## The Editor's Say

The religion that is ashamed of itself generally ought to be, preaches Ram's Horn.

When you abuse your opposition a good deal, people know your opposition, suggests the Atchison Globe, is making headway.

Of course, you know just what you would do in another man's place, but why don't you do the right thing in your own place? demands the Chicago News.

Says the Chicago Record-Herald: The omnipresence and comparative novelty of the automobile seem to have crowded into the background a once well recognized criterion of social display and financial prosperity—the diamond. That standard is still serviceable, and if brought back into use would make the national recklessness in regard to the motor car less marked than it appears.

The major "pork" bill, observes the Chicago Record-Herald, violates every sound principle bearing on river, channel and harbor development. It is chaotic, wasteful, iniquitous. It makes appropriations for questionable projects which may never be completed; it disregards adverse reports of engineers in some cases—notably in connection with the lakes-to-the-Gulf deep water way folly; it throws prudence and economy to the winds.

Poor old Pericles! shouts the New York Tribune. Now he's accused of grafting by Dean Shailer Mathews, of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. In a recent address Dean Mathews, commenting on art and idealism in ancient Athens, said: "Pericles was a grafter. He spent the money which he had collected with which to wage war against Sparta in building the Parthenon. How much better for the world of the future that he did thus misuse the funds! Had he done what he professed—waged more war with Sparta—the Acropolis would now be only a bare hill. He was an idealist, and helped to build the culture of his city."

G. A. Flagg, a British pensioner, who bought a farm of 130 acres at Dry Run, near Portsmouth, narrates the Columbus (O.) Dispatch, asks the State Board of Agriculture to certify as to its suitability for farming so that he can commute his pension to get money to operate his farm. The British government advances pension money in this way if proof is shown thtat it is to be properly used. A shilling for each day is retained out of the pension. Wilfred Powell, British consul at Philadelphia, wrote Flagg that he would be required to furnish information regarding the farm and whether it was intended to use the money for other purposes. The British government looks well after the interests of its pensioners.

Be careful what you say about Mr. Blank, for "slander" is now an offense punishable as a crime in Virginia and where one time he could only sue you for the said offense, warns the Washington Star. If you really maliciously slander your neighbor we are free to state that we believe you ought to go to jail. If he is as human as most of us and you happen to be of the masculine persuasion, however, law or no law, he is very much more likely to register on your front teeth or some other convenient portion of your anatomy, his displeasure at what you have to say about him than to hale you to court. If the new statute is aimed at malicious gossips, we see how it may do some good in extreme cases. It is terribly hard, if not wholly impossible, however, to regulate old human nature by statute, or to legislate the man or woman who is innately mean into a condition approaching decency. That is a work for a higher power than the Legislature of the State of Virginia.

Science runs to simple remedies these days, boasts the New York World. Since Metchnikoff discovered the fountain of perpetual youth in a bottle of buttermilk all who will may be centenarians. To rid a community of yellow fever it is only necessary to kill enough mosquitoes, and in nine cases out of ten probably tuberculosis can be cured by the cheap open-air treatment. The discovery of a London doctor that swearing is helpful to health is in line with up-to-date medical methods. According to the theory of this eminent British practitioner, when a man is moved in anger he produces a surplus of physical energy and subjects his brain to a severe strain. By way of relief he may run or kick or jump up and down or smash things in general. But for a cheap and convenient remedy profanity is recommended on the ground that when greatly irritated even birds and animals express their emotions volubly and violently. It may gratify many to learn that for years they have been unconsciously protecting their health by indulgence in what moral teachers regard as a reprehensible habit.

# A BRIDE FOR CASEY.

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT,

Author of "The Smuggler," "Poketown People," Etc.



CHAPTER VIII. 9

Continued.

"Mrs. Stubbs was very kind. Even after all the excitement and the police coming here, she let me stay with her. She had seen and talked to Miss Schuyler about losing her bag before we got here, you know, and said her diamond earrings were so big she might easily be murdered for them. Oh, Billy, you don't think—"

"No, I don't," I assured her. "Go on, Nancy."

"She—Mrs. Stubbs went up to your rooms several times during the evening, and said Mr. Casey was the only one of you who came home. After the police left (they watched the house from the outside, I believe), she suggested I should try and get some sleep on her little sofa in her parlor. I stayed there the first night, but I didn't sleep any, for it was too short for me. So last night she told me to go up into Mr. Starr's room and try to get some rest, as it was certain he would not dare come back there. I went; but in the middle of the night I go frightened and crept very softly down to Mrs. Stubbs for protection. It seemed to me that it was more than I could stand to be there alone."

So it was the rustle of Nancy's skirt that had waked me the previous night, and Nancy's comb I found upon Starr's dresser. Why had I not had the courage to go in and thereby save myself many anxious hours?

"I slipped up here when you came down this morning,' resumed Nancy, "for I thought it was Mr. Casey with Mrs. Stubbs, and I did not want to meet him here of course. I've been here ever since in your room, sitting in your dear old chair, Billy, and wishing for you."

"Did Mrs. Stubbs tell you I was here and not Casey?"

"No," said Nancy; "she came up here and seemed to be rather uneasy about something. Finally she said that if I would take her advice I would go home to Aunt Josephine, and have nothing more to do with you. She believed you were one and all bad lots and was actually afraid of any of you. The first thing we knew both she and I would be disappearing like Miss Harriet Schuyler, and how would I like that? For her part she was going to put on her bonnet and go home to her mother's house: I was welcome to stay here if I liked, but she felt it her duty to warn me what to expect."

"And yet you stayed?"

"Of course I stayed. I wrote a note to Julia Schuyler and got Mrs. Stubbs to mail it, for I did feel a little nervous about staying here alone after the queer things that have happened. Something told me you would be sure to come to me, and so I waited for you. But where were you, and why did you take so long? It's your turn to give an account of yourself, sir."

So I told Nancy all I knew. Sitting there in my old arm-chair, with my arms around her, it did not seem half so dreadful as when I considered matters alone. I touched very lightly upon the incarceration of Casey and what we might expect when he was released.

"Of course," said Nancy, "it was too bad to leave him there, but you had to get out and come to me, didn't you, dear?"

After a while the twilight stole upon us, and with the gathering darkness I became very thoughtful.

"Nancy," I said, at last, "I'm going down to telephone to Miss Julie Schuyler that she need not send me your address. And then we must go to the Little Church Around the Corner—you and I."

"To-morrow," suggested Nancy. "I'm so tired to-night."

But I thought of Aunt Josephine, and of Mrs. Grundy as typified by Mrs. Schuyler-Smythe and other irreproachable matrons.

"No, dearest," I insisted; "not to-morrow, but to-night."

"Men are so foolish," said Nancy Welles.

CHAPTER IX.

I got a note from Casey the next morning. It said briefly:

"Come immediately and without delay upon receipt of this."

I read it twice and tore it up.

"Are you going?" asked Nancy.

We had breakfasted together, my wife and I, at the very restaurant we had patronized for chocolate on the eventful evening of our first meeting, and Nancy had insisted upon my tipping the waiter with reckless prodigality, to make up for the gratuity lacking on the previous occasion, she explained. When we returned to my rooms she wrote to Aunt Josephine, requesting to be furnished with what she lucidly described to me as her "things." It was with the greatest pleasure I mailed the letter, since it would prove to that austere matron that I was not "out of the question" after all. Then the postman had come, bringing Casey's note.

"Are you going?" repeated Nancy.

Before I had time to answer, there was a knock at the door and a diminutive boy thrust a telegram into my hands. I tore off the yellow envelope impatiently, with a premonition of something important or unpleasant. It read simply:

Come immediately to Fremont House, Boston, or telegraph me five hundred dollars without delay.

R. FERGUESSON.

I handed the telegram to Nancy and hastened to open the door in response to another knock. This time it was a messenger boy, and he thrust a white envelope into my unwilling hands, requested a receipt, and departed. Its contents were merely:

Come to me immediately and without delay upon receipt of this. I must see you at once. Important.

JULIE SCHUYLER.

I passed this also over to Nancy, and waited for comment. She picked up the telegram and considered it, her white brow wrinkled anxiously.

"If you go," she said, "I shall never see you again. Send the money."

"Dearest," I said apologetically, "I haven't got it."

"Oh," said Nancy, "but that doesn't matter. I have."

I took her hand in mine and looked at the new plain gold ring that glistened on her finger. I felt that right now I must explain to my wife that Mrs. William Leigh must look with more respect at five hundred dollars than Nancy Welles had done. It was evident she did not realize that her base of supplies was cut off, and I hated to tell her.

"Don't you understand, Nancy," I began, "that you father may not forgive you for running away with me? At any rate, he won't for a long time. And so, dear, you must be content with what I can give you. I'm sorry it is so little—but we have each other."

"You mean," said Nancy, "that Daddy would disinherit me because I married you?"

"He might. Your Aunt Josephine, you know."

"Bosh!" interrupted Nancy. "Aunt Josephine, indeed! Why Daddy couldn't stay angry with me—he just couldn't. I give him two weeks, and not a minute more."

I was silent. Try as I might, I could not bring myself to disillusion her. Nancy, too, became suddenly serious.

"Billy," she said, "you don't understand about Daddy and me. I'm all he has and he loves me."

Very simply she spoke, and at that minute I felt a sympathy for my father-in-law, for I, too, loved Nancy.

"And don't you know, you dear old silly," she continued, "that I have my own income from my mother? It is—oh, quite a lot—I don't know how much; but I'm twenty-one now, and it is mine to do with as I will. So there is nothing to worry about after all."

"Nancy," I said, and spoke truly, "while for your sake I am glad—for myself, I am sorry. It was you I wanted, not your money. And I expect to work for my wife."

"Don't talk any more about it," she returned. "We have other and more important things to discuss. First, there's Mr. Casey. Shall you go to him?"

"Liberty is sweet," I said, with meaning.

"Then I will go."

It was useless to argue the point. Nancy had but one reply, and it was an undeniable fact.

"If you go, they might keep you. They don't want me."

I picked up the telegram and pondered over it.

"I wonder what Randy is doing in Boston," I speculated, "and why he wants five hundred dollars. I don't like the look of it."

"Five hundred dollars, by all means," said Nancy, "but not you."

I turned to the third summons.

"Miss Julie Schuyler, alias Julia Smith—" I began.

I got no further, for there were hurried footsteps in the hall, a hasty tap at the door, quickly followed by another, louder and more imperative. Before I could cross the room in response, the door opened, and the girl whose name was on my lips entered and closed it with purposeful manner.

"You did not come to me," she said, "and so I came to you."

"I had not time," I tried to justify myself; "I only just received your note."

Then Nancy came forward, and I introduced the two girls, adding:

"As you were such near neighbors, it is strange that you have not met before."

Miss Schuyler took Nancy's hand and held it tentatively.

"Shall we be friends," she queried, "in spite of our aunts?"

"By all means," agreed Nancy. "What was the trouble anyhow?"

"My Aunt Caroline's fox terrier," said Julie Schuyler solemnly, "many years ago killed your Aunt Josephine's blue-eyed Persian cat, which had trespassed into our back yard. Hence the feud—was to the knife and no quarter."

We all laughed, then Miss Schuyler turned suddenly to me.

"I'm going to Boston," she announced.

"Randy?" I hazarded.

She produced a telegram, and I read it aloud:

Circumstances over which I have no control detain me in Boston. Write Fremont House.

RANDOLPH.

"I'm not going to waste any time writing," she remarked. "I'm just going. I want you to go with me."

Having stated her wishes, she glanced at her watch.

"We have plenty of time to catch the through express," she said.

Nancy and I looked at each other in horrified silence. Then I mustered courage to protest.

"I really don't think it necessary—" I began, but she interrupted ruthlessly.

"I've got to go. Can't you understand how I feel about it? But I've never been to Boston, and I've never traveled alone. Either you or Mr. Casey must go with me—I don't care which."

"Casey!" I ejaculated.

"If you won't go, he will. I can get him out any time, you know. It would delay me a few hours, that's all. I'm sure Randolph would be quite satisfied if either of his best friends came with me."

"It's simply outrageous," I said. "I won't go one step. Take Casey if you choose."

Nancy said afterwards that I spoke in a villain-do-your-worst manner, and that my whole attitude was melodramatic. As I had a desperate feeling that matters were approaching a crisis and that soon I should know my fate, I suppose I looked as tragic as I felt. So we stared at one another in eloquent silence, until finally Nancy spoke:

"We'll all go to Boston."

Two energetic girls and one disapproving man! What could he do? In an hour we were on the train for Boston, and while the girls laughed and chatted gaily I was filled with anxiety as to ways and means. For while Nancy might have a comfortable balance at the bank, our supply of ready cash was limited, and cash you must have when traveling. As we pulled out of New York I managed to say to Nancy, sotto voice:

"How about Casey and his message to come at once?"

"Oh," she airily replied, "he can wait. He's quite safe and harmless where he is."

Now, I felt by no means so sure of this, for the wrath of Casey hung over me like a cloud, and I amused myself working out different schemes of revenge that I should practice were I in his place, until the girls would have no more of it, and commanded a different topic of conversation.

CHAPTER X.

It was in the lobby of the Fremont House that I thought I caught a fleeting glimpse of Randy. I was not sure, however, and by the time I steered my way toward him he was gone. I questioned the clerk at the desk. Yes, Mr. Fergusson had been stopping there for a day or so, but was out just now. Would I leave a message? No, he didn't know when Mr. Fergusson would be back, nor where he went; he supposed, however, it was the theatre, since the lady had insisted upon a carriage, as it was raining.

Lady! Ye gods and little fishes! I thought of Julie Schuyler, with her auburn hair and imperious temperament, and felt thankful she was safe in her room.

The clerk volunteered the information that they would probably be home before midnight, and considered the incident closed. I wrote a note to Randy, requesting him to let me come at once to his room and talk things over. Then I waited with what patience I could muster, since there did not seem to be anything else to do.

And Julie Schuyler waited also, with set face and a sparkle in her eyes that made me thankful I was not in Fergusson's shoes. I had not meant to tell her about the lady, nor indeed had I done so. I had whispered it to Nancy, however, and she with a burst of virtuous indignation had thought it best to, as she said, "undeceive the poor dear," and suggest immediate return to New York. But Miss Schuyler declined to return. She would wait, she said, and see Randolph. So we all waited, and the moments passed leaden-footed perhaps to her, but with surprising swiftness to me, for I was busy revolving plans for the assistance of Ferguesson. We always helped each other out of trouble, and though no doubt he was much in fault I could not resist a feeling of sympathy for him and a desire to do what I could to smooth matters over, as I should have wished him to do for me had the cases been reversed. Moreover, I had a great curiosity to see the lady. So we all sat in the lobby, and I pretended to read the papers, while the girls talked in whispers, which I judged were in the main uncomplimentary to my sex in general and to Ferguesson in particular.

All at once I heard a sharp exclamation. Julie Schuyler had risen and was staring at the door leading into the street as though she had seen a ghost.

"Mr. Starr!" she exclaimed. "I saw him quite distinctly."

Nor would anything convince her to the contrary.

To be Continued.

### A Last Appearance.

We were turning the pages of the current issue of an illustrated magazine, and we came upon an illustrated joke. A guard opens the door of a railway carriage, in which a young couple are seated, and says, "Engaged." The man replies that they were married that morning. We will not attempt to explain it, but we immediately had a conviction that we had seen that joke before; it was accompanied by the feeling that we should not grieve if we never saw it again.—Black and White.

### San Francisco Recovers.

Financially and commercially the city is now very close to the normal basis, and it is evident that population and business are having a regular normal increase. Doubtless our population is less than it would have been at this time had we met with no disaster, but it is certainly larger than ever before, and if we take in the whole metropolitan area which would be included in a "Greater San Francisco," it is improbable that growth has been checked in the least. —San Francisco Chronicle.

### Reflections of a Bachelor.

The way for a woman to like eating anything is to hear it is good for the complexion.

A man can always learn his enemies in a short while, but not his friends in a lifetime.

Most men can preach themselves out of breath without ever thinking about practicing any of it.

The more contempt we think we have for money the more respect we seem to have for those who own it. —New York Press.

London was somewhat shocked and amused the other day to discover that the glass front of the portrait of Prime Minister Asquith at the Royal Academy exhibition had been placarded with a bill inscribed "Votes For Women."

## Smart Frills of Fashion

New York City.—One-piece dresses are much in demand just now. They are exceedingly charming for the tiny folk; they mean so little labor for the making that the busiest mother does not hesitate to undertake them; they are simple and childish and are altogether to be desired. This one is made with a prettily shaped yoke and is adapted to all seasonable materials.

White lawn makes the one illustrated, however, and the trimming is narrow frills. If something more elaborate were wanted, the yoke could be embroidered by hand or cut from all-over material, or the edges of the yoke and the edges of the sleeves could be scalloped. Indeed, there are various ways in which the dress can be treated, but the simple one illustrated is admirable for everyday wear, and is pretty and attractive.

The dress is cut in one piece and is seamed under the arms only. The yoke, however, is made in three pieces and with shoulder seams. The opening is cut under the box pleat at the centre-back and the dress is closed invisibly, while the yoke is buttoned over into place.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (four years) is three and one-half yards twenty-four, two and three-fourth yards twenty-seven, one and seven-eighth yards thirty-two or one and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with three yards of ruffling.

### Styles of Early Thirties.

Old-fashioned sashes in bright colored ribbons will be worn again on the simpler lingerie dresses. Tied in a large butterfly bow at the centre back, they recall the styles of the early thirties, when bob curls and shoulder tippets were worn, too. This is another indication that the present fashions cater primarily to the younger set.

### Hints on Color.

Blue suits the golden-haired girl, and makes her hair look more beautiful, but it seems to destroy all the beauty of some gray-eyed maids, and it is most unbecoming to those of at all sallow complexion. Now, gold in some form will conceal any little yellowness of the skin, and white coming in contact with the face subdues the ill effects of blue and preserves its good ones. Only to the youngest and fairest do pink and white seem suitable, and yet white is much used by the old, and soft white laces are becoming even to grandmothers.

### Straight Pleated Skirt.

The simple skirt that is so devised as to give the effect of a tunic is one greatly liked this season, and this model obtains the result with the least possible labor. In reality the skirt is a straight one, and consequently it suits washable materials particularly well, yet the wide tuck at knee depth gives a suggestion of the favorite tunic and is essentially smart. Embroidered muslin is the material illustrated, but the skirt will be found available for the foulards and pongees and for all the thin materials of the season. It would be lovely made from marquisette or from cotton voile; it makes an excellent model for foulard and all the muslins are just as well adapted to it as the one illustrated.

The skirt is made in one piece. It can be finished at the lower edge either with a hem or an under-facing and the tuck is laid on indicated lines.

The quantity of material required

for the medium size is eight and one-half yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, seven yards thirty-two, or five and five-eighth yards forty-four inches wide. Width of skirt at lower edge is four and one-eighth yards, or two yards when pleats are pressed flat.

Work Apron—The work apron that includes generous pockets is the practical one, and this model, in addition to that advantage, is shapely and becoming at the same time that it is eminently useful. In the illustration, it is made from an inexpensive printed wash fabric and the edges are piped, but linen and gingham, chambray, and, indeed, almost any simple washable material is quite appropriate. The straps are crossed at the back and buttoned into place at the shoulders.

Semi-Princesse Dress—To be made with three-quarter or long sleeves. Semi-princesse gowns are much in demand and are always pretty and attractive. This one includes a novel flat bertha and sleeves that are among the newest and prettiest. Flowered organdie is the material illustrated, and it is trimmed with lace banding and made with yoke of net, but every seasonable material that can be made full is appropriate, and the list includes silks and light weight wools as well as cottons.

### The Popular Sash.

Sashes are seen on almost every costume, whether to add the universal touch of black or to complete the color scheme. On the cuirass frocks they are worn between hips and knees, where the pleated skirt is joined to the fitted bodice. Again on frocks with a slightly high waist at the back the sash is knotted quite a few inches above the normal waist line, and the long ends hang to the hem of the skirt.

### New Model Sleeves.

Sleeves of the new models of blouses and dresses show fulness at the elbow. Ruffles of pleated net, batiste, plain or lace edges, and attached to a heading of insertion, may be bought by the yard and made up into side frills for the shirtwaist or coat suit.

### Marquise Parasols.

We are to use the little Chantilly lace marquise parasols, the doll-like affairs with which our pretty ancestresses used to screen their faces.

### Tricot Cloth Corsets.

The desire of women for comfortable corsets, even though they are long, has brought about the use of tricot cloth in their making. This is a little stronger than the elastic webbing, which was not firm enough to maintain the figure in its proper lines. This new cloth is easy over the body, not pressing it down as coutil does. If one's hips cannot stand the pressure of bones, gusset of the webbing is inserted.

### Frock Adornment.

Ornaments, tassels, balls and fringe, echoing crystal and bead effects, play a part in evening frock adornment, and draperies on the wing sleeve order, the points often finished with tassels, often mitigate the severity of the line in close-fitting sleeves.

### Coarse Net Cloth.

Heavy linen is used with coarse net, cloth and silk, while linen crash often serves as a foundation for embroidered yokes, guimpes and vests.

## The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 31.

Subject: A Lesson on Forgiveness, Matt. 18:21-35—Commit Verses 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"If you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." Math. 6:14.

TIME.—Autumn, A. D. 29

Place.—Capernaum.

EXPOSITION.—I. Seeking Forgiveness for Self, 21-27. Peter's question is exceedingly important and practical. It is a question with which we are all confronted experimentally. We all have those whom we forgive, and scarcely have forgiven them before they offend again. How long shall they be permitted to keep this up? Peter suggested seven times as a possible outside limit. That is far higher than most of us go, but Jesus multiplied Peter's high figures by seventy, and said there is where you ought to go, "seventy times seven." Here we have the perfect number, multiplied by the number of completeness, multiplied again by the perfect number. In other words, never cease forgiving. Let your patience be inexhaustible and your forgiving love infinite. At the first glance it seems a hard saying, but as we continue to look at it, we see it as a most sweet and gentle saying; for if He bids us to do this to others, He certainly will Himself do it to us. The parable that follows emphasizes this gracious truth. I need, then, never fear again to go to Him, saying, "Forgive me," no matter how often or how seriously I have sinned. If my heart hesitates, I hear Him whispering, "Until seventy times seven" (Col. 3:13; Eph. 4:32; 5:1). Reckoning a talent roughly at $1200, the king's debtor was twelve million dollars in debt. And this is a picture of each of us. We are hopelessly in debt to God and we have nought to pay (Lu. 7:42; Ps. 120:3; Ez. 9:6; Ps. 40:12). It is not before an abstract law, but before a person, that we are guilty (Ps. 51:4). If we could only be brought to fully realize how great our unpaid debt is that is freely forgiven us, we would surely not find it hard to forgive others. The debtor was "brought" to the king. We as sinners do not come into God's presence of our own accord, the Spirit brings us there (Jno. 16:7-9). Verse 25 pictures God's dealings with us on the ground of law (Gal. 3:10). But it is only to bring us to sue for mercy and grace (Rom. 3:19-24; Gal. 3:22-24). The demand of just payment brought this debtor down upon his knees, and that is where the full demand of law brings each of us if we are wise. And yet this debtor fancied he could ultimately pay his debts if he only had time. This is true to human experience. When first awakened to a sense of our sins, we still fancy we can pay some time. We think we can atone for past sins by future good works. It is only after awhile that it fully dawns upon us that we can do nothing at all, that salvation must be not only partly but wholly of grace (Eph. 2:8, 9). In verse 27 we have God dealing in grace. Now it is all grace, just as it was before all law. "The Lord" does not extend the time of paying the debt, but fully remits it. God never mixes law and grace (Gal. 5:2-4; Gal. 3:10; Rom. 3:28; 11:6). The basis of grace is nothing in us, but something in God, His own "compassion." The condition upon which God deals in grace is in us, viz., that we acknowledge our hopeless indebtedness and sue for mercy (cf. Lu. 18:13, 14; Rom. 10:12, 13).

II. Refusing Forgiveness to Another, 28-35. The one who had just been forgiven a twelve-million dollar debt went right out and tried to violently exact a debt of seventeen dollars from another. That seems incredible, but it is a scene enacted every day, and by some of the readers of these lines. God has forgiven you debts whose greatness defies computation, and you go out and exact the paltry debts your fellow-men owe you. How many are harboring grudges over some petty slight or offence! We should all meditate long and deeply over this parable. His debtor acted precisely toward him as he had acted towards his own creditor, but he remembered nothing and has no mercy. This is true to life. Others sue us for mercy as we have made our suit to God, but we have no mercy for them. "Pay the debt" is our demand. The outcome is startling, "His Lord called him." If we will not listen to the cry of our debtors, then we shall hear the voice of our creditor. God freely offers forgiveness for all our $12,000,000 indebtedness, but if we truly accept it we will prove it by freely forgiving others. If we do not forgive others it proves that we have despised the proffered mercy of God. We are now back on the law basis, and we shall be delivered to the tormentors till we pay "all that is due." That we can never do, so our torment will be everlasting. There is no mercy for the man who shows by refusing mercy to others, he has despised it for himself (Jas. 2:13). The only way to learn to be merciful is by believing in the mercy of God revealed in Christ toward us (1 Jno. 4:19, R. V.). Jesus points His own parable, there can be no mistaking its meaning (see verse 35). There is then no hope for many a professed Christian, unless they repent of their attitude towards some who have wronged them. The gate to hell here pointed out is a wide one, and many go in thereat.

### Jesus and the Day of Rest.

1. He has authority concerning it. The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath. Since it is man's day, it is controlled by Him who is the head and representative of humanity.

2. He requires inward and real observance of the day, rather than mere outward and seeming obedience to its laws.

3. He gives man's need as the great reason for the day's observance. The Sabbath was made for man.

4. It is not merely a day of secular rest, but a day of spiritual activity.

### Dead Man Runs an Automobile.

A dead man was the only occupant of a moving automobile for a short time in Portland, Me. While riding alone D. Winslow Hawkes, a member of the Portland School Committee and one of the best known educators in Maine, died of heart trouble. His automobile ran along the curbing and stopped without being overturned.

### Waldeck-Rousseau Statue.

A colossal monument to Waldeck-Rousseau, former Premier of France, was dedicated in Tuilleries Gardens, Paris, by public subscription.