ON THE SCENT;

OR, TRACED BY A DIVINING ROD.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XV. 13

Continued.

When he arrived there he found Antoniette still sleeping.

Arthur stood looking down upon the sleeping girl, and a strange dread was slowly taking possession of him. If Battiste was condemned, whom he knew to be innocent, what would be the duty of this girl? Should he be called upon to place in her hands the instrument of a power of the origin of which he knew nothing? Was that power of heaven or hades? He knew not. A terrible conflict raged within him. What should he do? There was a fierce temptation to destroy the fatal little talisman that she had placed in his hands; but was he justified in doing so? He had an indescribable horror of allowing her to exercise this power, but for this scruple must an innocent man die?

He looked down on her, on this soft, lovely maiden, and a mad longing came over him to seize her in his arms and flee with her from this dark, ill-omened place, to place her in safety, and shelter her in his loving arms from the evil of the world, and the terror of the gift she had inherited with her blood.

He walked up and down the room almost heedless as to Antoinette's sleep. Time passed on. The sunset died away, and the quick gray twilight covered the world and filled the room. He could no longer see Antoinette's face; only the still outline of her figure softly breathing. Then he heard sounds outside, the echo of many feet, and the old clock in the hall trembled out its faint strokes.

It was eight o'clock; they had come to carry away all that was left on earth of Antoinette's father.

No one disturbed them. Doubtless the kind-hearted women told the Mayor that the young orphan was still asleep, and that her fiance was watching her, and he would let no one intrude. He had a sympathetic nature. He felt that if the noise of their movements should awaken the sleeping girl, that nothing would so soften the anguish of that awakening as the presence of her lover; and with quiet, silent order the sad little ceremony went on. The curious crowd, which had gathered to gape and stare, by the quiet authority of the Mayor and the Cure resolved itself into a procession. As they moved away, bearing their burden in the midst of them, the Cure began to chant the "De Profundis." Arthur heard the words as the chanting died away in the distance, and he also repeated them.

Presently Nanon came in with a light. The poor old woman was hardly recognizable, her face was so disfigured by crying. She looked so old and worn, her white coif was all awry, and her grey hairs escaping under it.

"Ah! my poor Monsieur," she said. "She still sleeps, my lamb, my precious one; but she will awaken soon. Alas! if one could sleep away the griefs of earth, one would not ask for Heaven. But I came to tell you that Monsieur Tasset left a message for you. He said he would come back to see you, and Monsieur le Cure, both. They said they could not go away happy to-night before they heard how our poor demoiselle woke up, and how she was. So you see, Monsieur, I got Catherine to do a little cooking for me, and there will be something to eat, for one must eat, even though it may be the last day itself. Ah! my sweet, my pretty one," looking down on Antoinette, "the longer thou sleepest the better."

The poor old woman lingered about, evidently longing, not daring, to ask something. At last she got it out.

"If I might ask, Monsieur, if Battiste will be home to-night? He does not eat much, as you know, still a chestnut soup is always comforting after a troubled day. But if he will come to-night?"

"Not to-night, Nanon," said Arthur, with a feeling of choking in his throat. "The business is not over yet."

"Do they still say he did it?" she asked, twisting her apron round her hands.

"Some do; but, Nanon," and he stepped forward and took her hands, "all that man can do I promise you I will do to save your husband."

"God will reward you," she said. "Well, well, it is the first time he has ever been away from me since we were married; but what an old fool I am to care so much for only one night. I must go and see about the supper," and she went away muttering her words, "Oui dame; one must eat though the last day be at hand."

The time passed away. Presently a little knock at the door announced the return of the guests. Arthur rose and went to them. They sat in a sort of ante-chamber communicating with the room in which Antoinette lay. Old Nanon had prepared food there, and they all sat down and ate. Arthur left the door between the two apartments a little ajar, that he might hear the sound or moving if she was to awaken. Not to disturb her rest they moved quietly and spoke in low voices.

The Cure sat opposite to Arthur. He had a gentle, pleasant face, with the kindly expression of interest in all the world, worn so often by those who have known no great cares, and have traversed no heights or depths of weal or woe.

Arthur felt very grateful to them for coming back to him; it took away the feeling of forlorn loneliness which had been creeping upon him, making him dread he scarcely knew what.

"I fear, I greatly fear, in spite of our conviction of his innocence, that old Battiste will be condemned," said Monsieur Tasset, mournfully. "I cannot see who else can have been guilty, although I feel morally sure that he is not; but everything is against him. It seems he has, without the smallest scruple, said that he possessed a duplicate key of his master's room."

"A duplicate key!" exclaimed the Cure. "Then why did he suffer the doors to be broken down?"

"He does not know what has become of it. He will not, or cannot, say why or when it was lost. He is half in his dotage."

"But that he should have mentioned that duplicate key does not seem like guilt, and must be in his favor," said the Cure, quickly.

"So it is old Battiste whom they accuse?" said a voice, very gently and slowly, whose tones made all three start to their feet.

It was Antoinette. She had come into the salon and had heard the last words. She was perfectly calm, but she had pushed back all the fair hair from her brow, and that and new deadly pallor gave her a look of extreme desolation.

Arthur advanced quickly to lead her to a chair. She gently put him aside, and leaning one hand on the table, she said: "It was not Battiste, Messieurs; of that I can assure you."

"If, Mademoiselle, you have indeed any proof," said Monsieur Tasset, eagerly, "then it may indeed save the old man's life."

She sank into a chair, and her pathetic eyes turned from one to another of the three anxious faces. "Messieurs," she said, "tell me the truth as you hope for salvation. Will Battiste be condemned?"

A cold terror of what she might be going to do or say struck upon Arthur's heart. He spoke eagerly.

"Not necessarily, Antoinette. Juries rarely convict on circumstantial evidence only. There is an absence of motive admitted, and we have yet to communicate with your cousin."

She turned her eyes from him to Tasset.

"An Englishman cannot be fully conversant with French law," she said. "I conjure you to tell me the truth. Will he be condemned?"

"I fear, I greatly fear," he stammered.

Arthur shrank back, shrank back against the wall. He knew what was coming. She turned to him with her eyes looking up to his, wild, despairing, terrified.

"No! no!" he cried. "Do not ask me! I cannot!"

"Your oath!" she answered, in a voice out of which all tone had died away.

"Heaven help me! Must it be?"

She only repeated once more, "Your oath!"

As if under a resistless spell, he placed the talisman in her outstretched hands. The silver case fell to the ground. In the dead silence that followed, they heard the clinking of the metal as it rolled away from under foot.

Antoinette had covered her face with her hands. She remained so for some minutes, so long that Tasset and the Cure glanced at each other, fearful lest she should have fainted. Arthur never moved. He stood fascinated, motionless. He put his finger to his lip when they would have interrupted her.

At last she put down her hands and rose slowly to her feet, and the three men started with a thrill. A most strange and awful change had passed over her, all the softness had gone out of her face. It was hard, rigid, carved in marble, like that of Medusa. The large, gray eyes strained wide open, the lips apart; all the wild, fair hair, blown backward, seemed to stand erect round her head as if it had been a halo. She saw nothing, heard nothing of those beside her. Then for the first time the two perceived that she held between her hands, in a strange, stiff way, a slender willow wand, and they knew instinctively what it was.

"No, no," cried the Cure, springing forward; but the Mayor put his hand on his arm; he was watching with a strange fascination.

"Gently, gently, Monsieur le Cure," he said. "Who dares say that this power is other than from Heaven!"

Then the Cure also drew back, and they stood watching. Antoinette was on the scent.

CHAPTER XVI.

The night was dark and boisterous; the moon passed fitfully in and out from great banks of clouds. The wind tore round them in violent gusts; but still the slight, dark figure flitted on before them, and they followed wherever she went. There was no hesitation, not an instant's pause or turn. On straight she went, like a sleuth-hound on the scent, through the rough forest paths.

The trees parted to right and left, they emerged into the open country. Before them lay the straight highroad, gleaming like a ribbon in the moonlight; then to the right, high walls, on in front the lights and shadows of the trees. The three following her breathed hard, but not a sound came from their lips. She went with a straight, swift motion, so tranquil that at times they almost thought that it was a vision thus gliding before them. There were great iron gates in the wall. Arthur recognized them at once, and knew, with a shudder, whither they were bound. The gates were partially closed, and yielded to her touch so swiftly that it almost seemed as if they flew open, at her approach of their own accord, and they followed her into the cemetery.

Antoinette glided swiftly on. The moon went behind a cloud, all was shrouded in dark night; but her figure was still perceptible, a darker shadow in the darkness.

In the Chapelle des Morts two lamps were burning in red shades. They seemed like living eyes; they shed a lurid light around them, on the gleaming altar, on the black velvet pall which covered the bier lying before it, and to that bier Antoinette went onwards.

Arthur would have interposed. It seemed to him that it would kill her, that now he must prevent her going on; Tasset put his hand heavily on his shoulder and almost held him back.

Antoinette, cold and phantom-like, was standing over the corpse of her father, and the two pale hands which had been joined before her, holding the willow wand, drooped and fell. A strange baffled look came over her, that yet had none of the reality of the real Antoinette in its momentary weakness. Suddenly she stopped. She drew aside the pall that covered the dead man's head and breast. Arthur bent forward, shuddering, to hold out his arms, lest the daughter should fall back horror-stricken and insensible; but he was mistaken.

A sound burst from her lips—an awful sound—that had a ring of exultation in it, and she seized upon something that lay on her dead father's breast. That something glittered and shone in the red altar lights, and they recognized it simultaneously. It was a diamond.

How it came there they knew not. It must have dropped from the murderer's hand. Chance, or some of the Divine laws which govern chance, must have shaken it on to his grave-clothes. There was no time for conjecture, for at the very touch of it the strange stiff tension came back into Antoinette's fingers, they closed around the stone. Her eyes looked once more straight before her, fixed as in a trance, and she turned and went on her way.

Arthur had scarcely time to replace the pall with a reverent hand, she passed by so swiftly; and he knew that she was once more en rapport with the man who had done the deed.

They shivered as they came out again into the wild night.

She led the way straight into the forest again. The trees grew thicker and closer; the boughs swayed and seemed to clang harshly overhead. When they reached the path which led to Von Repos, Antoinette turned off it to the left, and now they had left all beaten tracks behind them; but she was never at a loss and never paused, and where she passed they followed close behind.

There was always space enough to pass, though the way was tortuous going from tree to tree. All about them the underwood was thick and tangled and must utterly have impeded their progress, but here it was evident that human foot must have trod this way before, and human hand forced a passage wide enough to pass, but unmarked to a careless eye.

The trees divided at last, grew fewer and more far between, then swept back right and left, leaving before them a kind of glade or open space. It was all bathed in floods of silver moonlight, across which the shadows of the trees lay black and strong like prison bars.

Antoinette glided swiftly over the moonlit glade.

They, following, were terrified lest they should lose sight of her as she once more entered the thickness of the forest.

There were traces here of a small, beaten, trodden-down path.

Before them rose a ruinous-looking building, half cottage, half hovel. The ground round about was strewed with the half burnt remains of charred wood; it was evidently the deserted abode of a charcoal burner.

Antoinette, guided by the same unseen power, went swiftly in, straight up to one corner of the hut, and there stood motionless. Her pale hands, holding the wand, fell as they had done before; she looked round her once or twice with almost bewildered glance, then sank heavily to the ground in a death-like swoon.

Fortunately Monsieur Tasset had a box of fuses in his pocket. He struck a light; they discovered some rough candles in the place, at first the only sight of human habitation.

To be Continued.

The 500th anniversary of Leipsic University will be celebrated in 1909.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

Unique Peace Monument Cast From the Cannon of Two Countries.

On the mountain frontier between the Argentine Republic and Chile, nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, at Cumbre Pass, is a piece of statuary absolutely unique in history, "The Christ of the Andes."

Cast in the bronze from the cannon of opposing Chileans and Argentines, it was placed on the boundary line of the two nations in March, 1904, says the Bulletin of the American Republics, as a symbol of the perpetual peace which should thenceforth obtain between them.

It stands a colossal figure, twenty-six feet in height, placed on a gigantic column surmounted by a globe on which the configuration of the earth is outlined. One hand holds a cross and the other is extended in blessing. At the base are two tablets, one inscribed with the history of the monument and the other bearing in Spanish the following legend:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

FOR EXHIBITION.

"Show me some tiaras, please. I want one for my wife."

"Yes, sir. About what price?"

"Well, at such a price that I can say, 'Do you see that woman with the tiara? She is my wife.'"—Fliegende Blaetter.

VIEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

If You Want to Be Liked.

Don't grudge other people their joys. The popular woman is she who can rejoice whole-heartedly with her friends when some happiness comes to them.—Home Chat.

Anti-Kissing Crusade.

The World's Health Organization, of which Mrs. Rechtin of Cincinnati, Ohio, is president, aims to discourage kissing. A button with the motto "Don't Kiss" is provided for all members of the new association, and these buttons are being sent to every city and town in the United States in the aim of preventing the spread of tuberculosis. Every person who joins the association pledges him or herself to discourage kissing on the lips. The circular which Mrs. Rechtin is sending around says: "It is a time-honored custom and one person cannot stop it. It is only in unity that sufficient strength can be gained to convince the civilized world that kissing is pernicious and unhealthful." There have been rumors that an attempt would be made to start a crusade.—New York Press.

Knitting Good for the Nerves.

Knitting now is recommended by doctors as a cure for "nerves." It always has been regarded as soothing occupation for women, but not until recently has it been precribed in the place of nerve medicine. The physicians, however, point out that usually when a woman has the "nerves" she is worrying about the housewok or little things of minor consequence. "Light needlework," say the doctors, "comes under the category of amusements and is prescribed for the woman with nerve trouble by her doctor in the same way as golf is recommended for men. It is something to keep her mind occupied without too much strain. 'Nerves' too often are caused by a woman having no occupation and letting her mind rest on little vexatious things. No woman, however, should undertake knitting who has a distaste for it, and it should not be turned into an irksome task, for then the beneficial effect will be lost."—New York Press.

Woman Mayor Proclaims King.

Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, as England's only woman mayor, had the distinction the other day of proclaiming the new king in Aldeburgh, Suffolk. She appeared in historic Moot hall and before a large crowd read the proclamation. Dr. Anderson is one of England's distinguished workers and her election as mayor is a tribute to the work she has done in her seventy-four years. She was elected to the first school board for London in 1870 and from 1883 to 1903 was dean of the London School of Medicine for Women. She inherited wealth in 1871 and was married to J. G. A. Anderson, a shipowner and managing director of the Orient line of royal mail steamers. Despite her wealth she wished to study medicine, but the colleges of surgeons and physicians refused to admit her to their examinations. She finally, in 1870, received a degree of medicine from the University of Paris. Her work in England has aided greatly the advancement of women—New York Press.

Long Honeymoon.

Sensible girls whose position when married will be a comfortable middle class one, will be well advised not to indulge in a long honeymoon. The ideal wedding tour should be short, quiet, and not expensive; it is foolish to tear hurriedly to rather hackneyed French or Swiss resorts merely to say, "Oh, we went on the Continent."

There are many comfortable hostelries in the quiet beauty spots where a young couple can enjoy each other's society undisturbed by the quizzing glances usually levelled at a nervous bride when she makes her appearance at a crowded table d'hote, says Home Notes.

A wise bishop said:—As to long honeymoons * * * they are a waste of money at a moment when every shilling is wanted for much more pressing objects; they are a loss of time, which soon comes to be dreary and weary. Six days, by all means, and then, oh happy friends, go straight home; and the sooner you are at home the sooner you will find out what married happiness means."

"Queen of the Household."

"The theory that demands equal rights between the two sexes must be denied absolutely," said the Most Rev. S. G. Messner, archbishop of the Milwaukee Diocese, in his address on "Woman's Rights" at the opening of the Western Catholic Chautauqua at Spring Bank.

"It is a mistake to say equal rights, instead of similar rights, for women have certain rights that men have not and men have certain rights that women have not.

"In regard to the question of politics, why should women claim equal rights? Politics means the ruling of nations, and no one who understands this would demand equal rights.

"It would interfere with woman's calling, which makes her queen of the household. Equal rights would destroy her female character and destroy her influence on mankind.

"The true solution of the woman question may be found in religion. In the sacred Scriptures there is the law that woman is subject to man, and therefore man must take the principal place. As man is the head of the family, he must take the leading part."

Dolly Madison's First "Drawing-room."

When it became known that Mrs. Madison intended to hold a reception it was called a "drawing-room" by everybody, and the White House was known as the "Palace," or, less frequently, as the "Great House," for the names of things were still English. Many fervent prayers were offered up for fair weather for this night, for most of the guests would have far to go, and on a bad night a chariot might get stalled. Alas! it rained, and the carriages drew up at the White House door all spattered with mud, and the splendor of the liveried black coachmen and footmen was sadly marred. One or two chariots broke down in a mud-hole near the White House gates, which was one of the worst places in Pennsylvania avenue, but the occupants were carried on by passing friends. The portico of the house had not yet been erected, but the guests alighted at the stone steps, and were under cover almost immediately. There a brilliant scene greeted them; fully two hundred people were present, and the house was glowing with lamps and large chandeliers having a thousand wax lights. The unique and symmetrical arrangement of the rooms and halls, the appropriateness of the new furniture, and the brilliant costumes of the guests, all combined to make a scene which an unprejudiced and discriminating observer must have admired and remembered.—Gaillard Hunt, in Harper's Magazine.

Concise and Simple Missives.

My Dear Miss Schuyler:—

Will you kindly print a letter of congratulation; also a letter of condolence? I. K.

According to the event on which a person is to be congratulated the form of a note varies. On hearing of an engagement an acquaintance would write.—

My Dear Miss Arbuthnot:—

You must let me add my congratulations to the many that must be pouring in as your friends hear of your engagement. Mr. Alan is indeed a fortunate person, and will you extend to him my sincere felicitations? I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you both before long. Most cordially.

MARY ELLEN JACKSON.

The word "My" before "Dear" is a formal beginning.

Such a note could be adapted and sent to the man, instead of to the woman.

Before a marriage a person should write,—

My Dear Miss Arbuthnot:—

Cards for your wedding were in my morning mail, and I hasten to send you endless good wishes for the future, rejoicing as I do in your happiness. Remember me to Mr. Alan. Long life and prosperity to you both. Cordially.

MARY ELLEN JACKSON.

When the event for which congratulations are sent is other than an engagement, such notes may be adapted by substituting the statement of what it is.

Notes of condolence offer less variety and usually are brought forth by bereavement in the family of a friend. For such an occasion a person might write:—

My Dear Mrs. Ellison:—

It is with deep regret that I heard of the great sorrow which has befallen you, and I wish it were possible to express my sympathy for your bereavement. My acquaintance with your husband, slight as it was, I count among the delightful experiences of life, and that I had it is one for self-congratulation.

Should there be even a slight service I can do, believe me, I would consider it a privilege. Most sincerely. ANNA BROWN HALLIDAY.

The object of all communications of a personal nature is to express interest and sympathy, be it in joy or sorrow. Whatever does this may be called correct, and is always appreciated by the recipient.—Rosanna Schuyler, in the New York Telegram.

Fashion Notes.

Hips are still flat.

Paisley effects are much in vogue.

The touch of black is still popular.

Poplin for suits is quite in evidence.

Crushed suede or satin belts are much worn.

Simplicity of cut is the note of the wash suits.

Black, white and ecru Dutch collars and jabots of brussels net are among the newcomers.

Dresses and blouses are laced down the left side with soft ribbons instead of with hooks or buttons.

Cluny and Irish lace are used to good advantage as insets on dressy separate waists of the French batiste.

Cute little children's bonnets are of shirred cretonne, while others are a combination of straw and cretonne.

Large silk and velvet flowers, usually in black, are used as rosettes on gathered skirts and low V-necked waists.

Silk moire cloth handbags, with cord handles, may be formed by the clever woman by covering her old smooth leather bag.

Chiffon and thin satin or silk shoulder capes, trimmed with puffed bands, fringes, quilling or marabou, and with or without a stole, are a Victorian revival.

Spangle-trimmed afternoon and evening gowns now have neck and head-scarfs of chiffon in the same shade and trimmed with the same sort of spangles.

While lacings on gowns are not a new feature, the fashion is becoming exceeding popular, for lacings appear in every place where an excuse can be found for them.

The sides of tunics frequently show lacing connections, while middy blouses are slashed in the front at the outer edge of the sleeves, also the side seams at lower edges. Dress yokes display narrow threadings of ribbon, ending at the lower edge in a bow, cravat fashion.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 31.

Subject: A Lesson on Forgiveness, Matt. 18:21-35—Commit Verses 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"If you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." Math. 6:14.

TIME.—Autumn, A. D. 29

Place.—Capernaum.

EXPOSITION.—I. Seeking Forgiveness for Self, 21-27. Peter's question is exceedingly important and practical. It is a question with which we are all confronted experimentally. We all have those whom we forgive, and scarcely have forgiven them before they offend again. How long shall they be permitted to keep this up? Peter suggested seven times as a possible outside limit. That is far higher than most of us go, but Jesus multiplied Peter's high figures by seventy, and said there is where you ought to go, "seventy times seven." Here we have the perfect number, multiplied by the number of completeness, multiplied again by the perfect number. In other words, never cease forgiving. Let your patience be inexhaustible and your forgiving love infinite. At the first glance it seems a hard saying, but as we continue to look at it, we see it as a most sweet and gentle saying; for if He bids us to do this to others, He certainly will Himself do it to us. The parable that follows emphasizes this gracious truth. I need, then, never fear again to go to Him, saying, "Forgive me," no matter how often or how seriously I have sinned. If my heart hesitates, I hear Him whispering, "Until seventy times seven" (Col. 3:13; Eph. 4:32; 5:1). Reckoning a talent roughly at $1200, the king's debtor was twelve million dollars in debt. And this is a picture of each of us. We are hopelessly in debt to God and we have nought to pay (Lu. 7:42; Ps. 130:3; Ez. 9:6; Ps. 40:12). It is not before an abstract law, but before a person, that we are guilty (Ps. 51:4). If we could only be brought to fully realize how great our unpaid debt is that is freely forgiven us, we would surely not find it hard to forgive others. The debtor was "brought" to the king. We as sinners do not come into God's presence of our own accord, the Spirit brings us there (Jno. 16:7-9). Verse 25 pictures God's dealings with us on the ground of law (Gal. 3:10). But it is only to bring us to sue for mercy and grace (Rom. 3:19-24; Gal. 3:22-24). The demand of just payment brought this debtor down upon his knees, and that is where the full demand of law brings each of us if we are wise. And yet this debtor fancied he could ultimately pay his debts if he only had time. This is true to human experience. When first awakened to a sense of our sins, we still fancy we can pay some time. We think we can atone for past sins by future good works. It is only after awhile that it fully dawns upon us that we can do nothing at all, that salvation must be not only partly but wholly of grace (Eph. 2:8, 9). In verse 27 we have God dealing in grace. Now it is all grace, just as it was before all law. "The Lord" does not extend the time of paying the debt, but fully remits it. God never mixes law and grace (Gal. 5:2-4; Gal. 3:10; Rom. 3:28; 11:6). The basis of grace is nothing in us, but something in God, His own "compassion." The condition upon which God deals in grace is in us, viz., that we acknowledge our hopeless indebtedness and sue for mercy (cf. Lu. 18:13, 14; Rom. 10:12, 13).

II. Refusing Forgiveness to Another, 28-35. The one who had just been forgiven a twelve-million dollar debt went right out and tried to violently exact a debt of seventeen dollars from another. That seems incredible, but it is a scene enacted every day, and by some of the readers of these lines. God has forgiven you debts whose greatness defies computation, and you go out and exact the paltry debts your fellow-men owe you. How many are harboring grudges over some petty slight or offence! We should all meditate long and deeply over this parable. His debtor acted precisely toward him as he had acted towards his own creditor, but he remembered nothing and has no mercy. This is true to life. Others sue us for mercy as we have made our suit to God, but we have no mercy for them. "Pay the debt" is our demand. The outcome is startling, "His Lord called him." If we will not listen to the cry of our debtors, then we shall hear the voice of our creditor. God freely offers forgiveness for all our $12,000,000 indebtedness, but if we truly accept it we will prove it by freely forgiving others. If we do not forgive others it proves that we have despised the proffered mercy of God. We are now back on the law basis, and we shall be delivered to the tormentors till we pay "all that is due." That we can never do, so our torment will be everlasting. There is no mercy for the man who shows by refusing mercy to others, he has despised it for himself (Jas. 2:13). The only way to learn to be merciful is by believing in the mercy of God revealed in Christ toward us (1 Jno. 4:19, R. V.). Jesus points His own parable, there can be no mistaking its meaning (see verse 35). There is then no hope for many a professed Christian, unless they repent of their attitude towards some who have wronged them. The gate to hell here pointed out is a wide one, and many go in thereat.

Jesus and the Day of Rest.

1. He has authority concerning it. The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath. Since it is man's day, it is controlled by Him who is the head and representative of humanity.

2. He requires inward and real observance of the day, rather than mere outward and seeming obedience to its laws.

3. He gives man's need as the great reason for the day's observance. The Sabbath was made for man.

4. It is not merely a day of secular rest, but a day of spiritual activity.

At the recent meeting of the American Street and Interurban Engineering Association of Atlantic City, a new system of street railway construction was proposed. The idea was to form the car wheels without flanges, but instead to place the flanges on the rails. The new construction was ably presented and many good arguments were brought forward to show the superiority of such a system over the present one.—Scientific American.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

Topic—My Most Interesting Missionary Item — Ps. 44: 1-4; Acts 28: 23-29.

Viewing the land. Num. 13: 17, 18, 26-33.

The deaf church. Isa. 53: 1; Rom. 10: 19-21.

A missionary report. Acts 13: 1-3; 14: 24-28.

Objections to missions. Acts 11: 1-18.

Favorite reports in Acts. Acts 16: 16-31.

Missionary martyrs. Acts 12: 1, 2; John 21: 18, 19.

David could not only hear with his ears the glorious deeds of God's people, but we have that knowledge carried to us on the wings of the printed page from every corner of the world (Ps. 44: 1).

In all our studying of the heroic deeds of missionaries let us remember that we are reading not merely about the acts of men, but of God. Our love to Him should be strengthened as we read (Ps. 44: 3).

The Kingdom of God was predominant in Paul's thought, and should be in ours. All our life should be one prayer, "Thy Kingdom come" (Acts 28: 23).

We read about educational missions, and medical missions, and missionary exploration, but we must not forget that underneath all is the one aim, to bring salvation to lost men (Acts 28: 28).

A Missionary Melange.

This is to be a hit-or-miss missionary meeting, except that there will be no misses! Each Endeavorer will bring some missionary item from his own reading, will give it, and say a few words about it. You may wish to enlarge upon one of the following, taken at random from the infinitely rich treasury of such items open to every student.

There are 537 foreign missionary societies at work in the world.

In 1895 all Christendom raised for foreign missions only $13,620,972. In 1907 the sum raised was nearly twice that, namely, $22,459,680.

There are 18,499 missionaries in the world, laboring in foreign lands. Add to these the thousands of home missionaries, and what a glorious army we have!

Ultimately, the gospel is to be carried to the millions of foreigners by native Christians, whom the missionaries are training for this work. If we count these native helpers already trained and at work, the foreign missionary force numbers 114,375.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JULY 31.

The Life Hereafter—1 Cor. 15. 53, 54; 1 John 3. 2.

Curious questions concerning the life to come are ever challenging our attention. To those who were over-speculative, Christ said, "What is that to thee? follow thou me." When the disciples were sorrowful and discouraged he inspired them with visions of the heavenly habitations in store for them. The hope of immortality has been the inspiration of many of the highest and holiest achievements of man.

It is the conviction of the apostle that a full-orbed faith must give people a chance in two worlds. It is the supreme privilege of the mortal life that it can put on immortality. It is worth while to live if the frailty of mortal life is to give way to strength in the immortal life. Death has always been the dread of mankind. It was especially the terror of the ancients. It was the light of Christian faith that dispersed the darkness that gathered about the tomb. The resurrection of Christ from the dead becomes the sure ground for man's hope. Inspired by this hope, millions have entered the valley of the shadow with a smile of confidence. To them death was but a transition. It was merely the opening of the gateway into a larger life. Paul does not explain the glorious change that will take place in us, the increased opportunities of the immortal life, of the superior joys of the redeemed, but doubt casts no shadow over the conviction he holds that our destiny will be in every way worthy of our highest aspiration and our best efforts.

ENEMIES OF THE BIRDS.

Two C's are dangerous enemies of the song birds—cats and crows. There is nothing a crow likes so much as a tender baby robin, or thrush, or lark, and many a proud parent has come hurrying home with a fat worm for the gaping bills only to find that the nest has been despoiled by those big black cannibals, the crows. That is why every bird lover, says Mabel Osgood Wright, in the last number of Bird Lore, should make a point of hunting out the crow haunts in his neighborhood and destroying the eggs as soon as laid. Of course, even crows have their feelings, but their behavior is not to be endured.

These black fellows are so warred upon by farmers because of the damage they do crops, that to those who don't know their ways it seems strange they are not exterminated. But though they look so stupid, they are really very wary and clever. They have been schooled in adversity and it has sharpened their wits.

As to those other enemies of birds, the cats, so many people are fond of them that it is hardly safe to cry them down. But one man near New York City who loves both cats and birds solved the problem by confining his pet puss in a large, comfortable cage during May and June. The cage stood at one side of his strawberry bed, thus cleverly protecting the birds from puss and his berries from the birds by one stroke.—New York Tribune.

A new process for making an insulator, according to the Electrical Review, has appeared on the Continent. It resembles ebonite and consists of a mixture of tan bark with one-third of sulphur. The whole is heated until the sulphur melts. The mixture is well stirred and then cooled, when it takes the form of small black grains. These are put in a pressure mold and heated, the result being a block of insulating material of any form.

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