A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

Continued.

She was sorely beset; the heart which had been torn and trampled upon by another felt a throb of life at the prospect held forth to her by this good man. Here was refuge, here was solace, here was balm for her bruised pride. He was honorable, too, and of a distinguished presence. He would guard her honor, and he would not ask her to give up her millions for a whim, only to scorn her when she had shown herself willing to make the sacrifice.

Smiling upon him with a certain wistful grace, she asked if he would take her without explanation.

For reply, he drew her to his heart, and when the little clock on the parlor mantel struck 11 o'clock that night, it sounded in the ears of a solemnly engaged couple.

"When he had been gone a little while Clairette, her maid, entered.

"I beg your pardon," said Clairette, "but a gentleman called while you were talking with Mr. Degraw. I could not let him in because you had forbidden it, but I thought if you knew his name——"

She thrust another card under her mistress' eyes. Jenny read it, and then read it again. Hamilton Degraw? Hamilton Degraw? Who was he? Not the gentleman to whom she had just engaged herself! Oh, no! Oh, no! Who, then? Not the artist? He had not come and gone while she bartered her life away for a comforting word? Yes, yes, the face of the girl told her what this miserable card failed to do. He had been here and she—— A wild scream went up from her lips, and she lay, in the next moment, senseless and inert upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JEANNETTE AND VIRGINIA.

Jenny Rogers realized all that she had jeopardized by her sudden engagement, but was not disposed to submit to the consequences of her folly without a struggle. Since the artist still loved her, she would meet that love and hail the return, whatever it might might cost the man who had taken advantage of her momentary weakness to bind her to himself. To break away from the man who held her troth, that she might fly to the man who held her heart, was all her hope, all her purpose. To insure fulfillment to this hope and to make certainty of this purpose, she sat down after breakfast to write her betrothed a letter.

But when she came to take the pen in her hand, she trembled. Ah, this was not so easy a task after all! If she had recoiled at times from giving up the millions that had come to her in so wonderful a way, how much more reason had she for recoiling from an act that not only meant the sacrifice of her fortune, but the betrayal of a secret that involved her honor and every claim to happiness which she possessed. I do not think she could have proceeded with her confessions if Clairette had not brought her at this critical moment a letter, which gave her the impetus necessary to carry through her project. It was from the artist and ran thus:

"My Best Beloved—You have refused to see me. Is this because I have come too late? Darling, I had my excuses. I will explain them to you if you will give me the opportunity. Do not judge me without knowing the facts, for whatever indifference I may have shown you, I here avow that my heart has been beating with yours throb for throb, ever since the moment you drew my eyes to yours, and made me see that you were willing to give up all the world for the devotion of your artist lover.

"HAMILTON DEGRAW."

Such words, coming at this moment, made her path plain before her, or so the desperate child thought. A fiery ardor of devotion awoke within her, and though her trembling was not lessened and her cheeks took on the hue of fear, she seized the empty sheets before her, and transcribed the burning words which she knew would effectually sever all connection between herself and her true-hearted benefactor. It was noon when her letter was completed, and her feverish eyes and pallid lips evinced what the task had been to her. But she gave no evidences of flinching, and folded up the letter and addressed it to Hamilton Degraw, Esq., with unyielding determination. Only when it came to her taking from a certain secret drawer the deed and various papers upon which her fortune depended, did she show any signs of weakening. And then, not because of any secret longings toward the wealth represented by these various documents, but because she did not feel quite assured that she had said all that was necessary, in her long but not exhaustive letter. She had told her secret and repudiated the Delancy legacy, but she had not named her successor. Should she? Had she the right? No; but it would be so pleasant to think that the dear little school teacher who had every virtue and every charm save that of an unhalting gait, should reap the benefits that were no longer hers. As she thought of it, she took a resolution. She would visit this lady and see for herself if she was worthy o' this good fortune.

This resolve once taken, she locked up the letter and the deed together, and donned her simplest street garments. Her first move was to consult a directory. It was a successful one, for almost at first view she lighted upon the address she sought under the name of "Rogers, Jeannette; teacher," and, elated with her anticipations, she betook herself to the street and number named, like a female Haroun al Raschid.

She was fortunate in finding the young schoolteacher at home. She was ushered into the parlor. In a few minutes, that seemed long to the impatient visitor, a light and almost bounding step was heard in the hall and the door opened, and a pretty, bright and archly smiling girl stood before her.

"I wish to see Miss Jenny Rogers," she explained.

"I am Jenny Rogers."

Our Jenny faltered back astonished, then burst out with the irrepressible exclamation:

"But she is lame! I was told that she limped fearfully, while you——"

The young girl before her broke forth in a merry laugh.

"Oh, I have been lame, but last June I had an operation performed upon my ankle, and it cured me entirely, and now I can even pirouette—see!" And the gay young thing took a whirl through the room, pausing suddenly, however, to exclaim, with irresistible demureness: "Pardon me; I am forgetting my manners."

The signorina—we must call her so again for the nonce—experienced a strange sensation. Not lame, this girl! Then it was surely God's providence that led her here. How strange it all was! The mistake of considering permanent a defect that was only temporary had turned Mr. Degraw's attention from this blooming girl.

"You must wonder who I am and what my errand is. Well, I have no errand; I only wanted to know you—perhaps because of your name, which is identical with my own."

"'Jeannette Rogers?'"

"'Virginia Rogers;' but we are both called 'Jenny'—at least I am."

"Ah! how curious!—to meet one of my own name, I mean. And you are so"—"beautiful," she wanted to say, but lacked the courage.

The signorina smiled. Somehow her heart felt quite light.

"Oh, I like you," she impetuously exclaimed. "I feel as if we were old friends. Have you never experienced any unpleasantness from the possession of this name? You know, I suppose, that it has been much in the papers of late; that unusual prosperity as well as adversity has been the portion of some who have held it, and that it is a doubtful blessing to be called 'Jenny Rogers' just now."

"I know that a promising singer of that name has lately become the owner of a large fortune. Is that the doubtful blessing you allude to?"

The archness of her look betrayed the innocence of her heart, but the signorina lost her voice all the same and hesitated some minutes before remarking:

"I have the money, yet I am ready to part with it. It is not always an unmitigated joy to hold it. But, money of itself is good, do you not think so, too, Jeannette?"

"I do, Virginia, so good that I can never have enough of it," she laughed. "It is not that I am mercenary," she protested, "but that my pay is so small and our wants so large. I should like——" She paused, while a flush dyed her earnest young face. "I forgot," she resumed, "that you were not as poor as myself. You cannot understand——"

"But I can," broke in the signorina eagerly. "And I am as poor as yourself—or soon will be—for I shall have nothing while you——"

"You will have nothing?"

"Nothing but what a kind husband will give me, but that is everything, is it not?"

"I do not know," retorted the other, quaintly. "Some day I may be able to answer when I have graduated in other lore than that we learn out of books."

"I have graduated," whispered the signorina. Then, suddenly: "I am the singer you alluded to! Will you be my friend?"

"I, your friend!" cried the other. "Will you be mine?"

"Will I not?" exclaimed the signorina.

And the two girls glided into each other's arms, impelled by an attraction that was almost irresistible.

When the signorina went away she wore almost a joyous look, and the first task to which she turned her attention upon reaching her home was to take out her letter to Mr. Degraw and inclose in it the following note:

"If you have any hesitancy as to where to place the large fortune thus thrown back upon your hands, let me suggest that you remember the little school teacher, who is no longer lame, and who, as you must recognize, is as worthy as I am unworthy, and as beautiful as any one who bears the name of 'Rogers.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ANOTHER TURN OF THE WHEEL.

Miss Jeannette Rogers, accompanied by Mrs. Dutton, called on Hamilton Degraw at his studio to give him her reply to his note in person. He greeted her joyously, but perhaps his eyes more than his words spoke his greeting.

He directed her attention to one of his pictures, which he called "Love's Reality," and taking advantage of Mrs. Dutton's considerate preoccupation with the sketches she saw everywhere displayed, he tenderly asked Jeannette, "Can you guess who was my model for that?"

Jenny's eyes met his, and he thought he never saw her look more glowing.

"May I guess that it is your future wife?" she whispered.

With difficulty he suppressed the impulse to clasp her then and there to his heart. But he pressed her hand, which had somehow stolen toward his own, and his face told all the rest.

"Oh, my darling!" he breathed. "Would we were alone for one short minute!"

"We are," she laughed. "Mrs. Dutton is very short-sighted, and so deaf when she thinks it best to be that she cannot really be looked upon as an intruder. We can talk unrestrainedly and that is a great privilege, for we have much to say to each other, have we not?"

"Much; we have to plan for a lifetime," he declared.

"And you have to explain why you left me for three days hovering between hope and despair."

His face fell; a shadow flitted dark and threatening across his satisfaction.

He sighed and reluctantly admitted that he had relied upon the judgment of a friend who had conceived an inexplicable distrust of her. She felt as if an axe had been laid at the root of her happiness. She falteringly asked who was this person, and when he answered "Mr. Byrd," her eyes looked wild and her speech sounded thick. She pressed for an explanation of this man's distrust. Her lover replied that he did not know. He only told her why he had not gone to her after her loving revelation at Miss Aspinwall's reception.

"I yielded to his earnest entreaties," he said. "Mr. Byrd asked me to wait a week until he could substantiate his doubts. I see now that I did wrong. I should have trusted you implicitly. I withheld myself from you for three days. Then my love triumphed. I went to him and told him I could not and would not believe that you were not all your sweet face promised, and gave as an argument in your favor the fact that you were ready to give up your great fortune to please my whim. He was overwhelmed, and confessed that he had a total misconception of your character. This was at 8 o'clock, Jenny. At 9.30 I was at your house. There were lights in the parlor, but I was not admitted."

"It was through a mistake," she murmured, with lowered head and brow turned away. "I——" And there she paused. How could she go further? How explain this situation? Besides, she felt weak and shaken. That any man should have distrusted her and made her lover share her doubts, if only for a few days, was terrible to her. She did not know how to hide her agitation, nor how to keep back her tears.

"I love you so," he said, forgetting Mrs. Dutton's presence, which, indeed, did not obtrude itself, "and my trust is so completely restored! I can never doubt you again, nor will I ever in the future listen to any one's words against you. Jenny, Jenny! my queen! my life! Look around, give me your hand, breathe sweet forgiveness, and forget——"

At this juncture Miss Aspinwall entered, and great was her astonishment at the scene before her.

"Mr. Degraw! Jenny! I did not think to find you here together," she ejaculated, with a pointed look.

Jenny seized hold of a small table near her to steady herself, and cast an entreating glance upon her friend.

That friend did not see it, or failed to understand it.

"I have just come from an interview with Mr. Degraw, of Cleveland, whom I met unexpectedly at Tiffany's this morning," Miss Aspinwall continued. "He told me you had engaged yourself to him, Jenny, and I came here." Her full, sweet look at the artist told why. But nobody saw that look. He and Jenny were both absorbed in the one wild glance each had cast upon the other at the utterance of these fatal words.

"What facts are these?" exclaimed the artist, after one terrible moment. "You have engaged yourself to my rival, and now come here——"

"Oh, I can explain it," interrupted Jenny. "I can explain it. He came when I thought myself deserted, offered his hand without conditions, and —and—I listened to him."

"And are you solemnly engaged to marry him?" sternly continued her lover.

"Not now, not now; I wrote to him to-day, after I heard from you. I could not keep my word to him when I found that you still loved me, and I told him——"

"What?"

She did not answer. She was swaying like a reed.

"What, Miss Rogers?"

"Ah!" Her cry rose from a wounded heart. She turned and fled toward Mrs. Dutton. "Take me home!" she cried, then suddenly tottered and turned upon them with a drawn and frightened face. "I have no home," she moaned, "I sent the deed with my letter; I have neither home or friends."

This was too much for Hilary and too much for him. They both sprang and caught the unhappy girl in their arms.

"You sent him a letter and the deed?" he repeated, but this time in gentle tones. "What did he reply?"

To be continued.

The Dust of Cities.

As we approach the great centres of population, says La Nature, the quantity of dust held in suspension by the air increases enormously. According to Sir James Crichton-Browne, the air of London contains 150,000 proportional parts of dust to Paris's 210,000, while in Argyleshire, Scotland, there are only 200. The air of cities is impregnated with dust and filth. To combat their deleterious effects the streets should be freely ventilated and watered. Wind and rain are the great destroyers of dust.

The substances designated as "variable" in the composition of the atmosphere, says in comment the Sanitarian, are but feebly suggestive. From the fields the wind lifts the debris of vegetation—pollen, seeds, spores of fungi and bacteria; the dust of the soil—silica, silicate of aluminum, carbonate and phosphate of lime and peroxide of iron. In and proceeding from volcanic regions fine particles of carbon and dried mud are taken up and wafted hundreds or even thousands of miles. In and round about cities and towns the finely ground dust of the pavements, fragments of straw, hair, stable manure, debris of insects, soot, epithelia from floor sweepings or shaken from rugs, carpets and bedding, together with gases and other volatile emanations from factories, rendering establishments, abattoirs, tan-yards and compost heaps of all sorts, though not of the air are in it, in so much as to be in some degree almost everywhere present.

King Edward's Gift to Menelik.

It is reported from Jibutil that King Edward's gift of six pedigree cattle and six pedigree dogs for Menelik appeals to the Abyssinians as a testimony of the friendship of Great Britain.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

A DISCOURSE ENTITLED "CHRISTIANS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH"

The Rev. Robert MacDonald Expresses the View That to Be a Believer in Christ is Not Different From Being a Believer in Man.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"Christians outside the Church" was the subject of the sermon Sunday morning by the Rev. Robert MacDonald, pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church. It was the first of a series of five sermons. The text was from John x: 16: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." Mr. MacDonald said:

So important and many sided a subject as this must be looked at from more than one view point. Numberless are the questions to be considered. Numberless the opinions favorable and unfavorable, true and false, to be confirmed in these sermons or repudiated. Numberless the people interested in so practical and personal a question, some of whom love the church better than life; others of whom hate the church more than any other institution in existence; some who trace their loftiest aspirations, their deepest motives, their holiest desires back to her as a fond mother who lives to nourish her children with her own rich life; others who have never received the least benefit therefrom, of which they are conscious and boldly assert that little benefit to humanity ever emerged from her portals. Some go so far as to make the church synonymous with Christ's kingdom, and maintain that to be a member of the one is to be a member of the other, and consequently yield to her a fanatical reverence. Others swing clear to the other extreme and consider the church nothing better than the product of a jealous rivalry for pre-eminence over other institutions of earth, else the expression in wood and stone of overwrought sensibilities. Therefore, the monument of a most irrational superstition. While an innumerable many identify themselves with the church because they believe it to be a beneficent institution ordained of God, without which the world would be morally and spiritually impoverished, and through which the spirit is working for the redemption of humanity, in which divine strength can be had for the ills of life.

I desire that our starting point in these discussions should be in favor of religious toleration. As love is the centre of the Christian system, so must it be the motive in every church claiming to be a Christian chruch. As Christ our Master was tolerant of and charitable toward those who were not numbered among the twelve disciples and forty apostles, so must we as His followers be tolerant in thought, word, act, to those not of our number, and outside our communion. There is greater need of toleration to-day than at any previous period of the world's history. The church of to-day is more advanced than the church of yesterday. Its intelligence is greater; its light clearer; its affinity with the Holy Spirit more personal; its hold upon the cross of Christ, that power of redemptive love, sacrificing itself even unto death, stronger. The church of the twentieth century ought to be, and shame upon us if it is not, more spiritual than the church of the thirteenth century, or even than the church of the nineteenth century.

But not only in view of our superior spiritual enlightenment, also in view of our peculiarly complex state of living should we be tolerant. It is the age of differentiation and of classification. Every significant fact of life has been forced to submit to division and subdivision to an amazing extent. Look, for instance, at education. Trace it through the modern university curriculum. Contrast it with the most comprehensive collegiate institution of a century ago. You are overwhelmed with the multitudinous departments, and subdepartments and branches of instruction, and professional chairs. All these necessary, you say, to educate the youth. To adequately impart knowledge, to meet the ever increasing intellectual demand? Yes. The renaissance that called Europe from its dark ages of intellectual slumber has not yet spent its force. Measure the term medicine, or surgery with the imposing stature of the general practitioner of twenty years ago. The stature is no longer imposing. The specialist of a single bodily function is more imposing now. And for the human body the work of the one has been divided into the skill of the hundreds and each unit in the vast aggregate is more authoritative than the one. The term philosophy no longer recognizes the old vague divisions of moral and intellectual. Each division has been differentiated, and each differentiation suggests to the mind content and comprehensiveness, richer and more compact than the original classification from which it sprang. Metaphysics, theism, idealism, empricism, economics, sociology, psychology, biology, and many more are the terms now familiar to our thought. And how vast the field of consciousness covered by any one of these significant terms. Economics, a very modern term for instance postulates for us; the land question; the tenement house problem, the theory of wealth, industrial organization, all socialistic and communistic relation.

The same in jurisprudence, in commerce and trade, in everything of worth. The difference between the big department store and the little trader illustrates the idea. Yet how surprised we are that we should have wandered religiously far afield from the primitive apostolic church, with our highly differentiated credal and ritual expressions, our numerous ecclesiastical orders, our multiplicity of organization. Bless you, it only shows we are alive and growing and anxious to apply the gospel of Jesus to all sorts and conditions of men. The worldly minded claim that denominationalism is distracting and sigh for a Christian unity that will swallow up all religious divisions. But, believe me, denominationalism makes more for the glory of Christianity than for its shame. The only shame about it all is that denominationalism at times nurtures a spirit of Phariseeism that sees no God in any other division of the Christian fold than its own. It has been only a few years since the medical students of Harvard fellowshipped the aspirant for veterinary honors. The term "horse doctor" was the term of salutation. The veterinary student, as the student of dentistry, was occupied with such inferior subject matter. Yes, but necessary subject matter. So of the Angelican churches and the non-conformists of England. The one is poor stuff to the other, tolerated only at the point of taxation to support their schools. Similar intolerance was felt toword the great Booth movement in America by all the churches, because that movement ignored their cut and dried ecclesiastical methods and brought into requisition the public square and the secular hall if by any means they might save some the churches could not reach. The same intolerance is now characterizing us toward that growing, so called, Christian Science movement. When will we see the "powers for good" that are ordained of God? When will we believe that any movement, however erroneous in nineteen points of test, if adapted in its twentieth point unto the blessing of men, is worthy of our tolerance, even our sympathetic regard.

Even religious bodies quarrel among themselves in defining orthodoxy, and denominational respectability, instead of praying together for the salvation of the world. No wonder Christians outside the church pass by on the other side of the road when Christians inside the church forget the purpose of their existence. The thumbscrew, rack, fagot and stake are looked back upon as relics of a barbaric age, but their spirit still lives. Every one of the leading denominations have within ten years either persecuted, else made it very unpleasant for some intrepid thinker who saw more clearly and spoke more fearlessly than the rank and file. The Methodist Church in our leading New England city is to-day exalting the spirit of the Pharisees instead of the spirit of the Wesleys in trying to excommunicate its leading scholar, just as Presbyterianism a few years ago in persecuting its chief scholar went back dangerously near the standard of 350 years ago, raised by its illustrious ancestor, John Calvin, who in 1553 burned Servetus at the stake in Geneva for doubting the equality of the persons of "the Trinity" and the validity of infant baptism. Christ dealt more lovingly with heretics. To Thomas He unveiled His side and loved him into the necessary belief. Phariseeism, on the other hand, crucified Christ and stoned Stephen to death. Loving as brethren those within the church; tolerant as Christians toward those without is the ideal that should rule.

How refreshing to reflect upon such a passage of Scripture as that which stands at the head of this sermon. It is a plea for religious toleration and sets before us a standard of religious liberty it would be well to live up to. We are so inclined to become narrowed in our views of truth; we are so prone to live under the shelter of some creed that the vistas of truth stretching ahead of us everywhere become narrowed and hidden, and before we are aware of it the peculiar dogma we cherish or the certain fact we advocate is magnified into identification with the truth itself. There is at least danger here. Thus, how needful to be often carried out into the broad field the Gospel opens up. Look at the scene revealed here. Jesus is having another of His oft-recurring talks with the Pharisees; but, as of old, they do not understand Him. He is a fanatic, or at best, a stubborn partisan, who, while professing to lead them into larger freedom, seems only to break up their honored institutions. So this peculiar saying falls from His lips. As He speaks how precious the outlook. There He leads His followers through the old loved fields, out under the blue sky, their life and His identified, bound together by a common fidelity of truth. But even this freedom seems narrow in view of what is yet to come. These are My sheep, He says, and for them I lay down My life; but also other sheep I have which are not of this fold, and as we contemplate the words, the range of our vision is extended, the fields through which they pass widen, the visible horizon that hemmed us in lifts, the blue dome of the heavens expands until we see all truth loving souls everywhere, known by many a different name, coming in as the sheep fold opens to receive them. And we turn our steps homeward, resolving in future to be more tolerant for the Master's sake.

A few weeks ago an attendant upon our church, a lover of truth, a believer in Christ, but who had never made an open profession of religion, asked me what I thought constituted a Christian, and if I did not think it meant to be a church member, and a Baptist Church member. It was that earnest question that called forth these sermons. What constitutes a Christian? No progress can be made in our discussion until we settle that question. Is it to be a communicant of any church? Is it to subscribe to any creed? A hundred times no! All trustworthy sources make it to be a believer in Christ. What do you mean by belief in Christ? Well, what do you mean when you tell a person you believe in him, that you believe he is a good citizen, a faithful husband, a loving father? You may believe in him as all that, yet not be willing to trust him with a dollar out of your sight, or open your home to him as a friend. You honor him not most unless willing to trust him with money uncounted, your good name, the very secrets of your heart. A belief that does not express itself in confidence does not count for much. All else is cold, impersonal opinion. You must not offer Christ less than you would your friend. A belief in the historic Christ only never saved a soul, any more than a belief in Caesar or Luther or Washington, even though you believe Him as more than a teacher sent from God, more than a prophet, even the very Saviour of the world. Just as friendship is more than an intellectual opinion, even a possession of the life. Just as love, the divine essential in all true living, without much society, is a self-centred, self-circumferenced conglomeration, and the home a den, denying its own existence, is virtue of the heart instead of a secretion of the brain; so religion has its abiding place in the heart, else nowhere in the life at all.

To be a believer in Christ then is no different than to be a believer in man. Tell him whom you profess to call your friend you believe in him. When you will not confide in him, when in perplexity you seek another's counsel, and in sorrow another's sympathy, and you have insulted faith, and friendship has become in your hand an empty name. If you believe in a man trust him as all men demand you should. You say you love? Show it by loving and manifesting the self-denial love demands, else your profession is a sounding brass, an empty name, a dastardly affair.

Do you believe in Christ? Show it by a loving trust. Otherwise, you believe only intellectually, and that means you do not want to have much to do with Him. It means self first and always. And if perchance you start to follow Him from so superficial a motive be not surprised if the first time His demands conflict with your plans you turn traitor and swear you never knew the man. The test is, My sheep hear My voice and I know them and they follow Me. That is the test—to hear His voice and follow Him.

Now, what is the purpose of a church, and in how far does church membership constitute a Christian? Church membership constitutes a Christian just so far as a Christian constitutes a church member. No church, whatever its name and influence, has of itself power to make a man a Christian, unless the Roman Church, and that is only in its own estimation. We fall into one or the other of two errors: Either of thinking of Christianity as an abstraction, or as a fact identical with an organization of earth, when it is grander than both. There is no Christianity apart from the life of its founder. It is not to be born in a Christian community. It is not to be swayed by religious excitement.

Then there is the other mistake of making the visible church identical with the reality. Indeed, symbols are important. We can never tell how much satisfaction the religious devotee receives from the picture of the Virgin or the image of the Christ. The line between the symbol and the spirit may be less attenuated than we think. More symbols may lead to more realities than we dream of. An object of sense may, however, oftener hinder access to the spirit than be a viaduct thereto. Many a person joins a church for the sake of being a church member rather than to be a better Christian. Many a person worships their church and minister rather than the Christ the church represents and the minister preaches. Being a good denominationalist is not necessarily being a good Christian, although if we are good Christians we ought to be denominationalists, and better denominationalists than we are. Denominations give form and content to Christianity which some souls would never otherwise perceive. But on the other hand, denominationalism should have no content to boast of except what the Gospel imparts. Don't think that to be a Methodist, Presbyterian or Baptist is equal to being a Christian. It may be so. It may not be so. It depends whether your denomination intensifies or materializes Christianity. You may have the form of godliness, but your very devotion to the form is a denial of the power thereof. I have in mind a member of a former church who would sooner give up Christ than his immersion and communion. His unspiritual life shows he has done that very thing. He has permitted these two sacred rites to steal away his Lord, and he knows not where they have laid him. Scriptural warrant for ecclesiastical forms is good. But no ecclesiastical form should take the place of the pure heart, the Christ spirit. Christianity is a Christ imparted divine state of life. All within the charmed circle, whether of my church or yours, or of neither mine nor yours, are my brothers because also of Christ. "Other sheep I have not of this fold." Don't forget that. Christ said it. Therefore, it must be true. There shall be one flock and one shepherd. Not one fold, as it is translated. There may be many flocks in one fold.

By and by boundary lines will fade away. We think then they will all be Baptists. The Congregationalist thinks they will all be Congregationalists. And the Methodist is sure they will all be Methodists. Ah, brother, better still, they will all be Christians. And as some saint in glory ten thousand years asks, Who are these? as they all come trooping home like tired children after the toils of the day are over, so some John will answer: "These are they who believed in the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." Who knows, Jesus Himself may say, "These are they for whom I died." These? These? These are they who came up through great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 3.

Subject: Jesus Visits Tyre and Sidon, Mark vii., 24-37—Golden Text, Heb. xi., 6—Memory Verses, 27-29 — Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. A mother's plea (vs. 24-26). 24. "From thence He arose." That is, after delivering the discourses at Capernaum. Edersheim thinks that Jesus and the twelve apostles went immediately to the north country, while others think there was a short delay in, or near, Capernaum before starting out. "Borders of Tyre and Sidon." Tyre and Sidon were heathen cities on the east coast of the Mediterranean Sea. Their religion was a base and corrupting nature worship. Beelzebub, the name adopted by the Jews as a name for Satan, was one of their deities, who was supposed to be the author of "all the pollutions of idol worship." "Into a house." In all probability the house of a Jew. Edersheim thinks He must have tarried here several days; the fact that He desired to be kept hid, but could not, would suggest this. "No man knew it." He judged it proper to conceal Himself awhile from the Pharisees, who were plotting against Him. "Could not be hid." "It seems that He was personally known to many of this country, who had seen and heard Him in Galilee."

25. "Whose young daughter." The actual sufferings of the daughter were great, but the sufferings which the mother endured by sympathy were still greater. Our sufferings for others are great in proportion to the amount of love we have for them. Hence, the greatest sufferer on earth was Christ. "An unclean spirit." Matthew says her daughter was "grievously vexed with a devil." This was certainly a sad case. Nothing can destroy the peace of a home more than to have a daughter possessed with Satanic influences. The spirit that possessed this girl was an unclean—a vile spirit. "At His feet." This at once showed the humility of the woman; she assumed the most lowly attitude possible as she appeals to His mercy.

26. "Woman was a Greek." By language. The Jews called those who were idolaters Greeks, or Gentiles. "A Syrophenician by nation." A Syrophenician. Phoenicia belonged to the Roman province of Syria. She was a Syrian, of Phoenicia. "Besought Him." Earnestly entreated Him. The case was an urgent one, and, on her knees, at His feet, she poured out her request. "Would cast forth." She believed He had power to do this. Matthew says she "cried unto Him saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou son of David." She pleaded for mercy; she knew she could make no claim upon Him in any other way. The woman recognized Jesus as the Jewish Messiah; she called Him "Lord" and "The son of David." "The devil, etc." Here is a plain, straightforward confession. There is no effort to cover up the family troubles, and gloss over matters, and make it appear that, after all, her daughter is "quite respectable."

II. Faith triumphing (vs. 27-30). 27. "Jesus said." The woman's discouragements were great: 1. Her advantages had been small. She was a heathen woman, with but little means of even obtaining the light of the Hebrew Scriptures. 2. At first Jesus did not reply to her request (Matt. 15: 24). 3. The disciples besought Him to send her away. 4. When Jesus did speak He seemed to repel her. The soul, seeking salvation, frequently meets these same tests, and many become discouraged by them. "The children." The Jews. "First be filled." They are the favored people. The gospel was first to be offered to the Jews, and to them our Lord's personal ministry on earth was chiefly restricted. Jesus told her that His blessings were for the lost of Israel (Matt.) "Not meet." It is not suitable—not the proper thing to do. "Children's bread." To take those blessings that belong to the Jews. "Unto the dogs." This was the severest test of all. The Gentiles were considered by the Jewish people as no better than dogs, and Jesus only used a form of speech which was common; but it must have been very offensive to the heathen. Would this woman resent it? Would her pride at last be stirred? No. She "shrunk and shriveled" into nothingness at His feet, and her faith still held on for the desired blessing.

28. "Yes, Lord." "Truth, Lord" (Matt.) It is all so. The Jews; the favored ones ought to be blessed first. I know I am a heathen, only a Gentile dog. "Yet." Now follows (1) an answer to His argument against entertaining her petition, and (2) a most touching appeal to His clemency. "The dogs; eat of the children's crumbs." I only ask such kindness as the dogs of any family enjoy. If I am a dog, give me at least a dog's fare.

29. "For this saying." Her faith had triumphed. Jesus, said, "O woman, great is thy faith" (Matt.) There are several other graces that shone bright in her: wisdom, humility, meekness, patience, perseverance in prayer; but these were the product of her faith, and therefore Christ commends that, because, of all graces, faith honors Christ most; therefore, of all graces, Christ honors faith most. "Devil is gone." Now, at this very moment, thy request is granted. Though our Lord's mission was to the lost sheep of Israel, yet He always honored personal faith in Himself, wherever found." "Persevering faith and prayer are next to omnipotent. No person can thus pray and believe without receiving all his soul requires.

III. A man healed (vs. 31-37). 31. "Departing." Leaving the "borders" of Phoenicia, Jesus made a circuit to the southeast. He crossed the Jordan and sought seclusion in Decapolis, southeast of the Sea of Galilee. 32. "One; deaf." The healing of this man is related only by Mark. "An impediment." He was not a mute, but a stammerer. "Beseech." Earnestly entreat. This shows their faith in Christ's ability. 33. "Took him aside." The man would thus be more deeply impressed, and a public healing would cause the people to come together in great crowds. "Put His fingers, etc." Some external sign was needed to show to others that the result really proceeded from Christ. He put His fingers into his ears to mark the ear-drum that was to be quickened; he spit and touched his tongue to show that its stiffened muscles must be lubricated into limberness; He looked up into heaven to show that the source of power was God; He spoke the word to mark that the effect was instant in time upon the command. 34. "Sighed." Christ's sympathies were touched, and He sighed when He saw the suffering and sorrow around Him. "Ephphatha." The actual Aramic word used by our Lord. 35. "Spake plain." When Christ undertakes a case He always does in complete work. In verses 36 and 37 Jesus charged them to tell no man, but they published it so much the more and were astonished beyond measure.

The Model Farmer Found.

The United States Department of Agriculture has run up against a practical farmer who for the time being seems to have called a halt on scientific agricultural exploitation. The farmer in question is the Rev. J. D. Detrich, of Flourtown, on the edge of Philadelphia. Mr. Detrich twenty-one years ago came into possession of a worn-out farm of fifteen acres, which then had two cows and a horse on it for which hay had to be bought. Now by the most strict management Mr. Detrich keeps two horses and from thirty to thirty-five head of cattle, and is making a large income from the place, feeding everything from the produce of the fifteen acres.

New Species of Sea Animals.

The creation of a new species of sea animal is the latest accomplishment of Professor Jacques Loeb, the physiologist formerly at the University of Chicago and now at the University of California. The result was obtained by interbreeding sea-urchin and starfish in an alkaline solution containing salts of sea water and sodium hydrate. Under normal conditions the species will not amalgamate. An exposition of the manner and methods of the experiment has been published by Professor Loeb.

New Antarctic Sea.

The Scottish Antarctic expedition, which has arrived at Buenos Ayres, covered 4000 miles of previously unexplored sea and found a new deep sea of 2500 fathoms about 5000 miles southeast of the South Orkney Islands, abounding with fish and crustaceans.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Poem: Dare to Answer "No"—A Wholesome Lesson in the Form of a Catechism—The Saloon is the Eternal Foe of Everything Good.

Bear a white, unsullied shield, lad, on the battlefild of life;
Waver never, howsoever sore may be the strife.
Steadfast heart and stainless hand, lad, many a subtle foe
You shall vanquish if you'll only learn to answer No.

Let your life be bl[illegible]nk and open as the summer skies;
Take your pleasure, but in measure moderate and wise.
Idleness looks like a siren—When she cometh so,
Never flinch, lad, not an inch, lad, stand and answer No.

You shall learn how sweet, thrice sweeter, after work is play;
But woes waits on him who ever treads the primrose way.
Pleasure wears a smiling face, lad, 'ware her crafty blow!
She can smile, and smiling smite thee—foil her with a No.

If your friend be brave and loyal—stanch in woe and weal—
Bind him to thy heart of hearts, lad, with a chain of steel.
But when comrades stoop to counsel aught that's mean or low,
Aught that shuns the light of heaven, dare to answer No.

—By Robert Richardson.

A Timely Lesson.

The Epworth League, Chicago, presents a timely lesson from the catachism of the Great Reform, thus:

What is the chief lawbreaker of the land?

The saloon.

Where are the schemes hatched out which promote the most dastardly forms of civic corruption?

In the saloon.

Where does the midnight assassin go to nerve himself for his murderous mission?

To the saloon.

Where do the police go in search of the skulking thief and murderer?

To the saloon.

What institution is hard by the brothel and the gambling hell?

The saloon.

What lays its hands upon political parties and dictates who shall be nominated and elected to office?

The saloon.

What impoverishes the American workingman and fills him with the spirit of discontent?

The saloon.

What takes the bread from the mouths of starving children?

The saloon.

What clothes with rags refined women who once lived in affluence?

The saloon.

What despoils young manhood and sends it reeling and cursing down the street?

The saloon.

What crowds our prisons to their utmost limit?

The saloon.

What peoples our madhouses with pitiable victims?

The saloon.

What drags from its throne of respectability and influence our best manhood, and, smiting it with unspeakable physical, mental, and moral deformities, sends it, despairing, over the precipice into the horrors of an eternal doom?

The saloon.

What is the arch despoiler of the home and the fruitful source of domestic infelicity?

The saloon.

What is the eternal enemy of the Church of Jesus Christ and the chief impediment to every moral reform?

The saloon.

Should this institution be allowed to live? Should it be authorized and protected by law? Should the good citizenship of the Republic not arise, and, as one man, abate the awful, blighting curse? Should not the whole damning business be pulverized and swept down into hell from which it came?

Blot out this curse!

Deadly Drugs in Whisky.

Dr. B. H. Warren, State Pure Food Commissioner of Pennsylvania, has made a startling discovery regarding the cheap grades of whisky sold all over the State. In Altoona he said: "Most of the cheap whisky sold in Pennsylvania, I have discovered by analysis, is manufactured from wood alcohol and red or India pepper, the latter element giving the deadly dose the desired 'snap.' I was astounded when the chemists informed me of their findings in a number of cases, and immediately had over 1000 samples taken up over the State. Ninety-five per cent. of the samples so far examined have shown the presence of wood alcohol in poisonous quantities, along with the pepper. Some samples contained arsenic, turpentine and traces of prussic acid." Dr. Warren said he had instituted proceedings in over 100 cases where the deadly stuff had been sold. The total number, from present indications, will exceed 1000, and may, before the investigation is completed, reach 5000. "No wonder," said the doctor, "that our asylums are full."

An Illinois Garden Spot.

Edwards County, in Illinois, is a veritable garden spot. There is not a single prisoner confined in the county jail, nor has there been for several years. The j[illegible] is used exclusively as a shelter for tramps during the winter season. The county almshouse is without a single inmate. The Circuit Court in that model county seldom lasts over two days, owing to the remarkable absence of litigation. In the past two years there has not been a single criminal case tried there, and but one jury trial in all that time, and that was brought by a man who sued his mother-in-law for alienating his wife's affections. The county has not sent a prisoner to the penitentiary in thirty years, a record perhaps unequaled. Reason why: In thirty years there has been but one saloon in the county, and that was operated but a single year.

A New Departure.

A Methodist Episcopal minister in Boston, Mass., has made a new departure in temperance effort. Those who sign the pledge he offers bind themselves not only to be total abstainers from intoxicants for one year, but to deposit with him a shilling a day—the price of four glasses of liquor—he agreeing at the end of the year to return the total amount save in the form of fuel and other provisions at the lowest prices.

Drunkards and Marriage.

In Waldeck, Germany, there is a law which prohibits the marriage of any individual who has the habit of over-drinking, and once identified with the habit, an inebriate must produce sufficient proof of reformation to warrant his receiving a license at any future time.

More Vulnerable.

Hard drinkers are well known to be more vulnerable to many diseases than temperate persons. Of every 100 alcoholics attacked by pneumonia seventy will die while of every non-alcoholics so attacked only twenty-three will die, says a medical authority.

Significant Items.

The following three items from Callen's Indianapolis Standard, a liquor journal, are significant as showing the aggressive work which is being carried on by the anti-saloon forces in Indiana: "Saloons are dropping out in Kokomo like daisies by the roadside. Connersville has hoisted the black flag of prohibition, and no more saloons is the war cry. Even Franklin is agitating another attack of blind tigerism. One dose ought to be enough for a few years at least."

In Maine, Kansas and North Dakota they have prohibition by State law, in thirty-eight other States they have it by local option.