The Secret of the Guns.

I.

"So you are in love with him?" said Conrad von Garde, looking curiously at his pretty daughter.

A wave of color swept over the girl's face, but she made no reply.

"This is an exceedingly fortunate circumstance," continued her father. "It renders what I want you to do much easier of achievement. After several years of hard work this Captain Durham, who is the cleverest man in the British Artillery, has perfected an invention which will double the efficiency of their guns and give the projectiles an appalling power. The secret will revolutionize naval and military warfare. I must know what it is, and this love affair of yours will greatly assist me in attaining that end."

"I don't see how," said the girl, speaking with some diffidence.

"I'll explain," resumed Von Garde. "Though Captain Durham carries on his experiments at the laboratory of the Woolwich Arsenal, I have discovered, by a little judicious bribery, that he keeps his plans at home in Bayswater. Now, perhaps, you see? His mother has invited you there, and I want you to learn in what part of the house is rooms are situated, and the position therein of a certain safe. That's not difficult, is it?" he asked, with a smile. "Also you must obtain a wax impression of some keys, which he always wears on a steel chain. You can easily do that during some of the petty fooling invariably indulged in by lovers."

"No, no—I can't do it!" cried the girl, turning away with a crimson face.

"You must!" exclaimed Von Garde, striding towards her threateningly.

"Never!" was the answer, given in a low determined voice.

"Do you think any object in getting introduced to this particular family was the furtherance of your sentimental fancies?" her father savagely demanded. "Those plans have always been my ultimate aim. Germany will be at the mercy of Great Britain if we cannot get possession of this wonderful invention. You've got to do as I tell you, my girl, so make up your mind to it, and let us have done with these heroics."

Suddenly the girl turned round to him. There was an appalling look in her tearful blue eyes, and the troubled expression of the beautiful, childish face must have touched into softness one less hard-hearted than Von Garde.

"Once for all, dad, I can't do it. You promised me that we had done with this loathsome life of spying and thieving. Is my happiness nothing to you, that you ask me to sacrifice it in helping to steal these hateful plans? Is it that I have been too happy in the past?" she asked, with a hard, pitiful laugh. "Oh, dad, let us leave all that horrid life behind. Let us live honestly and in such a way that we shall have nothing to conceal. Why should we degrade ourselves to serve the ends of those dreadful War Ministers?"

"You're talking nonsense," was the rough reply. "To serve the Fatherland must ever be our first consideration."

"But I love England better than Germany," expostulated the girl.

"Ah, your mother would never help me in my schemes. She was English. But you must; you are German, and you have such an opportunity now. You, a little helpless girl, can do more for the Fatherland than an army or a navy, but are foolish enough to refuse because you love an English captain. Say no more; you must help me to get the plans."

The girl shook her head resolutely.

"What! You won't?" thundered Von Garde, grasping her wrist viciously.

"How could I face him, knowing I had stolen his life's work and placed it in the hands of his country's enemies? How could I ever face him again?"

"I don't wish you to steal; I only want you to help me."

"The guilt is the same."

"Suppose I tell him the story of your past; do you think you'll be able to face him then?" sneered Von Garde.

The cowardly blow reached the girl's heart. Her cheeks and lips went white; but she held her ground.

"At least, that would have to be told whenever—if ever he spoke to me of love," she hotly retorted. "It will be hard—very hard; but it will have to be told."

"And you think he'd still care for you?"

"Wouldn't he?" she anxiously asked.

Von Garde laughed harshly, sarcastically.

"You have been introduced to him and his family under false pretences," he said. "They'll despise you, did they but know the truth. At present your love affair is going on very well. Help me get these plans and hold your tongue, then Durham need never know you as other than pretty Vera Von Garde. If you refuse, then I tell all and you lose all. No self-respecting Englishman would think of making the real Vera his wife; there's no surer way of driving him from you than unveiling your past!"

"I shall never become his wife till he knows it. But, apart from that, I'm determined not to go back to the old life. I am tired and ashamed of it. How utterly degrading it was I never realized till I fell in love with Captain Durham. Dad, dad!" she burst out, piteously, "think of me a little—I want to be happy. And we might be happy—you and I—were we but honest and true."

"My only happiness lies in serving my country," replied Von Garde.

"Punish me if you will," said the girl, her voice unsteadied by a deep emotion. "I'll never move a finger to betray the plans of the man I love!"

II.

Conrad von Garde was furious at his failure to browbeat his daughter into compliance with his wishes; he realized, however, that something more potent than fear had come into her life and destroyed his power over her. Other methods would now have to be employed, for the stern necessity of obtaining Durham's plans still remained.

With little loss of time he evolved a new scheme, then paid a visit to the East-end to enlist an accomplice for its execution. His calling had made him familiar with the evil elements in most of the European capitals, so that detail was soon dealt with. In less than a week after his quarrel with Vera, he and his recruit accomplished their object.

Between twelve and one on the first favorable night they crept stealthily into the front garden of Durham's place in Bayswater. Von Garde's companion promptly set to work on the window with suspicious dexterity. In a few seconds he slid it noiselessly up, closing it again when they had both swung into the room.

"Stop that, you young fool!" commanded the German, as the burglar flashed an electric torch round the place. "You're not on an expedition of your own—you're working for me. Come on. The room we want is on the first floor, at the end of the passage."

Silently as shadows the two men mounted the stairs, traversed the passage, and reached a closed door. It was unlocked, so provided no bar to their progress. Entering the room beyond, they guardedly swept the white glare of the torch round it. Set in the wall on one side was a small safe. They crossed over to it; for a short while the young man eyed it critically, then laughed softly.

"Well?" questioned Von Garde.

"A play game," murmured the other.

Producing pits and brace he set to with a will, working vigorously for what seemed an hour to his companion, but what in reality could not have been anything like that time. Then he tried the door. The lock shot back smoothly, and the safe was open.

"Keep your eye on the door," commanded the German.

The burglar did as requested, standing before it revolver in hand.

Turning again to the safe, Von Garde threw the light into its secret depths and saw a pile of official-looking envelopes tied with pink tape. He drew it out and undid it, running his eyes quickly over the various superscriptions. His heart sank as he neared the bottom of the pile, but at last he came upon a bulky cover bearing the words: "Plans of New Improved Quick-Firing Gun. Approved by the Government Experts."

The envelope was unsealed and he drew out its contents. Unversed as he was in such matters, one glance was enough to inform him that the plans were drawings of parts—mainly breech-blocks—of big guns. He could hardly suppress a cry of exultation as he restored them to their covering and put them into his pocket.

Continuing his search, luck undreamed of favored him. He discovered another envelope, marked—"Rough Plan of Improved High-Power Projectile for Shattering Armor-Plate." This also he appropriated, then once more resumed his investigations.

The remaining documents, however, appeared to be chiefly of a personal nature, so he threw them back into the safe, closed the door, and intimated to his confederate his readiness to depart.

In descending the stairs Von Garde missed one of the steps, and slipped down several before he could regain his footing.

"Fool!" hissed the burglar.

"Hallo! Hallo! Who's there?" cried a man's voice.

The next moment there was a quick rush of naked feet. The German and his companion raced across the hall, and had barely gained the shelter of the room through which they had broken when the sound of revolver shots startled them.

Quick though they were in making their escape, an upstairs window was thrown open as they reached the street, and the man they had heard before shouted:—

"Police! Police!" All right, Von Garde, you scoundrel! I know you."

Fortunately for the thieves the police were not at hand, so their flight was unhindered.

Feeling that the Dover-Calais route would be unsafe, Von Garde made his escape to the Continent via Harwich and the Hook of Holland. As the train bore him rapidly towards Berlin, he admitted to himself that it would be years before he dare set foot in England again. Yet this troubled him but little, for the next instant he was thinking of the pride he would experience in his Chief's congratulations when he handed him the plans which were of such enormous importance.

Again he had served the Fatherland, and beyond that nothing mattered—nothing.

III.

Vera von Garde knew little of real happiness till the love of Captain Durham wove its golden threads into her drab days; its coming lent life an added beauty. It enabled her to turn her back on the past and face the future full of high resolutions. She knew that her father was still scheming against Durham, and when she found him absent one morning, and his bed unslept in she knew that the struggle had reached a crisis.

The circumstance greatly grieved her, but before she could decide on any course of action Durham himself appeared.

"Is your father in?" he asked, after the usual greeting.

"No," she replied.

"Do you know where he is?"

"I don't," she answered, looking anywhere rather than into the keen honest blue eyes above her. "Do you wish to see him about anything—particular?" Then, throwing off all disguise, she said, "Dick, please tell me what has happened?"

"Well," Durham hesitatingly remarked, "I suppose that will be the better course. I've lost some plans—they were stolen last night. You must excuse me for saying so, Vera, but I suspect your father of being in collusion with the thieves, if not actually one of them. I hope I am wrong—perhaps you can tell me."

"I'm afraid your suspicions are only too well founded," the girl reluctantly admitted.

"Can you tell me where he is?" he asked again.

"You want him arrested?" she inquired, apprehensively.

"No, no!" he cried. "I asked you that unthinkingly. As a fact, I don't care where he is. It was unkind of me to speak of the matter at all to you. Believe me, I'm very sorry for you, and if you find yourself friendless and alone in London don't forget that you have always me and my mother to come to. Now let us talk of pleasanter things. I'm taking my sisters to the St. James's to-night to see 'John Glayde's Honor.' You'll let us call for you, eh?"

"I think not," she answered, slowly.

"But why?" he asked, surprisedly.

"You have come before."

"Oh, we must never see each other again!" she exclaimed, painfully agitated. "I'm not what you think me, but a wretched, miserable girl with a shameful past."

"And you wouldn't care to confide in me, Vera?" he asked, stepping quickly in front of her and catching her hands in his.

The girl was touched into submission by the kindness of his words and actions. She knew few men beside her father, and she had never thought them capable of the deep tenderness with which Durham was treating her.

"It's all very horrible, Dick," she began; "but I want you to know the truth. I'm going away somewhere—anywhere—back to Germany, I fear it must be. When I'm gone you may hear stories about my past, and I don't want you to think worse of me than I really am.

"My mother died when I was a baby. I have had no brothers or sisters or other friends to brighten my existence. My whole life has been spent with my father, who has no consideration for any person or thing except as of use in the service of Germany. Even me he regards in this light. I had never troubled myself about his calling, but I had scarcely reached the age of seventeen when I was forced into a cruel acquaintance with it.

"He took me on a visit to a friend of his, an inventor named Blunthell, a man as old as himself. I felt quite indifferent towards our host till he made love to me, then I disliked him. His whole manner chilled me, and the only things he cared about were his inventions and boar-hunting.

"When I spoke to my father of the distasteful attentions being paid me, he said that Blunthell had invented a new kind of armor-plate, and had promised to reveal the secret to the War Office on the day I became his wife. I protested that that could never be, for I did not and could not love him. My father laughed, and said that he should certainly compel me to marry him, unless I could obtain the secret by some other means.

"Feeling that death was a preferable alternative, I went out into the woods with some wild idea of killing myself, but I lacked the requisite courage. Everything was so beautiful, and I was young and wanted to live.

"In the end I resolved to steal the papers relating to the discovery, if possible. My father, who did not care how they were obtained, provided me with keys, and one day, when he and our host were out hunting, I succeeded in my wicked project. Though I was thus relieved of the obligation of marrying Blunthell I was almost as miserable as before, for I knew he thought much of his invention, and dreaded the effect its loss would have upon him.

"Strangely enough, however, he met with an accident during the hunt and was brought home dying, but he lived to punish me for my crime in a manner I little expected. He sent for me just before he died and, giving me a key, said: 'That is for you, little Fraulein. It will open the safe containing the great secret of the armor-plate. I give it to you.'

"My father placed all the details of the invention in the hands of his chiefs and we came to England. I determined then never again to take any part in his schemes, and I have not. I think that's all. Now you know me for what I am, Dick, you'll see that it will be better for us to part."

"But I knew all this before," said Durham, calmly.

The girl looked up at him with startled eyes.

"I was informed of it by an English secret service agent, who knows you and your father quite well. I fell in love with you at our first meeting, and when I heard your story I pitied you, too. I made up my mind that you would some day tell me of your past—knowing that when you did so you would love me as I wanted to be loved, and that then I would ask you to become my wife. You must know, dear, that I love you very much. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Dick, are you quite sure you want me?" she asked, with quivering lips. "Wouldn't it be better for our paths to part here?"

"That's for you to decide, sweetheart," said Durham, drawing the girl to his arms. "Does your happiness lie in a lonely path?"

"It lies in your keeping, dear," she confessed, almost inaudibly.

"And mine in yours," he replied.

She raised her head at his words, and saw in her tearful eyes a wondering love-light. Then he bent down and pressed on the soft red lips the first passion-kiss they had ever known.

"Will the theft of your plans mean a very great loss to you?" Vera concernedly asked, after a while.

"No. They're no good to anybody," said Durham, with a smile. "I was advised by the man who told me your history to leave my drawings at the arsenal, and I did so. What has been stolen were plans of discarded guns and projectiles; but they were in envelopes bearing high-sounding inscriptions. They would easily deceive a novice, but the thief will have a disagreeable surprise when he puts them in the hands of an expert."

"I'm glad for your sake," she answered. "And perhaps it will be a lesson to him."

"Let us hope so," he sincerely concluded.—London Tit Bits.

THE SNOB.

He is One of the Most Despicable of Beings.

Every day we come across some specimen of the genus snob; and it is well to show him up here, for if we do not arm ourselves against his airs with a breastplate of humor and a buckler of contempt, we plain, common-sense folk may at times feel humbled by his assumed superiority.

The snob, as Thackeray defined him, is a man who meanly admires mean things—otherwise one who thinks nothing worth while unless it is reckoned what he would term "the thing."

The snob would let his old mother go hungry rather than do without a fashionable suit of clothes, and he is fond of dragging into his conversation particulars of any remote connection he or his family may have had with some celebrated person. His uncle may have been a private in some line regiment; but the snob will speak in glowing terms of the tales his relative heard in the mess, and will try to make you think the latter was the colonel of a cavalry regiment at least.

The remotest association with Royally delights the snob. Even to have witnessed the King in some State procession brings grist to his mill, for he will tell you how his Majesty bowed to him in particular, and not to the general crowd.

He will not even express an opinion upon any question until he has ascertained what is the fashionable view to take. He will give alms to a beggar only if he thinks he will be observed.

The snob. Leave him alone, poor wretch! He may gain wisdom with increasing years.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

1. Rock age: The infant.
2. Copper age: The kid.
3. Brass age: The adolescent period.
4. Iron age: Sad and flat for the wife.
5. Steel, or Steal, age: The trust director.
6. Silver age: Small change.
7. Golden age: Death always precedes

The expert who said that singing makes us healthy and happy hasn't heard some of our friends sing.

AN AUSTRALIAN DELICACY

PASSION FRUIT APPEALS TO ALL VISITORS.

How It is Eaten — Will Not Stand Sea Voyage — Very Cheap in Australia.

"Plums?" I asked as the steward handed me a dish heaped up with dark purple globes. "No, sir, passion fruit, sir," replied the steward. I glanced in quiringly at my vis-a-vis, an Australian girl. "Don't you know passion fruit?" she said. "Then this is one of the great days of your life." "How many passion fruit must I take to make it really great?" I asked. "Well, say half a dozen, and then the steward had better put the plate out of your reach, for after you have tasted one you will want to take all the rest."

So I helped myself to half a dozen, writes a Sydney correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, and found that the dark purple skin which had suggested plums at first sight was in reality a hard rind. Then, imitating my fair instructress, I cut the top off with a knife as if one were performing a similar operation on an egg, and I had in hand a natural cup filled with

A GREENISH YELLOW PULP

in which were a number of flattish circular seeds. "And now?" I queried. "Well, there are lots of ways of eating passion fruit," she said, "but you had better start with them au naturel. Just dip in your spoon and begin and tell me what it tastes like." With something of the emotion of an explorer entering upon a new country I put the luscious spoonful to my mouth, closed my eyes, and tasted rapturously.

This introduction to passion fruit took place on a liner on the Australian coast. The question I immediately put to myself was, 'Why have we not this delicious fruit in England?' I made inquiries and I was informed that it would not stand the sea voyage. I was further told an anecdote to the effect that Queen Victoria had a great desire to taste all the fruits of her empire, and that her wish had been gratified in regard to all but the passion fruit, which it had been found impossible to convey home in good condition. I am not at all prepared to vouch for the correctness of this assertion; on the contrary, I am much inclined to question it. And in any case, it seems likely that the street boy of to-day may be able to enjoy a luxury that, according to the story, was denied to his sovereign, for in the Orotava has been sent to England a consignment of passion fruit, with a view to testing the possibilities of trade. And if the venture proves satisfactory I will take upon myself to prophesy that in the course of a year or two the London public will be readily able to procure

THIS CHARMING FRUIT,

and that in a year or two longer the coster will be selling it from his barrow.

In Australia passion fruit is very cheap. I have myself bought them at twelve a penny, though these were rather poor in quality. Nevertheless six a penny is a common price, and at four a penny one can buy first-class passion fruit in most of the towns of Australia. Now this is a trade which has been very little worked up. If there were a large export demand it can hardly be doubted that passion fruit could be grown exceedingly cheaply.

In New South Wales passion fruit appears to be obtainable all the year around, though in the winter months they are less plentiful and more expensive—up to 6d. a dozen. The winter supply probably comes from North Queensland or Fiji. In summer, of course, the fruit would be most welcome in England. On a sultry day nothing could be more refreshing than some passion fruit. It has usually a slightly acid taste, so that most people prefer to eat it with powdered sugar. Epicures say that it is best with a little port wine put in the fruit before it is taken with the spoon out of its natural cup. This is cerainly a most seductive way of consuming it. Half a dozen passion fruit emptied on a plate and mixed with sugar and cream make a dish for a gourmet.

METALS RETURN TO THEIR ORES.

Industrial Implements of To-day May Furnish Raw Material for To-morrow.

An interesting study of metals has been published by a German physicist, J. Ditter, and therein the writer propounds a very difficult and isteresting query as to what becomes of the metals. As is well known, the majority of pure metals are in a very unstable condition. By the expenditure of energy other chemical elements which were originally amalgamated with the ones were liberated, leaving the pure metal behind, but these released chemical agencies are constantly awaiting the opportunity to re-enter the combination. The question then arises, what becomes of the rest?

Professor Ditter asserts that the oxides are finally transformed again into ores and ultimately collect in the earth to be dug up again at some future time. A metal when extracted from its ore is always subjected to the action of a large number of alternative forces under which influence its weight diminishes little by little, until the metal disappears altogether. Its life may be short, or it may be extremely long, but it returns at last to the earth whence it came. It is to be noted that in most cases it even reassumes the form in which it was first found as an ore.

Iron or tin, which we extract, generally from other oxides, are destroyed on oxidization. The principal sources of copper are oxides and sulphides, and this metal disappears chiefly by oxidation or sulphuration. Silver, which we find in the form of simple or complex sulphides, is changed back into sulphide with great ease, and lead, whose principal alteration products are the sulphide and the carbonate, is found chiefly in the form of galena and ceruse. Gold and platinum, which are rarely found other than pure, and which are only slightly alterable under the most diverse influences disappear by friction and mechanical action.

Thus the masses of metals prepared industrially disappear little by little and their remains are scattered as dust that mingles with the other elements of the soil. Then they meet with other saline substances and with water, which dissolve and mineralize them, causing them to enter into the cycle of operations that is going in the interior of the globe. The water circulates in the cavities of the earth's crust, and apparently they take part in the reconstruction of minerals which in the course of centuries will form new metalliferous deposits to be exploited by the industries of a distant future.

SET OF MODERN SHYLOCKS

HELPLESS VICTIMS OF ENGLISH MONEY-LENDERS.

League Find Out How Poor People are Done Out of Hard Earned Money.

Some time ago the Rev. Herbert Williams of St. John's Clergy House, Tooley street, S.E., was instrumental in founding "The London Moneylenders' Victims' Benevolent Association," of which he is hon. sec. This was the outcome of a wide knowledge of the misery caused in the poorer districts of London by extortionate moneylenders.

Some accounts of the efforts he is making on behalf of these helpless victims has already appeared in "Lloyd's," and how necessary such efforts are is shown by the following letter which Mr. Williams has written to us:—

"Your notice of our work for the poor victims of Shylocks has brought me many letters, and I have been able to help some of them to get out of their clutches. Will you allow me to say that we are anxious for three things to be done:—

"1. That all who have suffered from moneylenders should write and lay their cases before their own Member of Parliament.

"2. That all advertisements of moneylenders should be sent to us.

"3. That all who can should contribute any small sum to our association, so that we may help the helpless, and bring pressure to bear upon the Government to amend the Act.

"Living as Mr. Williams does, in a very poor neighborhood, he is acquainted with many shameful cases of injustice—cases in which people who had borrowed money and repaid more than the original amount were still saddled with a debt almost equal to it. He can cite almost numberless cases.

SWINDLED A WIDOW.

"A poor widow, living in the East-end borrowed £30 on a bill of sale. Repayments to the amount of £32 6s. 3d. have been made, and proceedings are now threatened to recover the 'balance,' amounting to £20 10s. 6d. A man from Essex was compelled to borrow £46 on his furniture. After paying £53 in instalments he offered £7 in settlement, but this was refused and his home was sold up.

"Many Borrowers are so ignorant of business matters that they are astonished when told that they have signed an agreement to pay 82½ per cent. This is a common figure, as it is the custom of many usurers to lend £12 on a promissory note being given for £18, payable in twelve monthly instalments of 30s. What is not apparent to some people in this transaction is that, while the repayments diminish the amount of the loan, interest is paid on the whole amount, and more, than the whole amount, to the end of the transaction.

"In the East-end of London it is not unusual for a person to borrow a shilling, or even sixpence, from a professional moneylender. The usual rate of interest is one penny per shilling per week, or over 260 per cent. per annum.

DECLINE IN TRUANCY.

Due to the Attractiveness of School Life It is Said.

Truancy as a schoolboy delight is declining, says a London paper. The reports of the school attendance officer show that in some districts it is almost extinct. An enquirer has been informed that this state of affairs is due to the attractiveness of public elementary school life. The 15s. increase in the fine for non-attendance also compels parents to keep a sharper eye on their children.

"I should not like to say that the truant is as extinct as the dodo," said an officer of the divisional office, "but there has been of recent years a great falling off in the number of boys and girls who prefer the noisy streets to the safer attractions of the schools and playgrounds. Nothing was more conducive to truancy than the old-fashioned doctrine of keeping the child's nose to the grindstone all day long. The new policy of giving free meals and introducing sports and pastimes into school hours has worked wonders among the children. For instance, a boy who wants to swim does not play truant in order to have a dip in the Surrey Canal. He is taken to the public baths and enjoys his swim along with his schoolmates. Then the annual sports in Southwark Park are a great factor in welding the bonds of school life."

As a proof of the attractiveness of the schools our representative questioned a group of boys who were playing in the gutter in the Old Kent-road. It is a far cry to Southwark Park for these little fellows, and they all confessed that they would sooner be back in school and in the play ground than playing about in the streets—a view which doubtless coincided with that of their parents.

WORLD'S WHEAT CROP.

Estimate Makes It 288,270,000 Bushels Less Than Last Year.

The official estimates from Budapest of the world's production of wheat in 1907 gives the grand total at between 3,100,130,000 and 3,205,550,000 bushels. By countries the amounts in bushels are as follows:

Great Britain	52,250,000
France	348,830,000
Germany	122,830,000
Austria	52,250,000
Italy	181,500,000
Holland	5,680,000
Switzerland	4,180,000
Belgium	13,380,000
Denmark	4,400,000
Sweden	5,870,000
Norway	200,000
Spain	110,000,000
Portugal	8,800,000
Greece	8,070,000
Egypt	14,670,000
Hungary (including Croatia and Slavonia)	130,000,000
Bosnia and Herzegovina	2,270,000
Russia and European Asia	555,500,000
Rumania	53,170,000
Bulgaria and East Rumelia	31,170,000
Servia	11,000,000
Turkey, European Asia	47,670,000
East India	311,960,000
United States	641,670,000
Canada	93,500,000
Argentina	159,500,000
Chile	16,130,000
Uruguay	8,250,000
Australia	73,700,000
Algiers	33,800,000
Tunis	6,230,000
Tripoli	4,400,000
Mexico	16,500,000
Japan	23,830,000

Reports from South Africa, Paraguay and Brazil have not yet arrived. The crop is 288,270,000 bushels less than last year.

WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

It Calls Men to Enter the Heaven That Awaits Them Now.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi., 15.

What is this good news to be declared to all men? What message has Christianity that men might be expected to receive with rejoicing? Certainly the world seems to be taking the glad tidings in a calm manner. So far from receiving it with the eagerness such a message might be expected to arouse, it seems to be necessary to urge them to hear it with patience.

There must be a good reason for this. You cannot blame the willfulness of humanity. If the gospel really is good news they will receive it with joy. Perhaps the reason is that the declaration has omitted some part of the message which is essential to its attractiveness. It is worth while to ask why to-day the multitude does not manifest the hunger for the Christian message which they showed when it was declared by its first Great Teacher.

In some instances the reason is seen in the fact that the gospel of joy has been declared in an accent of mourning. You cannot persuade people that you have glad tidings when you proclaim them with groaning. In other cases the people have been deceived by those who have promised them the pure, unadulterated, and

ONLY EFFICACIOUS GOSPEL

and have delivered to them either childish superstitions or barren philosophies.

When a man is perishing for bread he is not likely to receive with any special joy the gift of a cookbook. The pulpit has been attempting to feed a hungry world with speculations about the Bread of Life. Processes and theories of salvation have been preached instead of declaring the simple fact itself.

When a man is lost he will not thank you for halting his search for the right road, while you explain to him how, on condition of the exercise of his credulity he may be legally, though not yet actually, found again. He cares little for his legal standing just then; he wants the road back, the sight of home, the touch of the hand that will set him down in his own home, and the welcome of the Father. When a man is broken-hearted, he needs sympathy much more than he needs a lecture on the grammar of the invitation to the feast. It was not this that the prodigal's heart needed when he thought of his home. It was the invitation, it was the welcome of Jesus of Nazareth, and the invitation, it was the revelation of man to God, to man.

It was the good news of God's child of the Most High, that he might be an heir of God, that he might be an heir of God, that he might be an heir of God