LADY CAR;

—OR.—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VIII. 9

Continued.

It is difficult to feel that sense of humiliation, that overwhelming consciousness of the superiority of another family, however closely connected, to our very own, without a little grudge against the happy, the worthy, the fortunate. Carry loved her sister tenderly, and Edith's happiness was dear to her; but the sight of that happiness before her eyes was more than the less fortunate sister could bear. She could not look upon Edith's bright boy, with his candid countenance, without thinking with a deeper pang of Tom's lowering brows, and that horrible look of intoxication which she had seen in his face; nor could she see her brother-in-law busy and cheerful with his public work, his table piled with letters, blue-books, all the paraphernalia of business, without thinking of Beaufort's dilettante ease, his dislike of being appealed to, his "Oh, I know nothing of business!" Why did he know nothing of business? Why was he idle, always idle, good for nothing, while others—oh, with not half his powers!—were working for the country? It was still Carry's desperate belief that no one had half his powers—yet sometimes she said to herself that, had he been stupid as some were, she could have borne it, but that it was the waste of these higher qualities which she could not bear. Even this little refuge of fancy was taken from her on the occasion of a meeting about some country movement, to which her husband was called as the guardian of young Tom, and when he had to make a speech much against his will. His speech was foolish, tedious and ignorant—how, indeed, should he know about the affairs of a Scotch country?—while John Erskine held the matter and the attention of the hearers in his hand. "I thought Lady Car's new husband had been a very clever man," she heard, or fancied she heard, some one say as the people dispersed. Perhaps she only fancied she heard it, caught it in a look. And how they applauded John Erskine, who did so well!—oh, she knew he did so well, the master of his subject and of the people's sympathies; whereas what information could poor Edward have, what common interest with all these people? Poor Edward! Carry's heart contracted with an ineffable pang to think she could have called him so.

She loved Edith all the same—oh, yes! How could she fail to love her only sister, the person most near to her in all the world? But yet she shrank from seeing Edith, and felt at the sound of her happy voice as if she, Carry, must fly and hide herself in some dark and unknown place, and could not bear the contact of the other, who had the best of everything, and in whose path all was bright. To sympathize with one's neighbor's blessedness, when all that makes her happy is reversed in one's own lot, is hard, the hardest of all the exercises of charity. Carry said to herself that she was glad and thankful that all was so well with Edith; but to hide her own face, to turn to the wall, not to be the witness of it, was the best thing to do. To look on at all, with the aching consciousness of failure on her own part, and smile over her own trouble at Edith's happiness was more than she was able to do; yet this was what she did day after day. And she read in Edith's eyes that happy woman's opinion of Tom, her verdict upon Beaufort and her disappointment in Janet. Though Edith said nothing, Carry knew all that she could have said, and even heard over intervening miles, and through stone walls the "Poor Carry!" which her sister said. Her heart fainted within her to realize everything, yet she did it, and covered her face and covered her ears not to hear and see that pity, which she would neither have heard nor seen by any exercise of ordinary faculties. But the mind by other means both sees and hears.

"Edward," she said to her husband suddenly one day, "we must leave this place. I cannot bear it any more!"

He turned round upon her with a look of astonishment. "Leave this place! But why, my love?" he said. His surprise was quite genuine. He had not then, during the whole of her martyrdom, acquired the faintest insight into her mind.

"There is no reason," she said hastily, "only that I cannot—cannot bear it any more."

"But is that not a little unreasonable, Carry? Why should you go away? It is only the middle of September. Tom does not get back to school for ten days at least—and after that—"

"Edward, I hate the place. You knew that I hated the place."

"Yes, my love; and felt that it was not quite like my Carry to hate any place, especially the place which must be her son's home."

"I never wanted to come," she said "and now that we have proved—how inexpedient it was—"

"Don't say so, dear. I have told you my opinion already. The best women are unjust to boys in these respects. I don't blame you. Your point of view is so different. On the contrary, we should have brought Tom here long ago. He ought to have learned as a child that there were men calling themselves his father's friends, who were not fit company for him. I think he has learned that lesson now, and to force him away from a place he is fond of, as if to show him that you could not trust him—"

"It is not for Tom," she said; "Edward, cannot you understand? it is for myself."

"You are not the sort of woman to think of yourself when Tom's interests are at stake. We ought to stay even after he is gone to make all the friends we can for him. For my own part, I like the place very well," Beaufort said. "And then, there is your sister so near at hand. You must try to forget the little accident that has disgusted you, Carry. Think of the pleasure of having Edith so near at hand, and that excellent fellow John—though he's too much of an M. P."

It was with purpose that Beaufort laughed, with that gentle and friendly ridicule of his brother-in-law, to carry her thoughts away from the accident—from Tom's escapade, which he thought was the foundation of Carry's trouble. And what could she say more? She did not, could not, tell him that Tom's look had reminded her of another, and that Torrance himself, standing in full length in the hall, claiming its sovereignty, master of all that was within, kept the miseries of her past life and her unsatisfied heart too terribly before her. Of that she could say nothing to her husband, nor of Janet's rebellion, nor above all, of what was intolerable in Edith's gentle society, the sense of her superior happiness, her pity for poor Carry! He might have divined what it was which made the house intolerable to her; but if he did not, how could she say it? Thus Lady Car gradually achieved the power of living on, of smiling upon all who surrounded her, with something which nobody comprehended in her eyes, but which some few people were vaguely aware of, though they comprehended it not.

"Poor Carry!" Lady Edith said, in the very tone which Lady Car heard in her heart, but it was said in John Erskine's library at Dalmylian, with the windows closed, five miles away.

"Why poor Carry?" asked her husband; "if you were to ask her, she would say she was a happy woman, happy beyond anything she could have hoped. When I think of her with that brute Torrance—where she is now, but in such different circumstances."

"Oh, John, the circumstances are different; Edward is very nice; but—"

"But what?"

"Carry is not like you and me," said Edith, shaking her head.

"No, perhaps so much the better for us. She is fanciful and poetical and nervous, not easy to satisfy; but the comparison—must be like heaven after hades."

Edith continued to shake her head, but said no more. What was there to say? She could not perhaps have put it into words had she tried, and get John to understand it?—a man immersed in public business, fearing that soon he should need a private secretary, which was an expense quite unjustified by his means. She patted him on the shoulder as she stood behind his chair, and said: "Poor John, have you all these letters to answer?"

"Every one," he said, with a laugh. "You are in a compassionate humor to-day. Suppose you answer a few of them for me instead of saying poor John."

This was so easy! If she had not been so busy with the children she was the best of private secretaries! Alas! there was nothing to be done for poor Carry in the same simple way. Nor in any way, Edith reflected, as she sat down at her husband's table—a sympathetic sister must not even venture to show that she is compassionate. She must conceal the consciousness of his father's look in Tom Torrence's face, and of the fact that Beaufort's book had never been written, and that his name was altogether unknown to the world save as that of Lady Caroline Torrance's second husband. Oh, poor Carry! Edith said again. But this time only in the depths of her own heart, not to John.

The only other person who saw the change in Lady Car's look was Janet who had defied her mother. The girl was in high rebellion still. She spent her life as much as she could with Tom, seconding powerfully, without being aware of it, the watchful supervision of Beaufort, who, if he had failed her in so many respects, was anxiously and zealously acting for Lady Car in her son's interests. Janet seized upon her brother on every occasion when it was possible. She managed to ride with him, to walk with him, to occupy his attention as nobody else could have done. It is true that Tom had no delicacy on the subject of Janet, and sent her away with a push of his elbow when she bored him without the least hesitation; but in her vehemence and passion she did not bore him for the short period of his holidays which remained. She had told him of her rebellion with a thrill of excitement which shook her from head to foot. The crisis was the greatest that had ever happened in her life. She could not forget it, not a word that had passed nor a look. Tom had contemplated her with an admiration mingled with alarm when he first heard the tale of her exploit. "You cheeked mother!" He had scarcely done more himself, though he was a man and the master of all. And Janet was only a little girl of no account at all. But her fervor, her passion seized hold upon him, and as it occupied herself in the overwhelming way with which a family conflict occupies the mind, Janet became as the master of an exciting find to Tom. They watched their mother's looks and every word she said all in the light of that encounter. Neither of them was capable of believing that it had passed from Lady Car's mind, while still they dwelt upon it, making it the theme of long conversations.

"I say, do you think she'll say anything to me?" Tom asked with some anxiety.

"I don't know; but if she does you'll stand by me, won't you, Tom?"

"Oh, I say!" Tom replied. "Beau would make a fuss if I said anything to mother. He has a way of speaking that makes you feel small, somehow."

"Small? You! When you are the master! Why, mother said so, though she was so cross."

"Oh, yes, of course I'm the master," said Tom. "But you should hear Beau when he gets on about a gentleman, don't you know. What's a gentleman? A man that has a place of his own and lots of money, and no need to do anything unless he likes—if that's not a gentleman, I don't know what is."

"And does Beau say—something different?" Janet asked, with a little awe.

"Oh, all kinds of nonsense; that it's not what you have, but what you do, and all that. Never take a good glass—well, that's what Blackmore, father's friend, calls it—a good glass—nor say a rude word—and all that sort of thing. By Jove! Jan, if it's all true they say, father was a jolly fellow an d no mistake."

"Do you mean that he did—that?"

Tom gave vent to a large laugh. "Did—what? Oh, I can't tell you all he did. He rode like anything; flew over every fence and every ditch that nobody else would take, and enjoyed himself. That he did—till he married, which spoils all a man's fun."

"Oh, Tom!"

"Well, it does—you have to give up—ever so many things, and live like an old woman. I shan't marry, I can tell you, Jan, not for years."

"Then I shall stop with you, Tom, and keep the house."

"Don't you be too sure of that," said Tom. "I shall have too many fellows coming and going to do with a girl about the place."

"But you must have some one to keep house. Mother said so! She is not going to have me at Easton—that I am sure of; and if I am not to keep house for you, Tom, what shall I do?" said Janet, with symptoms of coming tears.

Then Tom did what the men of a family generally do when a foolish sister relies upon them. He promptly threw her over. "You should not have cheeked mother," he said.

CHAPTER IX.

Next day the brother and sister went out riding by themselves. The game had been but poorly preserved during Lady Car's sway, and had not been of great importance at any time; so that Tom's time was by no means absorbed by the shooting to be had, and Janet had begged for one long ride with him before he went back to school. It was a bright September afternon, the air crisp with an autumnal chill, enough to make the somewhat sluggish blood thrill in the veins of the boy and girl, who were so like each other and had a certain attachment to each other—more strong, as was natural, on Janet's side than on Tom's. Lady Car had come out to the door to see them ride away.

"Take care of Janet," she had said. Beaufort's warning look, and her own sense, very different from that of Beaufort, that what she said would not bear the least weight, prevented her from saying more. But perhaps she looked more as she followed them with anxious eyes. "Don't, Carry," her husband said, as he drew her into the house, "don't show any distrust of the boy."

"Distrust!" she said. "I don't think he cares what I show."

"My love! don't think so badly of the children."

"Oh, no; I don't think badly of them. They are so young they don't know; but it is true, all the same. They don't mind how I look, Edward, which must be my blame and not theirs," she added with a faint smile; "how should it be theirs? It is only part of the failure. Some people make no impression on—any one. They are ineffective, like what you say of a wall paper or a piece of furniture."

"These are strange things to say," said Beaufort, gravely.

"Silly things," said Lady Car. "If you are not busy, let us take a stroll about the gardens. I have not been out to-day."

She knew he was not busy, and she had given over even wishing him to be so. Desire grows faint with long deception and disappointment; but he was always kind—ready to stroll in the gardens, or anything she pleased.

To be Continued.

PAUL REVERE OF 1874 FLOOD.

Daniel Collins Graves, the hero of the Mill River flood, died recently in Williamsburg, Mass. He was sixty-nine years old and was very well known there.

John Boyle O'Reilly wrote a poem called "The Ride of Collins Graves," which was inspired by the daring ride. The flood was caused by the breaking of a mill dam at Mill River Valley on May 16, 1874, in Hampshire County, Mass.

Mr. Graves was then a milkman. He mounted his horse when he saw the dam had burst and rode through the village warning the inhabitants and saving hundreds of lives. Four villages were swept away by the flood and nearly 200 persons perished.

One on "Gil."

It is not often that Gil Monohan gets the sharp end of a joke. This is what happened to Gil Friday as he was behind the bar in Walsh's place. A farmer came in with a dozen eggs and sold them to Gil. Gil noticed that the farmer had one egg left.

"You ought to give me that one," said Gil.

"Can't do it," said the farmer. "Eggs is eggs these days."

"Give me the odd egg and I will give you a drink," said Gil.

"All right," said the man, "I will do that."

"What will you take?" said Gil.

"Sherry and egg," said the man, and he got it.—Poughkeepsie News-Press.

Her Special Realm

Flattering!

Women, according to a German philosopher, are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light giving, harmonious, they are terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.—Woman's Life.

D. A. R. Hall Finished.

Continental Hall at Washington, D. C., the new national home of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which has been about seven years in building, is finished, and the officers of the organization have moved into their offices. The new building is near the Corcoran Art Gallery and not far from the White House, in sight of the Washington Monument.

Mr. Taft To Address Women.

With the strict injunction that he was not to be represented as favoring votes for women, President Taft accepted an invitation to address the opening session of the annual convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, first vice-president of the association, and Miss Emma M. Gillett, a Washington member, presented the invitation, and said that more than three hundred delegates would attend the convention.

For Evening.

Rather an effective little frock, one of the usual quite short ones, is brilliant malachite green tulle with black satin ribbons run through bouillonnes and ending, not in bows, but in roses and foliage fashioned out of black satin. There is a dear little plisse bertha round the decollete, the pleating tied in a bow with the centre held by that new fancy, an enormous jet star, and cascading ends falling on one side of the front. A charming narrow bertha, by the way, is copied from one worn by a Dauphin of France, a narrow lace or insertion laid flat round the wide line of the shoulders till it reaches the crown of them, when it is laid in folds or pleats, but not visibly stitched at the top or bottom, as the usual pleating is.—The Queen.

Danger Signals.

These "don'ts" may serve as danger signals to those wives and sweethearts who have the wisdom to heed them and may greatly add to their happiness:

Don't be dismal with a man.
Don't reproach him.
Don't discredit his excuses.
Don't dissolve in tears.
Don't be a doormat.
Don't be overprodigal with caresses.
Don't say sharp things, even when they are clever.
Don't raise your eyebrows and hope the dinner won't be spoiled.
Don't sit up for your husband at night.
Don't inquire how his business has been going, unless you are sure from his face and manner that he has something pleasant to tell you.
Don't, as you value his love, ever let him suppose you doubt him in the big things of life.
Don't mind being instructed.—Home Notes.

The Mother and the Boy.

A boy's heart is full and overflowing. He needs someone who will listen to his confidences. If he is repelled and finds himself alone, he becomes fretful, indolent, or worse. His affairs are not "nonsense." A good mother never says, "Run away; I am busy." She listens, encourages. Important discoveries may be made in these outpourings. She gives sympathy, enters into his feelings, sees things from his point of view. If he tells her of something which proves that he is at fault, she does not reprimand at the time, because this will check further confidences. She gives her attention quietly, tells him she is glad he has confided in her, and that she will talk of it again with him.

If a mother has insight she can solve many problems. She is interested in her boy's sports, collections, his school and companions. The choice of his companions should not be left to chance. It is well if they are from families known to his parents.—Woman's Life.

Man Offers to Suggest Styles.

"Gentlewoman's dress. A man of good position, with very critical, refined and exclusive knowledge, is willing to be consulted on matters of dress and millinery; personal knowledge of many London firms and their especial features, prices, etc.; gentlewomen visiting London would receive unique advice; appointments by letter only." This advertisement, inserted recently in a London daily newspaper, caused an uproar in fashionable dressmaking circles of the English capital. The public prints plunged into column-long discussions as to whether man or woman was better fitted to judge of women's costumes. For a time society forgot entirely to look out for foreign airships in its excitement about the daring of the man who would suggest himself as an advisory committee to persons of opposite sex in questions of choice of frocks or hats. A well-known modiste came out with a fiery denunciation of men and their opinions of women's clothes. Although she admitted there were many famous men dressmakers, yet she contended only a woman could really appreciate fully the niceties of her own garments. The manager of a big millinery firm also granted to excited British journalists a hearing. "When women come to purchase a hat," she said, "they hate to have their husbands with them, chiefly because men are too impatient and fidgety to take an interest in the 'trying on' process, and the irritable advice dragged out of them is useless." This business woman seemed to hit the point more fully, however, when she said man also had no conception of what a woman's hats should cost. To him these creations always seemed too expensive, she said.—New York Press.

Etiquette For Dinner Guests.

One correspondent asks such pertinent questions about etiquette for dinner guests that I think the subject will be of interest to many persons.

This writer I mention begins by asking how a young woman would respond to a toast at dinner. Now this problem is difficult for many diners, whether old or young, for no set speech can be given to fit all occasions, yet the toast is always a good wish ,or congratulation of some sort, so it is safe to state that the person toasted thanks the spokesman and expresses her appreciation of good will. Incidentally no person who is toasted drinks the toast. She or he who is the object does not raise his or her glass, for one does not drink to one's own health or future.

For any dinner, no matter how small, after six o'clock in the evening a woman should wear a dress cut out at the neck, though the sleeves may be long. Almost any light dress made with a separate guimp, which is not worn at such times, will be appreciated. If she goes with her husband or brother, he waits in the hall, after taking off his coat, for her to remove her wraps, and they enter the drawing room together. If she is alone she goes to the drawing room to meet her hostess as soon as her wraps are removed. At a small dinner she is likely to meet the other guests before going to the dining room, but this is not always the case, and it need cause her no embarrassment should it be otherwise. The man who is to take her in to dinner will be brought to her by the hostess, and will give her his right arm when they go the dining room.

During the meal a woman should divide her conversation so she does not monopolize either man beside her. Should she fail to be thoughtful in this the result will be that the woman on the other side of the man she engages in conversation will be left companionless at times, for the farthest man will be occupied at intervals with his other neighbor.

A desirable woman dinner guest is she who entertains her neighbors without monopolizing them, a happy medium attained only through tact and observation of when her neighbor's interest in his other companion is waning.

As a rule the women leave the dining room first after the meal and leave the men to smoke while they chat in the drawing room. Unless bridge is played the party disbands a few moments after the men join the women.

In bidding good night guests shake hands with the hostess and host only; a general "good night" with an inclusive bow of the head is correct for the other guests. This leave is taken before putting on wraps, and once the latter are donned no return is made to the drawing room.

Only under exceptional conditions may a guest ask a hostess to provide an escort for the homegoing. When the guest knows both the hostess and the man who takes her to dinner she may beg that favor, but otherwise it is not for the hostess or her to arrange.

If she has no one to accompany her a carriage is obligatory. It is less expensive to have a maid come in a street car, or, failing a maid, it is good form to have a messenger boy, as he acts as protection, preventing her from being out alone in the streets.—Rosanna Schuyler, in the New York Telegram.

Fashion Notes.

Many of the new leghorns are faced in black velvet.

Everything that is offered in Irish lace is now popular.

Ribbons in silver and gold, also in copper, are at hand.

Linens for the coming season are soft, heavy and pliable.

Scarfs are as popular as ever, and their kinds are numberless.

Heavy Russian lace of linen is to be much used for trimming.

Violet ink is often preferred to black for delicate mauve paper.

Most of the pretty wraps are of mousseline with fur trimmings.

Laces with straight edges—and sheer, very sheer, laces in the lead.

The newest veilings are the six-sided mesh ones, of a heavy thread.

A new writing paper in an attractive shade of gray green is called the aeroplane.

As long as the tunic remains in vogue, border trimming will continue to be liked.

Jet and gold, jet and silver, jet and steel, jet and crystal, all are represented in new trimmings.

Since almost all skirts are trimmed in one way or another the sash drapery will be much employed to bring last season's skirts up to date.

A deep shade of paper, resembling the purple sheen of the ripe plum, is called vintage. It shows beautifully when written upon with black ink.

This year again there is a fancy for the fluffy neck gowns of illusion, or maline, and these fluffy, airy bows, tucked beneath the chin, are bewitchingly becoming.

Late Paris fashions in wraps are introducing some startling picture effects, designers drawing from all periods and all lands in the shaping of cloaks and mantles.

Some of the most striking chiffons and gauzes, whether designed for scarfs or evening gowns, are embossed in velvet. The velvet is of the lightest weight quality.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

APRIL THIRD

Topic—Christ Our Teacher. John 12: 44-50. (Consecration Meeting.)

A lesson on the kingdom. Matt. 5: 1-11.
On righteousness. Matt. 5: 20-30.
On prayer. Matt. 6: 5-15.
On fear-thought. Matt. 6: 25-34.
On service. John 13: 1-17.
On obedience. John 14: 15-24.

We are to believe Christ because what He says is true; but if we cannot understand how it is true, we are to believe it anyway, because He who is the Truth has said it (v. 44).

Belief in Christ gives understanding of what He says, just as the opening of certain doors automatically turns on the light in rooms otherwise dark (v. 46).

Every word of Christ's is a judge on a bench, and that bench is the throne of the universe (v. 48).

Christ's words are life because He who is the Life is also the Word. If we receive them, they become our life (v. 50).

Suggestions.

Christ is your teacher not if you enter His class merely, but if in your turn you become a teacher.

In Christ's school no lesson is learned until it is lived. No other school is so practical.

There is progressive scholarship in Christ's school. Every lesson is learned before the next can be learned, or even is given out.

The more we teach others of what Christ teaches us, the more He can teach us.

Illustrations.

There are grades in Christ's school as in other schools; only, each scholar is advanced by himself, and as fast as his progress warrants.

The commencement degree in Christ's school is His "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Scholars in other schools must graduate before they can get positions; the scholars in Christ's school must go to work or they cannot graduate.

There are many examinations in the school of Christ—pain, loneliness, difficulty, failure, slander, neglect, poverty.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, APRIL 3

The Sabbath Rest and the Week-Day Toil—Mark 2: 23-28; Luke 23: 56.

Mark 2: 23-28. This act was expressly permitted (Deut. 23: 25), but in the eyes of the critical Pharisees the disciples were guilty on two serious counts—they "plucked" the corn, which was "reaping," and they "rubbed" it in their hands, which was "grinding." This was work not permissible on the Sabbath day. The Pharisees were strong on technicalities, but weak on spiritualites. They were anxious that man should save the Sabbath; Jesus would have the Sabbath save the man. The Pharisees stood for the salvation of the law; Jesus stood for the salvation of life. He allowed nothing to hinder that purpose.

Jesus is "Lord of the Sabbath." It "was made for man." He taught the keeping of the day in its true spirit as a day of personal privilege and beneficent usefulness. Jesus gave the Sabbath a new skyline. He lifted it out of the legalism into liberty. The Pharisees missed the soul of the Sabbath rest and made it a shackle. Love lifts life above law.

Luke 23: 56. The women had broken hearts and plenty of tears, but that hindered them not at all in their preparations to "keep the Sabbath." It is no amazing surprise that the next morn their eyes were opened to see the empty sepulcher and to behold the risen Christ. There are rich rewards for those who still live "according to the commandment." The fourth commandment is the first with a promise.

Jesus amplified the Sabbath. Whatever he touched grew larger. It was an institution in bondage to small men. He set it free. The Sabbath is not a slave to form, it is a minister to life. It is too big for a commandment. It has continental relations to our day. It means more since Jesus interpreted it.

Jesus emphasized the Sabbath. The Pharisees emasculated it. "The Sabbath was made for man." Man needs the day of rest. It has been shown by actual test that men who keep their rest day are able to do more and better work than those who violate the commandment. Dr. Haegler's charts show clearly that the usual night's rest is not quite enough to restore the body to normal efficiency, and that the rect day is needed to bring the physical body up to the normal condition.

CASTAWAYS IN FROZEN LAND.

How the crew and passengers of the ship Farallon were saved is told by J. E. Thwaites, mail clerk of the wrecked steamer in a dispatch from Seward, Alaska. He says:

"We had one passenger to land at Iliamna Bay, where we arrived early on January 5. In a blinding snowstorm the steamer struck a reef a mile off shore. The Farallon hit the reef at high water. When the tide receded she was caught amidships on the rocks.

"Down the icy sides of the ship we lowered ourselves to the small boats. They were tossed about by cakes of ice. The shore could be seen dimly through the snow. We could hear the roar of the surf and the reports, as of cannon, when ice cakes were hurled against the rocks. It seemed for a time that we should be unable to land because of the high surf. At last we discovered a small cove that offered some shelter, and landed safely. A more desolate region could not have been imagined.

"The sailors put the passengers and supplies ashore, and then turned back to the Farallon, from which they took sails, tarpaulins, baggage, mails, provisions and mattresses. When night came the outlook was disheartening. The wind increased in bitterness. Fire was made from driftwood dug out of the ice and snow. We had no lights. We got water for the coffee by melting snow. We ate our meal of coffee, bacon and frozen bread in gloomy silence.

"On subsequent days we made trips to the wreck and brought off material with which we constructed stoves and other conveniences."

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 3.

Subject: The Power of Faith, Matt. 9:18-34—Commit to Memory Verses 28, 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"All things are possible to him that believeth." Mark 9:23.

TIME.—Autumn A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPOSITION.—**I. Jesus Raising the Daughter of Jairus, 18-26.** Sorrow brought the ruler to Jesus. It brings more people to Him to-day than almost anything else. He belonged to a class that was largely hostile to Jesus. He was thoroughly in earnest and his pride was in the dust (cf. Mk. 5:22; Lu. 8:41). He worshiped Jesus. The fact that Jesus allowed him to do so is one of the many proofs of Jesus' deity (cf. Acts 10:25, 26; Rev. 22:8, 9, R. V.: 5:8). The ruler's prayer was short, to the point, intense (cf. Mk. 5:23). Jesus arose and followed him. He is always ready to enter the house of sickness or sorrow where He is invited (Rev. 3:20). Jesus went at once. He is just the same to-day (Heb. 13:8). The Jewish ruler's faith was not as perfect as that of the Roman centurion (cf. ch. 8:8 with Luke 8:41, and note Mk. 5:36), but the faith was genuine and Jesus responded to it (cf. vs. 21, 22). The sick child was the only daughter (Lk. 8:4). There are but three recorded instances where Jesus raised the dead, an only daughter, an only son (Lu. 7:12) and an only brother (Jno. 11:1). There was work, too, for Jesus to do by the way (v. 20). The woman's case was desperate (v. 20; cf. Lev. 15:19, 20). The long continuance of her plague made her case apparently hopeless, but it was not hopeless when we take Jesus into the account (cf. Lu. 13:16; Jno. 5:5, 8, 9; Acts 4:22, 26). She had sought relief in many directions (Mk. 5:26; Lu. 8:43), but had received none. Our Lord often heals those whom no human skill can help. She came to the Lord because there was no one else to whom she could go. She had heard the things concerning Jesus (Mk. 5:27), and this gave her faith that He could heal her. The woman's plan for getting the desired healing had much of superstitious erroneousness mingled with it (v. 31). But there was sincere faith, and that is all that is necessary. Heart faith, though mixed with error, that nevertheless brings one to Jesus, brings greater blessing than views that are correct but entirely a matter of the head. She received a hearty welcome and the complete healing that she sought. Jesus had been delayed on the way in ministering to the woman who had touched the hem of His garment and was made whole, and meantime the little girl had died (cf. Mk. 5:35; Lu. 8:49). It seems as if Jesus was now too late. It often seems so (cf. Jno. 11:21), but He never is. Jesus found the ruler's house filled with uproarious, ostentatious parade of sorrow. In hearty disgust at it all, He drives the noisy mourners forth (cf. Mk. 5:39). Jesus is always displeased with undue lamentations over departed friends (1 Thess. 4:13). He gives a good reason why the lamentation should cease at once. "The damsel is not dead but sleepeth." The reason holds for all our friends who have fallen asleep in Jesus; they are not dead, but simply sleep (1 Thess. 4:14; Acts 7:60). They may not awaken quite as soon as did Jairus' daughter, but wake they surely will, and it will not be long (1 Thess. 4:16, 17). Jesus' statement was received with derisive laughter. There seemed good ground for the derision. The scorners had reason and common sense on their side, but they were wrong. On the other side was nothing but the word of the Son of God. The scorners and the formal mourners all gone, Jesus works. Note the taking by the hand; it was the frequent practice of our Lord (cf. Mk. 1:31; 5:23; 9:27; Matt. 14:31). And there was always power in that hand grasp. To the Jewish mind there was contamination in the touch of the dead hand (Num. 19:11), but the Prince of Life will not be contaminated, but communicate life. Death gave way to the Prince of Life and the damsel arose.

II. Jesus Opening the Eyes of Two Blind Men, 27-31. Further work awaits our mighty Lord. Two blind men require His help. They were very earnest, following and crying out. They had faith in Him as the Messiah, the Son of David, and in His ability and readiness to help. The Old Testament had prophesied that the Messiah would open the eyes of the blind (Isa. 29:18; 35:5, 42:6, 7). Jesus did not seem to pay any attention to them at first, but with persistent faith they followed Him right into the house. Jesus put one question to them that went right to the root of the matter (v. 28). Faith is the one condition that Jesus demands if we would realize experimentally the fulfillment of His promise and the enjoyment of His power (Lu. 1:45; Jas. 1:5-7). If more of us could say "Yea Lord" to Jesus, "Believe ye that I am able?" we would know more of His power to help. Our faith is the measure of the blessing we enjoy (v. 29). One touch of Jesus' hand and the blind eyes were opened.

III. Jesus Casting Out a Demon, 32-34. Still another needs our Lord's help, a man possessed with a demon. Recent investigation proves that demonical possession is a reality to-day. The demon in this case had rendered the man dumb. The best thing to do with any man possessed of a demon is to bring him to Jesus. Our Lord can make those who are dumb from any cause speak (Ex. 4:11, 12). In giving this man the power of speech an Old Testament prophecy concerning the Messiah was fulfilled (Isa. 35:6). The multitudes marvelled and said it was never so seen in Israel, but the Pharisees were ready with a sinister explanation (cf. ch. 12:22-24; Mk. 3:22; Lu. 11:14, 15). Their explanation did not reveal their superior reasoning powers, but the badness of their own hearts (cf. Jno. 3:20).

Thirty feet beneath the surface of a newly built railroad in Spokane, Wash., a ginkgo leaf was found last spring, its age being estimated at 100,000 years. "It bears a message of more certainty than those carved in tablets of stone," writes Fred Niederhauser, in Harper's Weekly. "This discovery tends to substitute the theory that the coast section has been formed by successive upheavals of the earth's crust, occurring since the appearance of the great sea dyke, which has now developed into the system of the Rocky Mountains."

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