

# HIS OTHER SELF

A PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL.

By SARAH GRAND.

CHAPTER XVIII. 16

Continued.

But Dr. Mansell was not nearly so charitable. He did not say much about it, but he felt in his own heart that he never could have liked the fellow under any circumstances. Yet he did what he could for him, nevertheless, and on this evening in particular he worked with rare tact, first fixing Mr. Soames' mind on the subject of delusions generally, then gradually showing how any one of the three then present might at that moment be laboring under a delusion quite patent to the other two, but never suspected by himself, and finally making the application personal by remarking in a casual way: "I suppose, though, nothing would make you believe that you are traveling under a delusion, Mr. Soames?" "I don't know," he answered, ruffling his hair up from behind and forcing a laugh, though it was easy to see that the subject affected him seriously for some reason or other. He shook the impression off, however, and asked, in a bantering tone: "What form of delusion should you say I was suffering from, doctor?" "Well," Dr. Mansell answered, "I should say that you were under the delusion that you were all alone in the world, with no one to care for you, while all the time you are bound by the nearest and dearest tie a man can have. I should say that you were attacked by this delusion quite suddenly one day, and having lost the sense of your own identity you wandered off under the impression that you were somebody else—some friend of yours, say—leaving a lady in a horrible state of suspense, not knowing what had become of you, and a little child."

"Ah, by Jove!" Mr. Soames exclaimed, snapping the table. "Who told you that story, doctor? Was I drunk last night? I remember having her in my mind, but I thought I had been dreaming. Was I talking about her? I do talk sometimes when I'm drunk, but it's taking a mean advantage, you know, to round on a fellow that way." He became thoughtful for a little. "It all happened a long time ago," he pursued; "but I know now what a fool I was to desert her. I've never come across her like again. And I'll tell you what it is, doctor, if I knew where she was at this moment, and she'd have me, I'd do the right thing by her yet, and by the child; I would, indeed. And I'm not drunk now. I know what I'm saying."

"My poor fellow," Lord Wartlebury said, soothingly, "you fancy it was a long time ago, then?"

"And wasn't it?" Mr. Soames asked, suspiciously.

"Try and recollect."

He puzzled his brains for a little, then gave it up, or came to a conclusion, it was impossible to say which, with a toss of his head and a laugh.

"Oh, come now," he said, "you are trying to draw me."

Dr. Mansell smiled. "We were talking about delusions," he said. "Now, suppose I told you seriously that you were not Lawrence Soames at all, that your real name is Leslie Somers?"

"Leslie Somers?" he interposed. "I know that name. But—after a pause—I cannot for the life of me remember how I know it or what I know about it. However, for the sake of argument, I'll suppose I'm Leslie Somers. What then?"

"Leslie Somers," Dr. Mansell stolidly pursued, "is a barrister, a well known man, whose name appears continually in the daily papers. At the beginning of this summer he began to suffer from the effects of overwork, and was obliged to take a holiday. He went with his wife and child to a quiet little seaside place to recruit, and seemed to be recovering; but one day, without any warning, he became the victim of a delusion. He imagined that his name was Lawrence Soames, that he was accredited British Consul to San Francisco, and after careering about the Continent a little in an erratic way and never doubting the reality of his impression he set off for America quite prepared to enter upon his new duties."

"What would happen, then, when he got to America and found out his mistake?" Mr. Soames asked.

"Ah, that is difficult to say," the doctor rejoined. "But I haven't finished the first part of the plot yet. I must tell you that his wife had followed him all through his wanderings with great courage and devotion, that she had traced him with rare intelligence, and nearly lost her life on three occasions in her eagerness to overtake him, and that at last she actually embarked on the same ship that he did for San Francisco, but remained concealed, nervously dreading the shock of seeing him and finding herself forgotten. After a time, however, it was found impossible for matters to remain so, and useless, too, if he was ever to be restored to his right mind, and it was therefore deemed advisable to prepare him for an interview, and to endeavor if possible to rouse his recollection by setting the past before him, so as to enable him to realize his own plight."

Lord Wartlebury here nodded approval, but Mr. Lawrence Soames remained with shrewd eyes fixed intelligently on the doctor and an enigmatic grin on his face for some seconds longer. It was impossible to guess what was passing through his mind, and just as he was about to speak the unexpected sound of a piano, touched by a light, firm hand, diverted his attention. He looked around.

"It is one of the ladies," Lord Wartlebury explained. "Their cabin is just behind you."

The first few chords, played evidently to try the instrument, gradually resolved themselves into the strong and exquisite yet simple ca-

dence of J. S. Bach's first prelude, set as retourelle and accompanied by Gounod to his "Ave Maria." It was played with exquisite feeling, and at the right moment a lovely contralto voice took up the air:

"Ave Maria!  
Mighty yet lowly  
Pure and most holy,  
Hear from thy stary throne our prayer:  
Though faithless friends may grieve us,  
Wealth and fortune leave us,  
Grant to our grief and to our pain, thy  
tender care.  
Sancta Maria!  
When we are fearful,  
When we are fearful,  
Give to us thine aid—to us thine aid—of  
prayer!"

Lawrence Soames turned to the side from whence the sound proceeded, and sat listening spellbound. An unmistakable flash of recognition had come into his face when the first notes were played, and swiftly following came signs of softening and emotion such as had not yet appeared since he came on board the yacht. The whole man was transformed for the moment, elevated undoubtedly, and when he spoke it was in a broken voice, from which, for once, all the jarring coarseness had disappeared.

"Well, I may be mad," he said, "and I may have a wife and child, as you say, and I mayn't be Lawrence Soames, British Consul at Frisco—now if all possible enough, and, by Jove, if she sings again, I shall want to believe it! I shall want to believe that I didn't desert her, that I stood by her like a man, and by the child, and that she is singing that now, as she used to sing it long ago with a thankful joy, as she said because of the great joy my coming had brought into her miserable life. For it was a miserable existence I took her from, and she was happy with me; but—I don't know why—she got out of health, and I think it bothered me to see her so—at any rate, I deserted her."

His head sunk on his breast and he fixed his eyes on the table before him, then suddenly he looked at Lord Wartlebury.

"Are you a sort of prince in a fairy tale, sir?" he said. "Do you go about righting wronged damsels, and have you brought us together on purpose?"

"I am very anxious to see this matter put right," Lord Wartlebury answered, guardedly.

"Yes," Lawrence Soames went on again in his strangely altered voice, "I begin to recall her—the soft dark hair, the great tender eyes, the little loving ways. Doctor, ask her to sing again—no!" suddenly jumping up.

"Ask her to see me—ask her to forgive me the misery I have caused her. Tell her I see it all now—I am an altered man—I repent."

Lord Wartlebury looked at Dr. Mansell inquiringly.

"Has it come right?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Not quite," was the answer. "You see, he is mistaken about the circumstances. However, he remembers her—that is the great thing; the rest will come by degrees. Stop a minute, Soames!" He had been about to leave the saloon. "You don't know your way. Stay here a moment, and I will go and find out if she is prepared to see you."

During the few minutes the doctor was away Mr. Soames stood motionless with his head up, in the attitude of one straining his attention to hear, and neither spoke. He was very pale, and when the doctor came for him he followed him out nervously.

Dr. Mansell returned to Lord Wartlebury immediately. He was cheerfully rubbing his hands. "I did not see them meet," he said. "They will get over the interview best by themselves. I quite expect he will remember everything distinctly directly he sees her."

Lord Wartlebury parted his lips to reply, but just at that moment a piercing shriek rang through the ship and made the glasses dance on the table.

"The madman is murdering her!" they both exclaimed, and rushed to the rescue.

CHAPTER XIX.

The scene that presented itself to Lord Wartlebury and Dr. Mansell on entering the ladies' saloon was very inexplicable. They could see at a glance that something had gone wrong there, but there was no sign of violence, nothing to account for the scream.

Miss Somers stood in the doorway of her cabin, her plain, benevolent face full of consternation; Gertrude, in evening dress—as they all were—stood in the middle of the saloon, her hands pressed convulsively to her breast, her eyes staring, her cheeks pale, her lips still parted as when she uttered that one cry, gazing like one horror-stricken at Mr. Lawrence Soames, who had apparently staggered up against the woodwork of the ship, and was leaning there as if for support, with a face no less pale than Gertrude's, and a bewildered about him difficult to depict.

He was, however, the first to recover himself. "It seems," he said, turning to Lord Wartlebury, "there's been some mistake here."

Lord Wartlebury looked at Gertrude for an explanation.

"That man," she gasped, "is not my husband!"

"Oh, what does it all mean?" Miss Somers exclaimed, coming forward as she spoke.

"Well, it means," Mr. Soames said, sarcastically shaking himself together and lounging away from the woodwork—"it means, so far as I can make out, that I've got among a set of staring lunatics."

Hereupon Lord Wartlebury instantly recovered himself also. "I am afraid there has been an unfortunate mistake," he said, with his usual dignified precision. "I think, sir, if you have no objection, we had better ask the ladies to excuse us. I have an

explanation to offer you, and an apology to make," with which he led the way back to the great saloon.

The scene that followed is indescribable. Mr. Soames was naturally enraged. At first he thought himself the victim of an elaborate practical joke, and he was not to be mollified even when he found that his host and the doctor were as much sold as himself, as he phrased it. "Why the devil didn't you ask to see my papers?" he roared at them.

This very proper precaution had never occurred to them, because no doubt of his identity had ever entered their minds.

To do Mr. Lawrence Soames justice, however, after the first outbreak of indignation, and after Lord Wartlebury had sufficiently abused himself, going so far in his anxiety to show contrition and make amends as to swear eternal friendship with Mr. Soames, and promise the use of his interest in the Consular service or any other branch of the Legislature to him and to his heirs forever; also—I must mention it—after a satisfying share of a bottle of champagne, he began to be gentler again. He was even immensely tickled when he thought over all that had occurred—the way he had been chased from place to place by a lovely lady, captured by a peer of the realm, carried off in a floating palace and guarded by an eminent physician, without once suspecting the object of all this care and attention! It was all too funny, really; and when the story came to be told it was evident that the laugh would not be at his expense at all events. And, after all, he had lost nothing by the mistake. On the contrary, he had made a powerful friend and had had a very good time. And now if his lordship would be good enough to put him on shore at Malta he would be able to catch the very steamer on which he had taken his passage for Frisco, when she touched there, and might go on his way rejoicing, certainly none the worse for his novel experience; which was accordingly done.

He was a common-looking fellow, without the faintest resemblance to Leslie Somers in the face, but he was about the same height; his hair was the same color, and grew in the same way; and he happened to have been wearing much of the same sort of summer tweed suit; all of which, with the circumstance of his leaving Trewoport Station at the time he did, accounted for the mistake. The difficulty now was how to repair it. The Star was, of course, headed home immediately; but what precious time had been lost! Poor Gertrude sat on deck all day long and half the night, with her hands before her, thinking. She was very quiet and very patient, but seemed to dislike being spoken to. Dr. Mansell distracted her a little by reading to her, while Lord Wartlebury tried to comfort Miss Somers, who was naturally nearly as anxious on her brother's account as his wife was. On arriving at London the case was at once put into the hands of competent detectives, as all now felt it should have been at first. Gertrude went with Miss Somers to see if anything had been heard of her husband at his home or chambers, but both were still closed and deserted. The house especially looked blank and dreary, like a face without eyes, with all the blinds down; she wished she had not seen it. Having done all that there was to be done in London, she went at once to Trewoport to see her boy. She arrived late one afternoon, and walked down from the station, leaving her luggage to be sent for, there being no vehicles sent to meet trains from that primitive place unless specially ordered, a precaution she had neglected, wishing to see how her boy had fared in her absence, as she might exactly, if she took the household by surprise, giving them no time for preparation.

It was a lovely afternoon, but sultry, and she found all the doors and windows wide open and the sun-blinds still drawn. No one appeared to be about, so she walked into the hall and looked around. It seemed smaller than when she had last seen it and felt strange.

The drawing-room door was ajar and she went in there. A gaunt figure sprung from a couch with a glad cry.

"Gertrude!"

"Leslie!"

To be Continued.

## THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. JASON NOBLE PIERCE.

Subject: The Compassion of Jesus.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In Puritan Congregational Church Sunday the pastor, the Rev. Jason Noble Pierce, preached on "The Compassion of Jesus." The text was from Luke 7:13: "And when the Lord saw her He had compassion on her, and said unto her, 'Woman, thy sin is forgiven.'"

I have taken as my subject this morning one of the most beautiful and comforting themes in the Bible, "The Compassion of Jesus." If there is any one present in this congregation who has been experiencing trial and suffering, or who has been called upon to bear some grievous burden, I will be glad to ask his attention, especially to the consideration of this theme. And if there is any one here who would make more sure of God's personal love for His individual children, let him discover that love as it is revealed in the compassion of His Son, our Lord and Saviour.

Briefly but clearly the author of our Gospel presents the picture of "So, here was a sad man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her." From our text we know that she was weeping, and well she might, for death leaves a smarting sting. This was not the first time she had faced death in the inner circle of her home. She was a widow. But how often does the loss of one member of the family make us suffer as if our hearts were torn, especially when it is an only son, a young man, and probably the main support and stay of his widowed mother? Circumstances seemed to conspire to make the occasion full of greatest sorrow for her, and as the procession passes through the city gate and turns toward the burying ground the burning tears course down her cheeks and she sees naught, feels naught, knows naught, but the grief that is in her heart.

All the helpless ones in Israel she, passing out of the gate, was most helpless. And that was the very hour the mightiest one in all Israel drew nigh to the city. Weakness and strength; human need and divine help; these all never separated. Will these all never become operative? Will the Saviour act? "When the Lord saw her He had compassion on her and said unto her, 'Woman, thy sin is forgiven.' Weep not. And He came and touched the blind; and they that bear him stood still. And He said, 'Young man, I say unto thee, arise.' And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him unto his mother."

Hallelulah! What a Saviour!

If the issue could be avoided I would gladly pass over a discussion of the miracle involved in this lesson. But how can I? If I assume that you all accept the miracles ascribed to Jesus, I make a false assumption, for I know from personal conversation that some of you have questionings about the reality of His miracles. I could separate the question of Jesus' compassion from His miracles. I might do that. But how can I? Everywhere in the Gospels where Jesus' compassion is referred to it is in connection with some miracle. He did not do so many of us do, allow our sympathy to vent itself in empty air. His great heart made demands upon a great power, and the sight of sorrow ever made Him exert Himself for their relief. Four times does St. Matthew and four times does St. Mark refer directly to Jesus' compassion, and upon each occasion do we find Him working a miracle. St. Luke speaks directly concerning the compassion of our Lord only once, and that is in our text. The subject demands our attention.

There are some men who are not greatly troubled concerning the miracles. They sweep them all in or all out of their theological acceptance with no hard thinking or penetrating vision. Their theological house is one of the portable variety, cheaply bought, readily made, quickly clapped together over a foundation of sand. It may stand for a season, but when the great comes how is it? The rain descends and the floods come and the winds blow and beat upon that house; and it falls; and great is the fall of it.

One of the safeguards of the church is the number of thinking men and women within it, who concentrate not only their hearts, but their minds upon the Lord, and who meditate upon Him in the light of His word, and to all such comes sooner or later the question of the miracles. We wrestle with these miracles, we pray over them, we come to some conclusion concerning them and our conclusions are not always alike.

There are some who discriminate among the miracles. Those they can explain through understood laws they accept; the rest they hold in abeyance. Some of the most consecrated and loyal followers of the Master are among these disciples.

And there are those also who believe that through Jesus were done many mighty works. I am of this mind. This does not mean that we give unqualified approval to all that Jesus was said to have done. His is the only instance on record, it is so true, that all the works of Him are true. But it does mean that through Him deeds were done that the human mind does not yet understand. It does not mean that Jesus did these mighty works in His own strength and of His own knowledge. "I can of mine own self do nothing," He said, "but the Father that dwelleth in Me, he doeth the works." And the number of thinking men who hold this belief is fast increasing, not through an increase of faith by itself, but through an increase of experience. The metaphysical world is yielding up her secrets one by one, and we are discovering that there is a relationship between the seen and the unseen of which our fathers only dreamed. Miracles are daily taking place through human agency co-operating with the laws of God. And it is because we are coming to better understand the inter-relation of forces and the amazing consequence of certain causes, that we turn to the Gospels and read with deeper insight and larger faith of the mighty works of Jesus.

But I call your attention this morning not to the miracles themselves, but to their cause; not to an analysis of their accomplishment, but to the discernment of that which called them forth, the compassion of Jesus.

Often the crowd gathered about Jesus and demanded some marvelous work, a sign from heaven. He refused them. Men came to Him seeking to enlist His power for their selfish gain; and wiser men. Nothing could tempt Him to make a show or win the crowd through the marvelous. But when He saw people in need or in sorrow or suffering, when

did He ever turn them away? How quick was His response! How swift in power! His maxim was, "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick."

When the multitude penetrated the desert whither He had gone for retirement and needed rest, when He beheld their desire for Him and knew the hunger and heart sickness that impelled them to seek Him, "He was moved with compassion on them because they were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd."

When the blind and the demented cried unto Him, the Lord of Light and Spirit was mighty in deed. When the leper of Galilee knelt before Him saying, "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean," His heart was touched. "And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth His hand and touched him and said unto him, 'I will be thou clean.'"

Oh, the mighty love of Jesus! It met that dear mother at the gate of Nain and did for her what none in all the city could do, restore to her her son. Can any of you imagine the wonder and joy unspeakable that came to her when Jesus delivered him to her?

One of the striking characteristics of the compassion of Jesus is its inclusiveness. It knows no bounds. It goes out to the multitude and to the individual, to the stranger as freely as to the friend, to the Jew and to the Gentile. His heart went out for the city and He wept over it and His heart went out to the lone woman in need of a Saviour. The one essential was that there exist a grief, a burden, a sorrow that immediately His help was forthcoming. Where the sick were gathered by their friends, or among the porches by the pool where the impotent lay, there was Jesus to bless. No custom delayed Him, no fear for life nor weariness of the flesh restrained Him, but freely He ministered unto all who called upon Him.

Another characteristic of Jesus' compassion is His attitude toward evil. He does not set the blind man that it is best for him to remain blind, nor does He point out to the leper that there are compensating blessings that come through his affliction. His action is rather to strike at the evil that is responsible for their condition. I dare say that He could have visited the widow of Nain and through His revelation of poverty home and the Father's love He could have lightened her heart of much of its sorrow. But His way was that of the most inclusive action against the cause of her grief. Affliction and sorrow and pain are not regarded by Jesus as divinely sent nor to be unnecessarily borne. He opposed them. He threw the weight of His teachings and life against everything that tended to prostrate the soul, for they were a hindrance not only upon human life, but upon the liberty that life was to enjoy, and everything that bound and dwarfed that liberty He fought unto the end. Oh, what a judgment upon this country, where human life is held so cheaply, where men perish by thousands upon the railroads and in the mines, where grinding industrial life sweeps the workers from their homes, where selfishness and pleasure allow disease and suffering to spread far and wide with ravaging hand! Jesus fought this misery and gave Himself unstintedly to unburden the lives of men.

And now in approaching the final consideration of this theme it is important that we bear in mind the steps that have been taken, for they have an immediate bearing upon what is to follow. We have seen that Jesus was in fullest sympathy with all who carried a burden, and that all such found a way of approach to Him at all times. In the second place, we have seen that He was in such accord with His Father in heaven that the mightiest of works were possible unto Him and were accomplished through Him to relieve human sorrow. And we have seen, too, that His loving compassion knew no bounds, that it embraced the individual as well as the multitude, that it left no one without whom He came in contact outside His affection. And lastly, we have considered the fact that Jesus opposed Himself to evil in whatever form it was found, and regarded pain and affliction as enemies to be trodden under foot.

Dear friends, while we have been talking about Jesus we have in reality been talking about our heavenly Father. While we have been considering the compassion of Jesus we have been discussing the loving compassion of God. The former is the perfect manifestation of the latter. All that has been said of Jesus' compassion is but an assurance to be true of God's love. If there is any one here with a burden, a heavy sorrow, a hidden grief, let me tell you that you do not bear it alone. It may have seemed oftentimes that the Father had forgotten you or had overlooked you in the multitude, but the very moment that the hour has been darkest is the time He has been most near. He has always kept the way of approach open, which is more than we can say for ourselves, and often when our ear heard not and our heart inclined not His voice has been calling "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Nor has He overlooked one. No one is beyond the reach of His love. It may have been said ago that you turned aside from Him and you may feel that you are indeed a stranger with no claim upon Him. But it is not so. His compassion is without bound.

**Life and Death.**

Love is life, and lovelessness is death. As the grace of God changes a man's heart and cleanses and sanctifies him, this is the great evidence of the change, this is the great difference which it makes: that he begins to grow in love, to lay aside self-seeking, and to live for others—and so he may know that he has passed from death unto life.

He may know it even here and now—yes, that great discovery of love, that learning to live for others and feeling the grace and gentleness that God is keeping up all over the world—even now it changes homes, it lightens every burden, it brings peace and gladness into the hardest days; it alters even the tone of a man's voice and the very look of his face; his act is blessed and surpassing as it is, far above all else in the world, still is but the beginning. For that life into which we pass, as God's dear grace of love comes in us and about us, is the very life of Heaven.—Francis Paget.

**Unwise and Unlovely.**

If you desire to confess your own faults, do so humbly, but it is an unwise and unlovely thing to condemn or scold others.

**An Impossibility.**

You cannot expect men to reverence a religion when they cannot respect its followers.

## THE PRAYER OF HOLY WRIT

Prayer for my daily grace  
Among the pleasant fields  
of Holy Writ I might despair—  
—Tennyson.

### LOVE.

O Lord, I am not brave, great truths to speak  
I am not wise—the skeptic to assure;  
And oh, I am not strong, to help Thy weak,  
Nor rich, that I could much relieve Thy poor.

But, Father, I would serve Thee in some way,  
I might seek out for Thee some wandering sheep;  
For some of Thy dear tempted ones, might pray,  
Or with Thy weeping ones my heart might weep.

Thou wilt not care, I know, how small my task,  
Although Thou rulest all the stars above;  
The thing supreme, that Thou of me dost ask,  
Is, that the prompting of my heart be love.

—Mrs. Frank A. Breck, in Home Herald.

### The Children of the Good.

It is frequently a matter of remark that the children and successors of goodly people do not manifest the fervent piety and love which marked their fathers. And people sometimes inveigh against this manifestation of the degeneracy of the times in which we live, says H. L. Hastings, in an article on apostasy and degeneracy. But it is possible that they overlook one fact, which, if recollected, would fully explain the evils of which they complain. The one vital fact bearing on this question is, that righteousness or piety is not hereditary. No man, however good or gracious his parentage may have been, is born so well that he does not need to be born again. Religion is not transmissible by descent. Hence, the entire work of regeneration, conversion or renewing of heart and life, has to be repeated with each successive generation. It was vain for the Jews to say, "We have Abraham for our father," for it is equally vain for us to boast of pious ancestors, and saintly fathers and mothers, when the only thing that can save the children of the best parents is a thorough conversion to God and a personal acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ.

We are not therefore to think it strange that the children of good people go wrong, and that they fall to manifest the fervor and faith of their predecessors. We are to look to God for the renewal and salvation of our offspring, knowing that unless they will repent and find salvation they will surely perish as though they were the children of the vilest sinners that ever lived.

### Prayer.

Go not, my friend, into the dangerous world without prayer. You kneel down at night to pray, and drowsiness weighs down your eyelids; a hard day's work is a kind of excuse, and you shorten your prayer, and resign yourself to sleep. The morning breaks, and it may be you rise late, and so your early devotions are not done or are done with irregular haste. No watching unto prayerful wakefulness once more omitted, and now is that reparable? We solemnly believe not. There has been that done which can not be undone. You have given up your prayer, and you will suffer for it. Temptation is before you, and you are not ready to meet it. There is a guilty feeling on the soul, and you linger at a distance from God. It is no marvel if that day in which you suffer drowsiness to interfere with prayer be a day in which you shrink from duty. Moments of prayer intruded upon by sloth can not be made up. We may experience, but we can not get back the rich freshness and strength which we wrapped up in those moments.—Frederick W. Robertson.

### The Argument of Our Longing.

This heart-yearning for God, which is the deepest reading of human history, is a tacit argument for that which will supply the need of correspondence between an instinct and that which will satisfy it, between a faculty and its object, between a need and its fulfillment. We were made for God. It is written in every aspiration, and breathed in every prayer; we were born for the love of God. No work, no engrossment, or culture of natural powers, will satisfy a man who has once awakened to his heart's need. Only a faith like that expressed in the great words of St. Augustine can satisfy: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it finds rest in Thee."—Hugh Black.

### Irresolution.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind that irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to act about it, is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—Tillotson.

### Supreme Art of Living.

To grow old, patiently, bravely, even joyfully—that is the supreme art of living. And if you and I are to ever learn how, we must begin now when life is strong and full of vigor. Impatience and fretfulness now can only culminate later in serenity and content.

### The Prayer That Prevails.

Much so-called supplication of God has such a metallic sound that it is evident the lips are but an articulating prayer machine. The whole being should be under tribute in the worship of God. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent shall take it by force. It is the fervent prayer of a righteous man that availeth much."—Philadelphia Methodist.

Freedom from prudence is no evidence of faith in Providence.

Dean Leaves More Than \$1,000,000.

John E. Dean, a retired capitalist, who died on November 10, left an estate valued at \$1,270,000, according to a petition for probate filed in Chicago. The personal property is valued at \$1,000,000. The testator's son and four daughters inherit the greater part of the estate, the widow, Mrs. Suzanna Ella Dean, being allowed only \$25,000 and the income on \$50,000.

Belgium Takes Congo.

Belgium has formally assumed control of the Congo Free State.

## The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMISSIONS FEBRUARY 3.

Subject: The Ascension of Our Lord, Acts 1:1-14—olden Text, Luke 24:51—Cont. Verses 8, 9—Exposition one Lesson.

TIME.—Thurs., May 18, A. D. 30. PLACE.—Jesaiam and Olivet. EXPOSITION. I. The Risen Christ. "The former treatise" is the gospel of St. Luke (1:1-4). The subject of the gospel was what Jesus "began" to do and teach. The subject of the Bo of Acts is what Jesus continued to do and teach after His ascension. Just before His ascension He had given the disciples commandments (Matt. 28:19, 20; Mk. 16:15-19; Lk. 24:45-49; ch. 10:40-42). He bidden these commandments, after His resurrection, in the power of the Holy Spirit, and how He emphasized the importance of His work (cf. 1 Cor. 2:1 Theas. 1:5). He was taken up "into heaven" (Lk. 24:51; cf. 1 Peter 3:22). The sufficient proof that Jesus rose what He was seen through forty days. His sufferings and death. "showed Himself alive by many proofs." "Forty days" is the period of thorough testing (Deut. 8:2, 18; Ec. 1:2; Matt. 4:2). During thirty days, however, was one subject conversation, "the things concerning the kingdom of God." As the is of communion with the risen Christ drew to a close Jesus laid a solemn charge upon them not to take up commission of world-wide evangelization that He had laid upon them until they had received the almighty fitting for the work, "the gift of the Holy Spirit" (cf. Acts 1:8). How vain the prayer of the Holy Spirit (vs. 5, 6; cf. 2:4, 5). They were to stay riched in Jerusalem and wait until they received power from on high.

II. The Awaiting Christ. 6-9 (Luke 24:50, 51). The mention of the promise of Father "seems to have suggested the disciples the restoration of ael, so they ask Jesus if He will restore the kingdom to Israel. His answer implies that the idom is some time to be restored Israel (cf. Is. 1:25-27; 9:7; Jer. 2:6; 33:15-28; Ec. 3:6-8; 3:16-21; 9:11-15). But in the most emphatic He tells them that God has reved the knowledge of times and seasons to Himself (cf. 2:3; 3:3; 4:3). How vain the prayer of the Holy Spirit (vs. 5, 6; cf. 2:4, 5). They were to stay riched in Jerusalem and wait until they received power from on high.

III. The Awaiting Christ. 10-11. They straher eyes to get another glimpse Him and then stood there ga Two men in white (cf. Mk. 1: Luke 24:4, 23; Jno. 20:12; Acts 1:3) stood by them. These were practical. "Why stand ye ag in heaven?" they ask. The times when it is right to look steadfastly into heaven (ch. 7:53) there are times when duty calls for earthly work. The right thing the disciples to do just now was just what Jesus had bidden (vs. 4, 12). The two in white ga glorious promise to cheer thips and make it easy for themleave that spot; Jesus was comack again. Not another Jesus, this Jesus" which was taken up them. He was to come just as ant. personally and visibly (cf. 1:10; 2:32; 3:21; 4:13; 5:29; 6:5; 7:31; 8:38; 9:1; 10:42; 11:18; 12:10; 13:31; 14:26; 15:1; 16:7; 17:31; 18:18; 19:1; 20:38; 21:19; 22:16; 23:56; 24:45; 25:22; 26:64; 27:64; 28:17; 29:18; 30:19; 31:13; 32:14; 33:17; 34:19).

Atom Bear by Bride.

T. J. rson returned to Denver, Col., his honeymoon with both arms fig. Three weeks ago he married Blanche Phillips, of Laramie, and they went on a hunting near Kalspell, Mont. Eckersunder a she bear which had twn, and there was trouble. The bear clubbed his rifle. The wife a between man and bear. His wife, to the scene and, placidly muzzle of her rifle to the right of the bear, pulled the triggerall was over. Mrs. Eckersunder's husband returned home with a broken arm.

er in Honduras.

Ame capitalists contemplate work/concession of 8,000 acres of hand timber in Honduras. Twents of railway, with spurs, are to be constructed. Shipments will be to the United States. As tpe is cleared, rubber, banana occa will be planted.