

My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

Exactly six months from that day my book, "The Secret of Life," appeared, and everybody will remember the excitement that ensued. Of course, propositions so startling were violently attacked, but I only smiled and waited; for I knew that my conclusions could no more be seriously disputed than the law of gravitation. And now the attackers are all silent, and mankind (I say it without false modesty and without pride) blesses the man who has been the means of demonstrating the glorious cause and objects of our hitherto inexplicable existence, and of supplying the key to the mystery of life, and the agony of death, that is, as the religions foreshadowed, but the portal to the larger and more perfect life. Yes! My work is done, and well done, and I can die in peace, knowing that even here I shall never be forgotten!

A week after the book appeared, I received from Fanny this rather weakly worded letter:

"Dear Geoffrey," it began, "so you have found it! And you have had the generosity to publicly acknowledge my share in the work; and my name will go down to future generations linked with yours! It is more than I deserve, though it is just what I should have expected from you. Had I known how near we were to success, I would never have gone away. I am very wealthy, and, in a small, unsatisfactory fashion, powerful, also, as I told you I should be, and shall be more so soon. Joseph has got into Parliament, where, notwithstanding the competition, I think that his entire want of principle ought to carry him a long way. And yet, Geoffrey, I miss you as much as ever, and almost long for the old days. It is hard to have to mix with a set of fools, who smile and gabble, but cannot even understand what it is that we, or rather you, have done. I was so sorry to hear about John. Well, we must each to our own fate. Good-bye."

"FANNY." I returned no answer to this letter, nor have I ever seen Fanny since, and I hope I never shall see her again! Of course, everybody has a right to look after his or her own interests, and on this ground I do not like to think too tardily of her. I used to believe that there was a great deal of prejudiced nonsense talked about women, and that they were as capable of real and good work and of devotion to a single end as we men are. Many and many is the argument that I have had with Fanny herself on this point, for she was wont scornfully to declare that marriage was the average woman's one object in life, and the education of a family the one thing she was capable of carrying out in a satisfactory manner. But now I confess that my belief is shaken, though I know that it is unjust to judge a great and widely differing class from the experience of an individual. And, after all, she was well within her right, and it is impossible to blame her. I had absolutely no claim upon her, and she was undoubtedly wise to provide for herself in life, when so good an opportunity came in her way. It was a little abrupt, and her explanations were rather cynical; but I have no cause or complaint. I could not marry her myself; why should I have objected to her marrying anybody else—even that young man Joseph?

And yet, I only say it to show how wide I am, I am still fond of Fanny. Hide-Thompson, and still feel sad when I think of her sudden and final departure. Next to my wife's death, it has been the greatest shock of my life. If she had stopped with me, she should have had her full share in my triumph, and of all the honors and good things that have followed on its heels. She overcalculated herself, she saw too far, and yet not far enough. But I dare say that, after all, this is but another form of the personal vanity to which I fear I am constitutionally liable, and, as such, a weakness to be mortified, especially when a man is hobbling as fast as I am toward the quiet church-yard gates. Well, this is the true history of my relations with Fanny Denely.

(THE END.)

RETALIATION

A Short Story Concluding in Our Next.



LISTEN, Mr. Marbury! Let me try to prove to you I am not as gully as you think."

"I know, of course not; no gentleman intends to be dishonest, but it is to be regretted that public opinion will not see it in that light," replied the junior partner of an extensive mercantile firm in the city of notions.

"Too true; if you, knowing me for the last ten years, will not believe me, how can I expect aught else from strangers? Here I have been, under your eye, with the charge of the books for this long time, and never have failed to give entire satisfaction to all, until now. If you had not discovered this I should have been able to refund the amount before the end of the year. I know that I did wrong; but in the frenzy of my despair I did not think it wrong. Mr. Marbury, have mercy! do not expose me to the firm!

Only keep this knowledge you have gained until January, then, if I have not returned the amount, with interest, I will not ask for further forbearance," pleaded the young man.

"Everett Morse, it matters little what I believe. I care not whether you are innocent or guilty. Fate has thrown you in my power, and I glory in it. I have no love for you. Years ago you crossed my path, and have almost, if not entirely, blasted my hopes of happiness. Clara Dayton smiled on me, until she met you. Since then you have occupied the position I had hoped to gain. Promise to leave town, to resign all hopes of Clara's hand, and I will have mercy. Hear me out: I will give you as much time as you wish to return the money, and will also make an arrangement to send you to Europe, on business for the firm. I had intended going myself, but this affair has changed my plans somewhat. Now, sir, you have my answer. You must either conclude to give up your 'lady-love,' or stand before the world a felon."

"Mercy! Mr. Marbury, is this mercy? Oh, heaven pity me! How can I give her up! You do not mean it!"

"When Clara Dayton hears the man who has sought her love stands before the world branded with dishonesty, she will most likely release you from this task. I will be a severe blow to her proud nature."

"She will never believe it. I will go to her and tell her all. Mr. Marbury, let me tell you how I was so sorely tempted, and yielded. You have heard that when my father died, he left his affairs very much embarrassed. The old homestead was mortgaged. This had been a great grief to my mother. She thought of losing this home, most valuable for the loved associations connected with it. You know, too, that my brother and I have been trying to redeem this property. The last note was due, I could not meet the payment. This has been a trying year to me. My mother's illness has very much increased my expenses; then, worse still, my brother's misfortune in breaking his right arm, has of course prevented his attending to his engraving. So the whole burden has been on me. I felt sure that as soon as Abbott could return to his work, I should be able to return the loan, as I considered it. Fatal mistake! I now see that any swerving from the right path is certain to bring its punishment. But will you not, for the sake of my poor widowed mother, spare me? It will kill her to hear I am even suspected of dishonesty, she is so feeble now. Do not demand this terrible sacrifice of me. But just! be generous! be merciful!"

"This useless, sir, I have told you on what terms I can treat with you. I love Clara more than my own life, and cannot relinquish the chance of winning her. It will be impossible for you to remove the suspicion that will follow you. The fact of your employer's want of confidence in you will be sufficient to condemn you. Accept my terms. Go to Europe without seeing Clara again. Take your own time to return the money, and at the end of one year, if I have failed to win her, you are free to seek her anew, and I will give you my word never to mention this affair again."

"I see too plainly I have no other chance. If Clara loves me, as I have hoped, she will remain constant, regardless of appearances, for that time. Thank heaven, I have not sought to bind her by an engagement. Every chance is against me, though. What will she think of my leaving without telling her good-bye, even?"

"Just what I wish her to—that you do not love her any too devotedly. I will take your regrets to her, of 'pressure of business, and time,' and such little excuses. Of course she will be mortified, and disappointed, and in this state of her feelings I hope to triumph. Once mine, I do not doubt being able to make her love me. Such love as mine must meet a response."

"Be it so, George Marbury, but there's a future, thank God. A time when we shall both stand before a just judge. Are you not fearful you may yet need the mercy you now deny me? If not on earth, you surely will above."

"Clara, my daughter, why will you treat Mr. Marbury with so much indifference? He is a very fine young man and seems very much attached to you. There was a time when I thought you liked him a little. I think you thought more of Everett Morse than he deserved. It is very evident, if he had loved you, he would not have gone away without saying a word. Banish him from your mind, and try to smile on one whose long devotion merits some kindness from you."

"Mother, I cannot help thinking there is some mystery relative to Everett's leaving as he did. I feel perfectly sure he loved me. Every word and action told it plainly. Every moment that was not devoted to business, or his mother, he spent with us. We were not engaged, but there was an understanding between us. Only the night I last saw him he said to me, 'When I come again I shall bring a ring to place on the finger of a certain lady fair, and try to win from her a promise, which will make me one of the happiest men on earth.' Six months have passed since then, and not a word from him. That he is living, and well, I know, for Mr. Maybury told me they had a letter from him by the last steamer. What can he mean, mother?"

"There is no doubt of one thing: he has trifled with you, and therefore is not worthy of one thought or regret. Clara, Mr. Marbury has spoken to me and asked my approval and influence in his favor. I believe he will make you a kind, loving husband. He is wealthy and will place you in a position worthy of you. I wish very much

you would accept him. You know how hard a struggle it is for me to keep up a respectable appearance. Your brother must continue his studies, which are very expensive. After he graduates it will probably be a long time before he can get sufficient practice to enable him to help us. Our little is dwindling fast away, and it is absolutely necessary for you to take some thought for the future."

"Have patience, mother, dear; bear with me a little longer! When another six months have passed away, if I have not heard from Everett, then I will relieve your mind and make Mr. Marbury as happy as a withered heart can. Let me have a year, mother, to recover from my lost love. Custom, you know, allows that time to those whose hearts are with the dead. If Everett is false, then he is dead to me. I will, no doubt, like Mr. Marbury very well; as a friend, I respect him very much now. You may bid him hope, but nothing more, just yet."

Days, weeks, months rolled rapidly past, but no tidings came to the anxious, waiting heart. Still the dead silence continued.

Two weeks only remain of the allotted time. Never had the days passed so slowly to George Marbury.

Oh, the dreadful suspense! What if, after all his plotting, he should fail to win her! He must make another appeal to Mrs. Dayton.

All is joy now. She consents to be his. A few more days pass by, and, at length, but one remains. But what cares he! Standing before the altar, clasping the hand of her he would have risked salvation to gain, he is supremely happy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CREOLES OF NEW ORLEANS.

Intense Conservatism Is Their Distinguishing Quality.

"One of the most distinguishing qualities of the creole is his conservatism," writes Ruth McEnery Stuart in the Ladies' Home Journal. "His family traditions are of obedience and respect. It begins in his church and ends in his wine cellar. He cares not for protesting faiths or new vintages. His religion and his wines are matters of tradition. Good enough for his ancestors, are they not good enough for him and his children? His most delightful home is situated behind a heavy battened gate, somber and forbidding in its outward expression, asking nothing of the passing world, protecting every sacredness within. The creole lives for his family—in it. The gentle old dame, his great-aunt, perhaps, and nainie to half of his children, after living her sheltered and contented life of threescore and ten years behind the great green gate that opens as a creaking event at the demand of the polished brass knocker, will tell you with a beautiful pride that she has never been on the American side of her own city—above Canal street. If she will admit you as her guest to her inland garden, within her courtyard gate—and be sure she will not do so unless you present unquestionable credentials—if she will call her stately tioneed negress, Madeline, Celeste, Marie or Zulime, who answers her in her own tongue, to fetch a chair for you into the court beside the oleander tree and the crape myrtle—if, seeing you seated, she bid the maid of the tignon to further serve you with orange flower sirup or thimble glasses of liqueur or anisette from a shining old silver tray, you will, perhaps, feel that the great battened door has been, indeed, a conservator of good old ways, and that its office is a worthy one, in preserving the sweet flavor of a picturesque hospitality, whose old-world fragrance is still unspotted by innovations and untainted by emulation or contact."

METHODS, HERE AND ABROAD.

Ways of Steering Boats in England, France and Germany.

A comparison of the different methods of doing what is practically the same thing in various parts of the world is both interesting and amusing to the thoughtful observer, says Cassier's Magazine. On American ferries-boats the import is well known of the "ting-ting" or "jingle-jingle" of the bell by which the man in the wheelhouse communicates with his fellow-mortals in the engine room. On the Thames, however, it would be considered practically impossible to convey information in this manner, and the captains of the small paddle steamers on that stream stand on the paddle-boxes and sing out "Ease er!" "Back er!" etc., apparently to nobody in particular, while these interesting remarks are promptly repeated in shrill tones by a small boy into a speaking tube which communicates with the lower regions. On the Seine, in France, this process is simplified and a large trumpet-shaped mouthpiece flares out in front of the man at the wheel and he yells his commands into this funnel, the other end of which is supposed to reach the engineer. The large steamers on the Rhine, in Germany, are controlled, not by the usual wheel placed in the wheelhouse forward, but by a very large wheel on a vertical axis, placed right amidships upon an elevated platform or bridge, and several men pass the handles from right to left, or upon occasion trol round in a circle, and it would doubtless be considered a serious temptation of Providence, or at least a reflection upon the fatherland, if any one were to attempt to construct a Rhine steamer with the ordinary form of steering gear.

"I see that the magazines are arranging to get out some very fancy Easter numbers," said she. "Yes," replied her husband; "and so, I suppose, are the people who write the price tags for spring millinery."—Washington Star

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A STORM AT SEA LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"And There Were Also with Him Other Little Ships, and There Arose a Great Storm of Wind"—From Mark IV. Verse 36.



IBERIAS, Galilee, Gennesaret—three names for the same lake. No other gem ever had so beautiful a setting. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance: the surrounding hills high, terraced, sloped, groved, so many hanging gardens of beauty; the waters rumbling down between rocks of gray and red limestone, flashing from the hills, and bounding into the sea. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful; all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of a rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing the lake, and countrymen in fish-smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a wonderful, what a beautiful lake!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize; but a flotilla, bearing messengers of life, and light, and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from one side, from the starboard to the larboard, or from the larboard to the starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and his head touching the pillow, than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship; for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. Many of you in these days of revived commerce are starting out in new financial enterprises: I bid you good cheer. Do all you can do. Do it on as high a plane as possible. You have no right to be a stoker in the ship if you can be an admiral of the navy. You have no right to be a colonel of a regiment if you can command a brigade; you have no right to be an engineer of a boat on river-banks, or near the coast, if you can take the ocean steamer from New York to Liverpool. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ in every enterprise. Christ in every voyage, Christ in every ship.

There are men who ask God to help them at the start of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mt. Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes, and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Here are young men just starting out in life. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadow. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well.

You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the bowsprit is shivered, and the halliards are swept into the sea, and the gangway is crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you then do without Christ in the ship? Young man, take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said, "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful

is sailing in this boat; and as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down, and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say that if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life.

St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire; Hugh McNeill in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenes, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing?

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened. In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more.

In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say, "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the Spiritualistic societies; look at the various errors going over the Church of God; we are going to founder; the Church is going to perish; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by triumphant iniquity in our day, and think the church of Jesus Christ and the cause of righteousness are going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as the disciples of my text were affrighted. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness.

A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern, and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread is spun until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spiders' web, and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spiders' web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain.

So men come, spinning their sophistries and scepticism about Jesus Christ; he seems to be sleeping. They say, "We have captured the Lord; he will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured, and captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after awhile the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What is a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects; they are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say, "Oh! this is a strong religious gale; we are afraid the Church of God is going to upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the Church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches.

As though a ship captain with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo should say, some day, coming upon deck, "Throw overboard all the cargo;" and the sailors should say, "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who have been brought in through great awakenings. Throw all overboard because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Oh, that these gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century a revival broke out in Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said, "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went up; he looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn assembly, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted the staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall very slowly through, between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling away from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling cer-

tainly, though perhaps falling very slowly." And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom as the cane kept falling and falling until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it lovingly and said, "But the grace of God can stop you, as I stopped that cane;" and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for the gales from heaven, and Christ on board the ship. The danger of the Church of God is not in revivals.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here he is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired he looks, what sad dreams he must have! Look at his countenance; he must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at him, he is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear him say, "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at his feet, and the tempests folding their wings in his presence; he is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble, and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat, and say, "O, Christ! weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross." A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death, and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say, "O, Lord Jesus Christ, thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief; hush all my temptation, hush all my sin." A man, a man; a God, a God.

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and he puts his foot on the storm, and it crouches at his feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest.

You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the falling rafters and the crumbling stairways.

Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket, or in the locker, did not look as well as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said, "I have so much bank stock, I have so many government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms"—all gone, all gone.

Why, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ hushed the tempest. Your little one was taken away, Christ says, "I have that little one; I can take care of him as well as you can, better than you can. O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said, "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break."

There is one storm into which we will all have to run, the moment when we let go of this life, and try to take hold of the next, when we will want all the grace we can have—we will want it all. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death; all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the screaming wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears, calm, satisfied, peaceful; all is well. Jesus hushing the tempest. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. Strike eight bells. All is well.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;

We're home at last, home at last. Softly we drift on its bright, silvery tide.

We're home at last, home at last. Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er. We stand secure on the glorified shore: Glory to God, we will shout evermore. We're home at last, home at last.

Hurry and Worry.

We frequently hear of Christian workers breaking down from overwork, but nine times out of ten it was hurry and worry which brought them to the state of enforced inaction which they regret. Hurry and worry, which usually go together, ruin more lives than any amount of regular systematic labor. Indeed, inconsiderate exertion is almost as bad in its effects as idleness. Why cannot we bear in mind that there is always time enough to do well that we are called upon to do? If we do more than this, we do injustice both to our work and to ourselves. On the other hand, if we waste the time entrusted to us, it is useless to attempt to get it back by extra haste.

Good and Evil.—It is an inherent and inevitable necessity that man be free to choose or reject; that is human morality. Without the choice between good and evil we would be as the birds and the beasts.—Rev. R. Heber Newton, Episcopalian, New York City.