CHAPTER XXIII. Continued.

have me," said Clifford, who was remorseful, knowing that he had had daughter.

"Do, sir," said the sergeant, who wanted a watch kept upon Miss Bostal's father, and was quite willing that it should be a friendly one.

So Clifford, not without diffidence, entered the house as the sergeant carried his bundle to the gig which was waiting for him at the old turnpike.

The Colonel heard the slow footsteps outside the dining-room door and called out:

"Who's that?" .

Clifford stood in the doorway.

"It's I, Colonel. May I come ia?" The cld man raised his head quickly, and gave I im a little wan smile, as he

held out his hand. "Come in, come in; yes."

Then, having held the young man's warm hand in his own cold one for a few moments, he let it fall, and, inviting him, with a gesture, to be seated, relapsed into silence. Clifford asked him is he should make up the fire. It was a cold evening, and the draughts had been allowed to sweep through the house from open window to open door.

"Yes, yes, my lad; warm yourself if you can. It would take more fire than there is on earth to warm my old

bones to-night." The stern sadness of his tone sent a ed he found that the coal-scuttle was

"I will fetch you some coal," said the Colonel, who was proceeding to rise from his chair, when Clifford stopped him.

"No. Tell me where to get it," said he, quickly, snatching up the scuttle. "Oh, well, if you will, you will find the lid of the water-butt on the ground outside, at the back. If you lift itbut really I don't like to trouble youyou will find the entrance to the cel-

lar underneath." Following this rather curious direction Clifford went out by the back door of the house, lifted the lid, admiring the ingenuity by which the cellar was concealed, and began to descend the wooden steps into the darkness below. The Colonel had provided him with a candle, but this was suddenly extinguished as he reached the bettom step, and at the same moment he became aware that he was not

Involuntarily he uttered a little cry. A hand, the little, soft and slender hand which he remembered so vividly, but which he had never before identified, was placed quickly on his mouth.

"Hello!" they heard a rough man's voice cry, muffled as it came down into the earth from the garden above.

And Clifford heard a soft whisper in

"The policeman! Send him away on some pretext. I only want a moment, just one moment!"

The young man shuddered. Although he had no fear that Miss Bostal would do him any harm, there was something uncanny about the idea of Being left alone with a murderess, deep down in the bowels of the earth, in the grasp of the little hands that had done such deadly work.

The policeman's voice startled them both. He flashed his lantern down into the cellar, but already Miss Bostal had released Clifford and hidden herself in the corner behind the steps. "Hello! Who's that down there? Is

it you, Mr. King?" "Yes," said Clifford. "I'm getting some coal. Would you ask the Colonel

for a scoop, or a shovel, or something to get it up by?" The man flashed his lantern round the cellar once more, and answered:

Well, sir, I can't go in. But I'll call He drew back, and the moment he did so, Miss Bostal, with amazing boldness and celerity, crept up the steps and out behind his back, as he called

to Colonel Bostal from the back door-Clifford stood still, with his heart in his mouth. He was intensely excited; he was listening with all his power. But he did not know whether he wanted the woman to escape or whether he wanted her to pay the penalty she so well deserved. All he knew was that

the few moments of suspense seemed never-ending. Then the voice of the policeman, measured and calm, was heard again: "All right, sir. He's coming." She had got away, then! After all,

it was no more than was to be expected of her superhuman cumping. And, in spite of himself, he felt an imménse relief that he had helped her to escape. He could meet, if not the policeman, at least, the Colonel, with a lighter heart. He took the shovel which was handed to him, and reappeared in the dining-room with the real.

The Colonel looked at him keenly and shut the door. "Did you see-her?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes. She got away," answered

"I knew, when you got-the policeman to call me, that it was some ruse "I'll go and sit with him, if he'll of hers," he said. "You see, Mr. King," he went on, as the young man reddened with surprise, "I know her suspicions of the father, and not of the | tricks. I-I have waited-for some such end as this - for twenty-five

> years." An exclamation, in which astonishment and sympathy were blended, escaped from Clifford's lips. Colonel Bostal rose from his chair, and unlocking a cupboard in the corner of the room, took from it an old desk, which ne unlocked, and taking from it a bundle of cuttings from old newspapers,

> put them into Clifford's hands. They all referred to cases of "kleptomania" which had come before the West End magistrates from twentythree to twenty-five years before, in which a "ladylike young woman, of superior manner and address," had been charged with hoplifting.

> "They all refer to my daughter," said the Colonel, quietly. "And in all we managed to get her off, on the plea that she had suffered from hysteria. And that was true."

"Then she is not responsible for her actions?" suggested Clifford in a tone of relief.

"Frankly, my own belief is that she is fully responsible. She is a highly intelligent woman, and her astuteness and cunning are unsurpassable. There is some moral twist in her nature which causes her to love the excitement of crime. That is my own opinshiver through Clifford, who, indeed, but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such a condition should be let to but wherever we went she theatened York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and policy, such as the policy are the policy and the policy are the policy are the policy and the policy are had little comfort to give him. He had to get herself and me into trouble, and Maryland, the reports show an upsome difficulty in getting the fire to burn up, and when at last I brought her here, where it burn up, and when at last he succeedheart bled for the poor girl, but I knew the truth must come out, and I had not the courage to hasten its com-

> For a long time there was silence in the little room. Then Clifford ven-

> "Do you know where she has gone?" "All I know is that whatever she her own safety. I can trust her for that."

> Clifford was shocked. That the little, faded woman was a monster, an unnatural and depraved creature without moral sense, was clear. The Colonel rose again, locked up his desk and held out his hand to the young man.

> "Go," said he, gravely, but kindly. "You have done all you could for me, for us, and I thank you. Now you must leave us to take our chance. And remember what I have said: There is very little cause to fear on my daughter's account."

for Courtstairs, where he easily found a lodging for the night.

On the following morning at daybreak there arrived at the County Lu-Stroan, a weird, wan object, shoeless, wild-eyed, voiceless with cold and with terror.

The creature cried when the porter came to her summons: "Take me in, or I shall do myself

some harm. Take me in! Take me

It was Miss Theodora. No lunatic who had ever been admitted within the walls of the asylum had looked half so mad as she did. The doctors saw her, and advised her detention. And when the storm broke over her, and the hue and cry reached the asylum, there was no dobut expressed by any of the doctors as to her insanity. She was duly brought up before the magistrates, remanded, brought up again; always with the same result. She smiled, she chatted; she appeared wholly unconscious of her position, wholly irresponsible. And at the last her trial for murder was

she was unfit to plead. And when it was anounced that Miss Theodora would be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure, every one concurred in the justice of the deci-

avoided, the doctors all certifying that

o Clifford, when they were alone: "I told you she would get off! She is

Clifford himself did not know what to think. But then he had something so much pleasanter to think about. For Nell Claris was no longer able to say "No" to him. Instead of being a suspected criminal, she was now a heroine. It was honor and not disgrace that she could now bring to her hus-

band. One thing only Clifford had to wait for. Nell would not leave her uncle until his mind was quite restored. For months she watched the reawakening of his reason, tending him with loving care.

And when he was able to return to the Blue Lion in full possession of his reason, when the autumn tints were on the trees, Clifford took his pretty

EVERY TOOTH A SOUND ONE.

TARIFFS AND FARMERS

LANDS AND THEIR PRODUCTS EN-HANCED IN VALUE.

The Prosperity Accompanying the Restor. ation of Protection Has Brought With It Higher Prices For Everything the Farmer Has to Sell.

It is some years now since the freetrader has abandoned his wailings over the abandoned farms of New England and elsewhere. Under the most beneficent influences of the Dingley law, farm lands all over the entire country have been increasing in value, and, according to inquiries recently made by the American Agriculturist, from fifteen to twenty per cent. over the value of five years ago. In almost every State where investigations were ion. I took her away from London, made throughout New England, New seemed that she must be honest for twenty per cent., and in single inwant of opportunity to be anything stances for more. In no case was else. And I thought, until a few any decline in values found, and alweeks ago, that I had succeeded. I | though in a few cases the reports swear to you I never had a suspicion | showed no particular change in value, that she was mixed up with the thefts | yet in most cases there were evidences at the Blue Lion until the inquest on of a gain in the price of good average young Stickels. Then, when I saw that farms of five, ten, fifteen and twenty it lay between her and poor little Nell per cent., and in a few instances Claris, I knew who was the the cul- running considerably higher. In Delaprit. But how could I confess it? My ware the upward tendency has almost

reached the nature of a boom. It has always been one of the principal tenets of the protectionist that the value of farm lands and farm products are enhanced according to their proximity to a manufacturing centre. The closeness to a manufacturing town is, of course, of no value unless the inhabitants of that communhas done is the best possible thing for ity are earning good and continued wages. This has been the condition now for several years under our present protective tariff, and in consequence farmers have gotten better prices for their products, and their lands have enhanced in value propor-

tionally. The Eastern farmer cannot, of course, compete with the Western agriculturist in the great crops, but when the factory hands of the New England and Middle States are fully employed there is always a demand for farm produce which come under the head of "truck farming," fully equal Thus dismissed Clifford took leave to the productive ability of the entire of the old man reluctantly and started farming community of these Eastern States. In fact, the only difficulty which the New England farmer has experienced during the past two or three years has been the same as that natic Asylum, sixteen miles from of the Western agriculturist-namely, inability to get sufficient help to enable him to produce and harvest his products. Says the American Agriculturalist of July 25:

> "Slowly but surely the values of farm lands in the Eastern and New England States are improving. The evidences arrayed in the American Agriculturist's special investigation should make an impress for the betterment of the farmer's financial standing. Granted that the splendid agricultural lands of the West are most attractive propositions, yet there is no reason why the progressive farmers of the Middle and Eastern States should not be accorded due consideration from banks and business interests generally, when loans are sought for the further improvement of the farms. The testimony of our correspondents on the higher trend of values should inspire greater confidence than ever before in the merits of Eastern farming, where we have the best cash markets in the world at our doors. Land in some of our Eastren and New England States is now relatively among the best business propositions in the country."

We fully agree with the above, that sion except Colonel Bostal, who said the Eastern farmer is entitled to every consideration at the hands of the banks. Twenty years ago he was lending his money to build up the agricultural lands of the West. A few years of protection has enabled the Western agriculturist to either pay off his mortgage entirely, or reduce it most materially, and now the farmers of the West have money to loan, and their banks are bulging not only with the necessary currency needed in the moving of crops, but to loan on good security, to even the East if it should be wanted. But our New England banks, too, and those of the Middle States are bulging with the savings of the working classes, and there is plenty of money to loan at five per

cent. on satisfactory security. Thus it is that protection helps the financial situation, at the same time that it defends our industries and enand gentle bride away from the inn by lables our great mass of citizens, whether at work on the farm or in riage."

the factory, to become independent and well-to-do. It must ever be one of the greatest reasons given in favor of a continuation of our protective policy, that the benefits it bestows are widespread and universal. There one section of the country; there is no benefit to be bestowed upon any one branch of industry; all share and share great independent endless chain of filled, and the bodies are clothed, and the houses are built, and the luxuries are consumed, taxing every productive institution in the country; taxing our transportation facilities to the utmost, and keeping busy our avenue of disour great body of clerical laborers, all, forfeited the privilege of its occupancy. in turn, contributing by their consuming power and purchasing ability to the manner in which we hold these possescommon weal of all. Surely such a sions. If we hold them selfishly to profit alone as long as prosperity and em- cred stewardship, used for the furtherance but any other country.

Prosperity Rampant. From every section of the country, from every industry comes the one and only cry, Prosperity. A census of the leading bankers reveals a state of confidence and stability never before known. The farmers are rejoicing over the splendid outlook for good, if not unusual, harvests. The manufacturers were never so busy. The August buying was never before equaled, and the transportation companies are being taxed to their utmost facilities. Every man who wants work can have it. What a grand consummation: What a perfection of protection! What a vindication of Republican financial and tariff legislation! Revise such conditions. Impossible. Can cloudless sky be made clearer? We want no tinkering of the tariff. We want no free trade, we want no reciprocity. Let well enough alone. By all means stand pat.

The Reason For Tariff Wars. Protection is held responsible for tariff wars, but the action of France in imposing discriminating duties on American meats because the manufacturers of that country wish to force upon us wares which we do not want, shows where the responsibility lies. Tariff wars are entirely chargeable to the desire to push upon other people what cannot be consumed at home Protection only aims at self-sufficingness. When that idea is strictly adhered to no one has a right to take painful reminders of life's sorrows. But offense. It is as illogical for a nation even the royal purple can neither ignore to find fault with another nation because it refuses to buy goods from it We can build no barrier that will prevent as it would be for a Kearny street their invasion. shopkeeper to call people who refused to buy from him hard names .- San Francisco Chronicle.

General Prosperity Untouched.

Notwithstanding the feverish condition of Wall Street, the next six months gives indication of a firm continuance of national prosperity. The wheat crop, according to all estimates, will be enormous, probably a recordbreaker; the cotton crop will be eleven million bales, or more than three-quarters of the world's output; the corn crop will likely reach 2,500,000,000 bushels, and the manufacturing and mining output promises to keep even with the highest figures. The actual prosperity of the country is unchecked. and it goes to show that, after all, Wall Street is far from being the whole thing .- Oswego Times.

Guilty!

The Springfield Republican thinks the "high tariff is now on trial, as never before, as the great causative and saving factor in the business prosperity of the nation."

The verdict will be "Guilty." The high tariff is, without question or extenuating circumstances, "the causative and saving factor in the business prosperity of the nation."

Tried and Failed.

The Democrats are getting into a iseless sweat over the tariff. When it needs reforming the people will let the Republicans have control of the job. The Democrats have been tried-with free soup. Coxey armies and such like. results .- Valley Mills (Tex.) Protectionist.

Visible Proof. Simkins-"It is reported that De Blank is leading a double life." Timkins-"The report is correct. I was one of the witnesses to his mar-

SWEET

OUR REGULAR SUNDAY SERMON.

The Beautiful Story of Esther Delineated in An Attractive Style By An Eloquent Preacher,

NEW YORK CITY.-Sunday morning the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, minister of the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, had for his subject "A Supreme Opportunity." He chose as his text Esther iv: 14: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Mr. Woelfkin said:

The history of Esther is a fascinating romance. Every changing scene in the panorama is a graphic illustration of the providence of God. It traces the transition from obscurity to prominence; from weakness to power. The scene opens showing Esther an orphan girl belonging to a captive and despised race. Naturally, every door of influence would be closed to her. Alone in the world, dependent upon a cousin's bounty, the horizon of her life was limited. Her chief endowment was beauty, and that, as the world goes, is more likely to become a snare of evil than a benediction of good. Yet, behind this humble, modest life there is working the might, wisdom and love of God. The Queen's throne is empty. The royal crown is waiting some one who may please the mood of the King. Thousands of gentle blood dream of the Queen's place as the acme of all ambition. But the providence of Jehovah has reserved the place for Esther, the orphaned Jewish girl.

This same divine power seeks to mold every life. The circumstances and conditions that environ us may not seem promising. But what are these with God? His is not a building up in one State or strength is made perfect in weakness. The vast majority of men and women who have made the molds of history were those whom God's providence brought from obscurity and lowly conditions. Your way is alike, and each helps the other in one not hid from the Almighty. There is a place held vacant for your filling. That place is as honored and dignified as any communication. So it is that when we royal throne, because it is divinely aphave work for all, then the mouths are pointed. The steps leading thereto may seem to be contingencies, accidents, fortuitous chances, and through the moods of other persons. But if there be the spirit of faith to trust Him, diligence to discover His will and readiness to obey, He will bring us to the place and position most suited for our eternal profit and glory. No the prices of farms throughout New and keeping busy our avenue of dis-England and the East have advanced tribution and calling into employment through unbelief and disobedience, have

Every life has its own unique endowment. Success or failure depends upon the possessions and opportunities. But we may

not despise the day of small things. Esther had only personal beauty to commend her at first. This is not a gift despised by Satan in his attempt to ruin a soul; then why should it be discredited as a power for good? The lad had only five loaves and two fishes, but, consecrated to His service, they fed the multitude and more. It all turns upon whether we are using our endowments in the interest of self and by the evergy of self, or whether we are living and working in co-operation with Him and for His glory. The form of a life will vary. God does not duplicate and make all lives to conform to a like pattern. There was vast difference between the captive maid that served in Naaman's home and the orphan captive who mounted the Persian throne but it was the same God who worked in each.

The orphan girl became the bounteous

She enjoys the honors and emoluments of royalty. Banquets are held in her honor and a retinue of servants minister to her continually, Can she support the dignity thus thrust upon her? Will aduation, flattery and vanity enervate her soul's ability, or will she grow strong and potent for good amid opportunities? trial can answer such queries, and that comes soon enough. From the outer world she hears the lamentation of her kindred people. Mordecai, her cousin, is in sack cloth and mourning and would not be All the captives are wailing with fear. What could it mean? If she had only been party to the conference between her royal husband and the prime minister prince she would have understood If she could see all the clerks writing the sentences of death which were being hurried throughout the empire she would have known. She seems to be exempt. Does she not dwell in the palace? But the lackness overshadows her even there. No circumstance or condition can shut it out. The court of Persia permitted no one wearing sack cloth, that symbol of sorrow and mourning, to enter the royal pre cincts. They would not be disturbed by nor escape them. The tragedies of life are not shut out by hiding and ignoring them.

The Redeemer of the world did not ig ore them. He did not isolate Himself from human woe, but through suffering became a Saviour, forgiving sin. bringing glory out of the crucible of suffering and planting the light of hope amid the shadows of death. If Esther seeks to save her life alone she will lose it. But if in seeking to save others she lose it, she shall save it. We cannot in a time of epidemic think of ourselves alone. Individual carefulness will prove fatal.

There came a moment of despair to Esther. What can she do more than others. She had not been called into the King's presence for a whole month. And to venture unbidden might mean death. She had her limitations. Even her position seemed unequal to the need. Her privil eges fell short. It is always so. A grave crisis ever brings the shadow of despair There are problems that confront every generation that seem insoluble. We become bewildered and perplexed; we feel our inadequacy and despair. This perplexity and despair is purely human. Its shadow never falls upon the throne of God. He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He hath set judgment in the earth. All that He re quires is an instrument that will not balk at the cost, and He brings speedy relief Let us fling the sacrifice of life into the situation, and nothing shall be impossible to us. It is this desire to keep our skins whole, and to conserve our personal ease and comfort that makes situations difficult. Paul was an optimist, because he threw his life into the crisis. Comfort, ease, quiet, pleasure, were not aimed at by him, therefore he could confidently write: "I am pressed on every side yet not straitened: perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed." Selfishness brings the midnight, self-sacrifice the dawn.
Then followed Esther's heroic resolve.

A crisis always develops the character. In a moment she read the meaning of her providential experiences. She saw somethings of God's plan in her life. Why had she been exalted from the lowly position of an orphan to the regal dignity of a queen? Why had she been preferred above all others for this great place? The meaning begins to crystalize. God foresaw this crisis, anticipated the need, and for such a time as this was Esther come to the kingdom. In the very heart of that gravest difficulty lay her supreme opportunity, Our greatest moments are often set in darkest circumstances. The providences of God have shaped our course, and there is a purpose and end as definite as that of Esther's in our lives. The hand that guides may be invisible, and the light may not always illumine the meaning. But if we are faithful in trust and obedience to every passing op-

portunity, we shall some time understand that we, too, are come to the kingdom for a specific end.

To seize this supreme opportunity involved a risk. She dare not wait to weigh the chances too minutely. Life itself is a stewardship. Duty constrains us to pay out its energies in proportion to obligations and opportunities. Sometimes the whole price must be paid down at once. But if life be held at the disposal of God it will make little difference whether it be paid in installments or at one payment. Life is a possession that we must surrender any-way, but we may elect whether it shall be invested in eternal treasure or squandered

in temporal gratification. Esther was shut up to two courses, and both threatened death. Silence and inertness would mean to be overtaken in the ness would mean to be overtaken in the general massacre. Attempt at salvation could but anticipate death by a few days, and had the chance of success. There is not much room for choice. Death is the worst that can come, and that will come either way. Esther said, "If I perish." This is synonymous with those expressions made by the martyr spirits of history. It is the only attitude and expression that will fit the supreme crisis and opportunity. In just such situations Moses said, "Blot me, I pray thee, out of the said, "Blot me, I pray thee, out of the book which thou hast written," Jesus said, "I hold not My life of any account as dear unto Myself. I am ready to die." Whoever goes upon a great mission must, like the early Christians, take his life in his hands. It is only along that pathway that salvation lies. It is a great price, but often paid for an inferior purpose. Heroism asks for life as the price of patriotism, home and freedom. Ambition demands life for reputation and honor. Convenience and progress do not hesitate to accept life as a price. Our bridges, buildings and tunnels are built with the cost of life. Shall we, then, murmur at the missionary who is willing to risk fever and riot in the interests of eternal salvation? When examples of self-devotion fall into the perspective of history we applaud the martyr spirit. God help us to value and covet it when near at hand.

Esther went with fear and trembling, out not cowardice. Heroism is not foolhardy. To go forward in the face of danger, despite fear, is true courage. Paul ministered in Corinth with much weakness, fear and trembling, but beneath all was the splendid heroism of self-devotion. "If I perish"—but such a spirit cannot perish. It may seem to fall in self-sacrifice, but it does not perish. Some heroes of faith come out unscathed from conflict, they are delivered from the edge of the sword, the force of violence and power of re. Others are stoned, sawn asunder and killed. But they do not perish. The mar-tyrs torn by lions on the Roman arena were as victorious as Daniel who was de-The witnesses who burned at Smithfield were as triumphant as the three men who could not be burned by the seven fold heat of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. The Huguenots who fell on St. Bartholomew's Day were no less conquerors than Joshua's army. Christ did not perish on the cross. Paul did not perish in Rome. Telemachus did not perish in the Roman arena. Such dying is the highway to life

and power. The Queen asked the forfeited li her people. She was related to the a sufferer with them. From their si was moved with compassion. queenly position she obtained deliverar This is the object of all mediation. Our Saviour as the man Jesus, is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. As the exalted Lord He intercedes to supply need according to His riches in glory. The privilege of prayer is granted to us, that from the human side we may feel the burden of human sorrow and woe, and so be pressed into an intercession for divine sucor. In our weakness we are tempted to buse this great carte blanche of our Lord. Salome, who received the same overture from a king as did Esther, asked the death of John the Baptist. Many a petition of prayer would end in death if granted. But no ca nal, selfish supplication will receive the indorsement of the Lord Christ, and

consequently fails. Then we come to the banquet scene. It most suggestive. Only the hostess and wo guests, but what issues tremble in the balances. Esther is under sentence of death. The dark hour is drawing nigh. Haman, the prime minister, is in glee; he is succeeding most marvelously. Yet in one day all is suddenly reversed. The Queen becomes the author of life and Haman is sent to the gallows built for another. Success may be upon us in the very darkest hour, while failure may be doging the tracks of the most lightsome neart. Righteousness seems to be worsted in the conflict with evil. Good measures seem to fail, evil ones to triumph. Scruoulous honesty goes to the wall, while trickery and fraud are crowned with success. Virtue is seemingly strangled and vice is robed with royalty. And we are tempted to be envious at the prosperity of he wicked. But we may not pass judgment until the issue is seen. There will come a day when righteousness shall flourish and evil perish. The plots of the world's Hamans, Herods and Judges all niscarry. Sin and evil rot at the core. Righteousness and truth have the quality of immortality.

At the right moment Esther not only stated the plot, but named the adversary and enemy-this wicked Haman. It was an awful crisis. It is always a crisis when contending principles come to the decisive truggle. In every soul there is a Haman who seeks the betrayal and destruction o he spiritual life. In our conflict with this evil self there comes a time when we must be specific in naming the foe. No salvation comes from generalities. This adversary and enemy may wear different names in our disposition. It may be pride, envy. iealousy, bitterness, worldliness, etc. Whatever it may be, it has planned our min and waits the moment of execution. If we would save our lives, families, cities and the world we must deal uncompromisngly with the particular Haman who is working destruction. Not until Haman goes to the gallows can life stand secure. Having seized the supreme opportunity at great risk, Esther finds a great reward The clerks write the message of life more rapidly than they wrote the sentence of death. The good work is hastened with more speed than the message of woe. Joy supplants sorrow and life comes in the place of death. The harvest of sacrifice is ife. We sow in tears, we reap in joy. In this successful mission of Esther the mediatrix we have an adumbration of the salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ. He took His life in His hands. He died and cose again from the dead. He secured a reversal of the sentence of death written against us and proclaims forgiveness of sins and the gift of eternal life. Ours is the privilege first to receive and rejoice in this truth, and then to speed the glad tidevery creature in all the world. These are our supreme opportunities. They may be shadowed with self-sacrifice, but if they are resolutely seized they will issue in

the morning of joy. Victories Won.

"It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be a man's misdoing; at the manly and the wise way is to leave the manly and the wise way is to leave the manly and the wise way is to leave the manly and the wise way is to leave the manly and the manual out of them. Life, have, is a series of mistakes, and have the best Christian nor the best who makes the fewest false steps. He the best who wins the most splendid to the matter of the matt tories by the retrieval of mistakes.' W. Robertson.

Makes One Charitable. True religion will make its truly charitable in dealing with ness associates and competitors.