## Eloise's Inheritance.

as a violet.

enced!"

real earnest.

dark?

in the tone.

Cyrus Worthington drew further

resumed his novel. An hour flew by,

"Five o'clock, Eloise, and pitch dark.

Are you practising properly in the

"I know-these lessons by heart,

mamma," the girl answere din a low,

sweet voice, with a shade of weariness

cannot pay for many lessons, and next

year you must try to find scholars."

"Don't waste time, darling," the

"I wish you would let me help you

nore," was the reply; "it seems wick-

ed for me to be studying and practis-

"You will help me socn. But

want you to be independent. Eloise

I may die, and you could not run this

"Did the boarder come last night?"

"Doctor Worthington? Yes, dear!

Mr. Loring tells me he is a great phy-

sician, author of some medical books.

"Oh. mamma, if he could help that

"No. dear, no. we will not trouble

him with our aches and pains. There,

dear, run up stairs; I will send Maggie

when Mrs. Hunter and her daughter

He was not many days an inmate of

Mrs. Hunter's house before he discov-

ered that it was not that lady's policy

to parade her daughter to her board-

Yet with his resolve in full force

his great dark eyes upon her face,

the eloquence with which he spoke of

music, of poetry, of all the girl-soul

worshipped. He drew from her the

story of the pain her mother suffered

But while his own heart knew n

of the emotion he hoped to kindle

netic power in his great, dark eyes

his rich voice, the winning eloquence

were of well known number had le

him read the love he wakened in their

Yet this shy violet, this little re

duse, liking him well, gave him no

beaten at their own game.

part in her heart.

of mother and child.

and hold her fascinated for hours by

for you when I eat my dinner."

were gone.

upstairs now; the gentlemen will

coming in soon to dinner"

and then Mrs. Hunter came in.

strong will, he was a dangerous wooer

er. Small as a child of fourteen, ex

quiaitely fair, with a wealth of golden

curls caught from a low, broad brow,

a sweet, childlike mouth, and purely

oral face, she was as lovely a vision of

girlhood as ever's mans eyes rested

Yet Cyrus Worthington, studying the

face, unseen himself, thought only,—
"How weak, timid, easily influ-

Not one thought of the wrong he

was to do her dawning womanhood

omise of a cold, dreary winter to an yexcess of hard, keen intellect and ome, when two gentlemen, wine and cigars in a luxurious room in an uptown boarding house, in New York city. One, the youngest of the couple, had landed a few hours before from a European steamer, and had been telling traveller's tales to his

mion, far into the night hours. "Rich?" he said in answer to a question. "No, but little richer than hen I left here. But I have gained life. There is nothing like French schools and hospitals for a doctor. Bert, I would not take thousands of dollars and miss the last four years. "But you are glad to come home,

'Home?" said Cyrus Worthington, with a short, bitter laugh. "This is my home, a room in a boarding house and I chose this because you were here, my old friend and chuni."

troubled him. Whatever scruples of "But your relatives?" conscience had troubled his night's "I do not know of one. Doctor vigils were all crushed under the iron Worthington took me from a charity heel of his will, and there was no school when I was six years old, be thought now of turning back from cause I had a curious variation of this purpose. While his eyes still rested upon her face, Eloise opened leisure. I was an odd child, smart and the plane, and from the little taper active and before the fever was cured fingers flowed the music that comes he became fond of me and adopted by divine gift, the outpouring of in-We must have been a strange piration. It moved even Cyrus Worthpair. Bert-the old bachelor, wrapped ngton, no mean judge of the wondrous up in his profession, and the elfish execution of the girl's fingers, or the half-starved foundling. But we were power of her genius. From a heart very happy. Until I went to Harvard, full of sadness came wailing melodies. where we met, my benefactor edu melting into dying cadences, full of cated me himself, and I devoured tearful meaning; then slowly there books. I had no one to love, and gathered on the sweet lips an intense books filled the craving of my heart, so I studied everything before me, inminor passages were changed to tencluding the medical works in the lider, rippling airs, happy as an infant's You won't believe me, I supamiles, till some glorious chords of pose, if I tell you I could use a disgrand harmony completed this true secting knife before I was twelve years maiden's dream.

"I do not doubt it. We all considered you a prodigy of learning at Harvard. By the way, how did you ever come to leave the doctor for college?"

"He desired it, distructing his own powers of tuition after I passed seven-When I came home, as you I became his partner and assistant until he died, leaving me thirty thousand dollars, and I fulfilled my lifelong desire and went to Paris."

"Was that all that drove you to Paris? No love dream, no fair companion on the stcamer?" 'None. I am heart-whole at thirty-

eight. Can you say as much?" "Not I. My heart is as full of holes from Cupid's dart as a skimmer. My love, though, is the sweetes maiden that ever won a heart with oft eyes and golden curls. - You shall see her. In all your travels you have

or Cyrus Worthington's face came added, with a forced carelessness, "it is a pretty name. Who is she?"

The daughter of my landlady. Did I not mention her name when I wrote you I had secured rooms for you

"Well, that is her name. She is the

widow of one Daniel Hunter, who died, leaving her without one dollar having squandered her fortune as well as his own. Not a bad man, I judge but one who was wickedly reckless in using money. Well, he is dead, and his widow keeps this house!" "And this daughter- how old is

"Nineteen or twenty, I should judge. She is so little and fair she locks like a child. You are tired, Cy."

"You are as pale as death. I will leave you to rest. Pleasant dreams." Pale as death, and with his large, dark eyes full of startled light. Cyrus morthington paced the floor after his friend retired.

"It is fate!" he muttered. "Destiny What accident could throw that girl across my path three hours after landing in New York?

Eloise, only daughter of Daniel Hunt er. It makes me dizzy to think. If after all, I am to grasp what I have coveted for years! Patience, pa-

He paced the room for hours, till the gray dawn crept in at the window, when he threw himself upon the bed for a few hours' repose. A man of Iron will, of steady nerve, he had been assalled by the strongest, fiercest temptation of his life, and he awakened only

to renew the mental conflict. by a pale woman about forty, his lady, but there was no sign yet

his own observations, Cyrus Worthingsolved upon any course of action, could not be turned aside by trivial or weighty opposition, and he had resolved to marry Eloise Hunter, never having seen her face or heard her voice. So with this purpose in his heart, he threw all other considerations

to the wind, and waited to make th

One word from Bert Loring, one glance of his blue eyes, would call up. first move in this game of life, for two. flying blushes to the fair cheeks that all Cyrus Worthington's eloquene man whose soul was wrapped up in his profession, the scholar had ab-sorbed much of the teacher's enthusifailed to bring there. But Bert, though clder than his A poet by the gift of God, he was alost a pauper by the non-apprecia-on of man. Just the tiniest patri ony kept him from actual want, bu er's, his boots were often shabby,

\* coercion: Mrs. Hunter loved the only child of her heart too well for that; but loving her she could not give her to poverty and Bert Loring, and one day when Bert pleaded his cause she told him,—

Port. You are dear to me as a son for fair Eloise Hunter ,a lily in her but we must think of the child above fair, sweet beauty, with a delicate constitution ,timid to a fault ,and modest and helpless Eloise is. You know that hard work would be murder for her." He was in the drawing room in the "And her love! She loves me," inafternoon, reading a novel, half hidden by the folds of a curtain, when he saw a lady coming across the soft carpet, terrupted poor Bert, a boy yet in many tender phases of his nature.

"And you, loving her, would you see her toiling, slaving, starving, as a poor man's wife?"

"You put it harshly." "I put it truly. While I can keep this house up you are welcome to home here, but any day I may die. These heart spasms mean a certain are you to take Eloise?"

"I will work for her." Work first, then, and woo her after ward. My poor Bert, you are too like her to marry her. Could I but give you wealth, you could live in a poet's paradise, you and Eloise, never growing old, two grown-up children. But we are all poor. Do not torture her you who love her. Go away and let Doctor Worthington win her.'

"She will never love him." "Not if you are here." "I will go then. You will let me tell

"Why? It will only make her life harder, if she thinks you suffer. I will never force her to marry. But-if Doctor Worthington can win her, I tell you frankly, it will make me very

So Bert-honest, loval Bert-for his ver ylove's sake, turned his face from his love and went to another city, where he was offered a position as mile of wondrous radiance, and the assistant editor upon a magazine, that was to be a fortune in the future, but in the present was rather a log on the necks of the proprietors.

And Eloise, wondering at Bert's de-It was evidently holiday work, for sertion, knew all the sunlight was gone from her life when he said farewell. with a sigh Eloise took a book of alarming-looking exercises from the There had been no secret in Bert's parting with his friend. Frankly he music rack, and began to practice in had told him his hope, love and despair, and pathetically implored him back in the folds of the curtain, and to cherish Eloise lovingly, if he could win her love.

Even while he spoke, Cyrus Worthngton knew that this love would never come to answer his woolng, enew that one word of his could flood wo lives with happiness, yet kept silence. In the days that followed, when he wooed the fair, pale girl, tenlerly, devotedly, no pang of remorse wrung his heart, though he knew he mother said auxicusly; "you know I trod carefully upon all loving flowers of hope in hers. He was a man who could have seen his own mother writhe in agony, if by her torture he could have wrung one new fact for science, and in the scheme of his life the heart-pangs of a girl counted for

ing while you have so much care and ess than nothing. And while he courted the unwilling love patiently and cently. Mrs. Hunter great house, but you could teach. . Go and weary step, pleaded eloquently in her very silence. A home of rest for her mother was what Eloise had been promised in delicate words that could

not be resented as a bribery. "Your dear mother may live for years in a quiet house, but this conand wonderfully skillful. He is well stant care and toll is killing her!" So, little by little, wearing out the young heart's constancy by steady perseverance, Cyrus Worthington won Eloise for his wife. She told him she

did not love him, but knowing nothing of Bert's spoken love to her mother she kept her maiden secret folded close in her own heart, and whispered noth-Then the parlor was empty, for Cying of her love for Bert. If on her rus sauntered off to his own room wedding day her white, drawn face was corpse-like in its forced composure, what cared Cyrus Worthington for that? He had won his game. Only one week after his wedding day, leaving Eloise with her mother

ers. The girl lived like a nun, in her wended his way to the office of own room nearly all day, practising leading lawyer and asked for an inat an hour when the centlemen were terview. away, and the ladies lying down, or

Hunter?" he asked. "We were." "You are aware that he died in Paris Cyrus Worthington contrived to see lioise very frequently. He would bend ast September?"

"Our business has not required en espondence since that time," "I was his physician, and to me he mmitted the care of all his papers, his will among the number." "H'm, making you his heir?"

"No, sir, making his nephew's only fered professional service, where his child heiress to his wealth, nearly a skill availed to bring relief, thus makmillion, I understand. "Nearly double that sum. You will ing one step by winning the gratitude leave the papers?"

"Assuredly, and Mrs. Hunter's admore now than before the sweetness dress. Miss Hunter became my wife one week ago. I leave you the address of my assistant in Paris, the there. Heart-whole himself, he had lawyer who drew up the will, and the not been without conquests in his selwitness, that you may ascertain that all is correct."

And, unheeding the lawyer's keen scrutinizing looks, Cyrus Worthington owed himself out of the office. "A bold game," the lawyer muttered

"he has played his cards well." And while he spoke there was a loise in the street, a rush of many feet, a clattering fall.
"A scaffolding on the house next door has given way," a clerk cried

killed. Nine or ten, they say."

Nine or ten bricklayers, masons, carpenters, and one tentleman who

had been passing by, and in whose face the lawyer recognized the features of his late visitor. Dead, with the road to his ambition,

gold-strewn, open before him. Dead, with his band upon the wealth he had planued to win. Dead! They carried him home to his young

They carried him home to his young wife, and tenderly broke the truth to her. Even in the first shock she fall her heart recoil when the lawyer told her of the errand completed two minutes before her husband's death. She had not loved him, but had she nover known his baseness she could have mourned a kind friend last.

It was two years before Bert came to share her home, to fall the paradiss

the winter wore away. There was no KEY TO INDIAN DESIGNS, But the savage artist seems to reliah A SERMON FOR SUNDAY METHODS EMPLOYED BY THE ARTISTS OF THE WILDERNESS.

> Art is Shown in the Decoration What Is Told in the Curious Figures on the Baskets and the Pottery-Shape, Color and Lines All Have

The southwestern barbarian is an artist. Though a member of the primeval school, his talents and acmplishments are far from mean. If his works are not generally appreciated, saye the Los Angeles Times, it is because they are not generally understood. One needs but the key to learn that it contains all the elements of true art. In it are found beauty, grace, harmony, ideality, pathos, sublimity tion-and in addition to these, the bizarre, the weird and the mysterious.

The art of the American manifest principally in the decorative. He lacks most of anything, var lety in methods of expressing his aesthetic ideas. His highest attainment in aesthetic expression is in form. His pottery, and baskets have been shaped in the most artistic of designs. In color, circumstances have limited him and his combinations and blendings have favored the bizarre

In the shape and designs of baskets of pottery, of utensils and other articles in stone; in the decorations upon pottery; in color scheme in these decorations; in the color and patterns in blankets and other woven articles; color, design and construction of beadwork; in ornamentation of wear ing apparel; in rock painting and rock carving; in inlaid work; in shell carving and shell combinations; in shaping silver ornaments and jewelry of other metals and materials; in the cutting of turquois and other gem stones. are found the chief expressions of the artistic nature of the Indians of the

the key to the art of the red man to fully appreciate it. One may view an olla or a basket and admire, in a casual way, its graceful contour, its peculiar coloring, its odd designs, and turn away with but a slight thrill of pleasure. Let the maker of that article interpret the significance of those colors, pattern and shape, and he has found a feast for his soul.

There are poems, histories and creeds woven into every Indian basket and imprinted upon every decorated piece of pottery, Those curious figures are trying to tell you a story. The shape of the vessel or basket tells, when one has the key for what purpose it was created whether it was designed for the household, for sacred use-and if for the latter, for what particular delty or ac casion-or to be the repository of the lewels and precious belongings of its possessor. The colors even tell stories

The Indians' designs are very expressive. A few lines signify a great deal. A horizontal line with a half circle arching over it may mean: "There came a great flood and if spread all over the land." Then an upward curving line, with three short perpendicular lines resting therein, will tell that: Three of our ancestors es caped the flood in a big capoe and were brought safely to land."

when used in decorations, one relating to things, one relative to time, one of direction. In the first relation, red means triumph or success; blue means failure; black signifies death; white stands for happiness or peace. Relative to direction, white stands for the east, because the sky grows white in the east at the rising of the sun; blue represents the west, because in that direction are the blue waters of the Pacific; yellow is the symbol of the north, for the light of the morning s yellow in the winter time, when the un rises further to the northward; red signifies the south, because that is the region of summer and the red

is easy to calculate what the time zignifications are. White may stand for the morning, or for the springtime; blue is the evening-the time of the setting sun, or autumn, the season of cerulean skies; yellow is winter, the season of the northern sun, or noon, when the earth is flooded with yellow light; red is the summer, because it symbolizes the land of summer. It is also considered a sacred because it is symbolic of blood, the life and strength of man, and the consequent source of his success and

In many of the baskets of the red man-or, rather, the red woman-appear geometrical figures, the produc tion of which requires correct enumeration of the minute stitches or weaves of the pattern, and so great are the varieties of figures, or parts of figures, each requiring a different enumeration and involving different numbers, that none but accomplished mathematicians could perform the work. Otis T. Mason, curator of the division of ethnology in the national museum,

work in basketry, as well as weaving and embroidery, reveals the fact that both in the woven had the sewed, or both in the woven and the sewed, or coil, ware each stitch takes up the very same area of surface. When women invented basketry, therefore, they made art possible. Along with this fact, that each stitch on the same basket made of uniform material occupies the same number of square millimetres, goes one other fact—the most savage women can count."

The Indian artist works without pattern, model—other than nature—and without rule or compans. The conception of the brain is brought direct-

asymmetry. She is not the least em-barrassed if, with four repetitions of the same group in mind, she finds, by and by, that three of them have nearly exhausted her space. The quaint manner in which she compele the fourth to squeeze itself into the

more than one civilised artist." Rock carving and rock painting is ore a thing of the past than of the present. All through California, Arizona, New Mexico and some parts of Texas are found rock pictures. Some of these are engraved in the rocks and others are painted thereon. In some of the caverns, where the figures are protected from the elements, the colors are as bright today as when laid on, centuries ago.

"Some of the rock pictures of both the past and the present are more in line of literature than of art. They are historical records, signoards, maps of localities to show trails and the location of springs. Others, however, are more in the line of historical and religious paintings and were evidently the creation of artistminds wrought principally to satisfy the creative desires of the artist who produced them

"War seenes were favorite subjects of the aboriginal artist. Hunting scenes follow next in order, and religious subjects rank next. With some tribes, however, the latter subject

"The Navajos are particularly fond of picturing their religious ceremonies and they have a peculiar style of art by means of which this is done. This is what is termed 'dry painting.' The ictures are made in sand—not by marking the outlines upon the sand, but by sprinkling different colored sands on the ground, forming pictures esembling paintings. Frederick Del-

charge. cur in the course of time. The sand is trailed out of the hand between the thumb and forefinger, and when a mistake is made, it is corrected by renewing, at that point, the surface of the sand which forms the general ground of the work. No less than 17 eremonies are illustrated in drawings of this kind."

Art as applied to the metals has reached its highest development with the Navajos of Arizona.

The oldest graduates of Yale and Harvard are ministers. The longest pontoon bridge in the

world is at Calcutta, India, and is a permanent structure.

entina are forced to play football. It s said to train them to bear the hardships of battle. There are about 45,000 hotels in

this country, representing a capital of \$6,000,000,000, and giving employment A Japanese bride gives her wedding presents to her parents as a slight

taken in bringing her up. In Laland the crime which is punished most severely next to murder

is the marrying of a girl against the express wish of her parents. of southern fruit amounts to 15 pounds per head. In Germany it averages not

quite three pounds per head. In Armenia children are not allowed to play with dolls. It is feared that if this were permitted the little ones

The criminal gode of China has been revised and "slicing to death" has been done away with. It is said that all forms of torture will soon

A Chelgea (England) hospital is mourning the loss of a bequest of \$6000 through a legal informality. The testator signed his will in his bedroom, and the witnesses thoughtlessly car-ried it into another room before sign-

be abolished.

There must be no exercise as exercise for the consumption patient. yourself, but don't take exercise build your system up. I know. I, too, have heard those stories about men given up to die, who began work in a gymnasium and by violent exer cise entirely recovered their health. . . When the lung tissue is at-

rial filling in the cavity. No new lung tissue is formed to replace what has been lost, and this scar material is useless for breathing. Suppose you had a deep cut in your hand and you kept working that hand violently, how

or said:

I come back to this pulpit in no uncertainty of mind with reference to what my message should be. I know, at any rate, where it must begin. Unless I mistake the terms of my commission, unless I mistake the terms of my commission, unless I mistake the nature of the means placed at my disposal, which are the Bible and the church, unless I mistake the example of my Master, it is my business to help men, so far as in me lies, to find God.

There is no mistaking my own mind, nor what the summer has done to confirm it in this conviction. To me, as to many of you, the glory of the Lord has been revealed anew in earth and sky and sea. To me, as to many of you, has come the op-

vealed anew in earth and sky and sea. To me, as to many of you, has come the op-portunity to read and to think and to en-ter into the thoughts of other persons. We have gone out of doors with our religion. We have taken our ideas of God and life away from home with us. We have trav-eled far afield with them in the books which we have read. How have they farred?

which we have read. How have they fared?

For myself I did not by any means get rid of Jeremiah's words by preaching on them last Sunday morning. They stay by me, as they began' to stay by me in the early summer. "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, these shall perish from the earth and from under the heavens." Heaven and carth beas testimony against every inadequate idea of God. We must have a God whom nothing in heaven or on earth can dethrone. We must have a God our faith in whom need not be shaken by anything we may learn about nature, or about the Bible, or about the life of men and nations. We must have a God who will not break down and perish out of our souls in the hour of trial. We must have a God who shall be God to us, our God, even when we can only cry with Joh "Oh "the they have a sour god, even when we can only cry with Joh "Oh "the they have a sour god, even when we can only cry with Joh "Oh "the they have a sour god, even when we can only cry with Joh "Oh that Johes when ye leabaugh thus describing this method of picture making:

"'All the designs are made with the utmost care and precision, being drawn according to an exact system, except in minor points, where the artist is left to his imagination. So far as is known, the system is not recorded in any way, but depends entirely upon the memory of those in charge. Changes must therefore oc-

nove it. Then I will do the best I can for you."

Some men tell me that their God is nature. Does your God thus speak His whole mind? Why, that room where a father is making up his mind what answer to give to nature's ultimatum is flooded with pure love. Everybody cares. Are you ready to say "Everybody cares but God" There is a sick child there to be accounted for. There is a hareh ultimatum of nature to be accounted for. But there are loving hearts in that room to be accounted for, also. And there is a universal capacity for sympathy and helpful action to be accounted for. It is a scene which fairly represents the tragedy of the world process. In which aspects of it do you discern the working of the higher law—in the mercileus progress of the disease or in what is being done to save, to beal, to comfort? If there is any purpose, or even any tendency, to be discovered in such scene, is it the triumph of pain and the perfecting of cruelty that is being promoted? Or is it the perfecting of faith and love?

Christians should know where to look for God in such scenes. They will find Him in precisely the place in which they would look for Jesus Christ. Sometimes we wonder why so many miracles of healing are recorded in the goopels. May it not be because God wants us to know where to place Him when we are confronted by the elemental questions which sick-

not be because God wants us to know where to place Him when we are conforni-ed by the elemental questions which sick-ness and pain and death are certain to raise in our minds? It is the higher law which should ever speak to us of God. It is with life and healing, with love and care, that we are taught to associate the thought of God. In the midst of life's con-fusions we know in part. When that which is perfect is come it will prove to be—love. We can even think of ourselves, when it is all over, looking back and say-ing:

"With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Emmanuel's land."

In Emmanuel's land."

I like to think of the positive aspects of the First Commandment: "Thou shall have no other God before Me." That means, stated positively: Thou shall have a God, and thou shall have a God. It is the first law of the soul's own life. Thou shalt have a God whom nothing can ever make it unreasonable for you to trust. It is the soul's law of aelf preservation. How do we know when we are going to be in critical need of faith like Paul's—of faith like that of our dying Lord? Every man who suffers needs it. Every man who thinks needs it.

A STRONG DISGOURSE ENTITLED

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THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD."

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The Rev. Livingston L. Taylor Tells Where Beligion is an Affair of the Soul St., Go3—Sectanian, Dognastic Insistence is Periltum.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sunday evening, in the Puritan Congregational Church, the pastor, the Rev. Livingston L. Taylor, had for the subject of his sermon. The Knowledge of God." The test was from Psalm laxxiv:2: "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Mr. Taylor tailing on Galliee. It says very little about the stoules of mind with reference to what my message should be. I know, at any rate, was should be. I know, at any rate, was should be. I know, at any rate.

It takes God and the soul for granted. It reduces religion to its simplest terms and lets it go at that for the present. Whether it has accomplished anything for the storm-to-seed correspondent I do not know. But I do know some whom it has helped and others whom it is likely to help. Men of whose spiritual vicinsitudes I have some knowledge have spoken of it with gratitude.

The narrower method of sectarian, dog-matic insistence is perilous. The existence of a denomination may depend upon the observance of the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. But it is a ruinous thing observance of the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. But it is a ruinous thing for a young person to get the idea that the existence of God is wrapped up in that dogma and that he might as well abandon the religious life altogether as to let that dogma go. It has been an element of denominational strength to have certain fixed ideas with reference to the proper mode and subjects of baptism. But it is a spiritual misfortune if a young Baptist has not a pastor wise enough to tell him, if he lets go this doctrina, that religious life is quite possible without it. It is possible to cherish and to insist on views of the Bible, the modification of which seems to some, when they find it necessary, to threaten the very foundations of their faith in God.

Religion is an affair of the soul and God. The Bible, the church, the creeds, the sacraments are designed to serve the soul and God in this high and holy relationship. God has a life in the souls of men which these means are meant to promote and never to hinder. They do not come between the soul and God. Some aweet old mystic has said: "The eye by which I see God is the same eye by which He sees me." And we may say, also: "The longing with which we long for God in the longing with which we long for God is the longing with which we long for God."

God is the same eye by which He sees me."
And we may say, also: "The longing with
which we long for God is the longing with
which He longs for us. The love with
which we love Him is from the fountain of
His love for us." In a relationship which
is the sharing, the identity of life, what
room is there for intermediary means and
ministeries? We have precious documents.
precious doctrings, precious secraments and
precious doctrings, precious secraments and

t in minor points, where the is left to his imagination. So is language in the depths, so the God and Father of our lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Such is the God from whom nothing in the heights or in the depths, nothing in the heights or the God from whom mothing in the heights or the God our need of whom may be revealed to us at any moment by the lightning flash of some great salamity. Such is the God our need of whom may be revealed to us at any moment by the lightning flash of some great salamity. Such is the God our need of whom mild bear down upon our minds more and more frankly the facts of life.

Here is a man who has been summoned by a midnight message to the beddied of his child. As he goes from ferry to ferry to ascertain by what route he can reach her most quickly, every man he addresses you can prove that He exists, you may find you can prove that He exists, you wan find you can prove that He exists, you may find you can prove that He exists, you wan find

great joy to tell Him all. As He listened to them, as He looked into their faces, He rejoiced. They had understood Him. It was then that He said: "I thank Thee, O

rejoiced. They had understood Him. It was then that He said: 'I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that Thou didst hide these things from the wise and prudent and didst reveal them unto babes." He has succeeded. Plain men, seventy of them, had come to know God through Him.

To every minister of His, to every follower, Jesus is saying: "Enter into this supreme joy of thy Lord. This is the joy for you to seek; this is the success for which you should work and pray; that through you should work and pray; that through you men may come to know God." It was for this very thing that He gave thanks the night before He died. To some He knew He had given eternal life. And what sould He say in His thankseiving that would be more pleasing to His Father than what He did say? "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

As we begin our work, the words of the beautiful old prayer ring in my ears: "O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works do proceed..." We want our fellowship in service to be prompted and accompanied by holy desires, guided by good counsels and abounding in just works. The desire to know God is the holiest of all desires, the deepest fountain of good counsel, the most effective inspiration of just works. May it be the honest and the constant desire of our hearts!

GAMES FOR THE CHILDREN. A dry land crab race is a very amusing game for the little ones, and is played in this manner; A starter nd an umpire are needed for the crab race, which should be run on soft green turf. Ten yards or thirty feet is quite long enough for it. The form in line at the starting point, with their backs toward the winning post. At the signal off they go, each one crawling backward. The race is not always to the swift.

It is not at all easy to keep in a straight line, and every time a racer turns to look over his shoulder he collisions, bumps, and all sorts of little mishaps, which will thoroughly amuse the spectators and the chil-

upon stockings, small beings, who wear socks are mostly encouraged by their nurses to enter this race, and young Jack Tara in immaculate white ducks, are pavised to refrain from the

nany corks and bungs as you can and get a few sunces of colored beads, all one size, with two or three dozen big ones, a parket of pins, and a small skein of wool. Slice up the corks crosswise 1/2 make the nests of the chair and the table tops. The bungs will do for the sofa nests.

GALL'S THE THING.

In this life's unceasing battle with its racket and its rattle, with its gab and tittle-tattle.

Love and hate,

When its winning and reverses, when its blessings and its curses, when its fat and empty purses

Alternate

When at chances you are nabbing, into every scheme are dabbing and as every root are grabbing

Leet you fall,

Though you've nerve to face the racket underneath your business jacket, you must have a force to back it,—

Which is gall.

—Denver Post.

UST FOR FUN

"What platform does that political meaker favor?" "The lecture platform, chiefly."-Washington Star. Bacon-"He went to the fancy dress

ball in a costume made of old letters." Egbert—"Bort of a suit of mail, eh?"— Yonkers Statesman. Redhorse Dan-"Kin ye handle a

gun, stranger?" Percy Boulevarder-"I don't have to. I own an auto."-Baltimore American. Ward-"Say, you sin't going to vote for Bender, are you? He's crooked, you know." Street-"Yes, but he is on

the straight ticket."-Boston Tran-Wife-"I hope you talked plainly to him." Husband-"I did intend. I told him he was a fool, a perfect fool!" Wife (approvingly)-"Dear John! How

exactly like you!"-Punch. "When you say that a thing is 'well enough as it is' what do you mean, father?" "That you think it ought to be improved at once but that you're too lazy to fix it."-Brooklyn Life.

"Why is she so strenuous to maintain the proprietory of a woman marrying a man 20 years older than herself? One would almost suppose she had done so." "That's just what she wishes you to suppose."-Puck. "Well, my friend Jones has been

to send him some flowers. What would you suggest?" "Forget-me-nots would be just the thing for you," replied the wise friend.-Philadelphia Ledger. McQueery-"Hasher's comic opera had its premiere performance last night, eh! You were there, of course." Crittick—"Oh yes." McQueery—"Was

any of the music new?" Yes, at one time."-Philadelphia Mrs. Crisscross "How Henry, Secto rousing; I think a mild shock would help him." Mrs. Crisscross-"That's easy; I'll tell him I ordered three new

dresses this morning."-Chicago Daily "The mills of the gods grind slowly," quoted the long-faced man in the black coat. "Why don't they put in some from Minneapolis. "Up our way they turn out 500,000 barrels a day."-Cin-

cinnati Tribune. "Look here!" exclaimed the irate housekeeper. "Don't you know gas comes out of the furnace you sold me?" Well, what do you expect to come out of a cheap furnace?" demanded the

"So you have taken your son into the bank to work his way up from the bottom? How is he doing?" "Oh, fairly well. He reported for duty twice last week and hung around for nearly an hour each time, in spite of the fact that there was a golf tournament going on."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Historian-"Boy, is this the field upon which the great battle was fought?" the top of that hill. Historian-"Dear. dear! That hill must be quite a mile away! (Playfully) Why ever didn't they fight it in this field?" Boy-"I suppose because this here vield belongs to Varmer Jonson. He never will lend t' village aports!"-Puncb.

Too Costly to Give Away.

Among the first class passengers on a home-bound transatlantic steamship was a young woman whose extreme expenditures during the foreign tour. It was, consequently, with commend ly to the material for two silk dresses, purchased at a bargain, which she was bringing home to her mother and sister. Even the suggestion of one sympathetic listener that she would probably have to pay duty produced complacency with which she viewed her proposed generosity.

proached New York and the cust house officer received the somewhat plain young woman at the cabin ta-

Being asked the usual question about dutiable property, she replied stoutly and defiantly that she had the material for two silk dresses. "Are they for yourself?" the inspe

tor demanded.
"No," she declared, "they are not. I "No, and declared, they are not a am bringing them home for presents."

"Then, since they're not for your own use, I shall be compelled to charge you duty," and he announced the resulted appears.