LADY CAR;

—OR,—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IX. 10

Continued.

"What did mother think I was going to do with you? Take you round by the Red Scaur and break your neck?" Tom said to Janet.

"Oh!" cried Janet to Tom, with wide-open eyes; then added in a low tone, "that was where father was killed. I have never been there."

"And I'm not going to take you there. It's all shut up ever since. But I'll tell you what we'll do, Jan. We'll have a long spin—as far as Blackmore's farm."

"Blackmore's farm! That is the place—"

He gave a loud laugh.

"Well, and what then? A thing may happen once and not again. They were tremendous friends of father's. I don't mean friends like—like the Erskines and so forth. Blackmore's not a gentleman, but he's a rattling good fellow. And you should just see his stables! There's one hunter I'd buy in a minute if I had my liberty. It's ten miles, or perhaps a little more. Perhaps you're not up to that?"

"Oh, yes, I'm quite up to it. But I wonder if we should go—it gets dark so soon—and perhaps mother—"

"Oh, bother mother!" cried the boy. "We can't, at our age, be always stopping to consider what an old lady thinks."

"Mother's not an old lady, Tom."

"She's a great deal older than we are, or she couldn't be our mother. Come, Jan, are you game for a long spin? It's almost the last time these holidays. Hurrah! then, off we go!" And off they went in a wild career, Janet following, breathless, gasping, her dark hair flying behind her, her hat often in danger, wherever he led. She would not allow that she had any fear; but it was a long ride, and the way was confused by the cross cuts which Tom knew only imperfectly, and which made it longer, besides leading them over moors and across fields which excited their horses and kept the young riders at a full strain, to which Janet's immature powers were quite unaccustomed. She was greatly dishevelled and shaken to pieces upon their arrival at the large, rough establishment to which her brother had already paid many visits, and where they were received by a chorus of innumerable dogs and lounging men whose appearance was very alarming to Janet. They looked like keepers, she thought, or grooms; not like people who would be greeted as friends, which was what Tom was doing, shaking hands with the big and bearded master of the house and the younger man, presumably his son, and calling out salutations in as good an imitation of the broad country dialect as he could accomplish to the others. Janet was aware that her own aspect was very wild, and she was very tired, but she clung to her saddle, when that big gamekeeper aprotched with a mixture of pride and shame.

"So this is your sister, Maister Tom? Charlie, cry on your mother!" cried the man. "The mistress will be here in a moment, missie. Let me lift ye down."

"No, no," Janet said, "we can't wait long. We must soon go back, it will be dark. Oh, Tom, we must go back."

"Nonsense, Jan! Now I've got here I mean to stay awhile. And Blackmore's awfuly jolly; he'll take you through the stables. Come, jump down."

"Cry upon your mother, Charlie," said Blackmore again. "The young leddy thinks we're a' mon folk here, and she's frichtened. But ye must not be frichtened, my bonnie doo. Hey, Marget, where's the mistress? And the powney's in a lather. Pit your hand upon my shoulder if you'll no let me lift ye down."

When Janet saw a woman appear at the door, hurrying out in a cap and a white apron, she allowed herself to be lifted from her horse, feeling all the time as if she had fallen into some strange adventures such as were described in books, not anything that would happen to girls like herself in common life. She did not know that she might not be detained, locked up somewhere, forced to sign something, or to come under some fatal obligation as happened to the heroines of some old-fashioned novels which she had found in the library at the Towers. The mist of fatigue and alarm in her eyes made her even more confused than it was natural she should be in so new and unexpected a scene. And the rough and dingy house, the clamor of the dogs, the heavy steps of the man who followed her in. the sense of her own dishevelled and disorderly condition, and of the distance from home, quite overcame poor Janet. "Oh, Tom, let us go home," she cried, in an agony of compunction and fear.

"Is it Miss Torrance from the Towers? Dear me, but it's a long ride for her—over long and a wild road. But you must rest a little now you're here, and I'll get you a cup of tea,' said the woman of the house. She was a fresh-colored, buxom woman not at all like a brigand's housekeeper, and she smiled upon Janet with encouraging, kindly looks. "I'm real glad to see your sister, Maister Tom; but you're a thoughtless laddie to bring her so far, and her not accustomed to rough riding. Marget, is the kettle boiling—for the young leddie must have some tea?"

"And you can bring in the hot water and a' the rest of it," said Blackmore, "for us that are no so fond of tea—eh, Maister Tom? After your ride a good glass will do ye nae harm."

Janet sat still and gazed while these hospitable preparations were going on. The large table was covered with oilcloth, not unconscicus of stains. And the men gathered round one side, upon which a tray with "the hot water" and a black bottle and a strange array of glasses, big and little, had been placed. This seemed the first thing thought of in the house; for Margaret, the big woman servant (everything was big), brought in the tray, pushing open the door with it as she bore it in front of her before the order had been given. And presently the fumes of the hot "toddy" filled the room, pungent and strong, making Janet feel faint and sick. The men flung themselves into chairs, or stood about, filling the other end of the room—a small, rough, dark crowd with Tom in the midst. They were all very "kind" to Tom, patting him on the shoulder, addressing him by name, filling his glass for him, while Janet, alone at the end of the table, looked on alarmed. The mistress was bringing out from a cupboard cups and saucers, a basin of sugar and other preparations for the tea.

"It would do the little miss far more good to taste a glass o' my brew, and put some color into her cheeks," said the master of the house.

"Haud you tongue, goodman, and leave the young lady to me. Tak' you care what you're about. You'll get both yoursel' and other folk into trouble if you dinna pay attention."

"Toots! a glass will harm naebody," Blackmore said.

"I want my sister to see that mare," said Tom—"that mare, you know, Blackmore, that you said you'd keep for me. I want her to see the stables. I told her all about you, and that we were tremendous friends—"

"Ah, laddie!" said Blackmore, "the sight of you brings many a thing back. Many and many's the time your father—"

"I told her so," said Tom, with his glass in his hands. "Here's to all of you. And I mean to stick to father's friends."

"Tom!" cried Janet, with a start. The smell of the whisky, the crowd of men, the loud voices and sound of their feet upon the floor, scarcely deadened by the thin carpet, scared her altogether. "Oh, Tom," she said, "I'm too tired to see anything. Let us go home—oh, let us go home!" and overcome by excitement and confusion, Janet began to cry.

"My bonnie dawtie," said the mistress, "wait till ye get your tea."

"Oh, let us get home," cried Janet; "it will soon be dark. I'm frightened to ride after it is dark. All those dreadful roads! Oh, Tom, let us get home—oh, Tom, let us get home!"

"Maister Tom," said the mistress, "it's true she says. It's not a fit for a bit thing like her to be galloping a' those uncivilized roads in the dark. Charlie shall put in ane of the horses in the dog-cart and drive her hame."

"That will I," said Charlie," rising with a great deal of noise. He was the best looking of the young men, and he put down his steaming glass with alacrity. "I'll put in Spanker, and she'll gang like the wind."

"You'll have to be very canny with her, for she's awfu' fresh," said another of the men.

"Don't be a fool, Jan," cried the boy; "she'll ride home fast enough. And I'm not going to have it; do you hear, Charlie? What's the good of making a fuss? I'm not going to have it," he cried, stamping his foot. "Do you want me to get into a row? Why, I as good as gave my word—"

He stopped short himself, and they all paused; Janet, too, hastily choking the sob in her throat, gazed at him with a startled look.

"Maybe it was never to come back here that ye gave your word, Mr. Tom," said Blackmore, rising up; "I would guess that by the looks of ye. Well, ye'll keep your word, my young man; at least ye'll as near keep it as is possible now. Charlie! out with the cairt, man! what are you waiting for? and take the young lady hame. It was nane of her own will, that's clear, that brought her here. Ye can say that if it was his fault, it's clear that it was nane of hers. Ye had better take him on behint, and we'll send the horses back the morn."

"By Jove," shouted Tom, "I'll not be taken on behind! I'll ride my owr horse or I'll not stir a step—and catch me ever coming out with her again!" he cried with a shout which made the heart which was beating so wildly in Janet's breast drop down, down to her shoes. But when she found herself in the dog-cart by Charlie Blackmore's side, wrapped up warm, and flying like the wind, behind Madam Spanker, who was so fresh, Janet's senses turned into a consciousness of bien-etre which was very novel and very sweet. She had been persuaded to take the cup of tea. She had even eaten a bit of scone with fresh butter and marmalade, which was very good. A warm shawl was wrapped round her shoulders; and the delicious sensation of repose and warmth over her tired limbs, while yet sweeping at so great a pace over the country, with the wind in her face and the long, doubling roads flying past, was delightful to Janet. The sound of Tom's horse-hoofs galloping, now behind, now in advance, added to the sense of supreme comfort and pleasure. She had been so tired, and the prospect of riding back had been so terrible! She felt as if flying through the air, which caressed her cheek, as, warmly tucked in by Charlie Blackmore's side, she was carried home. Charlie was very "kind"—almost unnecessarily kind. He spoke loud in her ear, with intonations at which Janet wondered vaguely, finding them very pleasant. He told her a great many things about himself—how he had never intended to stay at home "among the beasts;" how he had been a session at college, and meant to go back again; how he had once hoped to be something very much better than a horse-couper like his father; and how to-day all his ambition had come back. Swept along so lightly, so smoothly, with such ease, with such warmth and comfort, almost leaning against Charlie Blackmore's strong shoulder, with his voice in her ear, and the sweetness of the wind in her face, Janet felt herself held in a delightful trance almost like sleep, yet which was not sleep, or how could she have felt the pleasure that was in it? It was only when the drive was almost over, and the mare made a whirl into the avenue, scarcely to be held in until the gates were opened, and flying, after that momentary, enforced pause, like an arrow under the dark waving of the trees, that her heart suddenly sprang up with a sickening throb of what mother would say. Janet had been in a sort of paradise. She came down now in a moment to all the anguishes of earth. She broke in upon something Charlie Blackmore was saying, with the utmost inattention and inconsequence. "Can you hear Tom?" she said. "Oh, where is her? Tom, Tom!"

"He is just behind us. Don't be frichtened; he is all safe," said Charlie, casting a glance behind.

The mare made a start at this moment, and, straining at the curb, bounded on again. Some one had come out upon the road almost under her nose—a dark figure, which just eluded the wheel, and from which came a voice almost echoing Janet's—

"Is that Tom?"

"Oh, it's me, Beau," cried Janet, wildly, "and Tom's behind." She was carried on so quickly that half the words were lost.

"Was that your stepfather? They will be anxious about ye. I would say"—Charlie made a little pause to secure her attention—"I would say you were passing near our place, never thinking ye had come so far, and that my mother came out to ye, seeing ye so tired, and bid me to bring ye home in the cairt—that's what I would say—"

"Say!" cried Janet, fully roused up. Dou you mean that I should say that? But it would be a lie."

"'Deed, and so it would," said the young man with a shamefaced laugh. "But to make an excuse for yourself is aye pardonable, do ye no think? And then it would save Mr. Tom. Be you sure now my father knows he has given his word against it, he shall never be asked into our house more."

"Oh," said Janet, "I could not say anything I had made up. When the moment comes and mother looks at me, I can only say—what has happened."

"But nothing has happened," said Charlie. "Except," he added, "one thing, that I'll maybe tell you about some day. But that has happened to me, and not to you. Miss Janet, you'll not forget me clean altogether?"

"Oh, how should I forget you," cried Janet, with a sob, "when I know I shall get into such dreadful trouble as I never was in before in all my life! Oh, mother!"

The girl had thrown off her wraps and tumbled down from the dogcart, almost before it had stopped, into the middle of the group on the steps, which consisted of Lady Car herself, wrapped in a great shawl, her sister, and half the servants in the house.

"Janet! Oh, where have you been? And where is Tom? What has happened?—tell me!" cried Lady Car, taking her daughter by the arms and gazing into her eyes with an agonized question. The arrival of the cart at such headlong speed seemed to give sort of certainty to all the fears that had been taking shape among the watchers.

"Oh, Moyer!" Janet cried, her childish cry coming back in the extremity of her apprehension and consciousness. But Charlie Blackmore, with his wits about him, called out from the cart, "There's nothing wrong. Mr. Tom he's just behind. They're ridden owre far and wearind themselves. Mr. Tom he's just behind. But my mare's fresh—she'll no stand. Let go her head, dash ye! Do ye hear? She'll no stand."

The little incident of the mare whirling round, the gravel flying under her feet, the groom recoiling backward, turning an unintentional somersault upon the grass, made a pause in which everybody took breath.

"Thank God!" cried Lady Car, "if that's all. Is that all? You are not concealing anything, dear?"

To be Continued.

THE DONKEY AND HIS SHADOW.

Chinn once hired a donkey from Meetu to carry a burden. As they left the city and were crossing a stretch of sand the sun blazed down on them with burning heat and Chinn crept under the donkey to be in the shade. Meetu tried to thrust Chinn from under, claiming the shade as his, because he owned the donkey, while Chinn declared that he had hired the shade when he hired the donkey. Thus they argued and struggled, striking and pushing, each striving to get under the donkey. At last that patient beast, taking fright, started off, burden and all, and with swift-flying heels ran over the burning desert sands to the distant wilderness, and was never seen again.

The shade being now gone, and the strugglers nearly overcome by the scorching heat, they limply sank to the ground and strained their eyes after their departed property—Meetu his donkey and Chinn his burden of goods.

Then this thought flashed into both their minds: We often strive after the shadow and lose the substance! —W. S. Nortenheim, in the Philadelphia Record.

OF COURSE.

"I am not quite satisfied with bridge as the rules stand."

"What could you suggest?"

"When things are not going well I think we ought to be allowed to change the trump."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

VIEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

First Editor Of Paper.

Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, wife of the head of the Curtis Publishing Company, and the first editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, died of heart disease in Philadelphia. She was 58 years of age.

Mrs. Curtis became editor of the Ladies' Home Journal when that publication was started in 1883. She retired from the editorship six years later.

Hans Learns His Fate.

A sketch of Dutch manners that has just appeared in an Amsterdam journal relates how in affairs of the heart, among that susceptible people, the cigar plays a part at once dreamily emblematic and practical.

The young gentleman in love calls casually at the young lady's house with his cigar out, and casually asks for a light.

That is a delicate hint, and if he calls again for a light the parents understand what to expect. A family council is held, and the reply is prepared. If on his third call the wooer receives a light, but has the door immediately closed in his face he understands that he is cold-shouldered.

If, on the other hand, his suit is welcome, after receiving the light he is invited in, the young lady is presented to him, and he puffs out his declaration through the curls of smoke.

Not a Lady.

"I am not a 'lady,'" announced Mrs. Jessie Stubbs before the members of the Austin Woman's club, Chicago, in speaking on "The Modern Woman." "Nothing makes me so angry as to be called a 'lady' or to be told I am ladylike. It is not a compliment.

"The definition of 'lady' to my mind is a female who has neither the brains to think with nor hands to work with. I am thankful I am a woman and can think and act intelligently.

"It is true that every one receives with a feeling of regret the news that a girl has been born, because it is natural for people to rejoice when a boy comes into the world. The boy will have a voice in the Government, and the girl will not. That is the first thought that comes to us, but when the modern woman is called upon to be a citizen of the State this will change and it will not matter whether a boy or girl is born."

Expressive Faces.

The most expressive face is not the one which writhes or agonizes with every sorrowful feeling, or twists and squirms with every amusing situation.

It is rather the one which retains a calm exterior while the strongest emotions of the soul play upon it with their lights and shadows.

The face should be the smooth curtain on which the heart exhibits its various pictures without disturbing it, not the stage which requires the shifting of scenery for every act.

The reason why so many beautiful faces are to be found in a convent is in a great measure due to the daily habit of composing the features in long hours of meditation and prayer.

Unmarred by contending emotions, the features are gradually molded into harmonious outlines.

To sum up on this point—train your features to composure and avoid all grimacing habits.

Because good humor is an obliging quality, many women think they must always be in a laugh or a broad smile in order to be charming.

This is a grievous mistake.—New Haven Register.

Color For Brides.

At last a change in feminine costuming has come about that ought to bring satisfaction to men and joy to women. We are told that a new sartorial revolution is taking place that will transform the conventional wedding dress of deadly white into a thing less suggestive of the tomb. A recent London bride crossed the Rubicon and was married in a gown of rose tint, and in place of the pallid cluster of orange blossoms she wore a wreath of fresh myrtle. To be sure she did not do away with the traditional tulle veil, but even this article, usually suggestive of a shroud, was so arranged that it did not hide her face. It was fastened in a bow at the crown of her head and depended gracefully down her back, leaving the face frankly and honestly exposed.

All brides are beautiful, as a matter of course; but many a girl to whom white lends an accentuation of paleness is dressed in bridal white at the sacrifice of much of her own natural loveliness. The starting point of the ghastly white of the bridal dress is lost in antiquity; but it is probably of a religious origin, white being the synonym of purity and innocence. Yet white as a bridal color is about as grotesque as could be imagined if considered logically. White is the color of snow, the hair of hoary age and the cerements of death.

What, pray, has youth to do with these things? A bride should be the very embodiment of life, vernal beauty and that warm innocence which displays itself in colors. Is there anything in this gray old world more suggestive of purity than the rose that is tinged with the pink of sunrise bearing in it sheart the dewy pearl drop?

Despite ancient theories and prejudices, an orange blossom is not in itself pretty. The apple blossom is warmer and hints of health and sweetness. The white rose is not a natural growth. It is a hybrid chilled by the hand of man into a thing of stillness and solemnity. It has no perfume worthy of the name. But an Alexandra bud with its delicate shadings of ethereal pink is vibrant with love and hope and beauty. That is the rose for a bride. And why the draperies of white to deck a radiant woman at the altar? Is she lost to the world in a cloister where her soul and body become the sacrifice of love? Does marriage end all, even life? Let us take a leaf from the customs of savages, who at least know nature better than we do, and adorn our brides with color and bright flowers. The morning of life is glorious with reds, purples, greens, gold and violet. The evening sky is cold and gray.—Kansas City Journal.

Talk About Nerves.

"Causes and Prevention of Nervous Exhaustion," was the subject at a meeting of the public health education committee of the County Medical Society and the hygiene committee of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, and if the size of the audience was an indication of the prevalence of neurasthenia, New York nerves must be in a bad way.

The large auditorium and the adjoining banquet hall, on the lower floor of the Academy of Medicine, No. 17 West 43d street, were packed, people filling all the seats and standing four or five deep in the rear.

Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe said that indigestion formed "the very large background" of neurasthenia, and indigestion was saddled on helpless children by parents who were injuriously conscientious about food.

"There's too much talk at meals about what we ought to eat," he declared. "Hot bread with melted butter on it isn't half as unwholesome as half-baked dietetic ideas. Don't worry your children to eat oatmeal because you think it's good for them, or ram spinach down their throats because spinach has iron in it. Children are conservative. They dread the new things that are forced on them in this big, puzzling world. Leave their little nerves and stomachs some peace, let them see you eating the right things, and they will grow naturally and calmly into an appreciation of spinach and other wholesome things."

Nervous exhaustion, Dr. Jelliffe said, had existed since Bible times, and long before. The only time we didn't have it was when we were molluscs and clams and had no nerves.

"What breaks down the nerves of the adult? There are a thousand causes—you only have to read our modern novels and poems to hear what they are. Overwork, too strenuous work, anxiety, worry—and then the countless petty disturbances that keep you from the higher level you want to reach. You women know about that—the dish that was burned, the servants who were stupid."

"Pick-me-ups" and afternoon tea with brandy in it were abetting causes, the speaker said. "I won't touch on bridge, because that's a live wire, but it's hard to estimate how much harm bridge and gambling have done women's nerves."

Dr. Simon Baruch advised women to throw their portieres out of the window if they wanted sound nerves. "I've just left a home in which the arch between the drawing rooms had sliding doors and double portieres," he said. "I don't know what they were for, unless to bump heads against and tangle feet in. These 'lambrekins' and things, as I believe they're called, which you have in your houses because they are the last fashion from Paris, shut out light and air and make bad sanitation. Upon sanitation rests the question of nervous exhaustion. Live an active life, sleep six to eight hours, eat regular meals, ventilate your houses, don't, if you're a woman, bother too much about clubs and the manicurist, and if you started with fairly good health you'll not have nervous exhaustion."

Dr. Evelyn Garrigue spoke on "the two forces, alcohol and debauchery, which work such ravages on the nerve cells." Dr. Edward D. Fisher, in a five-minute speech, showed how nerve troubles were inseparable from the heterogeneous, complicated life of modern New York. Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton presided.—New York Tribune.

Fashion Notes.

Opals are strongly in vogue.

Heels are getting higher; toes narrower.

Tapestry handbags are a pleasing novelty.

French tailored suits are all very severe.

With the chantecler rage comes wings galore.

All the best authorities predict a white season.

Necklaces after antique styles are high in fashion.

Pockets of odd cut are prominent on elaborate suits.

The newest thing in a wrap is known as the cape-coat.

Brilliantine makes excellent underskirts. Tiny pink roses trim young girls' dance frocks.

Semi-precious stones, set in exquisite filagree work, are in high favor as daytime ornaments.

Embroidery that looks like rat-tail braid is being employed quite effectively on linen tailormades.

Very stunning are large gun metal hatpins. A single rhinestone is in the centre of the disc-shaped top.

The lingerie gown is promised a great vogue, and this, of course, means a great vogue for embroidery.

Collarless frocks or handsome weaves in soft materials are still in vogue for all sorts of indoor occasions.

Angora sweaters of natural colors have turnover collars and pockets and are double-breasted. There are gloves and hoods to match.

Jewelled girdles are extremely handsome. They are made of cloth of silver or gold, studded with cabochons and colored stones.

A dark large-meshed voile or etamine worn over a shiny silk, a Persian pattern, is a charming combination for afternoon gowns.

The Sunday-School

TERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 10.

Subject: The Mission of the Twelve, Matt. 9:35; 10:15, 40, 42—Commit Verses 9:37, 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Freely ye have received, freely give." Matt. 10:8.

TIME.—Spring, A. D. 29.

PLACE.—Galilee.

EXPOSITION.—I. Jesus Sending Forth Those Who Have Learned of Him to Minister to the Spiritual and Physical Needs of the Masses, 10:1-8. Jesus made choice of these twelve men after a night spent in prayer (Lu. 6:12, 13). There was great diversity among them in temperament, previous history and native ability. They are an impressive illustration of the different types of men Jesus can use for His work. Matthew is the only evangelist who in his list of apostles records the fact that he belonged to a despised class, the publicans. The other three cover this fact up. Matthew humbly writes the fact, and thus magnifies the grace of God in calling him. In each of the lists Judas Iscariot is mentioned last, and his disgrace as "the traitor" is noted in each. The apostles are grouped in twos in the lists. The method followed in the grouping is worthy of study. The most difficult question that arises in regard to the choosing and sending of the twelve, is why Jesus chose and sent out Judas Iscariot. It seems hardly sufficient to answer that it had been predicted in the O. T. that one of His immediate circle would betray Him (Ps. 41:9; 55:12-14), and that, therefore, Jesus chose Judas, whom He knew to be a devil (John 6:70, 71), in order to fulfill this prophecy. The simplest and most natural explanation seems to be, that Judas had qualities that would have admirably fitted him for a place in the apostolic company and the leadership of the early church, if they had been sanctified. Grace gave him the great opportunity, but he hardened his heart and brought upon himself the greater condemnation and infamy. The twelve were prepared for the work by the Lord's imparting to them power to do it (cf. Acts 14: 5, 8). The commission was at this time to Israel alone. The middle wall of partition was not yet broken down (Eph. 2:13-17). After the cross the commission widens (Acts 1:8). The apostles had a five-fold commission—preach, heal the sick, cleanse lepers, raise the dead, cast out demons. This is substantially the business of the missionary of Christ at home and abroad to-day. Our mission is to soul and body, but Christ puts the spiritual need first. But the church has a manifest mission to the sick, etc., but it is moral "lepers" that it is our first duty to cleanse, and those "dead in trespasses and sins" that it is our most important mission to raise. It is to be noted that this work of healing was to be "free." Any "divine healer" or "Christian Scientist" who charges a fee for his services, thereby shows the cloven foot. And how about the preacher who will declare the glorious gospel only on condition of being paid so much? Jesus must have been divine if He could bestow such powers upon others (v. 1). It is evident that demoniacal possession is something more than a mere form of disease; for Jesus carefully distinguishes between casting out demons and "all manner of diseases" and "all manner of sickness." Every kind of disease and sickness was to yield to the power of the Apostles. These powers were not confined to the twelve Apostles (Luke 10:9-19; Mark 16:17, 18; 1 Cor. 12:9; Jas. 5:15). We do not hear much of most of these men after Christ's death, but that does not at all prove that their work was insignificant. Most of these men were called from the lowliest positions in society. The substance of their teaching was to be "the kingdom of heaven is at hand." John and Jesus had begun their ministry with the same message (ch. 3:2; 4:17). And Jesus gave the same message to the seventy (Luke 10:9).

II. How the Twelve Were to Conduct Their Ministry, 9-15. The twelve were to make no provision for the necessities of their journey. They were laboring for God, and the laborer is worthy of his food, and the One for Whom they were laboring would see that they got it. They were to go light weighted; many an ambassador for Christ to-day is impaired in efficiency by the amount of baggage he carries (2 Tim. 2:4). The exact letter of these instructions is not binding upon ambassadors of Christ at all times (cf. Luke 22:35, 36), but the spirit is. Though they carried so little with them God never suffered them to lack nor go hungry (Luke 22:35). The obedient, faithful servant of Christ will always be provided for. They were to seek out diligently worthy persons (not rich persons) with whom to stop, and there they were to abide. They must not squander time in going from house to house to eat. The fare might be plain, but they must not look for fine fare. They need not feel like beggars, for they were worthy of their hire (cf. Luke 10:7). Their first thought on entering a home should be for the good of the home, and not for the comfort of self (v. 12; cf Luke 10:5, 6). Their benediction would be full of power; if the house was worthy, their peace would come upon it. If the house was not worthy the benediction would not be lost, for it would come back again and bless them. True prayers are never lost. It was their own peace that the twelve were to impart (v. 13). When they were not received in any city, they were to go out into the streets in the most public, expressive and impressive way show their utter separation from it and its impending doom. They were not even to let its dust stick to their feet. Thus were they to testify to it of God's utter abhorrence of its deeds (cf. Luke 9:5). Responsibility, guilt and punishment are measured by the amount of light that one sins against (v. 15).

DISTINGUISHED.

His savoir-faire, to say nothing of his tact and finesse, impressed the young woman.

"Evidently," she said, "you have been thrown in contact with an unusually large and varied lot of people."

"Well," he admitted, "among the members of the police force I have the reputation of being the most persistent motor scorcher in the country."—New York Journal.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

APRIL TENTH

Topic—God is Here. Psalm 139: 1-12.

"In Him we live." Acts 17: 22-31.

All-present Spirit. John 4: 21-24.
God in the desert. Gen. 28: 10-17.
With us in Christ. Matt. 1: 22, 23.
God in the heart. John 14: 17-23.
God always. Matt. 18: 20; 28: 20.

God knows whence my ways come from and whither they go, and I know only where they are (v. 3).

I am beset by God behind and before; not, however, as by a hostile army, but as by a protecting wall (v. 5).

We cannot understand how God can possibly know and be as much as He knows and is, but the more we think about Him, the nearer we approach to that understanding (v. 6).

We run away from God's leading, and flee from His protecting, and reject with scorn His Blessedness. Is there greater folly than this? (v. 10.)

Suggestions.

Spend some time, before you pray to God, realizing His presence with you there.

Before you pray to Christ, think of Him as He was at some time on earth, healing Bartimaeus, for example, or talking in the Bethany home, or walking on the sea; then remember that, just such as He was then, He is now with you in your room.

Christ departed from earth and the Holy Spirit came so that we could think of God not as merely in Palestine but as also in London and New York and Chicago.

Only one thing shuts out God from any place; He cannot be where sin is —except, indeed, as a judge.

Illustrations.

We can go wherever there is air, but there is only a thin layer of air around the world. God is to our spirits what air is to our bodies, and we can go everywhere throughout all universes, because He is everywhere.

Gravity increases as the square of the distance a body falls; but a loving heart carries its own distances, and we are everywhere equally near to God if we love Him.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, APRIL 10

The Christian's Sacrifice — Praise—Heb. 13: 16; Hos. 14: 1-3.

We are told that the opening words of Hos. 14 are really predictive—that they mean "the time will come when thou shalt return," and that they refer to the small minority of the Hebrew nation. The great majority were, of couse, hopelessly lost, for they would not repent. In Exod. 23: 14-17, in which the three great annual feats of the Jews were appointed, we read, "And none shall appear before me empty." The admonition is repeated in Exod. 34: 20. In this chapter in Hosea words are suggested to take the place of sacrifices and burnt offerings—not the words of God, nor of the prophet, but the sincere words of a penitent people. The meaning of Hosea here seems to be identical with that of the psalmist in Psa. 51: 17: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

The author of the letter to the Hebrews was discussing the relation of the work of Jesus on our behalf to that of the high priest and had just compared the burning, without the camp, of the bodies of the animals whose blood had been brought into the holy place, with the suffering of Jesus on the cross. His exhortation, therefore, "Let us offer up a sacrifice of praise," has in it the thought of "bearing the reproach of Christ."

The Meaning of the Theme.

We are in the habit of contrasting words with deeds in the religious life to the disparagement of the former. The saying, "Actions speak louder than words," is a fair statement of the attitude of the average person on this theme. But, fundamentally, there is no difference between deeds and words as expressions of the religious life. If the words are sincere, they are acceptable unto God, and not even deeds are acceptable that are not sincere. In this matter of sacrifices, for instance, the multitude of them had no weight with God unless they were expressions of genuine devotion. Isaiah even represents God as being displeased with them (Isa. 1: 13): "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is a nabomination to me."

WISE WORDS.

Infatuation flies highest, affection longest.—New York Press.

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side.—La Rochefoucauld.

It is not so much what we do as what we are that tells in this world. —La Rochefoucauld.

When Death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

The date of a woman's birth has nothing to do with her age!—Woman's Life.

We should not quarrel rashly with adversities not yet understood, nor overlook the mercies often bound up in them.—Sir Thomas Browne.

What is that which is able to conduct man? One thing and only one—philosophy.—Marcus Aurelius.

I wasted time, and now time doth waste me.—Shakespeare.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rest unburnished, not to shine in use—as though to breathe were life!—Seneca.

The man who talks you to death certainly doesn't take life easily.—Cleveland Leader.

Duty is a kind and sympathetic mother, ever ready to shelter us from the cares and anxieties of this world and to guide us in the paths of peace. —Sir John Lubbock.

In the crowded street or in the formal garden flowers always seem to me at least as if they were pining for the freedom of the woods and fields where they can live and grow as they please.—Ruskin.

Lots of fellows always want to have a finger in the pie, but the average waiter seems satisfied to have his thumb in the soup.—Philadelphia Record.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3538-0099.jpg