



CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Oh, yes, my young lady, I'll tell you all about it; and indeed, it warms up the old man's heart to see that pleasant smile of yours again—so much that I can tell it briskly. You remember the terrible night—there, there, I won't talk of it! I won't say a word more than I can help, it makes me shiver myself. We servants were half frightened to death, such of us as were not in that wretch of an M. Pierre's plot, and we huddled together, not knowing what to do, for they wouldn't let us fly away from the chateau. We guessed what terrible thing was happening, but couldn't get near you to see, until the new band came, the masked men, which drove M. Pierre's folks away. Then, while they were fighting outside, I crept into the chapel. My old blood quite froze in my veins at the sight I saw; I thought you were all killed. I was going to try to bring a little life to those who showed no wounds; but I heard some one coming through the broken window, and I ran away as fast as I could; I thought I should be killed for being there, so I ran and hid away till everything was quiet. When I came out I found most of the servants gone; but there lay poor Victorie's body right in the corridor.

"The masked men were most of them outside, keeping guard, I thought, and some were getting together blankets and food, and piling them into baskets; I crept back softly and looked into the chapel. A tall man in a mask was there giving directions about burying the bodies. He seemed to feel dreadfully about the murder, and the curse he uttered against that villainous Pierre made me feel sure he was friendly to your family. I couldn't see anything of my young mistress, and this man kept asking where she was. One of his men said that they must have carried her off, and then he started and went out as fast as he could go. The men followed him, and so I expected, and took my last look, as I expected, of my dear mistress. While I was bending over her, I saw a little fluttering beating at her throat. I put my ear hastily to her heart; it was a minute before I could make sure, then I knew she was not dead. I stood a moment wringing my hands, not knowing what to do; then some good saint put it into my head to think of Victorie lying there dead. I tore out into the corridor and brought the body in, changed the ornaments and mantles, and put the long training silk skirt of the countess on the dead girl, and the peasant cloak I wrapped around my mistress.

"The masked people came and carried the poor Victorie to the grave instead of her mistress. They seemed expecting M. Pierre every moment, and paid no attention to the rear door. Taking my mistress in my arms, I ran off through the darkness, on that side, and got safely to my cottage. I could not trust a soul, but telling my daughter it was Victorie, I laid her on a bed, and gave her the best cordial I could find. She laid so all the next day, just breathing a little, enough to show she was not dead, but never opening her eyes.

"I went over the spot where the chateau had stood the next day. It was a terrible sight, that smoking ring of charred ground; but my heart was too full of the fear of the knowledge of what I had done getting to M. Pierre, to feel so badly as I should have done any other time.

"I found out from the other servants that it was M. Pierre who struck Victorie, because she begged the mistress's life, but none of 'em seemed to know she was dead. 'Ems some of his men gave the last blows which made the face so none could have told who it was.

"He came up to me, and asked me if I knew what had become of the young mistress. I could answer innocent enough there, and I pointed to the grave.

"No, no," said he; "there are two bodies missing. The old woman is dead fast enough, but the other has escaped," and with a terrible oath he warned me not to harbor her.

"I shook like a leaf with fear, and asked meekly enough if he cared about my keeping Victorie, that she was at my cottage sick.

"Keep her as long as you like," said he, "but mind you, keep clear of any other."

"I went home, trembling you may believe, but the saints seemed to help me. My lady never came to herself for three long, dreary weeks, so as to know anything, I mean, and I managed to keep everybody out, and my daughter and I took all the care of her. They were such wild times folks had enough to do to manage for themselves, without meddling with their neighbors' affairs. M. Pierre came to the cottage once, but he only glanced into the room where he supposed Victorie was sick. He kept a guard around my place, I know, so no one should come to me, and he had me watched wherever I went; but he never thought I had her all the time in my cottage.

"When my lady woke up to know herself, she was like a little child. I had dreaded it—not being sure but the shock would kill her; but when she asked for her daughter, I told her she was safe (the saints know I meant in Heaven), and she was so feeble, she asked no more. I waited till she was strong again, and that wasn't for months, before I let her know what had happened, and sorry enough was

I, that I didn't go on cheating her; I thought she would just die after all my saving her, for lack of trying to live. When she was able to go about, we fixed up just such a patch as Victorie would have had to wear, and there she lived in my cottage, no one mistrusting but it was Victorie, and she never stepping her foot out of that room, except at midnight. I made up a story that Victorie was so hurt at her scarred face she wouldn't allow any one to see her; and the poor wench had been such a proud-spirited piece they all believed it. I was dreadful uneasy, though, expecting every day that something would happen to let M. Pierre know of the truth. Many's the night I've laid awake planning; but I never should have got the chance if M. Pierre hadn't suddenly taken himself off to Paris. Something very queer had happened at the Little Forest, which he had been guarding night and day, and he went off in wrath, vowing vengeance on everybody, they said.

"Then I went to work in earnest. I got all the money I could, and gave out that Victorie had taken a notion to go away, and that I was going to journey with her to Calais. I dressed her all up, and put a thick veil on, so they could only see the great patch, and my lady and I set off on foot. We had a terrible time of it; it was only now and then we got a ride in a cart or on a donkey; but after sleeping in sheds and begging for dogs' victuals, we made our way to Lyons. There I stopped a good while, because of the troubles we heard of all about Paris. I got some work, and we just kept from starving, because I had to lay by enough to help her to a passage to England, if ever we could get to the coast."

"Noble, faithful Jeannot!" exclaimed Felicie, catching his hand, and kissing it fervently.

"Noble, indeed; he has not told you half the self-sacrifice and devotion!" echoed the countess.

CHAPTER XXV.

POOR old Jeannot tried to conquer the sudden weakness that came over him at this earnest gratitude, but the tears came pouring over his wrinkled cheeks, and his voice broke down entirely.

Jules had stood gazing blankly, from one to another. "Monsieur Emile," said he, suddenly, as a momentary silence ensued; "I don't understand this at all. You told me that Chlotilde was your niece; I understood that she was of peasant birth."

Emile smiled proudly. "I adopted her for my niece when I believed her friendless—now her mother has returned she must go back to her true name. Will it matter to you, who asked me for my niece, though I warned you of my peasant origin, that she comes from a noble family?"

"Ah, not to me, who looked upon her while Chlotilde as the peer of our proudest duchess; but I am penniless, stripped of everything—her mother may object."

"I see you are still mystified; but what does the lady say herself?" and he touched the hand of Lady Felicie gently.

She smiled, blushed and then, looking up with tears still sparkling in her eyes, she answered: "I say I would rather remain Chlotilde, always if another name will take me from the love of Jules, or his betrothal vow."

Then turning to the countess, she said eagerly: "My mother surely will not consider it any hindrance, that he I love has no claim to noble birth, when his nature has proved to be thoroughly heroic and grand."

"Heaven forbid!" answered the countess, earnestly, "but I am perplexed—" "So are we all. Let me unravel a little of the mystery, Jules, allow me to introduce you to the bride who can now claim your heart as well as nuptial vow. Gentle hearted, devoted little maiden, willing to waive so generously the claims of birth and fortune, know who in truth is this Jules you have promised to love and cherish with a wife's tenderness. Lady Felicie Languedoc, the Marquis Edward Jules De Berri. I hope you duly appreciate each other's claims."

And Emile, his face glowing with happiness, clasped the two youthful hands together.

They stared at each other in amazement.

"The marquis I dreaded and feared," uttered Felicie.

"The Lady Felicie I so thoroughly detested!" stammered Edward Jules.

Emile smiled joyously, and bending down to the countess began a whispered explanation.

"I knew that they were prejudiced against each other; I saw it was your wish they should be united. When I found the young marquis was only stunned by the blow on his head, I knew I must keep them together in my secret retreat, and I formed this plan, foreseeing how it would end."

"Our benefactor and preserver always," said the countess, softly; "alas! we have no reward to give in return." Emile opened his lips eagerly, and then closed them again, murmuring, as he turned away:

"It is no time now; I can afford to wait."

Edward, leading the smiling Felicie, came to the countess. "Dearest mother, will you give us your blessing, though I come stripped of coronet, fortune, estate; of everything except a devoted love, a strong arm, and resolute will."

"A thousand times more joyfully, my dear boy, than I could have done in the Chateau Languedoc on that fatal evening; you will give me Felicie the priceless offering it was not then in your power to bestow, a loving and appreciating heart," answered the countess.

"As regards the fortune," observed Emile, "the package of diamonds remains untouched, just as your hapless father secured it in readiness for leaving France. I have kept it on my person day and night through many perils and vicissitudes, but it is safe, and so are all the valuable gems of the Languedoc family. You may lack the grandeur of the old days, but poverty you will never need to fear."

"Noble, generous Emile!" echoed one and all; "you have done all for us, nothing for yourself."

He smiled dreamily. Lady Felicie drew his stately head down to her lips, and whispered something in his ear.

He smiled again, kissed her fondly, and turned away hastily.

"What did you say, my child?" asked the countess.

"I made him a promise; sometime I'll tell you what it was. Oh, mamma, mamma, how can we be thankful enough for this joyful ending of our troubles?"

The other passengers had discreetly retired. Jeannot had retreated after Emile, and now Edward Jules discovered it were judicious for him also to leave the agitated mother and daughter to themselves. It was a long and perfectly open conversation which ensued.

And the good ship sped on her way, and bore them all safely to the friendly English shore.

They found a pretty country seat a little distance from the seashore, but whose eupola gave a glimpse of the blue waves stretching toward their poor, distracted, but still dearly beloved France, and thither they all went.

Jules and Felicie were to be married at once, in the most private and unostentatious manner. Emile was very grave, and very restless after the day was actually fixed upon.

Lady Felicie had watched him anxiously, and one morning she suddenly seized his hand, and with an arch smile, though a dewy eye, she led him to the easy chair where her mother sat looking out thoughtfully into the sunny garden.

Her new found happiness, and clothing becoming her station, had wrought a marvelous change in the appearance of the countess. A soft color restored the youthful outline to her face, the peaceful look in the dark eyes, the becoming head dress, all had restored as if by magic, her olden beauty.

"Try, dearest Emile, and remember that I have promised it," cried Felicie, and ran hastily away.

What followed was too sacred for Felicie even to inquire about, much more, then, for me to give to pen description. But in a little more than an hour, they came out to the garden where Felicie and Edward were waiting in painful suspense.

A single glance showed the young couple what had happened.

What a serene peace deepened the tints of Emile's eagle eyes, what a sweet content nestled around the lips of the countess!

"Felicie," said Emile, "my child indeed; we will have a double wedding." Felicie kissed them both in extravagance of delight.

And so both members of the haughty count's family parted with the proud name of Languedoc. Neither ever repeated it. They lived in England in peace and quiet, until tranquillity returned to France, when they sought again her beloved shores.

[The End.]

ANIMALS KILLED BY TRAINS.

Foxes and Owls Killed by Trains—Dogs Lured by Foxes.

The report printed a few days ago that a buck deer had been killed by a train near Sayville, L. I., reminded sportsmen of many similar tragedies of the animal world. When the buffaloes roamed across the plains they not infrequently compelled trains to stop until the herds had passed. Antelopes were killed quite often by the locomotives. The glare of the headlights at night seems to stupefy birds and beasts that cross railroad tracks. Owls are killed frequently, as well as many other birds, during the migrating season. An engineer on a New Jersey railroad, while passing through the pines one night, heard a faint crash of glass above the roar of the train. Instantly the headlight went out, and the fireman went forward to learn the cause. A short-eared owl had flown into the glass, broken it, broken the chimney of the lamp, and lodged against the reflector, a dead bird. The fox, in spite of its craft, is one of the animals most frequently killed by trains. The chances are that most of the foxes killed are young and inexperienced. In England foxes, closely followed by a pack of hounds, have been known to run in front of a train along the track, then jump off again before the train came up. The dogs would follow after in full cry and a dozen or more would be killed. One pack ran under the wheels of an express in their eagerness to get the fox. Rabbits, wild turkeys, skunks, partridges, quail, squirrels, wild ducks and geese, and many other kinds of animals that abide near railroads, have been killed by the trains.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A RESURRECTION MISTAKE" EASTER SUNDAY SUBJECT.

From the Text: "She, Supposing Him to Be the Gardener, Saith Unto Him; Tell Me Where Thou Hast Laid Him and I Will Take Him Away" John 20:15.



HERE are Mary Magdalen and Christ, just after his resurrection. For four thousand years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his cold palace. He had a passion for human skulls. For forty centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors, and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalice at the table were made of bleached skulls. The skeleton of Abel had been added the skeleton of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one good Friday, about eighteen hundred and sixty-seven years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful place, rolled back the door, and went in, and seizing the tyrant threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place, and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery, and tarrying under a roof the ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and rocked them until it began to fall, and then laying hold of the ponderous front gate hoisted it from its hinges, and marched forth crying, "I am the Resurrection!" That event we celebrate this Easter morn, Handel and Beethoven miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the place abloom.

There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane, Mary Magdalen, grief-struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or uproot the weeds from the garden, or to set reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalen, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman, and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor, she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning glory and the midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer wall with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalen. "She supposing him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an every-day Christ for every-day work in every-day apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our every-day work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, ploughing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families, or toiling with weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel for us in our every-day toil. Put it into the highest strain of this Easter anthem, "Supposing him to be the gardener."

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon his head, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold and with robe bediamonded, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at his side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, then I spell it out that he has hearty and pathetic understanding with every-day work, and every-day anxiety, and every-day fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these aisles. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in the western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing-girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union, and soteriology of the Council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world; but pass along the gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem

of it and feel the thrill of the Christly brotherhood. Not supposing the man to be Caesar, not supposing him to be Socrates, but "supposing him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking-house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory. Oh, of course, we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and bediamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalen saw him at the day-break, "supposing him to be a gardener."

Another thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post-mortem appearance to one who had been the seven-deviled Mary Magdalen. One would have supposed he would have made his first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was aunt Phebe; in yours saintly aunt Martha or saintly aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so with the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repugnant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's footwashing, you are not to forget that she was exercised of seven devils. What a capital of demology she must have been. What a chorus of all diabolism. Seven devils—two for the eyes, and two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the tongue. Seven devils. Yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honors her with the first posthumous appearance? What doth that mean? \* \* \*

There is a man seven-deviled—devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. God can take them all away, seven or seventy. I rode over the new cantilever bridge that spans Niagara—a bridge 900 feet long, 850 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without anxiety. Why? Because twenty-two locomotives and twenty-two cars laden with gravel had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement. And however long the train of our immortal interests may be we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven-deviled Mary that Christ made His first post-mortem appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight. If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past 5 o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was in the dawn. Mark says it was at the sunrise; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysterical outcry. She could not see to the other end of the crypt. Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? why were they taken so suddenly? why could they not have uttered some farewell words? why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft launched at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside of the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalen have to do in order to get more light on that grave? She had only to wait. After a while the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait.

After Christ's interment every cellular tissue broke down, and nerve and artery and brain were a physiological wreck, and yet he comes up swarthy, rufous and well. When I see after such mortuary silence such radiant appearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the bodies of our Christian dead, they are going to come up, the nerves restraining, the optic nerve reillumined, the ear drum a-vibrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weakness and worldly uses for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to go out to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch?

Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember He was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one. What does that make me think? That the grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of His life had poured out from His wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow, and privation, and then He died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of twenty years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet here He comes up so rufous and robust as he supposed Him to be the gardener.

Ah! all the side-aches, and the head-aches, and the back-aches, and the leg-aches, and the heart-aches we will leave where Christ left His. The ear will come up without its dimness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb, I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumult, without catafalque, and without a tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the "Dead March in Saul," but whole libretti of "Hallelujah Chorus." Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to key, and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ, Hallelujah, Amen. Hallelujah, Amen!

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor was thirteen years old on March 27. On March 20 there were enrolled on Secretary Baer's books 11,537 societies, with 346,110 members. The first society was organized in Tabor, Iowa, by Rev. John W. Cowan. The first signer of the Junior pledge is now a clergyman.

"She hath done what she could." The members of the Christian Endeavor society in the Indiana state prison at Michigan City have no money to contribute toward state Christian Endeavor work, but the other day the state treasurer received from this society fifty-two stamped envelopes. One of these envelopes is issued to each prisoner every two weeks and an extra one is given instead of a ration of tobacco. By abstaining from the luxury of correspondence, and from the use of tobacco, the men were enabled to fulfill their pledge.

An endeavor after apostolic fashion is recorded of a native Christian Endeavor society in Shalanga, West Africa. The young men of the society set out, two by two, to preach the gospel throughout all their district, a region forty by seventy miles in extent. They held 238 services and reached 4,572 hearers, and all without a penny of expense. The young men had many interesting experiences. One of them philosophically remarked, when deterred from crossing a river by the alligators in the stream, "The Lord sent us to preach the gospel, not to feed these fellows."

A company of Endeavorers from the Broadway Baptist church, Cambridgeport, Mass., held weekly meetings in a rescue mission in Boston, providing a free lunch for the men, in opposition to a free lunch saloon in the neighborhood. These meetings have resulted in many conversions, and in several accessions to the church. The Endeavorers make it a practice to secure employment for the converts when possible.

The Endeavorers in the State of Washington have made earnest efforts to secure temperance and Sabbath observance legislation. A temperance bill was recently before the legislature and the Endeavorers prompted prominent representatives to personally visit the capitol, while about five hundred telegrams were sent from all parts of the state to the senators and representatives. Mass meetings were also held in many districts, all with the aim of properly influencing legislation.

The first year of Christian Endeavor in Tremont Temple Baptist church, Boston, has been a fruitful one. Several members of the society have united with the church. One of the first deeds of the society was the publication of a sermon on baptism by Dr. Lorimer. Two more of the pastor's sermons were published during the year, a total of eight thousand copies. The instruction committee of the society has maintained a Bible history class under the direction of the assistant pastor, and it has also provided two courses of university extension lectures. Since Tremont Temple is very peculiarly situated in the business district, the society has made every effort to apply business enterprise to its methods, and at the beginning of the year it issued for general distribution a beautiful calendar, advertising the church and society and time of meetings.

As a recognition of the good work done by the Salvation Army in Detroit in relieving distress among the poor, the citizens have contributed \$74,000 to purchase the building used by the army as headquarters.