CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER X.

The vicar's wife asked the Trelawneys to dinner one evening, and Letty was thrown into great trepidation by the invitation.

"How kind they are ! Don't you think Mrs Penrose is very kind and nice ?" she said to her husband, in quite a cheerful tone, as they went home.

She had no suspicion, poor child ! that to Mr. Trelawney the entertainment could have been in any way a painful one. She chattered happily to him about the things that she had seen, and that had been told to her.

"I enjoyed it all so much more than I had thought I should," she said simply. "Of course it is much nicer to stay at home, but it really was not nearly so dreadful as I had thought it would be, or as it would have been if there had been a party. It was so very kind of them to have nobody there except themselves—wasn't it ?" and she looked up with an appeal for sympathy into her husband's face, that he had not the heart to refuse to give her.

"Dear, did I behave properly ?" she said, looking up to him with her wistful, anxious eyes. And then he told her, a little reluctantly—Yes, she had behaved very nicely—very nicely—on the whole. Of course, if at dinner she had not seemed so much afraid of Mr. Penrose it would have been better, he said—and in future she must not call him "sir." No lady called a gentleman "sir." It was quite natural that she should not know that—but for the future she must try to remember it. That was all he had to find fault with, he said kindly. Her manner to Mrs. Penrose had been very nice indeed ; "and you looked very pretty, my Letty," he added gently, and bent down and kissed the anxious little face.

It was a kind kiss, but it had little of a lover's warmth in it, and after he had given it to her, and after he had made his speech, I am afraid she did not go on chattering so cheerily to him. Of course she was very grateful to him for telling her so gently of the mistakes that she had made, only his doing it robbed her, inevitably, of her innocent pleasure. She had been rather elated when she came away from the vicarage, thinking that in its mild way the evening had been a little triumph—and it had not been a triumph. That was all. It did not matter a great deal, perhaps ; only she shrunk suddenly into herself, with a pitiful feeling that she had made her husband ashamed of her.

Why did Mr. Trelawney's old friends not ask him any longer to their houses ? Half puzzled and suspicious, as time went on. Letty began to ask this question to herself. Her husband had never been a man who cared to go much into society, but yet there had always before his marriage been a few houses at which he visited ; and now since his marriage he visited at none of them. Not even the Gibsons, since Letty had become his wife, had invited him to dine with them, and yet to the Gibsons' in former days he had gone frequently.

"Why do you never go there now ?" she asked him, half hesitating, one day.

They had been talking of his illness and of how kind Mr. Gibson had been at that time, and then, with her heart beating a little fast, poor Letty suddenly put her question.

"Why should I go ?" he answered evasively.

"You used to," she said.

"That was in the days when I was a bachelor."

"But people don't stop going out to dinner when they marry. Dear," she said timidly—and went to him, and with a nervous movement put her arm round his neck—"dear, if it is anything about me, don't let that make a difference."

"Nonsense, Letty !" he said.

"I'm afraid it's your having married me that is the cause why people don't ask you—isn't it ?" she said tremulously. And then, when he made no answer for a moment—"I didn't understand at first—but surely it must be that ; don't you think so ?" she said. "And if it is, it such a pity, because of course I don't expect them to have anything to do with me. I should never think of such people as Mrs. Wetherall, or Mrs. Sinclair, or even Mrs. Gibson, inviting me, you know. Don't you think, dear, you could let them understand that ? For if they leave off asking you just because they think they would have to ask me too, it is such a mistake, and—and it vexes me so."

She was standing beside him, the poor little hand clinging to his neck, trying to speak bravely, and to keep the tears out of her voice. But for a few moments at least her speech perhaps rather annoyed her husband than touched him.

"Letty, you don't know what you are saying. This is a matter you cannot interfere with," he answered quickly.

Yet a few minutes afterwards he spoke to her more gently.

"You must not think that it is anything to me to give up visiting these people," he said. "Perhaps I should have been glad if they had taken notice of you, but since they have not done it—well, we can both live without their society. Your mistake lies in thinking that I could continue to go to their houses without you. That would be out of the question, Letty."

"But why ? I shouldn't mind it. I should like you to go," she exclaimed eagerly.

"You must take my word for it, dear, when I tell you that it could not be."

"Then do you mean—do you really mean," she said—and such a piteous look of sorrow came into the blue eyes—"that you have to give up all your old friends because you have married me ?"

He tried to laugh at her.

"It costs me very little to give them up. Don't trouble yourself about it, child," he told her cheerfully.

But she could not help troubling herself. She struggled with her emotion for a few moments, and then the tears came.

He did what he could to console her, but the blow had struck heavily and she could not be consoled. In her childish ignorance she had married him so joyfully, not knowing what it would cost him to make her his wife, and now the lesson she was coming to learn seemed to her so cruel that she could not bear it. Was he to be punished for having been so good to her ?

"If they were sure that I didn't expect them to have anything to do with me, wouldn't that make a difference ?" she began presently to ask again, meekly and piteously. He talked to her for a little, very kindly, trying to make her understand the case, but I think she was too utterly humble to feel the force of his reasoning. She could not expect his friends to take notice of her, she only answered ; she had never expected such a thing ; she knew she would think it unkind of him to have friends who looked down on her; these were the only replies that she would make ; she could not understand that, as his wife, it was impossible for him to ignore the casting of a slight upon her.

"I never thought of it before we were married. If I had only once thought that I should do harm to you—" she began at last to say ; and then she threw her arms about his neck, and burst out sobbing with a desolate passion whose bitterness he could perhaps scarcely comprehend.

"When we are married, I will be your teacher, Letty," Mr. Trelawney had said to her soon after their engagement ; and accordingly, a week or two after the wedding was over, he told her one day that it was time they should begin their lessons together, and that evening, with shy happiness, she brought her books, and the lessons were begun, and went on, irregularly, for perhaps ten days or so ; and then, one night, she put the little pile of books together, and they were never brought out again.

He had too little heart for the work to keep it up, and she was perhaps too inapt a pupil to change his distaste for teaching into love of it. Perhaps his efforts to instil a little knowledge into her only awakened in him a feeling of involuntary contempt for the feebleness of the brain that found the acquiring of knowledge such a difficulty ; her patient labor, instead of touching, almost irritated him.

"Don't vex yourself about it, Letty," he said to her on that night. "I will think of some good book that will do for us to read together, and that will be better for you, I daresay, than lesson-learning."

So he found a book that was instructive and interesting, and that he considered suited to her capacity, and for a little while they had a nightly reading from it ; but after a week or two—silently, without a word—this custom also ceased, and the unfinished volume, with the mark in it at the place where he had left off reading stood on his shelves years afterwards, untouched since the last night when Letty's hand had placed it there.

After the evening on which this happened, his attempts to go on with her education ceased. Probably he thought the ground was too poor to be worth the tilling—the brain too small to repay him for time spent in cultivating it.

Could he ever make a companion of her ? Could his thoughts ever become her thoughts ? There were one or two occasions in the early days of their marriage when he made an attempt to talk to her of the things that were most in his mind—to explain something to her about his work and his speculations—but she could not comprehend him. There only came an eager, bewildered, strained look into the childish eyes as she struggled to follow him in his explanations—a look of anxious desire to understand, of piteous consciousness that understanding would not come. Was it to be wondered at if he ceased to speak to her soon of things too great for her, and put her gently out of his own world in which he lived, contented to regard her as some mere adornment of his life, almost as he might regard a flower in his garden, a picture on his wall ?

How few things there soon came to be of any kind that it was ever in her power to do for him ! Some few small personal services—these indeed she could claim the right to perform, but they were services that anyone paid to do them might have done as well. She made his shirts for him, she dusted his books, she kept his room in order. Well—her aunt had done all these things for years before she came; the poor common acts had gained no added grace for him because she did them now. She sometimes wondered whether he ever knew that it was her hand, and not a servant's, that busied itself with any one of them.

Perhaps he neither knew nor would have cared to know it. It gave him no sense of pleasure to see her working for him, but rather the reverse of pleasure. He almost preferred to see her idle. Probably he never connected the idea of usefulness with her at all, but only the ideas or pleasantness, of ease, of a certain kind of decoration. One day, when, in a moment of sad yearning, she said some sorrowful words to him—regretting, in her humility, that she could do so little for him—he almost laughed at her.

"Letty, don't make troubles for yourself," he said. "Be happy—that is all I want from you. Leave all the things that worry you alone. Simply be happy—and I shall be content."

He kissed her as he spoke : he thought perhaps that he had comforted her ; he did not know that there was something in her heart as he made his speech that was crying out for another sort of consolation—crying forlornly for food that he could not give.

"You might have married somebody who would have been so much more to you than I can be," she sadly said.

"I think, Letty, the chances are that if I had not married you I should have married no one at all," he answered.

"And that would have been better, perhaps," she said.

But when she said that she vexed him.

"If I am content with you, why need you distress yourself ?" he answered. "I thought when you became my wife that you were going to be so happy. What have I done, Letty, or what has happened to disappoint you ?"

And then she could only cling to him, and cry that he had done nothing—that it was only the thought that she was so ignorant and useless and that he knew everything, and didn't want her—

It was a sad repetition of what had happened a score of times before, and he was getting impatient—the feeble complaint was beginning to weary him.

"Nonsense, Letty ; you must not allow yourself to fall into this way of talking. It is silly—it is childish," he said to her, half angrily, and turned from her to his desk with a hasty movement that left her no courage to say more.

So she went away and left him. It was all becoming a sad perplexity to her. He must be right, she thought in her humility, and she unreasonable and ungrateful. But yet the weight of her heart would not get lighter though she told herself this, nor the heavy vague sense of loss and failure leave her.

She was learning her inevitable lesson slowly and painfully, learning what it was to have to bear her husband's kind indifference, to wait in weary silence for a word of recognition, to offer a love that was neither accepted nor understood. Passionately and faithfully she clung to him and worshipped him, and in return she gathered only the kindness a man might give his friend, the cold affection he might give to any one. Before she had become his wife she had thought that such an affection would content her, but as the months passed on she came to know that it gave her torture rather than contentment. What was she but an ignorant simple woman, and so only a little less than nothing to him ? She grew gradually shyer instead of more at ease with him, as hope grew into fear, and fear passed into a weary yearning and a sick suspense.

(To Be Continued.)

A Strong Statement.

When a mother puts a thing emphatically it is because she knows what she is talking about. Mrs. J. F. Hartgen, Huntingdon, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets in our house for over a year, and I can say that they are all that is claimed for them."

Strong Endorsation.

Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says:—"I have never used any medicine for baby that did him as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them."

A Mother's Comfort.

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for children of all ages," writes Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., "and I would not be without them in the house. They are truly a comfort to baby and mother's friend."

Just The Thing for Baby.

Mrs. Ed. Jones, 55 Christie street, Ottawa, says:—"Have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing for baby."

Satisfactory Results.

Mrs. Hunt, Dumfries, N. B., says:—"I am glad to say that I have used Baby's Own Tablets with satisfactory results."

Free to Mothers Only.

To every mother of young children who will send us her name and address plainly written on a postal card, we will send free of all charge a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. This book has been prepared by a physician who has made the ailments of little ones a life study. With the book we will send a free sample of Baby's Own Tablets—the best medicine in the world for the minor ailments of infants and children. Mention the name of this paper and address The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Great Help.

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a great help for my little ones," writes Mrs. James Clarke, 60 Conway street, Montreal, "and I think so much of them that I would advise mothers to keep them in the house all the time."

An Experienced Mother.

"I am the mother of nine children," writes Mrs. John Haslan, of Mackey's Station, Ont., "and have had occasion to use much medicine for children, and I can truthfully say I have never found anything to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are prompt in their action and just the thing for little ones."

A Cure for Constipation.

Many little ones are troubled with constipation and it is a dangerous trouble. Mrs. John Keeping, Sylvan Valley, Ont., says:—"My Baby has been badly troubled with constipation and I have never found any medicine to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They soon put baby all right."

Surprising Results.

Mrs. William Fitzgibbon, Stenburg, Ont., says:—"My little baby, six months old, was very sick. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and was surprised to find the change they made in him in a few hours. I shall always keep the Tablets in the house after this."

A NATURAL MAGNET.

A scientific professor was once lecturing in a provincial town on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced a most powerful magnet, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet. "Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" demanded the lecturer, with an air of triumph.

"I can," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural, terrestrial object?" "Yes, indeed."

The lecturer, somewhat puzzled, challenged the man who had spoken to name the article.

Then up rose an old countryman. Said he: "I will give you facts, Professor, and you can judge for yourself. When I was a young man there was a little piece of natural magnet done up in a neat cotton dress as was called Betsy Maria. She could draw me fourteen miles on Sunday, over ploughed land; no matter what the wind or weather, there wasn't no resisting her. That magnet o' yours is pretty good, but it won't draw so far as Betsy Maria."

BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

At a public dinner in the country a farmer, while relating something to the company about two Chinese women said:

"I declare they were the ugliest women I have seen anywhere."

There happened to be two maiden ladies present of no remarkable beauty. The farmer, who was a little misty, began to think he had made a mess of it, and that they would imagine he was alluding to them, so to put matters straight as he thought, he added:

"Present company excepted."

Roars of laughter ensued, and in a few minutes both farmer and ladies had vanished.

The atmospheric pressure upon the surface of an ordinary man is 32,400 pounds, or over 14½ tons. The ordinary rise and fall of the barometer increases this pressure by 2,500 pounds.

SPRING DEPRESSION.

PEOPLE FEEL WEAK, EASILY TIRED OUT AND OUT OF SORTS.

You Must Assist Nature in Overcoming This Feeling Before the Hot Weather Months Arrive.

It is important that you should be healthy in the spring. The hot summer is coming on and you need strength, vigor and vitality to resist it. The feeling of weakness, depression and feebleness which you suffer from in spring is debilitating and dangerous. You have been indoors a good deal through the winter months, haven't taken the usual amount of exercise perhaps, your blood is sluggish and impure and you need a thorough renovation of the entire system. In other words you need a thorough course of Dr. Williams Pink Pills. If you try them you will be surprised to note how vigorous you begin to feel, how the dull lassitude disappears, how step becomes elastic, the eye brightens and a feeling of new strength takes the place of all previous feelings. Thousands have proved the truth of these words and found renewed health through the use of these pills in spring time. One of the many is Miss Cassie Way, of Picton, Ont., who says:—"A few years ago I was cured of a very severe and prolonged attack of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other medicines I had tried failed. Since that time I have used the pills in the spring as a tonic and blood builder and find them the best medicine I know of for this purpose. People who feel run down at this time of the year will make no mistake in using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills are not a purgative medicine and do not weaken as all purgatives do. They are tonic in their nature and strengthen from first dose to last. They are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, sciatica, nervous troubles, neuralgia, indigestion, anæmia, heart troubles, scrofula and humors in the blood, etc. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Fell Exhausted and Unconscious

A Frightful Case of Exhausted Nerves and Debilitated System—From a Mere Skeleton, Pale, Weak, Trembling and Almost Wild With Pain, Mrs. Edwards Was Made Strong and Well by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

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 symptoms 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.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

A young man named Mooney enlisted in the army. After he had been in India about five months he received a pathetic letter from his parents, which said that if he did not send them some money they would be forced to go to the workhouse.

The young man sat down and answered the letter as follows:

"Dear Father and Mother,—Try to keep out of the workhouse for six years and seven months, until I come home, and then the three of us will go in together."

THE REASON WHY.

He was one of the wisest and kindest of teachers, but now and then his watchfulness made him suspicious. In the class the other day his eye fell upon a boy who seemed to be eating something.

"John," said he sternly, "take that sweet out of your mouth at once."

To his astonishment a giggle went round the room, and the next instant poor John answered:

"I cannot, sir; it's a gumboil."

THE POWER OF SILENCE

It Is Better Than Any Sarcastic or Bitter Answer.

[Entered according to act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two, by William Reilly, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.]

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—Revelation, viii, 1. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows or sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Brutus and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was, and I do not care when it was, but the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

And, first of all, we learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The longest and widest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World-making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to, there was no utterance. But that silence has all been broken up into worlds, and it has become

A NOISY UNIVERSE.

Worlds in upheaval, worlds in conflagration, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution.

In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches where there are many to take part we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough ! let one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story and then one hundred and forty-four million and then one hundred and forty-four billion and then one hundred and forty-four trillion? Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we know of God but what we will know of Him after everlasting study of the deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the great to see, so much that we will want to see so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no opportunity for cessation. How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos, the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train, though they themselves perished. The multitudes of men and women who get no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half-hours to spare.

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half-hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven is measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. But the half hour of my text is

MADE IMMORTAL.

The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh! the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours? Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate.

Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith, the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher, the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon Z. Chase chief justice, the half hours between the shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson vice-president of the United States, the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield president. The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after you return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours. The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there the half hour when I decided to become a

PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL,

the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead, the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn, the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem, the half hour in which I stopped on Mount Calvary, the half hour in which I stood on Mars hill and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years of most of the important events of your existence, but these half hours like the half hour of my text, will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, I do not query what you will do with this year, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your destiny, and during that some of you will receive the gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence !

Again, my text suggests a way of studying heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" we can handle no more than an immeasurable word. Knowing that we could not understand that word, the Bible uses it only once. We say, "Forever and ever." But how long is "forever and ever ?" I am glad that my text puts under our eye heaven for thirty minutes. As when you see a great picture, you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through that circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now, we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of heaven, it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people and who want a quiet heaven. For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm, with a few friends, and for a little while try

COMPARATIVE SOLITUDE.

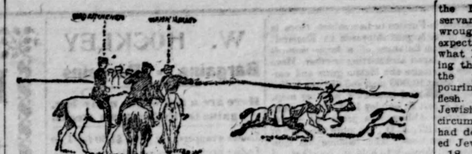
Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N.Y., said after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven, "That must be a great heaven, but what I will become of my poor head ?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

"You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's palace and only take a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus ?" "Yes." Just under the hair along his forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and his foot, on the throne has on the round of his instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance ! What a smile! What a grandeur ! What a loveliness ! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace ! Why, he looks as if he had redeemed a world ! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces ? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories ? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure ? That is the biggest house in heaven ; that is "the house of many mansions." Do you see that wall ? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis ? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson or the Alabama or the Rhine or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes over the threshold of which sorrow never steps and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with

IMMORTAL HEALTH.

"Oh, let me go in and see them !" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those who would never consent to let you come out again. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no ! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on ! We must go back to earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. Remember we are mortal yet and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark ! The clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half hour is ended.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay ? After your prostration before the throne in worship of him who made it possible for you to get there at all I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of certain medals, the medals of the mutiny, the Victoria Cross, the Waterloo medal. In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal houses of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over the drafts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worriments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saintly, angelic and divine. While all heaven chants, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."



Major Merritt Explaining to Lord Kitchener the Use of the Canadian Pack Saddle. (This has since been ordered for the Army in South Africa.)

ENEMIES OF SLEEP.

The worst enemies of sleep are worrying, overwork, overeating, indigestible suppers, and the habitual use of stimulants and drugs. The cure includes strict attention to diet, a well-ventilated sleeping-room, some light exercise, like a walk after the evening meal, and freedom, of course, from worry. Napoleon had as many cares and perplexities as the next man, but arbitrarily shut them off. It is not well go go to bed hungry. A cup of hot milk or a light sandwich is advised when that sensation is felt. Yet it is necessary to remember than insomnia and an overloaded stomach are closely acquainted. Stimulants and narcotics in the end are sleep destroyers. When the whole subject is weighed the main remedy is seen to be good habits and a tranquil mind.

THE POPE'S LEGACIES.

It is stated that during the year 1901 the Pope figured as legatee in over 700 wills throughout the Catholic world, the aggregate amount thus left to him being $600,000. The largest single legacy to His Holiness was $30,000, bequeathed to him by a wealthy Italian manufacturer, and the second largest $20,000.

She—"What was the happiest moment of your life ?" He—"Well, I think it was one evening last week when I entered the drawing-room of my boarding-house and saw a strange notice on the piano." She—"Indeed ! And the notice ?" He—"Closed for repairs."

"I'd like to know," exclaimed the enraged client, "why I ought to feel jubilant over the outcome of the case ?" "Didn't we obtain a verdict for $10,000 ?" the lawyer asked. "Yes; but you got about all of it. What good does it do me ?" "My dear sir, the other fellow feels just as bad as if every penny of it were going into your pocket."

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, APRIL 27.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xi., 1-18.
Golden Text, Acts x., 43.

1. The Gentiles also received the word of God.

The apostles and brethren that were in Judea heard this, and it is plain from the context that it did not fill them with joy. How unlike our Lord Jesus the most of His disciples are! At one time some of the apostles felt like burning a town because some of its people would not receive Christ, and now they seem to feel somewhat like burning Peter because through him some uncircumcised people had received Christ. We receive Christ when we receive the word of God concerning Him. It is a simple and most reasonable thing to receive with meekness the word of God, yet comparatively few do it. Those who do give joy to our Lord (Jas. i, 21; John xvii, 8).

2, 3. When Peter was come up to Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him.

Though they had been four years with Jesus and had been filled with the Spirit, they had not learned the significance of "whosoever" nor that "in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature" (Jon iii, 16; Gal. vi, 15). The feeling still exists in some quarters that it would be wrong to officiate or take the communion outside of one's own denomination.

4-10. Peter rehearsed the matter from the beginning.

About the sixth hour Peter felt led to go on the housetop to pray and, being hungry, would have eaten, but while they made ready he fell into a trance and saw this vision (x., 9, 10). At that very time the messengers from Cornelius were near to Joppa, and it was necessary that Peter should be ready to receive them and go with them, which he certainly would not have done but for this special vision. It is beautiful to see God preparing His servants for the good works which He has prepared for them.

While Peter was considering the significance of the vision the messengers from Cornelius were at the gate inquiring for him, and, instructed by the Spirit, he called the men in and lodged them, and the next day he and six others started with the messengers for Caesarea and the home of Cornelius. This book might well be called the acts of the Holy Spirit in the name of the Lord Jesus. In it we see God and angels and men all working together that men may know the riches of God's grace and His wonderful love.

13, 14. Who shall tell thee words whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved.

As Cornelius told Peter why he had sent for him this is what he said that the angel said Peter would do; therefore at the time of that vision neither Cornelius nor his house, however devout, was saved, and Peter has to come from Joppa to tell them the good news concerning Jesus Christ that they might be saved. How few seem to feel as Paul did when he said, "I am debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians, so, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel" (Rom. i, 14, 15).

15. And as I began to speak the Holy Ghost fell on them as on us at the beginning.

Chapter x, 44, says, "While Peter yet spake these words the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." So it was while Peter was still speaking and just at the beginning of his discourse that God wrought so marvelously. There was nothing in all this got up by man, neither the discourse nor the results. All was from God. It is my increasing conviction that if we preach the preaching which God bids us (Jonah iii, 2) the results will be all that God pleases (Isa. lv, 11).

16. Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that He said, John indeed baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

These ascension words (Acts i, 5) had therefore only a fulfillment at Pentecost. Here is another fulfillment, and so it goes on and will until the great fulfillment, or fulfullment, of Joel ii, 28-32, in the near future. Jesus had told them that the Spirit would bring to their remembrance what He had said unto them (John xiv, 26), and He is now doing this with Peter.

17. Forasmuch then as God gave them the like gift as He did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, what was I that I could withstand God ?

Peter was in the hands of the Lord the Lord's messenger, the Lord's servant, and it was the Lord who wrought all this, as they might have expected He would had they believed what He commanded concerning giving the gospel to every creature and the prophecy of Joel concerning pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh. Before Peter and the other six Jewish brethren God did for the uncircumcised gentiles just what He had done at Pentecost for circumcised Jews.

18. When they heard these things, they held their peace and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the gentiles granted repentance unto life.

The promise to Abram was that all families of the earth should be blessed in him (Gen. xii, 3), and it was written by the Spirit through Isaiah that Israel should blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit (Isa. xxvii, 6). One would think that in the blessing to this gentile household through Peter the Jew the brethren might have seen fulfillment of these things and not have been surprised at them. Yet it is true that many prophecies still awaiting fulfillment when fulfilled shall greatly surprise a host of believers.

LITTLE HART RIVER.

March 31, 1902.

Not in the blood of battle,
Not in the rage of strife,
Not in the musket's rattle
That mingles death with life,

Not in the victor's story,
Not in the fight's result,
Not for mere empty glory
Do we this day exult.

But because far from our borders
Down o'er the burning line,
Canadian lads took their orders
And poured out their lives like wine.

Just off the sea, they mustered,
Raw and unused and untried,
They lay on the veldt quite unflustered,
Determined to stay till they died.

There all about were the horsemen,
The tireless Boer Centaur,
Bold as of yore were the Norsemen,
Toughened and seasoned in war.

Here was the whiskered pandour,
South Africa's fierce hussar,
Matched with Canadian valor
In the sharp, fierce shock of war.

Like a dust-devil swept from windward,
Down on the line he came,
Rein-free the steed unhindered,
Leaped as if fresh to the game.

But the Metford's bark was steady,
Steady and true and straight,
And the galloping foe were not ready
To rush in the face of fate.

"Give it them, lads," cried Carruthers,
And the rifles answered his words,
As the lessening band of brothers
Sighted for two hundred yards.

But the last fusilade fairly stopped them,
They staggered, then halted, then wheeled,
And Johnny just said, "We've stopped them,"
And sank in the spot where he'd kneeled.

'Twas victory sure, but ghastly ;
Never a man but was hit ;
Nine had arrived at their "lastly,"
Forty were bleeding a bit.

Nine died, but their names are immortal
In glory's immutable rolls,
Far within death's dark portal
We follow these dauntless souls.

They could die, but they could not surrender,
Could not smirch Canada's name,
And we who survive will remember
Their deed, their death and their fame.

—John A. Ewan in Toronto Globe.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Religion makes good armor but it's a poor cloak.

There is no place too lowly for the display of high qualities.

We never become citizens of the kingdom of God by obedience merely.

Prayer is the pulse of the Christian's life—there is no secular, no sacred, all is God.

As we are moving down the stream of time let us be prepared for landing at the right haven.

If you are an uncommonly good Christian, you can prove it more easily by your good deeds than by your loud words.

God likes the men who choose hard things. He gives hard tasks as proof of his love to those whom He trusts and honors.

The Christian who counts on the constant presence and the continuous help of Christ is a person who is hard to discourage.

The largest congregation and the greatest outward success are vain if our faith does not take in the "mercy-seat" and the covenant of God-s promise and law.

Seventeen in every 100 English doctors live in London.

The sea is never so salt at great depths as at the surface.