. Edwin W. Caswell.

The one hundred thousand spectators witnessing the Olympiad at London were filled with wonder when they saw a mere boy, from New York City, the smallest of the fifty-five competitors, win the great Marathon race.

Littleness was better than bigness; quality than quantity. That the unseen forces of the will, purpose and faith are mightier than visible prowess was proven when David met Goliath, when the Japanese defeated the Russians and when John Hayes won the twenty-six mile race. Consciousness of weakness means preparation, discipline, progress and development and these mean victory. Necessity is called the mother of invention, therefore if the young man of wealth feels no necessity he will fail of the greatest achievement.

Carnegie and Rockefeller struggled up from the weakness of poverty to the summit of wealth and influence. Dante, Ruskin and Carlyle fought against the weakness of bodily ills till they attained the climax of intellectual greatness. The handicap of blindness enabled Milton of England, Milburn and Mathewson of Scotland to behold visions of thought and beauty beyond their fellows.

Hardships, deprivations and great difficulties in early life lifted Lincoln and Grant into their loftiest seats of power. Prisons have palaces proved to minds like Paul and Bunyan, where they were inspired to produce pen pictures that have delighted and blessed mankind in every land. Is it not a sublime truth that there is a pathway upward for every one? No wonder that Paul gloried in his infirmities, persecutions and distresses, for he exclaimed: "When I am weak, then am I strong, for the power of Christ will rest upon me."

The little child becomes strong because it stretches out its hand to the parent. The father is nobler when he bears his child out of danger into safety. So the sinful and troubled soul that stretches out its hands of faith to the Heavenly Father feels underneath the everlasting arms and nestles in the bosom of forgiveness and fatherhood, and who shall say God is not happier and mightier because of his embrace of helplessness?

Do you feel crushed by the law of "the survival of the fittest" or that "the weakest go to the wall?"

Heaven's law of grace creates fitness and meetness for the highest inheritance.

Do you agonize in the convulsions of pain? It is the divine hand leading you to greater riches as earthquakes reveal the gold in the rended rocks.

If God in nature can produce the diamond from the black carbon, the white lily from the black earth and bulb, the great tree from the tiny seed, He can bring purity out of sinfulness, strength out of weakness and heaven out of hell. His power will enable the soul that trusts in Him to overcome dangerous hereditary tendencies, untoward environments, unspeakable difficulties, so that you may become the author of opportunities and the creator of circumstances, and, though, at last, like John Brown, you go down to ignominous death, your liberty-loving soul will go "marching on" through all millenniums, in blessed companionship with Him who arose from the weakness of the manger, the cross and the sepulchre to become conqueror and ruler of all worlds.

If we put out little crosses at the foot of His great cross, He will lift them up until they become tranfigured into crowns of glory forevermore.

DOES IT PAY?

By Henry F. Cope.

"What shall it profit a man?"—Mark 8:36.

The New England conscience insisted that everything that felt good must, therefore, be bad, that the fact that it was a pleasure to do any particular action was proof sufficient that that action was dangerous and sinful, that which pleased the palate must be pernicious to the health, that which the taste rejected must be "good for you."

Holding this view life became a bundle of contradictions, a perpetual warfare between those things which the Creator seems through our senses to suggest that we should do and those which piety prescribed. The good man was the unnatural one who exhausted himself in fighting against himself.

Religion becomes, under such circumstances, a matter of determining whether it pays to endure this present brief period of restrictions, deprivations, and denials in order to enjoy an eternity of bliss, whether it is worth while to endure purgatory on earth for the sake of paradise after death.

The question of religion goes a great deal deeper than whether it pays to be miserable here in order to be selfishly blissful in glory; it goes deeper than considerations of cold cash or commercial supremacy; it is this deep, root question, does it pay to follow your ideals?

Is it worth while, at any cost, to persist in the path of being the best you know? Supposing that obedience to that heavenly vision that comes at least once to us all leads into paths of pain, demands willingness to suffer and to bear loss, to remain unknown, to endure what many call failure, is it still worth while?

It is not an evidence of anything basely utilitarian in the character of this age that you hear so often the test question, "What's the use?" applied to proposed courses of action or duty. Ultimately all things must come to this proof of their right to be, that they have use, value, or they render service.

One is justified in putting the same test to every demand of religious duty. It is certainly a non-religious act to go on doing things in the church or in the name of religion without any thought of their purpose or value; it may be an irreligious act. Many a person is stunting his religious development by doing acts of religion without the religious motive.

If you urge a boy to go to Sunday school, and he answers: "O, what's de use?" would it not be better, instead of forcing him into involuntary compliance with your sense of religious duty, to fairly face his question and discover if there is any value, any use, any sufficient service in this which you urge him to do?

We have no moral right to go through any mechanical round of performances blindly making these motions, performing these rites, mumbling these words, simply because our fathers in the flesh did these things, or our fathers in the faith command us to do them. There is nothing of faith in unthinking routines, even in the name of religion.

Certainly here no clear or worthy answer can come from the test of commercial standards. We must see life all the way around before we may know whether the high path pays. Is the whole world the richer for the life that pays the great price for living? Is the gain to the individual in strength and beauty of life worth the cost?

Surely we know that all this life of things depends on the dynamic of the world of thought, that only a life inspired by noble ideals can do even the least piece of work in a worthy manner. It is the pursuit of some ideal that gives proficiency in every calling; it is the pursuit of the ideal life that gives power in the art of living.

It is easy to see how it pays to dig ditches, or to sell goods. Are we so blind that we cannot see both the joy and the profit of the life that is lived for the supreme aims, the life that gladly loses the shadow for the substance, the things that perish for those that endure, that piety is not seeking out the painful side of life, but it is living for life itself rather than for its tools or its meals, that no price you can pay is too great for the prize of full living?

CHRISTIAN GROWTH.

By Rev. H. MacMillan, D. D., LL. D.

Text.—"Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."—II. Peter i., 5, 7.

Love to God and love to man must spring out of the same root. In our godliness, as the apostle says, we must have brotherly kindness; our brotherly kindness must be an essential element of our godliness. We are to show our godliness by our brotherly kindness. Sin separates between God and man, and between man and man. Grace unites man to God and man to man. It is only when the higher relation is formed that we are able to fulfill perfectly the lower. Our brotherly kindness will be purified of all its meanness and selfishness when it springs from godliness, and, on the other hand, our godliness will have imparted to it when it is combined with brotherly kindness an element of reality and tenderness which will save it from formality and Pharisaism. How can we love God whom we see not if we love not the brother whom we see? How can we love God Himself if we love not the image of Him which we see in every human brother? We wrong God when we are unkind, ungenerous, and uncourteous to each other. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," is a saying of wide import and application. "Why persecutest thou me?" God says to every one whose godliness is not accompanied and manifested by brotherly kindness.

But brotherly kindness is apt to be restricted towards friends only—towards those who belong to the same place or the same church, or who are Christians. It must, therefore, be conjoined with charity. In our brotherly kindness we are to exercise a large-hearted charity. We are to mingle with it godliness in order to expand our charity, to make it like His who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Universal kindness of thought, word, and deed is what is implied in this charity.

The spiritual force acquired by the exercise of one gracious quality increases in momentum, and prepares the soul for the exercise of another. The spiritual life is thus cumulative in its influences; and the more we grow the easier do we find it to grow; the more faith we have, the more do we abound in all the Christian qualities. It should, therefore, be the prayer of each of us to seek the help of Him who is the true Orpheus, the mighty Master of all spiritual melodies, whose own life, freed from one jarring note, made perfect music in the ears of God, to remove all the discords of our souls and lives, and attune our being to the harmonies of heaven. It should be the effort of each of us, as fellow-workers with God in the formation of the new creation in ourselves and others, that the God of peace may sanctify us wholly, and preserve us "blameless," or, as the word in the original should be translated "symmetrical"—in the full beauty and completeness of the Christian type of excellence, while we are growing in grace—may preserve us symmetrical unto the coming of Christ.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Selfishness is the suicide of happiness.

The divine is not discovered by definition.

Virtue is the moral fiber that comes from soul struggle.

Thinking bitterly of others strikes a blow at my own heart.

Our neighbors are not lifted up by looking up their records.

He who spreads himself in prayer is not likely to rise in it.