

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON 3, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 5.

Text of the Lesson, Math. xviii, 11-26. Memory Verses, 21-24—Golden Text, I Tim. 1, 15—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

And Jesus stood before the governor, and the governor asked him, saying, Art Thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. He gave the chief priests and elders the insult and mockery before the high priest, along with Peter's denial and all forsaking Him.

12. "And when He was accused of the chief priests and elders He answered nothing. There was nothing in answer, for there was no truth in their accusations, and He knew that they were determined to kill Him and that the time had come for Him to let them.

13. "And He answered him to never a word, inasmuch that the governor marvelled greatly. While he saw that he had no extraordinary prisoner, He had never met one like this, and he knew not what to think of Him. Pilate had strange work on hand that day, and he had no time to be concerned before Pilate.

14. "And He answered him to never a word, inasmuch that the governor marvelled greatly. While he saw that he had no extraordinary prisoner, He had never met one like this, and he knew not what to think of Him. Pilate had strange work on hand that day, and he had no time to be concerned before Pilate.

15. "Now, at that time, the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner whom they would. Pilate gave the release, but the people chose the man, Consider Him who stood dumb before Pilate as having up that time released millions of prisoners from the power of Satan, and millions since His going to prison and to death for us. He still lives to set the prisoners free, and whosoever will accept Him is forever free. He might have set Himself free, for they could not take His life unless He willed it (John 8, 18). But He could not free Himself, and so He died that we might live.

16. "Who will you that I release unto you, Barabbas or Jesus, which is called Christ? Our lesson says that Barabbas was a notable prisoner. In Luke xxiii, 19, it is said that he was in prison for sedition and murder. Fancy people asked to choose between a murderer and a seditionist, and the spotless Lamb of God, between one of the greatest of sinners and the only Saviour of sinners, Barabbas or Christ! The choice today between the most notable of all prisoners (see Rev. xx, 1, 2), the father of lies and a murderer from the beginning (John-viii, 44), and the same Jesus who silently—but oh, so beseechingly for our sakes—awaits our choice.

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WAYNE AT STONY POINT.

Two of the heart of the murky night and the lowest ebb of the tide. Silence lay on the land and sleep on the waters wide.

Save for the sentry's tramp or the note of a lone night bird, Or the sigh of the haunted pines as the south wind softly stirred. Gloom abode around and the brooding spirit about. Only a single star over Dunderberg's lofty crest.

Through the drench of ooze and slime at the margin of the river fen. File upon file slip by. See! Are they ghosts or men? Fast away forward, press, on by a track unbarred. Now is the onward way, now have they throttled the guard.

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KLONDIKE CANTON.

Klondike Canton was a native of X, a large manufacturing center in the Black country. His father, a poor clergyman, had no means to afford his son a good start in life, and he was thankful enough when the interest of certain friends secured a clerkship in one of the local banks.

Young Charlie Canton, as he was then called, remained in the bank for nine or ten years until he had acquired the age of 28 and a salary of \$150 per annum. Now, taking into account the conditions of the bank clerk labor market, this was by no means bad.

But Charlie Canton was a shrewd fellow and had done even better for himself in the time that he might have expected. He was already assistant cashier, with the prospect of soon becoming chief cashier at an increased salary, and, in fact, so well were his business abilities thought of by his chiefs that he had a very fair hope of being appointed manager of one of the country branches before many years were over. But circumstances occurred just at this time which caused him to throw up his situation and leave the neighborhood. These circumstances were connected with an affair of the heart.

The young lady was Miss Miriam Wakefield, only daughter of the vicar of X. She was a very pretty and charming if somewhat superficial girl, then barely 18 years of age, and her maiden fancy was soon caught by Charlie Canton's handsome face and agreeable manners.

On his side, Charlie was deeply in love with Miriam and made no secret of his attachment, but the relatives of both young people naturally viewed the affair with disapproval, for Charlie had nothing but his meager salary, and Miriam had not a penny. However, the enamored Charlie was deaf to all reasoning, and Miriam, being an spoiled daughter and accustomed to have her way, at length coaxed her father into giving a reluctant consent to the engagement.

"But it will be a siege of Troy, my darling," he pointed out. "Charlie will not be in a position to marry for ten years." "I would wait for him if it were 20 years," she cried, with sparkling eyes and flushing cheeks.

The vicar smiled to himself, but said no more. He was a man wise in his generation, for though he could gauge Miriam's disposition, and—well, ten years was a long time. Everything went smoothly with the lovers for about a twelvemonth. Then a cloud began to appear upon the horizon of Charlie Canton's happiness. He noticed some slight changes in Miriam's demeanor toward himself. At first it was very slight, but gradually it became more marked. Poor Charlie was terribly upset. He felt that he was not mistaken, and that Miriam's love for him was cooling daily. In this conviction, as a matter of fact, he was quite correct. Miriam, if the truth must be told, was a young lady incapable of any real intensity of love. She was emphatically not the stuff out of which heroines are made, and that degree of heroism in love which required her to wait an indefinite time for marriage while the best of her youth was slipping away and which offered her no better reward at the end than the position of a very poor man's wife (as she thought on a mature reflection) just a spot beyond her.

In this idea she was sedulously encouraged and supported by all her friends and relatives. "You are throwing yourself away on Charlie Canton," they said, "when with your pretty face, your dear, you might marry a fortune." "There are many rich men quite as handsome as Charlie," was the tenor of others' remarks. "There is young Silkestone, for instance. He has just come into £3,000 a year." Miriam blushed at this. There was young Silkestone, and he was quite as handsome as Charlie, and he had £3,000 a year or rather more, for his father, the retired coal merchant, had died only six months ago, and his personality, almost the whole of which came to his son, had been sworn at £100,000. The latter had begun to be very polite and attentive to herself, and—

New reflections of this kind often begin by ending with an "and," but they seldom end by ending. Miriam's reflections, such as giving him a very nice, proper, prettily worded letter. Charlie Canton. Young Silkestone's name was not mentioned in the letter, but only her (Miriam's) struggles between love and duty, in which heaven had given her the strength to range herself on the latter's side. Heaven also (it appeared from the letter) had given her not only strength, but conviction—conviction that she had no right—nay, that it would be selfish in her to the point of criminality—to marry him (Charlie) and to forget herself as a burden upon his slender means. No, she would not hamper him. She would not ruin his prospects. She cared for him far too much to be because she cared for him so much that she would marry him. She would wait, and when in future years he married perchance to some rich wife and become a county magnate, should meet a dowry, faded little old maid solely Miriam Wakefield, he would surely breathe a prayer of thankfulness to heaven at the merciful escape that he had had of being tied for life to such an incubus. And, in conclusion, she was always his sincere friend and true well-wisher—Miriam.

When the contents of this letter got about.

When the contents of this letter got about, Charlie Canton himself, in talking to his friends, admitted the general accuracy of these rumors. To Miriam he had been more explicit. About a fortnight before their wedding—as soon as the certainty of these disasters reached her—she went to her and told her the truth. From the wealthy man he had hitherto believed himself to be was suddenly transformed to a very poor man indeed. A few thousands were left—that was all, enough to bring in a meager income of, say, £200 a year. Under these circumstances he could not hold her to her promise. She was free—if she wished to be free. He placed himself unreservedly in her hands, and so on.

Miriam's answer quite took his breath away. "Oh, Charlie," she said, gazing at him with earnest eager eyes and clasping her hands together nervously, "I'm—I'm—I'm so glad!" Charlie started and stared at her in blank astonishment. He could find no words to express his surprise. "I don't mean that I'm glad for your sake," she went on to explain eagerly. "I'm so glad for my own!" "Oh," gasped Charlie, more and more bewildered. "I must tell you something, Charlie," she went on to explain eagerly. "I'm so glad for my own!"

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