

UNREQUITED LOVE.

"If her ladyship really wishes me to go back, perhaps she will be kind enough to write me a line and to send a conveyance for me to-morrow."

"She shall do so. Yes, perhaps it would be best. But it shall be to-day, not to-morrow."

They went out of the cemetery together and through the streets of Brumm, talking to each other as if they had been lovers of a year's standing. The love part in either breast the passion long held in check, drew them together in a moment. They met as rivers meet and mingle as rivers mingle. The shock of the meeting was tremendous, but the union was instantaneous and complete.

Mr. Chapman's shop was not very far from Goldwin's, nor a long way from the cemetery.

Stella explained that since she had dwelt in Brumm she had gone daily and sometimes twice a day to her father's grave.

"It was the only thing I could do to be near him," she said.

"Ah, it was my cruelty which told you of his death."

"It was better for me to know the truth," she answered gently. "All my dreams about him were childish dreams. I ought to have known that if he were living he would have come for me or sent for me. He would not have lived away from me all those years and made no sign. And honor or him more and more—love him more I cannot—for the sacrifice of his life. What am I worth that two such noble lives should be risked for me?"

"You are worth all the world to me, Stella," answered her lover fondly; "and Nestorius tells me that you are going to be the most charming story-teller of the age, and to delight all the world."

"Mr. Nestorius is too kind."

"And he asked you to be his wife—he, the man who women have adored—and you refused him. Why did you reject such a man, Stella?"

"She was silent, the pale cheeks kindling with a sudden blush, the eyelids drooping."

"Why, Stella?" he urged.

"Because I could care for no one in the world but you," she answered falteringly. "You who have seemed so far off and so cruel."

"But who loved you passionately all the time, Stella; loved you and fought against his inclination; tried to be wiser than Fate. If you knew how laboriously I endeavored to fall in love with Lady Carminow you would understand how potent was that other influence which drew my thoughts away from her."

They were at Mr. Chapman's corner by this time—a corner shop in a street of small, shabby little houses out of which opened right and left other streets of just the same pattern.

"There is no private door," said Stella; "would you mind going through the shop?"

"I should adore it. I have never seen a shop of the kind," laughed Lashmar.

He had to bend his head a little under the treasures hanging from the ceiling—bacon, candles, onions, lemons in nets.

"What a dear little shop!" he exclaimed, "and so well found. It is like the steward's cabin on my Norwegian yacht."

Stella led him into the parlor, that sacred chamber so rarely tenanted in the daytime. The Chapman family was taking four o'clock tea in the kitchen.

Stella went into them and told them how Lord Lashmar had come to thank them for their kindness to her and how her ladyship wished her to go back to the castle.

"I think I shall have to leave you this evening, or to-morrow, at least," she said shyly; "but I shall never forget your kindness, or cease to think of you as my friends. And I shall come to see you sometimes if you will let me."

"Of course, we will, my lass, and always glad to see your pretty face," said the genial Chapman.

"Lord Lashmar here!" exclaimed Polly, with an awe-stricken look. "Didn't I tell you so? Oh, you naughty girl, to try to deceive me."

"May I come in, Mrs. Chapman?" asked Lashmar, showing himself in the doorway between parlor and kitchen.

"Oh, your lordship, such a poor place!" faltered Mrs. Chapman.

Lashmar shook hands with Chapman just as affably as if he had been electioneering, as that worthy citizen remarked afterwards, and thanked the whole family in heartiest fashion for their goodness to Miss Boldwood.

"She will have another name before long, I hope," glancing fondly at the blushing face, "and when she is Lady Lashmar she can take care that her housekeeper deals at Mr. Chapman's for bacon and blenders and things," with a vague reminiscence of the mingled odors he had perceived as he passed through the shop.

"Oh, my lord, you do us too much honor," said the grocer. "But I hope your lordship will always remember that it was Jonathan Boldwood's daughter we set store by, not the future Lady Lashmar."

"And Jonathan Boldwood's daughter will not become ungrateful because she changes her name," answered Lashmar. "And now, dearest, I will leave you with your good friends here for a couple of hours longer. The carriage will be here for you by six o'clock, I hope. Good-day, Mrs. Chapman."

He shook hands all round, even with the printer's reader, who was a rabid Radical in the abstract, but admitted a nobleman in flesh.

"Didn't I say so, now, Miss Boldwood?" repeated Polly, "when his lordship had gone. 'Didn't I see through you the other night for all you kept your secret so well?'"

"I had no secret to keep, Polly. Please don't laugh at me, I can't bear it," said Stella, feebly.

It was with difficulty she kept back her tears. Mrs. Chapman patted her on the back, as if she had been suffering from a crumb in her windpipe. Polly wreathed an affectionate arm round her waist as she sat at the family tea table.

"Ave a few 's'rumps, Miss Boldwood," said the printer's reader.

"Well, I congratulate you with all my 'art, dear Miss Boldwood," said Mrs. Chapman.

"How handsome he is, too," sighed Polly, "the living image of Guy Livingston."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Stella obeyed her lover and gathered together her manuscripts and those few cherished books which were nearly all the possessions she had brought away from Lashmar Castle. She packed the little bag which had made her arms ache so terribly in the long tramp from Lashmar to Brumm, and awaited the letter and the carriage that were to be sent at his lordship's bidding.

Stella told herself that Lady Lashmar would not brook such an alliance, that she would not suffer her presence under these altered circumstances, and that no letter and no carriage would come from the castle in quest of her, however urgently Lashmar might entreat his mother in her behalf.

"God help me," she said to herself, on her knees beside the pallet bed in the little room on the half flight, "am I to sow dissension between mother and son, part them perhaps forever, they two who have been all the world to each other? Ought I not sooner to give him up, my newly beloved? But I love him so dearly, so dearly!"

She prayed fervently, with tears—prayed that she might be guided and inspired to do what was wisest and best for him, her new beloved.

She sat and waited and towards six o'clock began to listen for the sound of carriage wheels in the street below. It was dark, but she had not lighted her candle.

Hark! carriage wheels, decidedly carriage wheels, and the rhythmic trot of a pair of horses. Stella ran into the front room and looked out. The blaze of carriage lamps seemed to illuminate all the street. It flashed in upon her as she stood at the window.

Had this state vehicle been sent in mockery? Stella wondered, scared at the spectacle. Was it a piece of practical irony on the part of Lady Lashmar?

A footman opened the door and the dowager herself alighted, moving slowly and feebly, leaning on the tall footman's arm a little as she descended to earth, but tall, stately and imperial looking in her large circular cloak of black velvet and darkest as blue.

Stella went down stairs to receive this most unexpected visitor—went, white and trembling to greet her; while the Chapman family who had flown to the door, expecting a fire-engine, and one small girl with a large jug, who had come for three-pennyworth of golden syrup, stood at gaze, aghast at this aristocratic vision.

"Stella, I have come to fetch you," said her ladyship in an earnest manner. "You were very foolish and very impetuous in running away because of a few unkind words from an impulsive young man. Put on your bonnet while I thank these kind people for having taken care of you."

The Chappans entertained her ladyship not to overpower them. They had done but that which they would do willingly for any respectable young female in distress, how much the more for the daughter of Jonathan Boldwood, who had spoken such noble words for the cause of the poor.

Stella did not detain her ladyship long amidst the odor of rank bacon, strong butter, cheese and onions. She reappeared in two or three minutes carrying her bag of books.

"Let John take that, my dear," and the powdered youth, who had been hovering on the threshold, sprang forward to relieve Stella of her burden.

She kissed Mrs. Chapman and her daughter, shook hands with the genial dealer, and followed her ladyship to the carriage. Never before in that street had living eyes beheld a pair of high steppers, powdered footman, and flashing carriage lamps.

Another minute and the horses were trotting along the narrow street, and Stella was folded in Lady Lashmar's arms.

ROD OF EXTERMINATION.

A CONVICT ON A BURNING OR RATHER HANGING QUESTION.

The Punishments Advocated in the "Wicked" Belong to a By-Gone Age.

Every now and then some mental or moral pervert starts the humane world with a proposal to apply the "rod of extermination" to the so-called criminal classes, and thus solve cheaply and efficiently the vexatious criminal problem.

The time-worn theory that crime can, and should be suppressed in this manner, though shown by experience to be utterly false, has always been more or less popular, and has lately, as many believe, received evidential support from the teachings of organic evolution. To show that this view is profoundly superficial, and that those who entertain it are destitute of even the faintest conception of the laws of social and moral progress, is the object of this paper.

To begin with, let us concede every reasonable or half reasonable premise which the most rapid exterminationist could demand; that crime is not only morbid but hereditary; that elimination of morbidities and deleterious influences is a prerequisite to moral and social evolution. Let us even concede the justice of Darwin's observation that all crimes deserve death, and that society in its efforts to suppress crime should be guided by prudential considerations only. Does it follow from these premises that our prisons should again be turned into shambles?

Our answer to this question will depend on our answer to the following: What would be the effect of such a question? In formulating our answer to this question it should not be forgotten that the law of the correlation of the physical forces, which decrees that the creation of any form of energy necessitates the disappearance in the world of an exact equivalent of some other form, applies also to those moral forces, the human sentiments. Create a public sentiment that will make possible such wholesale slaughter of our fellow men as occurred in England and France during the last century, and in the same instant will disappear, all those humane sympathies which more than anything else distinguish the people of this age from the savages who danced around the gibbet on Tyburn Hill and the guillotine in the Champ de Mars. But crime and retaliation affect each other reciprocally.

I have no desire to offer an apology for crime further than to show that those who ascribe it to morbid or abnormal causes are much in error. The spirit of crime aggression is as old as the human race, and furthermore is as essential to social evolution as is its antipode—the altruistic spirit.

Of all the animals the earth has ever produced the primitive man is thought to have been by far the most cruel and ferocious. The fact that some of his remote descendants have become otherwise is not, as some suppose, to be attributed to an innate, nascent, moral nature in possession of our prehistoric ancestors. According to anthropologists, for thousands of years after the advent of man on earth he was as non-social as a Bengal tiger, and about as moral. Had his environments remained unchanged he would have doubtless continued in this state forever, but fortunately he acquired a taste for human flesh, after which predatory and prudential motives prompted him to enter into amicable relations with his kind.

From cannibalism came the tribe; from war, prompted by spoliation, came the union of tribes or nations; from war also, and slavery, came subordination to authority and government; from the unequal and unjust division of the fruits of labor and the consequent penury of toiling millions came wealth; from lex talionis came "thrice blessed" criminal justice and from criminality came all of these essential factors in the mental, moral and social evolution of the human race. So we see that from curses have come blessings, and that influences apparently the most adverse to social and moral progress have hastened the advent of

"That far-off divine event
Towards which the whole creation
moves."

The social organism has often been compared to animal organism; the resemblance is in most respects said to be perfect. Biologists say that in every animal are to be found a number of organs whose functions are not apparent; others appear to be useless and some even injurious to their possessors in the battle of life. Some of these are mere survivals, others are nascent or new organs. The two classes are very similar in appearance and it requires a profound knowledge of physiology and of the animal mechanism to enable one to distinguish between them and to designate the period at which the lapsing organs become useless or injurious to the symmetrical development of the organism.

It is the same with the social organism, and when we reflect that the social

body is still in a state of transition, and represents, individually, every stage of culture, it would seem that he would be a most profound philosopher who could distinguish between that which is absolutely deleterious to social growth and what is only relatively so.

MODERN WARFARE.

THE FOOT-SOLDIER IS AN ANACHRONISM.

The foot-soldier is an anachronism, as archaic as the man-at-arms with his halberd or the archer with his cloth-yard shaft.

The modern foot-soldier is not only a fighting machine, he is also a beast of burden; and no man can be both with success. The modern infantryman equipped for war is weighted down with rifle, bayonet, ammunition, cloth, gaiters, tent, water-bottle, and haversack, in all some sixty pounds in weight. It is a common belief that a soldier is so strong and hardy that he does not feel his burden; that he can march ten or fifteen miles with sixty pounds about his body and not mind it; that like the well-trained athlete, who thrives under violent exercise, he enjoys having to transport all this paraphernalia. Now, as a matter of fact, this is the one thing of all others which the soldier despises. He doesn't mind the fighting; he can put up with heat or cold; and although he may growl when his rations are short he accepts that as part of the day's work; but to turn himself into a porter, to be a coolie and the bearer of burdens, is the thing he abominates.

There is nothing more depressing to the spirits, nothing more demoralizing, nothing which makes a greater drain on a man than a march. There is nothing picturesque, nothing exhilarating, nothing to break the horrible monotony of this seemingly interminable plodding through baking dust or clogged mud or chilling snow. All the color of war has gone. There are no bands to make men forget their fatigue, no waving plumes and fluttering flags to excite the imagination, no spectators to stimulate pride, there is no scenery even.

War is now a monochrome; every one dresses the same, khaki loses its semblance of color and takes on the color of the dirt or mud of the country through which the army marches, and no man sees more than the man in front of him or the man on each side of him. Hour after hour this goes on; rifles become heavier, ammunition-belts chafe more angrily, haversacks and water-bottles strike in a tender spot, shoes get filled with grit which makes each step an agony. If after a long march men are thrown into action they have lost their vim and their power of resistance; and it is only by sheer nerve that they are able to stand up to the rack. Nine times out of ten infantry are sent into action with their nerves unstrung, simply because they have been broken down by the strain which has been put upon them. To get the best results out of men they should go into action in a perfect physical condition; but they are generally weakened by the drain made upon them.

The remedy for this, a remedy which will not only increase the actual physical strength of an army but will also give it that mobility which is all-essential, is to give each man his own means of transport, that is, to mount him. The armies of the future will be armies of mounted infantry.

Lines about the mouth that are in any way objectionable may be the result of mental as well as physical action—for instance, what is known as the "rainy moon of a mouth," or "looking down in the mouth," which is produced by melancholy. To avoid or remedy these, cultivate a cheerful, happy, contented disposition: Lines may also come from an accumulation of flesh. In this case a gentle massage will help to burn out the adipose tissue and make the flesh solid yet sufficiently pliable. If hot water is used in washing the face it should be immediately followed by an application of cold water.

From whence there has not been taken the result of a cough or cold. The prudent mother is constantly on guard against these ailments. She knows that if colds are promptly cured there is certain protection against lung troubles.

Hosts of mothers have learned to trust implicitly to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to promptly loosen the tight chest, clear the air passages and thoroughly soothe the throat. Their confidence in this grand remedy is because it has never failed to prove beneficial. It is sold in similar preparations.

A HACKING COUGH.
Mr. W. A. Wylie, 37 Seaton Street, Toronto, states: "My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that that part of one bottle cured her cough. It is now well and as bright as a cricket."

BRONCHITIS.
Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrew's, Que., states: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have written you a long letter many times for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and am happy to state that the bottle made me a well man."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, Mother's favorite remedy for Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs and Colds, 25 cents a bottle; family size containing about three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or H. K. Hunt, Boston & Co., Toronto.

LENGTHY SENTENCES.

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CENTURY.

Emilio Garcia was a native of the courts of Madrid or of the courts of France, and was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for each offense, the sentence to run continuously.

At that time a man of the prospect of a long life might still have applied for a pardon before leaving the court he declined. And he was; for he lived ten years or a hundred years of his sentence when he escaped. His friend is now a prisoner of twenty years the same man escaped 29 years of his sentence, one of the best known of the great heroes of the century.

There are no fewer than 27 separate charges of forgery and falsification in Spanish history, on each he was sentenced to a term of fourteen years' imprisonment, a total sentence of 3,982 years.

We get some exception of the length of this sentence when we learn that if the unhappy had had been sent to prison a day after the destruction of Troy, and when the death of Moses was still to be complete, that is, if good had been sent to him some time before.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the longest period of imprisonment by one man, serving a sentence of twenty-one years spent by a convict in an Australian jail.

Quite recently a very remarkable case was recorded in the French Department of the Indre. It was a case of fraud alleged to have been committed by a clergyman, and the case was invited to consider no fewer than 23 different questions of fact. The bulk of the proceedings was placed on the top of another file, but the indictment alone covered 12 printed pages, and 381 pages were summarized in witness.

In one case in the Crown Court, where an old man who was in receipt of parish pay, was sued for a debt of £3 11s. The defendant ordered that the debt must be paid at the rate of a penny a year, so that as the first penny was due in July of last year, the last instalment would be payable in the year 2529.

When William the Conqueror first landed on English soil, the last penny would only be due six years hence.

In another fairly recent case the learned judge of the Bloomsbury County Court made an order of £1,051 in discharge of a debt of £1,051—the final payment being separated from the first instalment by nearly 25 years.

An amusing case came not long ago before an Italian court, in which a lawyer sued the Customs authorities for a percentage, or about one-tenth of an English penny. The lawyer, after a long and tedious trial, had paid the centime as duty on a box of sweets he was carrying, and the action was to recover the coin on the ground that it was illegally demanded.

The case was argued before three jurists, each of which gave judgment in favor of the plaintiff; and after months of litigation the defendant were compelled to repay the centime together with costs, amounting to £100, or nearly 400,000 times the amount in dispute.

John—You say you saw everything in Rome in three days. That's impossible! Smith—But you must remember that there were three of us. My wife took the churches, I visited all the picture galleries, and my son went to the restaurants and cafes when we met in the evening and exchanged experiences.

Do you not feel that the Bible, taken all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender for ever just as soon as I can get your hand to put a book that is better.

I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear off. All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of anger. Now there is no harm in your need to bride and saddle anything.

HAPPINESS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Heroes of Faith.

A despatch from Washington says: "Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: 'I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.'—Job, xix, 20. He had it hard. He wished he was dead and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. He cries out, 'I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.'"

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow an escape for their souls. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as God finally escaped, so have they. Thank God!

I want to show you, if God will, that some men make narrow escapes for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

We will admit that it is narrow for some men to accept the Gospel than for others. Some of you are coming to God, will have to fight against sceptical notions. It is less for people to say sharp and stinging things to those who profess the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation, or trial, or tribulation, have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the body, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with the bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I should scull your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons; but I would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come to you with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if you scream, you would answer me with a scream; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it, and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions. Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on the same road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative, who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent in living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to have the same quiet life, and the same peaceful death? I recently received a letter, sent me by one who had rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that I must be comfortable in old age, to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happy if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not a member of the Church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt the immortality, and look upon the world as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" All I can say is a dark and doleful land. Do you know that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are all well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer.

Do you not feel that the Bible, taken all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender for ever just as soon as I can get your hand to put a book that is better.

I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear off. All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of anger. Now there is no harm in your need to bride and saddle anything.

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