# LADY CAR;

—OR,—

# THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII. 15

She never knew how she was taken home. A horrible dream of half-conscious misery, of dreadful movement when all she wanted was to lie down and be still, of a confusion of sight and sound, things dimly seen in strange, unnatural motion, voices all broken into one bewildering hum, always that sense of being taken somewhere where she did not want to go, when quiet and silence was all she desired, interposed between the rocky plateau of the shore and her room, in which she opened her eyes in the evening in the waning light to find Janet and her maid by her bedside, her windows wide open to admit the air, and Beaufort in consultation with the doctor at the other end of the room. She had opened her eyes for a minute or two before anything settled into its place, and she perceived fully where she was. She lay in great weakness, but no pain, remembering nothing, feeling the soft, all-enveloping peace which had been round her like a mantle, covering all her wounds again. "Are you there, my dear, and is that Edward?" she said. And it was not till some time after, till the soft shaded lights were lit in the room and all quiet, and Beaufort seated by her bedside reading to her, that she suddenly remembered what had passed. She put out her thin hand and grasped him by the arm. "Edward, was that true?"

"What, Carry? Nothing has happened but that you have been ill a little, and now you are better, my love, and you must be quiet, very quiet."

"It is true," she said, with her fingers clasping his arm. "My son did that; my son."

"It is put all right," said Beaufort; "there is no deadly wrong done. And the girl is very young; she can be trained. Carry, my love!"

"Yes, I know. I must keep quiet, and I will. I can put everything out of my thoughts now. God has given me the power. But he meant that, Edward."

"God knows what he meant," said Beaufort. "He did not realize. Half the harm these boys do is that they never realize—"

"You say women are often unjust. Would men—look over that?"

He got up from his chair and put down his book. "You must not question me," he said, "you must not think of it at all. Put it out of your thoughts altogether, my dear love. You must think of the rest of us—of me, and poor little Janet." He added, after a moment, "no one need ever know."

Certainly Beaufort was very kind. He behaved in all this like a true gentleman and a true lover. He would have plucked, but altogether the sting of that great wound had it been possible, and he was quite unaware of the other stings he had himself planted, undermining her strength. She looked up at him, lying there in her weakness, with her beautiful smile coming back, the smile which was so soft, so indulgent, so tender, so all-forgiving, the smile that meant despair. What could she do more, that gentle, shipwrecked creature, unable to contend with the wild seas and billows that went over her head? What had she ever been able to do?

Janet, who did not know what was the meaning of it all, but had vague, horrible fancies about Tom which she could not clear up, went out next day by herself in the bright August morning to get a little air. She had enough of her mother in her to like the sound of the sea, and to be soothed by it. And the half-comprehended incidents of the previous night and the alarm about Lady Car's state had shaken Janet. She thought, with the simplicity of her age, that perhaps if she went away a little, was absent for an hour or so from the room, that her mother would not look so pale when she came back, and Lady Car's smile went to Janet's heart. It was too like an angel's, she thought to herself. A living woman ought not to be too like an angel. Her eyes kept filling with tears as she wandered along, looking out upon the sea. But gradually the bright air and the light that was in the atmosphere and the warmth of the sunshine stole into Janet's heart and dried the tears in her eyes. She went into the green inclosure of the ruined castle and sat down upon the old wall looking out to sea. She could see the place where she and Beau had come upon that strange group among the rocks. She had not made out yet what it meant.

As she sat there gazing out and lost in her own thoughts and wonderings, a voice suddenly sounded at her ear which made her start—"Oh, my bonnie Miss Janet," it said, "have I found you at last?" Janet turned slowly around aghast. The color forsook her face, and all strength seemed to die out of her. She had known it would come one time or other. She had steeled herself for such a meeting every time she had been compelled to leave the shelter of the Towers; but now she was far away, in a place which had no association with him, surely—surely she should have been safe now. And yet she had known beforehand, always known, that some time this would come. His voice sank into her soul, taking away all her strength and courage. What hold Janet supposed this man to have over her who could tell? She feared him as if he had it in his power to carry her away against her will or do some dreadful harm. The imagination of a girl has wild and causeless panics as well as gracious visions. She trembled before this man with a terror which she did not attempt to account for. She turned round slowly a panic-stricken, colorless face.

"Why, what is the matter with you, my bonnie little lady? Are ye feared for me?"

"Oh, Mr. Charlie," said Janet, "don't speak to me here. If anybody were to see you! And mother—mother is in great trouble already. Oh, don't speak to me here!"

"Do you mean you'll speak to me in some other place? I'm well content if ye'll do that—some place where we'll be more private, by ourselves. Ye may be sure that's what I would like best."

"I did not mean that," said Janet, in great distress. "Oh, Mr. Charlie, don't speak to me at all! I am very unhappy—already."

"It will not make you more unhappy to speak to an old friend like me? And who has made you unhappy, my bonnie lady? I wish I had the paying of him. It'll be that loose of a brother of yours."

"How dare you speak so of my brother?" cried Janet with momentary energy, and then she began to cry, unable to restrain herself in her agitation. "Oh, go away! If you please, will you go away?"

"And do you want to hear no more of the pony?" said Charlie Blackmore. "She's as bonny a little beast as ever stepped, and fit to carry a Princess—and Miss Janet Torrance. I've kept my word. She's just been bred like a princess, without doing a day's work. I've kept her, as I said I would, for you."

"Oh, I hope you do not mean that," cried Janet. "Oh, Mr. Charlie, I hope it was not my fault! I was very, very young then, and I did not know there was any harm in it. Oh, I hope you have not kept her for me!"

"What harm was there in it?" he said, putting his hand on her arm, which Janet drew away as if his touch had been fire. "Come now, Miss Janet, you must be reasonable. There was no harm in it more than there is a little crack by ourselves, between you and me."

Janet shrank into the corner of the seat away from him. "There was harm," she said, "for I never told mother; and there is harm now, for if any one I knew were to come here and see us I would die of shame."

"No, my bonnie lady, you would not die; that's too strong," said Blackmore. "And do you know it's not civil to draw away like that? When we met in the Easton road you were not so frightened. You gave me many a glint of your eyes then, and many a pleasant word. And do you mind the long rides we had, and you as sorry when they were over as me? And the miles that I rode to bring you the pony and give you your pleasure, though you turn from me now?"

"You were very kind, Mr. Charlie," said Janet in a trembling voice.

"I am not saying I was kind. I would not have done it if I had not liked it. But you were kind then, Miss Janet, and you're not kind now."

"I was only a child," cried Janet; "I never thought. I know now it was very silly—oh, more than silly. If I beg your pardon, oh, Mr. Charlie, will you forgive me, and—and leave me alone?"

"And what if that was to break my heart?" he said.

"Break your heart? Why should it do that? Oh, no, no, it would not do that; you are only laughing—"

"Me laughing! What if I had taken a fancy, then, for a bit of a small girl, and set my heart upon her, but kept out of the way for years not to see the bonnie little thing till now that you're woman grown and understand? And all you say is to ask me to leave you alone! Is that a kind thing to say?"

"Mr. Charlie," said Janet desperately. "I can hear by your voice that you're not in earnest; and as for taking a fancy, I was only a child, and that would mean nothing. And the whole of it was just—just sport to you, and it is for a joke you're doing it now."

"Joke? It's no joke," he said. "I know what you think; you think I am not gentleman enough for you. But I'll have plenty of money, and your father, if he had lived, would not have turned me from his door. Hallo! who's there?" he cried, starting up as some one hit him sharply on the shoulder. Janet, looking up in fresh alarm, felt a mingled rush of terror and relief when she saw over Blackmore's head the lowering countenance of Tom.

"I say, Charlie, get out of that," said Tom. "I'm not going to stand this sort of thing, you know. I may be going to the dogs myself, but my sister sha'n't. Be off, I tell you, and leave her alone."

"Am I the dogs, Mr. Tom? No such black dogs as you're going to, my friend. Keep your good advice for yourself, and don't intrude where you're not wanted. We can manage our affairs without you."

"By Jove!" cried Tom, "if you speak another word to my sister, I'll pitch you over the cliff!"

Blackmore began to laugh with an exasperating contempt — contempt which exasperated Janet, though Tom, too, had touched the same note of the intolerable. She sprang up hastily, putting out her arm between them. "You are two men," she said, "but Tom is not much more than a boy, and you are quarreling about me that wants nothing in the world so much as to get away from both of you. Do you hear me? I would not vex mother," Janet cried, "for all the men in the world. Oh, can't you see that you are like two fools wrangling over me?"

"Let him take himself off, then," said Tom.

"And let him hold his tongue, the confounded young scamp!" cried the other, "that dares to challenge me—when he knows I could lick him within an inch of his life."

Tom was half mad with disappointment and humiliation. He was very proud in his way, with the mingled pride of the peasant and the nouveau riche, the millionaire and the (Scotch) clown. He had meant, after he had "had his fun," to have settled down when his time came, and to have married a lady like his mother. Without imagination, or sense, or principle, or restraint of honor, he had pursued the reckless career of his mind, too precipitate and eager in pursuit of pleasure to leave time to think, even if he had been able to think. The abominable treachery of which he had intended to be guilty had not touched his conscience, not having appeared to his obtuse understanding as anything worse than many "dodges" which other fellows adopted to get what they wanted. And it was with a rage and humiliation unspeakable that he found himself—he, the son of the man who had married Lady Caroline Lindons, married in his turn to a girl from a little Oxford shop, a little shop girl, a common little flirt, less than nobody, not so good by ever so many grades as his mother's maid. To find that he had married her when he meant only to deceive her, and made her mistress of the Towers, which was as Windsor Castle to Tom, and put her in the place of Lady Car, was gall and bitterness to him. His conscience had given him little trouble, but his wounded pride, his mortification, his humiliation were torture to him. He had come out raging with these furious pangs, eager to find something, anything, with which he could fight and assuage his burning wrath. To pitch Charlie Blackmore over the cliffs, even to be pitched over them himself, and roll down the sharp rocks and plunge in the cold sea beneath felt as though it would be a relief from the gnawing and the rage within.

"Come on, then!" he cried, furious; "I'll take no hiding from any man if he were Goliath. Come on!"

"Mr. Charlie," cried Janet, putting out her hand, "if it's true, you may do one thing for me. One thing I ask you to do as if you were the best gentleman in the world, and I will think you so if you will do it; leave me to him and him to me. And good-by; and neither say you like us nor hate us, but just go—oh, go! Do you hear me?" she said, stamping her foot. "I ask you as a gentleman." She had caught her brother by the arm and held him while she waved the other away.

"That's a strong argument," said Blackmore. He was moved by what she said, and also by common sense, which told his suit was folly. "If we're fools, you're now, Miss Janet Torrance," he said, with a laugh, "which is more than I thought. What! am I to turn my back upon a man that's clenching his neives at me? Well, maybe you're right. There's none in the county will think Charlie Blackmore stands in fear of Tom Torrance. Yes, Missie, you shall have your will. I'm going—good-by to both him and you."

"Do you think I'll let the fellow go like that?" cried Tom, making a step after him: but perhaps his fury fell at the sight of the might and strength of the retiring champion—perhaps it was only the wretchedness in his mind that fell from the burning to the freezing point. He sat down gloomily, after having watched him disappear, on the bench from which Charlie Blackmore had risen.

"I don't care what becomes of me, Jan," he said. "I'm done. Nothing that ever happens will be any good to me now. I've choked that fellow off, that's one thing, and he'll never dare to speak to you again. But as for me, I'm done, and I'll never lift my head any more."

"Oh, Tom!" Janet cried. She was too much excited by her own affairs to turn in a moment with this new evolution of his—but that panting cry bore any meaning according to the hearer's apprehension, and he was too deep in his own thoughts to need more.

To be Continued.

### Great Trek of Caribou.

The greatest herd of caribou ever reported in the Yukon is now reported moving southward across the head of Sixty Mile River, 100 miles west of Dawson. The herd has been crossing there for nearly thirty days. It is estimated that 200,000 caribou have crossed already. The end of the mammoth procession is not in sight. There may be half a million or even a larger number in the great moving herd.—Tacoma Ledger.

It is the opinion of the supporters of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund in London that the minimum wage of the clergy should be at least $1000.

### Got No Quarter.

Charles Frohman is authority for the following story: On the occasion of Maude Adams' opening in a Western theatre a Jew boy in his eagerness to get to the front row in the family circle fell over into the orchestra and was dangerously hurt. The managers ordered the lad to be conveyed to a lodging specially set apart for him. He was attended by their own physicians. Despite all these attentions he died and was decently buried at the expense of the theatre. The mother came to the playhouse to thank the managers. As an additional solatium they gave her the lad's clothes and a $50 bill, for which she pressed her thanks, adding with some hesitation: "You have forgotten to return the quarter that Abraham paid for admission."—New York Times.

Alfred H. Harrison in an article recently published in the Nineteenth Century sets forth his belief in the success of any expedition which will simply drift across the North Pole. Calculations based on the drift of casks convince Mr. Harrison that he can float right across the centre of the Arctic Ocean within easy reach of the Pole, and that he will finally emerge somewhere near Spitzbergen. He argues that an expedition when drifting can house itself in Eskimo huts, and that it can maintain itself by means of provisions safely cached on the ice. It is his idea to start at Pulen Island in October of this year or in 1911. Three years' supplies are to be placed on the ice.—Scientific American.

# FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

### Young Hotel Keeper.

Miss Pearl A. Billings is said to be the youngest hotel woman in Chicago, perhaps in this country. Several years ago she inherited from a cousin the lease, furnishings and good will of the Newberry hotel. By good management Miss Billings has made a success without a bar, a thing which the hotel men of Chicago told her would be impossible. Of her 50 employes less than one dozen are men. Miss Nell Billings, her cousin, is the manager, and there are women bookkeepers and clerks.—New York Sun.

### An Animal Clinic.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the American society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently published a new clinic for animals at 325 Lafayette street, New York City. At this clinic cats, dogs, horses and other animals will be treated free of charge. Minor operations will also be performed there, but all really serious cases will be taken to the animal hospital at Cornell University Medical college. Mrs. James Speyer, president of the Woman's Auxiliary; Mrs. Edith Wharton and Mrs. Calvert Brewer are said to be responsible for the founding of the clinic.—New York Sun.

### Premier's Wife.

Mrs. Zahle, wife of the new premier of Denmark, has been employed on the official reporting staff of the Danish parliament since 1895 as an expert stenographer. She was the first woman who worked there as a shorthand writer and at first is said to have met with great opposition. The upper house was especially opposed to her appointment, which was made at the same time that her husband was elected a member of parliament for Ringstead, Iceland. She receives the same salary as the men stenographers. When her husband made the opening address for the new government she sat directly in front of him and took down every word.—New York Sun.

### Effect of a Veil.

Too many women wear things because they attract the eye, with too little consideration of their becomingness. Waiting for a car at one of the subway stations the other day was a young woman, rather unusually well dressed. But her face was horribly marked, especially about the cheeks and chin. More than one of the waiting crowd looked at her curiously, and no doubt pitied her misfortune. As she drew nearer the electric light, however, these markings resolved themselves into nothing more terrible than the pattern of her heavily embroidered veil! Seen in the light, the pattern—a design that might have been enlarged to some purpose on a pair of curtains—was not beautifying.

From a little distance, or in a dim light, the effect was as described.—New York Tribune.

### An Unschooled Musical Prodigy.

Miss Elsa Maxwell, who came to New York from her home in Iowa about a year ago, probably is the most talked of American in music circles in Paris today. Valverdi asked her recently to collaborate with him on a new opera and it is said now the work is almost completed and that productions will be given next fall both in Paris and New York. Miss Maxwell is regarded as a prodigy. She has absolutely no technical knowledge of music and does not so much as know how to read or write it; yet she can sit down at a piano and improvise melodies and orchestration effects that are said to be of remarkable beauty and originality. Whenever she is composing, a phonograph is set going close beside her piano and it is the duty of an assistant to see that every note she plays is preserved on records. Later the score is written by others from these records, Miss Maxwell doing nothing more than play, almost unconsciously, what suggests itself to her.—New York Press.

### Thoughtful Hostess.

It is a pleasant bit of thoughtfulness which many hostesses show in leaving reading matter on the table of their guest room.

A guest is frequently not accustomed to the same hours of rising and going to bed as prevail in the house where she is visiting.

She may have a habit of early rising, or of sleeplessness, or she may have merely a short time in her room, with nothing to do, when she does not wish to go downstairs or elsewhere to sek books.

At such a time a new book, an interesting magazine or two, would prove most grateful.

It is not necessary to have a whole guest room bookcase. One or two, well chosen, will serve the purpose quite as well.

It is a distinct compliment to a guest to have put enough thought into her tastes and interests to be able to offer her just the book or just the article which she would wish to read.

While this is not always possible, with the best intentions, something bright, and readable, and new will rarely go amiss.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Fatigue.

A certain busy woman, whose tale of accomplishment would sound like a fable if related here, says that she keeps in condition by never failing to obey the first symptom of fatigue. No matter how important the work on which she is engaged—unless, of course, she is giving the baby a bath—she desists from her employment the moment that "tired feeling" overtakes her. Selecting a deep, cosey chair, or even a couch, she rests, often with closed eyes, for 15 minutes, arising refreshed, to slay the dragon of work. Her aunt, a New England housekeeper of the old school, is often scandalized to see the dishes half done, while the mistress of the house is reclining on the sofa with a magazine.

"I rest when my work is done," criticises the visitor, severely. "I couldn't take any comfort in sitting still, with my kitchen cluttered up like that."

Her hostess smiles, knowing well that when she shall have achieved her aunt's half century she will seem at least a decade younger than her years and 20 years younger than her worthy relative does today. The testimony of those who live with her moreover is in favor of the little "rests by the way," which preserve nerves and temper, as well as complexion.—New York Tribune.

### Stay Out and Become Beautiful.

Half the evils and ills of humanity would be cured if more people realized the value of fresh air.

It is the basis of all beauty and health, and the girl who is endeavoring to procure a lovely complexion by the use of face lotions will find fresh air twice as efficacious.

When you are terribly fatigued, try taking half a dozen long, deep breaths and see if you don't feel more like living.

When insomnia has you in its grip try breathing deeply and regularly as you lie in bed and you will be surprised how easily sleep will come.

Nervousness can be cured by forming the habit of breathing deep and long, and one medical authority prescribes it in his schedule for nervous women.

All singers are invariably high-chested and free from colds or chronic coughing spells. It is because they have learned to breathe from the waist instead of the top of the lungs, as the majority of people do.

To breathe deeply is to stimulate the heart and circulation.

It means a full, high chest and broad shoulders.

It means practical immunity from the dangers incurred by exposure.

It means a good carriage and well poised head.

And, best of all, it means perfect physical health.—Indianapolis News.

### Mrs. Fish's Place Still Vacant.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish seems to have withdrawn entirely fro mosciety. It is two years now since she announced her intention of abandoning Newport, and she has been as good as her word. When she first made the announcement few took her seriously, as she was the undisputed ruler in the Newport colony. The simple life, however, has been so acceptable to Mrs. Fish that she now has not the slightest desire to return to the scene of her former social triumphs. She has stepped down; her abdication has ben voluntary. While she elected to lead there was none to dispute her title. She was too clever for those who, in the early days of her Newport career, tried to pick a bone with her. Mrs. Fish, in short, has gone, and there is no one to take her place. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has not shown quality to lead; for a time it seemed as if Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt mignt rise to dominion, but the divorce court put an end to her aspirations. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt is too interested in horses to strive socially, and there is no matron, young or old, in sight who seems likely to take the reins of power in Newport or in this city. Mrs. Fish is happy in her retirement. She has a restful spot near Garrisons, N. Y., and social routine never intrudes there. In one way at least Mrs. Fish is wiser than Mrs. Astor, who insisted on holding up her social crown until her fingers were palsied by old age. Here Mrs. Fish gives another manifestation of her good sense. If old age ever comes to one of her youthful spirits she will be ready to take it gracefully.—New York Press.

### Fashion Notes.

Amethyst messaline and silver net are an artistic combination for evening.

Linen coats are "finger length" and more closely fitted to the figure than last season.

Taffetas in checks and stripes are much favored for contrasting colored linings of coats.

The silk prospect is bright, and bright colored costumes are predicted for the resorts.

Paris sanctions lace-trimmed white straw hats, and they will be seen in numbers at the resorts.

The ornamental scarf is fringed and embroidered, and is most frequently made of coarse-meshed silk net.

Dainty French slippers are made with many straps over the instep and liberally decorated with jet or crystals.

Small chiffon and mousseline fans are polka-dotted over the entire surface on both sides with silver sequins.

Stripes are promised a run in the late summer, and already it seems that striped cheviots are to have first place.

Deep cuffs of the pattern known as gauntlet finish some of the newest shirtwaist sleeves, the rest of the sleeves being on the long puff or bishop order.

Among the new mixtures designed for street suits are those wiry, mannish weaves that look so well, shed dust perfectly and seem never to wear out.

Shauntung, rajah and a new Chinese silk, which is part silk and part linen and has a rich looking rough surface, will be employed for the Russian costume.

Cottons have had remarkable development in the past few years. There are silk and cotton mixtures that rival the expensive chiffons with the balance of wearing quality in the cotton favor.

# The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MAY 15.

Subject: Growing Hatred to Jesus, Matt. 12:22-32, 38-42—Commit Verse 41.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad."—Matt. 12:30.

TIME.—Midsummer, A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Galilee.

EXPOSITION.—I. The Unpardonable Sin, 22-32. Again we see on one hand the awful power of demons and on the other the gracious power of our Saviour, setting men entirely free from the power of the evil one (v. 22). Satan shuts the eyes and mouth of many a man to-day, but Jesus has power to open the eyes and enable the dumb to speak. The multitudes at once saw in Jesus' power to open eyes and lips the evidence that He was the Messiah. The old Testament prophets had foretold that the Messiah would do these things (Is. 29:18; 32:3, 4). The Pharisees in their unwillingness to yield to the truth had another explanation: it was Beelzebub, the Prince of demons, casting out demons. The Scribes and Pharisees had come down from Jerusalem to discover something to find fault with and accuse Him (cf. Mark 3:2, 6; 7:1; Luke 5:17, 21; Matt. 21:15, 16). They did not accept the natural and true explanation because their own hearts were wicked, and they were unwilling to give the inheritance to the real heir (John 3:19, 20; 11:47, 48; Mark 12:7). This was not the only instance in which this accusation was brought against Jesus (Matt. 9:34; John 7:20; 8:48, 52; 10:20). If such charges were brought against Jesus, His true disciples must not expect to escape (Matt. 10:25). These charges broke the heart of our loving Lord (Ps. 69:20). It was for our sakes that He "endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself" (Is. 63:3, 4). He did not meet these outrageous charges with anger and invective, but lovingly sought to open the eyes of those who brought them that they might not be lost forever. The Pharisees had not made these charges directly to Him, but He had read their thoughts (Matt. 12:25; Luke 11:17), and by "knowing their thoughts" had proved Himself divine. He exposes the utter folly of their charge (vs. 25, 26). As it was not by Satan's power that He cast out demons, He showed them that it must be by the Spirit of God (v. 28; Luke 11:20). He who could thus put forth the "finger of God" and bring Satan's power to naught must Himself be divine. Satan is a strong man (Mark 3:27; Luke 11:21, 22), but Jesus is stronger, He has power to bind the strong man and take his goods out of his hands (v. 29). The one who is under Satan's influence is a slave, bound and guarded by the strong man (Luke 11:21). If one is under the mighty power of Satan, there is only One to whom we can look for deliverance. There are but two classes of persons in the world, those who are with Christ openly, whole-heartedly, and those who are against Christ (v. 30). All sins but one are pardonable. No matter how often a man has sinned or how grievously, he can find pardon, if he will only receive the One who has borne our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Pet. 2:24; Acts 10:43; 13:39). The one sin for which there is no pardon is the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. The context clearly shows that the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit is the deliberate attributing to the Devil what we know to be the work of the Holy Spirit. One who does this will become so hardened and so blinded that he will never come to Christ, and thus will never find pardon. If any one will come to Jesus, He will receive him (John 6:37), and if therefore one does come to Jesus, it is proof that he has not committed the unpardonable sin. Jesus' statement is proof positive that the doctrine that all men will ultimately be forgiven and saved (if not in this age, in a future age) is absolutely untrue.

II. An Evil and Adulterous Generation Seeketh After a Sign, 38-42. The Scribes and Pharisees next demanded a sign, some miracle to prove that He was the Messiah. They were not honest seekers, for if they really desired a sign, Jesus had already given abundant signs that He was a Teacher sent from God (cf. John 3:2). Many to-day are asking proofs, like the Pharisees of old, deliberately shutting their eyes to the proofs that are round about them on every hand. Their seeking a further sign was a revelation of the wickedness of their own hearts, that they were in an evil and adulterous generation (39). To such a generation Jesus would give no sign but the one great all conclusive sign, that of the resurrection. Incidentally Jesus indorses the story of Jonah as being actually historic and not a mere allegory. If the story of Jonah being three days and three nights in the belly of the sea monster was an allegory, then, according to Jesus Himself, the resurrection of Christ is also an allegory. Jesus anticipated by centuries and exposed the theories of the modern destructive critics. Infidels have made merry over the story of Jonah, and the great fish, trying to show how impossible it was for a whale to swallow a man. The Bible nowhere says it was a whale (see R. V. margin), but even if it had, there would have been no scientific impossibility in it; for it has been proven in recent years that a certain species of whale can swallow a man alive. This objection, like all infidel objections, is founded on ignorance and not upon knowledge. The men of the past who repented at the preaching of the lesser prophets will rise in judgment with the men of this generation who reject the great Prophet. "It will be more tolerable in the Day of Judgment" for those who have sinned against great light in the old dispensation than for those in England and America who reject Him who is the Light of the world, the incarnate Son of God.

In an address delivered before the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association, H. W. Norman stated that during the war in South Africa it was found necessary to send back 3000 soldiers who were unable to bear the rigors of the campaign, solely on account of the condition of their teeth. They were not able to chew "bully" beef and hardtack. Teeth seem to have deteriorated, judging by a comparison of the dental apparatus of the modern young person with that of his ancestor's skull in anthropological museums.—Scientific American.

# CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

MAY FIFTEENTH

Topic—Christ's "Versilies'."—John 6: 26, 32, 47, 53.

His "verily" sure. 2 Cor. 1: 19-22.
A prayer "verily." Mark. 11: 23.
A regeneration "verily." John 3: 1-5.
A service "verily." John 13: 12-17.
A warning "verily." John 13: 38.
A promise "verily." John 16: 23, 24.

We may be sure that Christ knows our inner motives. What folly it is, therefore, to hide them from ourselves! (v. 26.)

It is not a matter of little importance what we eat, but that determines our physical life. So our soul-food determines our spiritual life (v. 32).

It is never immaterial what we believe. True belief always works itself out into life (v. 47.)

Christianity is not any half-way acceptance of Christ; it is the incorporation of Christ (v. 53).

### Suggestions.

Christ's "verilies" show us what He was most in earnest about; and those are the things that we should be most in earnest about.

Some people think that in order to be judicial and well-balanced one must never be enthusiastic and emphatic. That is not mental poise but mental stagnation.

Not all truth is equally important. The pedant makes no distinction in value between a use of the dative case and statistics regarding temperance; and thus he separates himself from the wise man.

Christ dared make positive agirmations; so shall we, if He speaks through us

### Other "Verilies."

One of the "verilies" (Matt. 5: 18) asserts Christ's belief in the absolute authority of the Bible. Shall we doubt where He has set his seal?

Another of Christ's "verilies" asserts the doom of disbelievers (Matt. 10: 15.) Shall we hold that it is immaterial what a man believes?

Our Lord's "verily" is attached to the promise of reward for deeds of kindness (Matt. 10: 42). That is good endorsement of heaven's promissory note!

With the same emphasis Christ insisted upon the invincible power of faith, even to the removal of mountains (Matt. 17: 20). And yet every day we are walking around our mountains!

# EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, MAY 15

Our Motto—The Upward Look and the Uplift.—Titus 2: 11-14; Heb. 12: 1, 2, 12; 1 John 3: 17.

Titus 2: 11-14. The New Testament church looked for the early return of our Lord to the earth. So there are frequent references in the epistles to the expected event, and Christians were exhorted to shape their lives so as to be in readiness for it. They ought to live unworldly and careful lives, constantly interpreting life and adjusting themselves to life in the light of Christ's appearance.

We know now that the early church misunderstood the purpose of Christ. But that does not make the apostle's advice any the less important. The very best way to live the life of a Christian in this present world is to live in the way that would meet our Lord's approval if he were suddenly to appear in the midst of us.

Hebrews 12: 1, 2, 12: Here is another up look. The example of the heroes of the faith is worth much, but we look beyond all these, until we see Jesus, author and perfector of our faith. He is example, inspiration, and rewarder, all three.

But, looking unto Jesus, we dare not ignore those who are all about us, and who cannot see him. They will see him, if at all, first our reflection of his spirit and his teaching. The world has many hands that hang down, because no one has shown how to lift them in faith toward the cross. Knees are palsied which might hold firm if the feet could be set on the Rock of Ages. There are many lame who stumble in crooked paths, but who might walk sure and steadily if the ways of life were made more plain and straight.

### ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

One afternoon last summer my cousin invited me to go for a short trolley ride with her, as she had two tickets for the ride. I accepted her invitation, and in turn invited my friend, Alice, to go, too. When the car came along, we all got on, laughing and chatting, as schoolgirls will. After a short time the conductor came around for our fares. Marion, my cousin, handed him her tickets, and yet he stood there. "Fare, please," he remarked. "I looked at Marion and said, "You gave them to him, didn't you?" and she replied, "Yes, but he is waiting for Alice's."

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed, rather shamefacedly, feeling for my pocketbook, which I couldn't find, and consequently becoming rather flustered, for besides the girls and the conductor, all the people in the car were watching and beginning to smile.

At length I exclaimed: "I left my pocketbook up at Marion's! What are we to do?" None of us had any money, and we were some distance from home. While these thoughts were going on in my mind Alice turned to the conductor, saying, "I you will stop the car at the next corner I'll get off." Of course I couldn' let her do that, seeing it was m blunder, and so we argued as to w' should get off.

At the next corner we both stood up, each one determined to get off, but both of us were disappointed, for the car didn't stop. After a few more corners were passed and the car was still going, we decided to rest comfortable and enjoy the ride. To our joy, moreover, my Aunt Bessie got on the car when it stopped once, and from her we secured the money necessary for poor Alice's fare, thus giving our trip [illegible] a poor beginning happy ending [illegible] Winifred Flatman, in the New York [illegible]une.

DRAWN F[illegible]s "LIFE."

First Lady—"Are you a suffragette, too?"

Second Lady—"O, dear, no! I'm happily married."—Life.

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