DAY OF DECISIVE BATTLE.

When Death Shall be Swallowed Up in Victory.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two, by William Bally, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: I. Cor. xv., 54, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears richer diadem, she sways a more jeweled sceptre, and in her smile nations are irradiated. How welcome she is when after a harsh winter and late spring, she seems to step out of the snowbank rather than the conservatory, to come out of the north instead of the south, out of the arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox, but welcome this queenly day, holding high in her right hand the wrenched off bolt of Christ's sepulchre and holding high in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

My text is an ejaculation. It is spun out of hallelujahs. Paul wrote right on in his argument about the resurrection and observed all the laws of logic, but when he came to write the words of the text his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory!" It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable. In the track Unwheeled artillery, hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man.

CHARGE OF THE BLACK GIANT.

In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and miasmas and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northwest wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave mound. He pitched tent of charnal house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double quick commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit and some by one stroke of the battle-ax of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sickrooms and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all the five continents. Forward, march! ordered the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chief and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars dropped under the feet of his war charger. But one Christmas night his antagonist was born.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his sceptre, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely cairn of the arctic explorer and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of arabis and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "Victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

ROUT OF THE KING OF TERRORS.

Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaclava and Blenheim, at Megiddo and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poictiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out, through a recess and throttled the king of terrors and put him back in the niche from which the celestial Conqueror had just emerged. Aha! When the jaws of the eastern mausoleum took down the black giant, "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulchre. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloakroom at a governor's levee. We stop at such cloakroom and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a King's banquet and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter, the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue and all their slowness of locomotion. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation, the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and paneled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God can bring to bear. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process.

If the world lasts as much longer as it has thus far, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for resting places, but there is plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, translucent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body. You will have it; I will have it.

I say to you to-day as Paul said to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" That far up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from a river, other drops from a lake, still other drops from a stagnant pool, but now embodied in a cloud and kindled by the sun. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bone, muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it? Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope, by the use of a new glass and a change of material, can make a better instrument than that which was originally constructed and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

EVERYDAY RESURRECTIONS.

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Resurrection! Resurrection! The radiant butterfly—where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wings—where did it come from? A senseless shell.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler and then stopped. They have taken no food. They want none. They lie dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as he does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half past four o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night came the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced. A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit apparently left the body. People came in day after day and said, "He is dead, he is dead." But the soul that fled returned, and Will Tennent lived to write what he had seen while his soul was gone.

THE FINAL VICTORY.

And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying "Where is my body?" And the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" And the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect Heaven. Victory! Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection. Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than those whose crimes have never been repented of will want to see! But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all up and down the valley, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchres, with rough ground tossed on each side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Hail the Lord of earth and heaven! Praise to thee by both be given, Thee we greet triumphant now; Hail the resurrection thou!

GOAT'S MILK.

An Arizona Man Says It Will Cure Consumption.

Under the belief that with goat's milk he can cure consumption, Robert Williams is establishing an immense goat camp in the Mogollon Mountains, Arizona. He himself suffered from consumption once and went to Arizona to be cured.

With a few hundred dollars he bought a small ranch in the mountains and stocked it with Arizona goats. On a constant diet of goats' milk he gradually regained his health, and in two years nearly doubled his weight.

Williams does not attribute his cure entirely to goats' milk, but gives credit also to a certain amount of daily exercise in mountain climbing and herding. He has treated a dozen other sufferers, all of whom have apparently been cured by close application to a diet of goats' milk and daily exercise.

He thinks that any ordinary case of consumption can be cured by his treatment, in case the disease has not obtained too strong a foothold. He insists on an absolute diet of goats' milk, and allows no meat, but advises a moderate use of vegetables.

His treatment provides for a pint of milk with bread, morning and night, with a half pint at intervals of two hours during the day, and he avers that a dislike for milk soon grows into a craving for it, particularly after the patient has begun the daily exercise required.

Williams wants the United States Government to take up the matter. He has compiled statistics to demonstrate that the Government could establish in the mountains of northeastern Arizona a series of sanitariums, where more than 10,000 patients could be accommodated and treated at no expense, the profits from the goats in wool, hides and meat being more than sufficient to pay for the care of the patients.

WOMAN'S WRAPPER.

Tasteful, becoming morning gowns are essential to making a good appearance as well as to comfort. The attractive model given has the merit of being absolutely simple at the same time that it is becoming and entirely satisfactory. The original is made of dull blue batiste dotted with black and is trimmed with silk, and narrow ribbon silk; but all washable fabrics are suitable as well as challie cashmere, albatross and the like.

To cut this wrapper for a woman of medium size, 11 yards of material 27 inches wide, 10 yards 32 inches wide, or 8½ yards 44 inches wide will be required.

London uses 110lb. of ice yearly per inhabitant, New York 1,300lb.

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, APRIL 20.

Text of the Lesson, Acts x., 34-48. Golden Text, Acts x., 34.

34, 35. Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.

As in Gen. i and ii and Rev. xxi and xxii so throughout this whole Bible the story is that of God working out His eternal purpose (Epiliii, 11) notwithstanding the opposition of the devil and of sinful men controlled by the devil. The special story of the Acts is that of the beginning of the gathering out from the gentiles a people for His name (xv, 14), and this work began in the home of Cornelius under Peter, as recorded in our lesson. Although the Lord had commanded before His ascension that the gospel be preached to every creature and unto the uttermost part of the earth (Mark xvi, 15; Acts i, 8), the preaching had up to this time been to the Jews only (xi, 19), and Peter had to receive a special vision to teach him that God was no respecter of persons.

36-38. Preaching peace by Jesus Christ.

These glad tidings were for Israel first (Luke xxiv, 47; Acts i, 8), but in order that Israel might reach out to the gentiles, which they were slow to do. God made the sinless one to be sin for us that we might in Him be made righteous before God (II Cor. v, 21), and apart from Him there is no righteousness, no salvation, however devout or prayerful a man may be. Even Nicodemus had man may be. Even Nicodemus had order to enter the kingdom of God, and Peter had to bring to Cornelius the message by which he and his house might be saved (xi, 14), for there is no salvation apart from the reception of Christ and faith in His atoning blood (Acts iv, 12; Lev. xvii, 11).

39. We are witnesses.

A witness does not need to get up his little speech or make up anything. He simply tells truthfully what he knows, and the redeemed of the Lord are continually on the witness stand proclaiming something concerning Jesus Christ. If all the redeemed were true witnesses, what a glorious testimony would ever be going forth concerning Him who is altogether lovely!

40-42. He commanded us to preach unto the people and to testify that it is He which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead.

In all their preaching these witnesses fail not to declare that although the Jews killed Jesus God raised Him from the dead and showed Him openly to witnesses chosen and now Peter declares, as Paul afterward does (xvii, 31), that He is the God appointed Judge of all mankind.

43. To Him give all the prophets witness.

On the way to Emmaus as He talked with those two that resurrection day He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself and taught that all things concerning Him in the law, the prophets and the psalms must be fulfilled (Luke xxiv, 27, 44). The Spirit of Christ was in the prophets, and the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy (I Pet. i, 10, 11; Rev. xix, 10), and the uniform testimony of all in whom the Spirit speaks is that the first great essential is the forgiveness of sins, and this can be had only in Christ by His precious blood.

44. While Peter yet spake these words the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.

The message was not Peter's message, but the Lord's own message through Peter, and Cornelius so recognized it, for he had said to Peter, "We are all here present before God to hear all things that are commanded thee of God" (verse 33). As the word was spoken the Spirit wrought, their opened hearts received Him of whom Peter in the power of the Spirit spake, and the Spirit Himself came in power upon them at the same time.

45, 46. They heard them speak with tongues and magnify God.

It was as at Pentecost (chapter ii, 4), except that there was no waiting for the Spirit having come as our Lord promised there is no longer any need to wait, but where the heart is open and the Lord truly received there may be also the filling of the Spirit. While there is no need to wait any definite time to be filled with the Spirit, there may be a need to wait because of the unreadiness of the believer to receive. There came with Peter six Jewish brethren from Joppa (Acts xi, 12), who, although believers, were astonished when they saw the Holy Spirit given to these gentiles. It is to this day difficult for some believers to think that any people can be blessed outside of their so called churches, but they need to learn that God is no more a respecter of denominations than of persons.

47, 48. He commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord.

Here is something helpful for those who make baptism with water essential to the new birth, for behold in this company in Cornelius' house some saved and Spirit filled people who have not yet been baptized with water and are thus baptized after they have been saved and have received the gift of the Holy Ghost. On the other hand, we have in Acts xix, 1-6, some disciples who, having been baptized, had not heard anything about the Holy Spirit, so they were baptized again and at the hands of Paul received the gift of the Holy Ghost and spake with tongues and prophesied. I mention this to show that we must make essential to salvation only that which God makes essential—viz, receiving Christ (John i, 12; John v, 11, 12).

RHODES'S ENTERPRISES.

"SO LITTLE DONE AND SO MUCH TO DO."

His Railroad and Telegraph Schemes That Are Now Under Way.

Mr. Rhodes is said to have remarked again and again as he lay on his death-bed: "So little done and so much to do." Some of his vast projects are well under way, but are far from completion. There is no reason to believe, however, that they will not be carried out and in fact there is every reason why they should go on. Rhodesia is a growing plan, and his schemes for development, vast as they were, rested on a practical basis. The completion of the enterprises now under way may be delayed because they have lost the impulse he gave to everything he took in hand; but some, if not all of them, are certain to be carried out. His railroad to the north, for example, is pushing onward; it is positively necessary to the development of Rhodesia and is bound to be completed before many years.

Many articles have been written on Cecil Rhodes's alleged project for a "Cape to Cairo Railroad." Maps have been printed of the route along which the line was to join the north and south ends of Africa. As a matter of fact Mr. Rhodes distinctly said in the report he made to the British South Africa Company, on May 2, 1899, that though he had no doubt of the ultimate building of such a line, the Chartered Company and himself were content to give their exclusive attention to that link in the road which would extend from Buluwayo to the northern border of Rhodesia, a

DISTANCE OF 900 MILES.

This road was positively essential for the development of the territory of the Chartered Company and it was going to be but a short further extension of the road to the north did not enter into their plans.

It will be remembered that Mr. Rhodes asked the British Government to guarantee the payment of note of the company so that it might raise the funds at 3 per cent. required to build a part of this 900 miles of road. The Government refused to give the guarantee, but a few weeks later Mr. Rhodes raised from companies holding mining claims in Rhodesia the sum of $2,500,000 on a basis of 3 per cent. to start the road to the Zambesi. The work was pushing northward when the outbreak of the South African war caused a suspension of operations. Money had been secured to build the first 150 miles of the railroad. The sum of $15,000,000 would be needed to build the remaining 750 miles and before the war began about $8,000,000 of this sum had been guaranteed at 4 per cent., the money to be paid into the treasury in annual installments as needed for the railroad extension of each year.

The Chartered Company guarantees this loan, which is based upon the wonderful gold resources of the country. They have been proved by the official surveys to exist. The gold-bearing area is about 5,000 square miles in extent and the wonder of it is that all the quartz crushing done by machinery in various parts of the country thus far show ore that, though low grade, invariably yields more gold to the ton than on the Witwatersrand. The paying nature of the ore has been demonstrated, and over 130,000 registered mining claims are scattered over the country, but most of the mineral region cannot be developed until machinery be brought to it by rail.

WORK ON THE RAILROAD

was resumed several months ago with every prospect that progress would be rapid. Mr. Rhodes reported that a group of men in London was prepared to raise $1,500,000 to build a narrow gauge branch line from the main line to the extensive coal mines 170 miles away, that were discovered about five years ago not far from the great Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River. The money to build another road to the Guanda mining district, 100 miles, was raised before the war. The sum of $4,000,000 asked for to widen the gauge of the railroad from the seaport of Beira into Mashonaland was subscribed three times over. It was reported in February last that another branch road would be built within the next two years to connect the main line with the rich copper field, covering about forty square miles, near the northern border of Rhodesia 150 miles north of Victoria Falls.

As for Mr. Rhodes overland telegraph project from the Cape to the Mediterranean it was completed in January last to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, about 2,500 miles north of Cape Town. Mr. Rhodes was the backbone of the Trans-African Telegraph Company which has this work in hand. At last accounts the wires were to be stretched to the Nile and down that river to Fashoda, distant from Ujiji about 1,300 miles; at Fashoda the line would connect with the wire already complete to Khartum and Alexandria.

CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER IX.

It was two months after the wedding—a November day, with the autumn leaves falling on the path outside, and inside, in Mr. Trelawney's study, a bright fire burning in front of which he sat in his armchair, with a book he had been reading on his knee, while at his side, with her hand upon his shoulder, stood Letty—Letty, who had entered Paradise eight little weeks ago—with a look upon her poor young face such as one scarcely thinks the angels wear.

"My dear, you must really try to manage these things for yourself. I don't know how it is that you find such difficulty with them," he had just been saying—not angrily, but yet in a vexed tone—in answer to a foolish, sad little tale she had been telling him. She had come to him with her trouble, because she had no one to go to, "and because I am so afraid of doing wrong," she said. "Do you think you could tell me what to do?" she had been asking him wistfully. "When I find fault with anything she does, she is so insolent to me. Ought I to take no notice of it? or ought I to give her warning, and let her go away?"

She had been making this sad little appeal to him, and for answer he had only given her those words that I have written above—"Really, Letty, you must try to manage these matters for yourself." What did he know about them? What help could he give her with them? Must she not learn her woman's business as other women did?

The obstreperous servant vanished, and a new maid succeeded her, but peace with this new advent did not return to Letty.

"I shall never be able to manage them. They all know what I have been, and despise me." Was not this thing had begun to say sadly to herself.

If she could only fit herself into her new position, and make other people respect her in it! But, alas! she could not. She could not help it that she almost offered herself as a prey to her servants, by her deprecatory manner, irresistibly tempting them to tyrannize over her. Dull Susan went on stupidly from month to month, and rendered her a sort of rough obedience, but by the time she had been married for half a year from no other servant had she won even so much as this.

It was perhaps only natural that her husband should never fully understand how heavily the little daily troubles of her life pressed on her—how the small vexations of each day weighed on her till she felt overwhelmed by them. To him—who had not to bear them—they seemed so pitifully small that her distress over them aroused in him—at any rate, at times—a feeling almost of contempt. To a man occupied in studying the Greek tragedians, must not the poor tragedy of Letty, feebly and ineffectually struggling to govern her household, have seemed inconceivably small and mean? Mr. Trelawney liked to have his dinner properly cooked, he liked his shirts to be well ironed, his boots to be well blacked; but must there not be something strangely wanting in a woman who could not secure that these trifles should be accomplished without disturbance to her husband or heart-break to herself? Was she in truth fulfilling the object of her existence at all, if she failed to secure their easy accomplishment? Mr. Trelawney, up to the time of his marriage, had never known what small domestic troubles meant; between his mother and Mrs. Markham his house had always been peacefully and unobtrusively ordered; it was scarcely likely that he should have much sympathy with the troubles that Letty's shyness and inexperience created her. How ill a few of them spoke of her she, fortunately for herself, never knew: the slander that had been raised against her before her marriage, and that her marriage failed wholly to silence—of that she happily remained utterly ignorant and unsuspicious; but even without knowing that, there was enough in the changed and half contemptuous manner of the people who had seemed formerly to have a liking for her to make Letty shy of going amongst them, and equally awkward whether she tried to treat them as friends or strangers.

Certainly, in the little world around her, she had not made her position the easier or the pleasanter by marrying Mr. Trelawney. Her happiness as his wife—that blessedness that she had bartered every thing else to gain—ought to have been very perfect to make up to her for all the small fretts and disappointments and difficulties of her daily life.

But, unhappily, it was not so complete as to make all these other things seem like nothing. At first, when she was married, she used to feel that simply to sit beside her husband—to breathe the same air with him—to hear his voice, and see his face, and know that only death need part her from him—was heaven to Letty; no greater happiness seemed possible to her to conceive of; in those first days she thought she was the most blessed woman upon earth.

How kind he was to her! He would keep her half the day beside him in his study, telling her he liked to have her with him: he would draw her to his side sometimes and caress her: he would praise her prettiness: he would talk often to her, tenderly and half playfully, as a man might to a child. And for a little while she was satisfied, and, as I said, thought she had reached heaven.

But, alas! that as knowledge increases desire increases too—that familiarity with the thing we think perfect for a little while ends by revealing the flaws in it! As these happy days passed on, what was it that first caused "the little rift within the lute?" Perhaps only some unintentional look or word—some sign, when he had meant to give no such sign, that he had forgotten her. For, in truth, what was she but some slight thing to amuse and, perhaps, in a way, adorn his outer life? She was so loving and grateful to him that he had grown fond of petting her; he liked to have her near him; in his idle moments his innocent tenderness of her ways pleased him; but had he not a world of his own apart from her, and thoughts and hopes into which he never let her enter?

She did not realize it at first; she was too happy to perceive that he used her only for relaxation and amusement; in her glad self-deception she thought for a little while that she was sharing his life. She knew too little to dream that the woman who should do that must be another kind of woman from what she was.

Alas, poor Letty! For about a month she lived under the sweet delusion that she was sufficient for her husband, and that she made him happy. And then somehow, as I said—chilly and vaguely—the first doubts began to come. One day, when he had been standing alone, leaning over the mantel-shelf, and looking into the fire with his brows bent, she went to him after a time in her shy, tender way, and stole her hand into his arm.

"What is it, Letty?" he said, when she did this—not encouragingly, but rather in a tone as if she interrupted him.

"Oh, nothing—I only came—" she began timidly.

"Well—not just now, dear. I am thinking. Go away for a little," he said gently, and she went away; but the rebuff, slight as it had been, had made a lump come into her throat.

It was not that she was exacting, but the little unexpected repulse struck her almost like a blow. Half an hour afterwards he came to where she was sitting, and began with her to watch some robins that were picking up crumbs that she had set for them, and to talk about them to her; but to the thing of which he had been thinking he made no reference. It was part of that inner world of his, across whose threshold she had not passed—whose existence she was only beginning to dimly recognize; and he kept it—and, with it, how many other thoughts?—as matters in which she had neither part nor lot.

It was all inevitable, and yet at time went on how hard to bear! Not that from first to last she ever resented it that he kept the inner door of his mind and heart shut against her; she was too hentle to resent anything he might choose to do; but as the months went on, and the eyes so happily closed at open to the truth, the iron entered her soul none the less for that.

Once, and once only, she said to him, with a sense of weary longing, "I wish I could understand the things you care for!" She had been leaning over his shoulder, looking at a book that he was reading, and trying herself to read a few sentences of it. It was only an English book, but it almost might have been written in Greek for any meaning that the words she read conveyed to her, and for a minute she stood vainly trying to comprehend them, and then with a sigh she suddenly put her cheek to his.

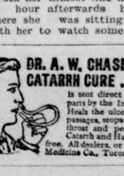
"I wish I could understand the things you care for!" she said, with a sigh and a sad yearning.

"There is no need for you to do that, Letty," he answered, gently. He put his hand with a slight caress upon her hair; after a moment he laughed at her. He either did not perceive her longing, or he had not sympathy with it.

Perhaps, indeed, he on his part was never conscious of any special want in her, nor ever felt a desire to make his wife a companion or a companion to himself. He had lived too long alone to feel the need of intimate companionship; he had kept his thoughts in his own heart for too many years to feel a wish to share them either with Letty or another. His wife was to him something to be fond of, tenderly and protectively, to caress, to turn to for relaxation in an idle hour. Such love as he had time to give he gave to her; but love to him made but a small part—but a kind of outside, irrelevant, unimportant portion—of the business, or even the pleasure, of his life.

And Letty had to learn this, though quiet, half sad, half happy winter days; to learn that she longed to be something to him that she should never be; that he could live without her—that he could live and yet have her—that he could live and hardly miss her.

(To Be Continued).



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Mrs. R. W. Edwards, 33 McMurray st., Brantford, Ont., describes her case as follows:

"For five years I have suffered more than words can tell from nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, and exhaustion. The pains in my head would at times almost drive me crazy. I could not sleep nights, but would walk the floor in agony until I fell exhausted and unconscious and my husband would have to carry me back to bed.

"Sometimes I could take no food for four days at a time, and experienced terrible gnawing sensations in the stomach, had bad taste in the mouth and coated tongue. I was pale, nervous, irritable, easily exhausted, was reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone, and my heart would palpitate as though it was about to stop beating. My greatest suffering was caused by the dreadful pains in my head, neck and back, and all this was in spite of the best efforts of three leading doctors of this city.

"For the past nine months I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and for a considerable time I have not experienced a headache, or any of the sympptoms mentioned above. From a mere skeleton this medicine has built me up in flesh, and weight, until now I am strong and well, do my own housework, walk out for two hours without feeling tired, and am thoroughly restored to health. Is it any wonder that words fail to express my gratitude for this remarkable cure? You can use this testimonial for the benefit of other sufferers."

It would be impossible, we believe, to produce stronger evidence to prove the wonderful power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a system builder. It contains the very essence of the most potent restoratives of nature, and is certain to be of benefit to you. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HEALTH IN SPRING.

NATURE REQUIRES ASSISTANCE DURING THESE MONTHS.

To Help Throw Off the Impurities That Have Accumulated During the Winter Months—Purgatives Should Not be Used—It Is a Tonic That is Needed.

In this climate there are many reasons why people feel all out of gear in the spring months. Perhaps the chief of these is the long hours in imperfectly ventilated offices, shops and houses during the winter months. You may feel that there is nothing serious the matter; you are only a little tired after slight exertion, or perhaps your appetite is fickle, or little pimples or eruptions on the skin show that the blood is not as pure as it should be. If you feel this way, not only your comfort but your health demands that you take proper steps to cleanse yourself of the blood impurities that are responsible for your condition. You need a tonic, blood purifier, nerve strengthener and general up-lifter of the entire system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People meet all these requirements more perfectly than any other medicine. These are tonic pills and not violent and weakening like purgative medicines. Nature does not require a violent measure in spring, but a helping hand to throw off the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, and so toning and strengthening every organ and function that a condition of perfect health will prevail. Everyone—old and young—ought to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the spring. There is no other medicine will do you so much good. Mr. James Salmon, postmaster, Salmon Creek, N. B., says:—"Last spring I was feeling decidedly unwell. I was weak, dizzy at times, and continually felt tired. My appetite was poor and I was losing in weight. I tried several medicines, but nothing did me any good until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a few boxes of these made me feel like a new person. I would advise all who feel run down and out of sorts to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also effective in the cure of all diseases due to poor, thin, watery blood or weak nerves. Do not take a substitute for these pills—it is a waste of money and a menace to health to do so. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HADN'T ANY IDEA.

"Mamma, dear," said Miss Daisy Getthere to her mother the other evening, "if Mr. Steadycaller should come in this evening be sure and see that we have the drawing-room all to ourselves and that we are not disturbed by anyone. I am morally sure that he is going to propose the next time he comes."

"My dear child!" said Daisy's mamma, with much feeling.

"Yes, I know from his actions and the tone of his notes that he means business, and I can't do better than take him."

"No, dear; I am sure not."

And when he did propose, Daisy said:—

"Oh, Mr. Steadycaller, you must give me a little time to think! I had no idea that your regard for me was other than that of friendship, and I—oh, it is all so unexpected that I—I don't know what to say! If I had had any idea that your intentions were serious, I—I—oh, what shall I say?"

Well, she said, "yes" and Mr. Steadycaller thinks to this hour that he took her "quite by surprise."

STRANGE NOTICES.

Some correspondents have been making public curious notices which have come to their knowledge. Among them are the following, which need little comment:—

"I kill myself every Tuesday and Friday."

"Take notis when this board is out of site the river is dangerous."

"Widow with large family wants washing by the week."

"This is the old shop just come from above."

"A large stock of ladies' hose, pure cashmere, to be cleared at 8½d per pair. They won't last long at this price."

"Abominable belts made to order."

"Sailor's vitals cooked here."

"Why go further and be gulled elsewhere? Step inside."

"Closed for the day owing to funeral of proprietor's wife, and who will carry on as usual to-morrow morning."

WHAT IT WAS.

The geology class was sent out to collect specimens, and their teacher was to explain upon their return what the different specimens were.

One of the boys, for a joke brought in a piece of brick. When the teacher came to examine what they had to offer, he took one specimen after another.

"This," said he, "is quartz this feldspar, this sandstone, and this (taking up the piece of brick and looking gravely at the boy who brought it)—this is a piece of impudence."

WHEN HE FELL IN LOVE.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Hunkerly, "I want you to tell me truly when you first began to love me."

"It was at the ball the Uppertons gave," he replied.

"Ah, yes," she sighed. "I remember it well. What a fine time we had there! How lovely the music sounded as we floated round, and how delightful everything in the world seemed to be. Do you know that I first began to really and truly love you that same night?"

"I thought you did, darling," he answered.

"Yes," she went on, "I couldn't help thinking how much handsomer you were than any of the other men, and how noble you seemed. Tell me, dearest, what you remember best about me as I appeared that night. Was it the dress I wore that made you fall in love with me, or did you happen to discover then that I was beautiful?"

"I don't remember what kind of a dress you had on," he answered, and I had discovered long before that you were beautiful. But you were so hoarse that night you couldn't talk."

In the British steel pen making trade, there are over 3,000 women employed, nearly ten times the number of men who work in this industry.