LADY CAR;

—OR.—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IX. 10

Continued.

"What did mother think I was going to do with you? Take you round by the Red Scaur and break your neck?" Tom said to Janet.

"Oh!" cried Janet to Tom, with wide-open eyes; then added in a low tone, "that was where father was killed. I have never been there."

"And I'm not going to take you there. It's all shut up ever since. But I'll tell you what we'll do, Jan. We'll have a long spin—as far as Blackmore's farm."

"Blackmore's farm! That is the place—"

He gave a loud laugh.

"Well, and what then? A thing may happen once and not again. They were tremendous friends of father's. I don't mean friends like—like the Erskines and so forth. Blackmore's not a gentleman, but he's a rattling good fellow. And you should just see his stables! There's one hunter I'd buy in a minute if I had my liberty. It's ten miles, or perhaps a little more. Perhaps you're not up to that?"

"Oh, yes, I'm quite up to it. But I wonder if we should go—it gets dark so soon—and perhaps mother—"

"Oh, bother mother!" cried the boy. "We can't, at our age, be always stopping to consider what an old lady thinks."

"Mother's not an old lady, Tom."

"She's a great deal older than we are, or she couldn't be our mother. Come, Jan, are you game for a long spin? It's almost the last time these holidays. Hurrah! then, off we go!" And off they went in a wild career, Janet following, breathless, gasping, her dark hair flying behind her, her hat often in danger, wherever he led. She would not allow that she had any fear; but it was a long ride, and the way was confused by the cross cuts which Tom knew only imperfectly, and which made it longer, besides leading them over moors and across fields which excited their horses and kept the young riders at a full strain, to which Janet's immature powers were quite unaccustomed. She was greatly dishevelled and shaken to pieces upon their arrival at the large, rough establishment to which her brother had already paid many visits, and where they were received by a chorus of innumerable dogs and lounging men whose appearance was very alarming to Janet. They looked like keepers, she thought, or grooms; not like people who would be greeted as friends, which was what Tom was doing, shaking hands with the big and bearded master of the house and the younger man, presumably his son, and calling out salutations in as good an imitation of the broad country dialect as he could accomplish to the others. Janet was aware that her own aspect was very wild, and she was very tired, but she clung to her saddle, when that big gamekeeper approtched with a mixture of pride and shame.

"So this is your sister, Maister Tom? Charlie, cry on your mother!" cried the man. "The mistress will be here in a moment, missie. Let me lift ye down."

"No, no," Janet said, "we can't wait long. We must soon go back, it will be dark. Oh, Tom, we must go back."

"Nonsense, Jan! Now I've got here I mean to stay awhile. And Blackmore's awfuly jolly; he'll take you through the stables. Come, jump down."

"Cry upon your mother, Charlie," said Blackmore again. "The young leady thinks we're a' mon folk here, and she's frichtened. But ye must not be frichtened, my bonnie doo. Hey, Marget, where's the mistress? And the powney's in a lather. Pit your hand upon my shoulder if you'll no let me lift ye down."

When Janet saw a woman appear at the door, hurrying out in a cap and a white apron, she allowed herself to be lifted from her horse, feeling all the time as if she had fallen into some strange adventures such as were described in books, not anything that would happen to girls like herself in common life. She did not know that she might not be detained, locked up somewhere, forced to sign something, or to come under some fatal obligation as happened to the heroines of some old-fashioned novels which she had found in the library at the Towers. The mist of fatigue and alarm in her eyes made her even more confused than it was natural she should be in so new and unexpected a scene. And the rough and dingy house, the clamor of the dogs, the heavy steps of the man who followed her in, the sense of her own dishevelled and disorderly condition, and of the distance from home, quite overcame poor Janet. "Oh, Tom, let us go home," she cried, in an agony of compunction and fear.

"Is it Miss Torrance from the Towers? Dear me, but it's a long ride for her—over long and a wild road. But you must rest a little now you're here, and I'll get you a cup of tea," said the woman of the house. She was a fresh-colored, buxom woman, not at all like a brigand's housekeeper, and she smiled upon Janet with encouraging, kindly looks. "I'm real glad to see your sister, Maister Tom; but you're a thoughtless laddie to bring her so far, and her not accustomed to rough riding. Marget, is the kettle boiling—for the young leddie must have some tea?"

"And you can bring in the hot water and a' the rest of it," said Blackmore, "for us that are no so fond of tea—eh, Maister Tom? After your ride a good glass will do ye nae harm."

Janet sat still and gazed while these hospitable preparations were going on. The large table was covered with oilcloth, not unconscious of stains. And the men gathered round one side, upon which a tray with "the hot water" and a black bottle and a strange array of glasses, big and little, had been placed. This seemed the first thing thought of in the house; for Margaret, the big woman servant (everything was big), brought in the tray, pushing open the door with it as she bore it in front of her before the order had been given. And presently the fumes of the hot "toddy" filled the room, pungent and strong, making Janet feel faint and sick. The men flung themselves into chairs, or stood about, filling the other end of the room—a small, rough, dark crowd with Tom in the midst. They were all very "kind" to Tom, patting him on the shoulder, addressing him by name, filling his glass for him, while Janet, alone at the end of the table, looked on alarmed. The mistress was bringing out from a cupboard cups and saucers, a basin of sugar and other preparations for the tea.

"It would do the little miss far more good to taste a glass o' my brew, and put some color into her cheeks," said the master of the house.

"Haud you tongue, goodman, and leave the young lady to me. Tak' you care what you're about. You'll get both yoursel' and other folk into trouble if you dinna pay attention."

"Toots! a glass will harm naebody," Blackmore said.

"I want my sister to see that mare," said Tom—"that mare, you know, Blackmore, that you said you'd keep for me. I want her to see the stables. I told her all about you, and that we were tremendous friends—"

"Ah, laddie!" said Blackmore, "the sight of you brings many a thing back. Many and many's the time your father—"

"I told her so," said Tom, with his glass in his hands. "Here's to all of you. And I mean to stick to father's friends."

"Tom!" cried Janet, with a start. The smell of the whisky, the crowd of men, the loud voices and sound of their feet upon the floor, scarcely deadened by the thin carpet, scared her altogether. "Oh, Tom," she said, "I'm too tired to see anything. Let us go home—oh, let us go home!" and overcome by excitement and confusion, Janet began to cry.

"My bonnie dawtie," said the mistress, "wait till ye get your tea."

"Oh, let us get home," cried Janet; "it will soon be dark. I'm frightened to ride after it is dark. All those dreadful roads! Oh, Tom, let us get home—oh, Tom, let us get home!"

"Maister Tom," said the mistress, "it's true she says. It's not a fit for a bit thing like her to be galloping a' those uncivilized roads in the dark. Charlie shall put in ane of the horses in the dog-cart and drive her hame."

"That will I," said Charlie," rising with a great deal of noise. He was the best looking of the young men, and he put down his steaming glass with alacrity. "I'll put in Spanker, and she'll gang like the wind."

"You'll have to be very canny with her, for she's awfu' fresh," said another of the men.

"Don't be a fool, Jan," cried the boy; "she'll ride home fast enough. And I'm not going to have it; do you hear, Charlie? What's the good of making a fuss? I'm not going to have it," he cried, stamping his foot. "Do you want me to get into a row? Why, I as good as gave my word—"

He stopped short himself, and they all paused; Janet, too, hastily choking the sob in her throat, gazed at him with a startled look.

"Maybe it was never to come back here that ye gave your word, Mr. Tom," said Blackmore, rising up; "I would guess that by the looks of ye. Well, ye'll keep your word, my young man; at least ye'll as near keep it as is possible now. Charlie! out with the cairt, man! what are you waiting for? and take the young lady hame. It was hane of her own will, that's clear, that brought her here. Ye can say that if it was his fault, it's clear that it was nane of hers. Ye had better take him on behint, and we'll send the horses back the morn."

"By Jove," shouted Tom, "I'll not be taken on behind! I'll ride my own horse or I'll not stir a step—and catch me ever coming out with her again!" he cried with a shout which made the heart which was beating so wildly in Janet's breast drop down, down to her shoes. But when she found herself in the dog-cart by Charlie Blackmore's side, wrapped up warm, and flying like the wind, behind Madam Spanker, who was so fresh, Janet's senses turned into a consciousness of bien-etre which was very novel and very sweet. She had been persuaded to take the cup of tea. She had even eaten a bit of scone with fresh butter and marmalade, which was very good. A warm shawl was wrapped round her shoulders; and the delicious sehsation of repose and warmth over her tired limbs, while yet sweeping at so great a pace over the country, with the wind in her face and the long, doubling roads flying past, was delightful to Janet. The sound of Tom's horse-hoofs galloping, now behind, now in advance, added to the sense of supreme comfort and pleasure. She had been so tired, and the prospect of riding back had been so terrible! She felt as if flying through the air, which caressed her cheek, as, warmly tucked in by Charlie Blackmore's side, she was carried home. Charlie was very "kind"—almost unnecessarily kind. He spoke loud in her ear, with intonations at which Janet wondered vaguely, finding them very pleasant. He told her a great many things about himself—how he had never intended to stay at home "among the beasts;" how he had been a session at college, and meant to go back again; how he had once hoped to be something very much better than a horse-couper like his father; and how to-day all his ambition had come back. Swept along so lightly, so smoothly, with such ease, with such warmth and comfort, almost leaning against Charlie Blackmore's strong shoulder, with his voice in her ear, and the sweetness of the wind in her face, Janet felt herself held in a delightful trance almost like sleep, yet which was not sleep, or how could she have felt the pleasure that was in it? It was only when the drive was almost over, and the mare made a whirl into the avenue, scarcely to be held in until the gates were opened, and flying, after that momentary, enforced pause, like an arrow under the dark waving of the trees, that her heart suddenly sprang up with a sickening throb of what mother would say. Janet had been in a sort of paradise. She came down now in a moment to all the anguishes of earth. She broke in upon something Charlie Blackmore was saying, with the utmost inattention and inconsequence. "Can you hear Tom?" she said. "Oh, where is her? Tom, Tom!"

"He is just behind us. Don't be frichtened; he is all safe," said Charlie, casting a glance behind.

The mare made a start at this moment, and, straining at the curb, bounded on again. Some one had come out upon the road almost under her nose—a dark figure, which just eluded the wheel, and from which came a voice almost echoing Janet's—

"Is that Tom?"

"Oh, it's me, Beau," cried Janet, wildly, "and Tom's behind." She was carried on so quickly that half the words were lost.

"Was that your stepfather? They will be anxious about ye. I would say"—Charlie made a little pause to secure her attention—"I would say you were passing near our place, never thinking ye had come so far, and that my mother came out to ye, seeing ye so tired, and bid me to bring ye home in the cairt—that's what I would say—"

"Say!" cried Janet, fully roused up. Dou you mean that I should say that? But it would be a lie."

" 'Deed, and so it would," said the young man with a shamefaced laugh. "But to make an excuse for yourself is aye pardonable, do ye no think? And then it would save Mr. Tom. Be you sure now my father knows he has given his word against it, he shall never be asked into our house more."

"Oh," said Janet, "I could not say anything I had made up. When the moment comes and mother looks at me, I can only say—what has happened."

"But nothing has happened," said Charlie. "Except," he added, "one thing, that I'll maybe tell you about some day. But that has happened to me, and not to you. Miss Janet, you'll not forget me clean altogether?"

"Oh, how should I forget you," cried Janet, with a sob, "when I know I shall get into such dreadful trouble as I never was in before in all my life! Oh, mother!"

The girl had thrown off her wraps and tumbled down from the dogcart, almost before it had stopped, into the middle of the group on the steps, which consisted of Lady Car herself, wrapped in a great shawl, her sister, and half the servants in the house.

"Janet! Oh, where have you been? And where is Tom? What has happened?—tell me!" cried Lady Car, taking her daughter by the arms and gazing into her eyes with an agonized question. The arrival of the cart at such headlong speed seemed to give sort of certainty to all the fears that had been taking shape among the watchers.

"Oh, Moyer!" Janet cried, her childish cry coming back in the extremity of her apprehension and consciousness. But Charlie Blackmore, with his wits about him, called out from the cart, "There's nothing wrong. Mr. Tom he's just behind. They've ridden owre far and wearind themselves. Mr. Tom he's just behind. But my mare's fresh—she'll no stand. Let go her head, dash ye! Do ye hear? She'll no stand."

The little incident of the mare whirling round, the gravel flying under her feet, the groom recoiling backward, turning an unintentional somersault upon the grass, made a pause in which everybody took breath.

"Thank God!" cried Lady Car, "if that's all. Is that all? You are not concealing anything, dear?"

To be Continued.

Never Stops.

The minister was addressing the Sunday-school. "Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world," he said. "What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?" During this pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard: "I know; it's the gas meter."—Argonaut.

The Best He Knew.

Gladstone, a Jamaican negro, was assistant to a district physician in the Canal Zone, and being rather poor in his Latin, the bottles had been numbered for his benefit. One day a Spanish laborer came in for medicine, and the doctor told his worthy assistant to give him two pills out of number six. After he had gone the doctor asked:

"Gladstone, did you give the man a dose of number six?"

"Oh, no, sah, doctor; numbah six war finished, so I just give him one pill out of numbah foah and one out of numbah two."—Lippincott's.

$7,000,000 a Year for Consumptives.

According to a statement made by the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, consumption costs the people of Philadelphia more than $20,000 a day, or more than $7,000,000 a year. At present there are 10,000 consumptives in that city.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A railroad section laborer in North Carolina has patented a tie-tamping machine, practical tests of which have shown that on both old and new roadbeds it will do the work of fifty men.

Professor Percival Lowell announces that spectroscope proof has been obtained of the presence of water on Mars. This would seem, according to the Scientific American, to settle once and for all a moot Martian question in Lowell's favor.

According to the Elektrotechnischer Anzeiger, a company in Berlin is fitting a steamship which runs on the Oberhavel, with a system of electric propulsion. The equipment consists of a suction gas plant, consuming anthracite; a gas engine coupled to a direct-current generator ;a battery of accumulators and electric motors on the propelling shafts.

Dr. D. Dimmer, a noted scientist in Vienna, has invented apparatus by means of which the back of the human eye can be seen and photographed while it remains in the head. With this machine he can tell, from the appearance of the back of a man's eye, whether that man is a chronic drunkard.

The discovery of a new chemical substance was announced by its finder, Dr. L. H. Baekeland, at a meeting of the American Chemical Society in the Chemists' Club, 108 West Fifty-fifth street, New York City. The new chemical is oxybenzyl-methylenglycolanhydride, but for the sake of euphony it has been called Baekelite, after its inventor. It is a coal-tar product, combining the properties of amber, celluloid and carbon. In spite of its name the new substance is much cheaper than either celluloid or hard rubber, though it is neither so flexible nor elastic. Dr. Baekeland said it was valuable for electrical insulation where a high voltage current is used, as it greatly reduces the liability of burning out under overload.

AUTOCRAT OF PARIS FLAT.

What the Concierge is Supposed to Do—Good and Bad Tenants.

The "concierge" is considered to be the bane of the Parisian flat dweller's existence. His functions are supposed to be the following:

The first and most important is to collect the rent on quarter day; after that he must see that the tenants do not surreptitiously remove. The latter seems to be somewhat unnecessary, as rents in Paris are always paid in advance.

He should also bring up your letters at least twice a day, but as the concierge is generally a stout, middle aged woman who has a decided objection to climbing stairs the latter regulation remains somewhat of a dead letter.

In Paris the front door of most houses is generally closed at 10 o'clock; after that time admittance can only be obtained by ringing a bell. The concierge is obliged to open the door, and she does this, as soon as she is awake, by pulling a rope which hangs by her bedside.

It she is a sound sleeper and you are accustomed to come home late at night, the best thing to do is to look for another flat, as the concierge will put you down as a "bad tenant," and make things as unpleasant for you as possible.

If you never stop out late at night, receive very few friends and fee her heavily at Christmas the concierge will consider you as a "good tenant" until you give notice to leave, when her interest in you suddenly vanishes.

As there is nothing more to be expected from you and the incoming tenant is obliged to give a substantial tip called a "denier a Dieu," she is anxious to "speed the parting guest" as much as possible.

The concierge does sometimes make a final effort to extract something more from you by attempting to make you pay one franc for every nail knocked in the walls of your flat, but this has been decided to be illegal and may be safely resisted.

But the Parisian concierge is really unpopular because she represents a landlord.—London Daily Mail.

Texas Bees Bring Much Money.

The output of honey in Texas last year was 4,968,000 pounds. California came next, with 3,667,000 pounds, and New York third, with 3,442,000 pounds. Missouri was fourth, with 3,018,929 pounds. Texas also stands first in the number of colonies of bees, there being 417,000. The honey crop of Texas brings an annual revenue of approximately $500,000, the price for which it sells ranging from eight to ten cents a pound. In addition the beekeepers sell many thousand dollars' worth of bees each year. These colonies of bees are shipped to all parts of the United Stats and to foreign countries.

How He Does It.

Notice the man of whom it is generally said: "He is successful; he is getting along." Notice that he attends to his work; he is polite; he doesn't drink; he is honest and pays his debts. No man ever succeeded without these qualities. — Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Paying the Fare.

Annette was attending her first service at church. When the offertory began she watched the performance with interest, and as the alms basin was handed in at the pew where she and her mother sat she exclaimed, excitedly: "Mamma, let me pay the fare."

Vain Desire.

The man whose greatest purpose is to get even with his enemies keeps making so many of them that his desire for satisfaction can never be fulfilled.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MARCH 21.

Review of the Lessons For the First Quarter — Golden Text: "They That Were Scattered Abroad Went Everywhere Preaching the Word." Acts 8:4.

The lessons of the quarter extend over a period of perhaps ten years, from Thursday, May 18, A. D. 30, to perhaps A. D. 40. They are all concerned with the things that Jesus continued to do after His resurrection through the Holy Spirit. A profitable review can be conducted along the line of the power of the Risen Christ.

Lesson I. shows us the Risen Christ as the Giver of the Holy Spirit.

Lesson II. again shows us the Risen Christ as the Giver of the Holy Spirit

Lesson III. shows us the Risen Christ exalted, receiving from the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, and pouring Him forth on the church

Lesson IV. shows us the Risen Christ healing and making strong the man born lame.

Lesson V. shows us the Risen Christ bestowing the Holy Spirit upon His faithful servants and making them fearless in the presence of great peril. It also shows us the Risen Christ as the only One in whom there is salvation.

Lesson VI. shows us the Risen Christ executing judgment in His church.

Lesson VII. shows us the Risen Christ delivering His faithful servants from peril and filling them with dauntless courage.

Lesson VIII. shows us the Risen Christ imparting power and grace to His faithful servant. It also shows us the Risen Christ in the glory at the right hand of God.

Lesson IX. shows us the Risen Christ bestowing the Holy Ghost in answer to the prayer of His servants.

Lesson X. shows us the Risen Christ winning a man of great authority to Himself.

Lesson XI. shows us the Risen Christ making whole the sick and raising the dead.

Our Two Natures.

There are two natures in man that are as distant as day and night. With the old Adam within us if we do not keep him down in the place of death he brings us into captivity.

It takes us about all our lifetime to find out who and what we are, and when we think we know something happens to make us think we are farther away than when we started. The heart is deceitful above all things.

In the sixth chapter of Romans it is written: "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin." And in the eleventh verse there are just three words to be especially considered: "Reckon yourselves dead." If we were really dead we would not have to reckon ourselves dead. Judicially we are dead, but in reality we are still fighting the world, the flesh and the devil. Some people seem to think they have got away from the flesh, and that they are soaring away in a sort of seventh heaven, but they get back again sooner or later. You cannot make the flesh anything but flesh. It will be flesh all the time.—D. L. Moody.

His Own Pilot.

A bright boy, who loved the sea, entered on a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion, and while quite a young man was made the master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headway and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port. "Anchor? No, not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide. I am my own pilot," was the curt reply.

Intent upon reaching port by morning he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old, bronzed, gray-headed seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky, which boded squally weather, and shook their heads. We need not describe a storm at sea. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised — tossed sportively upon some weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of—and his queenly ship and costly freight were scattered over the surfy acres of an angry sea.—Expositor.

A Sign of Greatness.

The highest greatness is that which is unconscious of itself. The very forth-putting of an effort to be great in any direction indicates that we lack that greatness. How true this is in art, for example, every one who has had an artist among his friends can tell. The greatest achievements made by the sculptor or painter have been those in which they have been least conscious of their greatness. So, too, in the Christian life, which is the grandest of all arts, we have not yet attained so long as we are conscious of exertion. If I make an effort to be humble, then very clearly I have not reached the perfect humility, for if I had, that grace would sit upon me as unconsciously as do my garments. "Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with Him."—Dr. W. M. Taylor.

No Reason For Envy.

We who have the Sun need not envy those who saw the Star.

New Postage Doubles Mail.

Fully twice as much mail as she would have otherwise have brought, according to the postoffice authorities of New York City, there being 1075 sacks on board, came over on the Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm. She is the first steamer to leave Germany for the United States after the reduced rate of postage on letters from twenty pfennigs, or five cents, to eight pfennigs, or two cents, went into effect between that country and this.

Morgan to Have Game Preserve.

At Trinidad, Col., Colonel J. A. Owenby announced that 2000 acres of coal land owned by himself, J. P. Morgan, of New York, and B. F. Cheney, of Boston, situated near the Colorado and New Mexico line, would be made into a game preserve, and thoroughly stocked with wild animals. The land will also be worked for its coal deposits.

Hatched by Electrohen.

In full view of thousands at the electrical show in Chicago the electrohen hatched broods of chickens It is a couple of hours after each chicken fights his way into the world before it is entirely presentable.

RELIGIOUS TRUTHS

From the Writings of Great Preachers.

THE TRUE LIFE

FROM THE SWEDISH

Live for Jesus! All the gladness
That may come from earthly things
Equals not one hour's enjoyment
Which His blessed service brings.

Live for Jesus! For thus only
Does our life deserve the name.
To thy heart, before all others,
Jesus has a perfect claim.

Live for Jesus! 'Round His banner
Gather souls, while time doth last,
To His cross invite poor sinners,
Soon the work-day will be past.

Thousands of such wanderers 'round thee
After peace and comfort sigh;
Tell them of the Friend who only
Can their longings satisfy.

Tell them simply of salvation
Thou thyself in Him hast found;
Of the grace and loving kindness
Wherewith He thy life has crowned.

Live for Jesus! Life's young Springtide
Give Him, and thy Summer's prime;
Live for Him when fading Autumn
Speaks to thee of shortening time.

Give thyself entirely to Him:
Thus He gave Himself for thee,
When He lived on earth despised,
When He died on Calvary.

Give up all for Him, well knowing
Thus to lose is all to gain;
Live for Jesus, till with Jesus
Thou for ever rest and reign.
—Alice Jane Home, in London Christian.

Service in Heaven.

"They serve Him day and night in His temple." "And His servants shall serve Him."

Just what these declarations may mean in regard to the employment of the children of God in heaven we may not know. But they certainly indicate that God has something for His servants to do on the other side of the river of death. The highway to service in the kingdom of God is not by the ocean liner to the foreign fields; it is not by the transcontinental train to the needy home fields beyond the plains and the mountains, but it is down the death valley to the kingdom of the immortals. There God is calling His servants, one by one.

When one has learned the secret of service here, God calls him. When he has completed a certain allotted work, God calls him. When he has proved himself true and faithful, God calls him to a wider service where there shall be no night and the day of usefulness is never ended.

And God will there take care of His servant, so that the privations of service here will be unknown there. He will spread His tabernacle over them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life, and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes. It will be a magnificent service in that nightless land where all have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb! —United Presbyterian.

Always Keep Faith.

Many a woman who would not think of lightly breaking a promise made to a grown-up person is utterly careless about keeping her word with her children. She promises whatever is convenient at the moment, and apparently thinks that the breaking or keeping of those promises is a matter in which she can please herself, and that her children have no right to consider themselves aggrieved if she does not do so.

A mother who acts thus does her child grievous harm. She forgets that the sense of justice is strong in quite a little child, and that it is natural and reasonable that he should expect his parents to be as good as their word, and to fulfil their promises even at the cost of convenience. Promises should not be lightly broken, and the parent who is guilty of this soon loses her children's confidence, which is one of the sweetest things our little ones can give us.

When boys and girls learn to doubt their parents' truthfulness they soon look around for some one else whom they can trust, and on that person they shower their affection and bestow their confidence. — Scottish American.

God is Able.

Jehovah, the loving God, distinctly promises to answer the prayers of His children. He that gave parents a love for their children, will He not listen to the cries of His own sons and daughters? He has wonders in store for them. What they never heard of, never saw or dreamed of, He will do for them. He will invent new blessings, if needful. He will ransack sea and land to feed them; He will send every angel out of Heaven to succor them, if their distress requires it. He will astound them with His grace, and make them feel that it was never before done in this fashion. All He asks of them is that they will call upon Him.—Spurgeon.

As a Little Child.

"Some are so unwise as to think that because they are men they can escape the infancy of faith and at once attain the manhood of Christ's knowledge; but the highest degree of perfection requires that we become little children, in very likeness to the childhood of our most loving, humble and obedient Saviour."—Rev. Joseph W. Reynolds, M. A.

Source of Drawing Power.

Solomon, the prince of peace, alone could build the temple. If we would be soul-winners and build up the church, which is God's temple, let us note this: Not by discussion nor by argument, but by lifting up Christ shall we draw men unto Him.—Hudson Taylor.

Some Good Seed.

When you see a life fertile with weeds, think what it might do with good seed.

Sweden Has Universal Suffrage.

The franchise reform bill, which, in one shape or another, has been before the Legislature at Stockholm, Sweden, for two years, finally passed both houses. The first chamber carried it by 119 votes to 22, and the second chamber by 153 to 53. The Social Democrats voted with the minority. The plan is based on the principle of a proportional electoral system for both chambers and universal suffrage for the second chamber. Qualification for election to first chamber is reduced to the point that those enjoying an income of $1800 a year are eligible.

THE WARFARE AGAINST DRINK

TEMPERANCE BATTLE GATHERS STRENGTH EVERY DAY.

Rollicking Drinking Song.

With a Check on the Rollick.

Come! Pour us the ruby red wine!
For in it real happiness lies.
Inspiring philosophy richly divine,
To every true thinker endeared!
Bright scintillant sparkles it brings to the eyes.
(And mskes them at last rather bleared.)

The juice of the palpitant grape
The soul optimistic expands;
The Future takes on such a ravishing shape
'Twere idle with Hope to dissemble.
Ambition itself you might grasp with your hands!
(Until it's observed that they tremble.)

A fig for the foolish who think
In temperance joy they can find!
In idle indifference gaily we drink
While jeering the stoics who ponder.
To quaff, and quaff deeply, we have but one mind.
(A mind which before long will wander.)

Right clear through the night, as we sup,
We drink the rich juice of the South;
We see no To-morrow inside the wine cup;
So what of its thought is the use?
Then pour the delicious red wine in your mouth!
(Soon painfully thick lipped and loose.)

We laugh at the progress of Time,
No matter how sternly he stalk;
The roseate liquor is far too sublime
To urge us to more than a rambling.
And filled with our nectar we proudly may walk!
(Until it drifts into a shambling.)

We'll live just as long as we can,
And in the bright Present repose;
The Future we'll leave to the non-drinking man,
Who has no real sense in his head.
So, ere you imbibe, sniff the wine in your nose.
(Which will soon be a furious red.)
—Associated Sunday Magazine.

Why Do They Drink?

As one walks along the ugly street, the big black bottles stand out in the wide glass window, so close at hand that one might almost put one's hand on them. Liquid damnation, as our friends the prohibitionists would say. But, even though the proprietor of this place might be induced to wash the thirsty gutters with his wares, there is no pressing haste for this. Pray ask him first whether he has yet other commodities in stock. Up there on that high shelf, inside the store, has he perchance, in bottles that we can empty in the gutter, too, such miserable stuffs as these: The quintessence of a selfish heart; the scourge of scolding tongues; the haste of wealthy vagabonds to kill themselves and dragging hours; the memories of little ones who died because the great world, that had called them here to play their parts a trifling time, had greedily withheld her bounty from their pallid lips; or the unceasing round of drudgery that changes human beings into mere aching cogs in wheels?

All these must run along the gutter there; else do you not know that, for the temporary washing of the stain of sorrow from the heart, men would perform a miracle and make them fiery beverages from out the very paving stones of the street? Yes, if they shall ask for daily bread and have but stones, they will transform the unpalatable diet into momentary cloud castles, from whence, it is true, they shall descend to a still sadder and more sordid earth. But what would you wish? Stones are highly indigestible, good temperance friends, and grate unpleasantly upon the teeth of those who bite at them.—Louise Harding, in Christian Register.

One Cause of Child Labor.

A common contributing cause to child labor is the saloon and the beverage liquor traffic, which discourage thrift and frugality among the poor and often force their children at a too early age from the school into the mill or shop. When poor men undertake to support saloons and poolrooms, their families are sure to suffer. To relieve that want, the wife "takes in washing" and the son or daughter leaves school to seek employment.

Child labor voluntarily undertaken and the experience accompanying it have in many cases proven more beneficial than the schooling sacrificed. However, there is a great difference between Mr. Lawrence, the wealthy contractor at Fairfield, leaving home at eight years of age to assist his poor mother in the support of a large family, and the children of an able-bodied spinner in Lewiston who are forced to toil in the cotton factory to support their father, who spends his time playing billiards and drinking in beer shops.

Intoxicating liquors, more than any other thing, tend to make people idle, wasteful and vicious, thus striking at both morals and wealth. Liquor blights the last hopeful prospect of the poor and creates paupers, defectives and criminals.

Cause of Pneumonia.

"Men drunk from liquor and men drunk from overeating are most susceptible to pneumonia and die of it," said Dr. Evans, Chicago's Health Commissioner, in an address a day or two ago. "The majority of cases of pneumonia are of patients who contracted the disease after a drunken debauch or who were drunk from overfeeding," Dr. Evans continued. "People drunk from overfeeding, I think, are almost as immoral as those who stupefy themselves with liquors. The effects of pneumonia in such patients are much the same."

Temperance News and Notes.

The "bumper" is well named.

A sherry cobbler does not mend the soul.

We favor shorter hours for overworked bartenders.

The use of the cup that inebriates is often bowled out.

If rectifiers could only rectify the mistakes of alcohol—

One month after Galesburg, Ill., went dry, her "drunk list" had depreciated from ninety-one to seventeen.

Every moderate drinker could abandon the intoxicating cup if he would; every inebriate would if he could.—John B. Gough.

The National W. C. T. U. has local unions in 10,000 towns and cities. The work is carried on by thirty-eight departments. The organization is but thirty-four years old.

The value of farm products in the past year is placed at $7 778,000,000. Pretty soon the liquor manufacturer will come along and want to know how the country could possibly survive if it didn't have him to rot up his little sixty-four one-hundredth of one per cent. of that amount.