INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. BY PERMISSION OF RAND. MENALLY & CO.

CHAPTER III.-(CONTINUED). "You will not have failed to observe, he began, "that our past attemptsnow five in number-have all practically owed their failure to one and the same cause. We have not hitherto recognized which is the stronger and which the weaker of the two barriers that confine the object of our devotion. Because there are but two cruisers guarding the seaboard of St. Helena. while a continuous cordon of armed sentinels is posted around Longwood House, another at the confines of the domain, and yet a third along the coast, we have made the mistake of supposing that our chief difficulties would meet us on land. But experience has shown that by relying on the corruption of servants and the stupidity of sentries the path to the shore can always be made smooth. The really insurmountable obstacle has hitherto been the vigilance of the English men-of-They are, as you know, warned of the approach of a vessel by signal from the lookout on the peak, which has a prospect of over twenty leagues. Cruising, one to windward, one to leeward, they allow no ship to enter the roads without being searched; no one to land without permission from the admiral; and even after dark their guardboats, pulling round the island all night, prevent any communication with the shore.

"A prisoner, then, who has gained the landing-stage, is none the less a prisoner still, for he can by no possibility succeed in passing over the halfleague of water which separates him from the vessel waiting to bear him away to freedom.

M. Carnae sighed again. "It's quite true," said Mr. Holmes; "I found that out myself.

"Say rather that you sent others to risk their necks in finding it out for you." growled the count.

The colonel hastened to divert their attention from each other. "Fortunately," he continued, "an inspiration came to me."

Camilla glanced quickly up in astonishment; and he went on rapidly, as if to retrieve a false step. "An inspiration from a source not unknown to you. Madame de Montaut, who has spoken with so much eloquence to-night, was in fact the first to suggest that it might be possible to pass under that which could not pass over."

The three visitors stared and were dumb. Camilla looked anxiously at their faces to gather their probable optnion

round and round me, and stars into my galley windows!" But he was only half dispicased. This little boat had warmed him after all, and he folt the sanguine surrent of hope and active thought running through his brain tike a mill-race in the spring sun-light. He had escaped the dreaded good fortune that had threatened him with imme-diate banishment, and he had begun to find his bargain with Camilla even more profitable than he could have ventured to expect when he made it. It was not until dose upon \$ o'deats Camilla returned. Rowover, when she did come, she came alone, and that was a consolation worth waiting for. She joined Dick in the morning-room downstairs, and settled herself by the no difficulty in reading their intentions fire with perfect ease of manner. He feit that his confidence might forwake him if he waited, and after he had reor at any rate their inclinationsupon their faces; but he was not without hope of gaining from them what plied to her inquiries he took a plunge measure of support was absolutely at once. "I am both flattered and strength-

simple Every escual stranger asg sail

'Are you really Irish, and not French t all?" he asked. "Irish by birth," she replied; "French at all?"

by breeding and adoption. Oh. It is no secret." she went on, with a smile, as Dick hesitated to press the inquiry; "and I would gladly tell you all about it if I thought it could interest you; but your sympathies ite, as I told you, in another direction altogether.

'From Mr. Holmes, to whose honor 'Everything interests me that conand judgment have been committed the cerns you!" burst out Dick. "I am funds of the imperial house, I longing to hear more." shall hope to receive a grant of a sum

"It is true that the more I tell you the more completely you will acknowl-edge me to be in the right," she replied, and that consideration would tempt . woman to even greater imprudences than this."

She laughed and looked him frankly in the face. He felt that this was not an opportunity for sentiment, and caught gratefully at the camaraderie she offered him instead.

"Good!" he said, smiling back at her: then I will abandon my sympathies and own you to be right; and it shall be simply a story that you tell me, if you will.

"Yes; but I shall claim one from you in return. And now listen. I was born," she began, "in the year 1796, in the county of Tipperary. My mother died when I was but a few weeks old. My father, Anthony Donoghue of Castle Carrol, was wrongfully suspected of being concerned in Wolfe Tone's conspiracy, and when the rebellion broke out in '97 the Orangemen were upon him like tigers. He took me-a child of less than a year-upon the saddle in front of him and rode for his life.

"He succeeded, after many narrow escapes, in reaching Bantry Bay, where a number of patriots under Fitzgerald and O'Connor were met to receive Gen. Hoche and the French troops which he was bringing over at their invitation. My father, who had previously held aloof, was now tempted to join them for the sake of revenge.

'He sent me over to France in charge of a deserter's wife, to whom he was also obliged to entrust the realized part of his fortune and the jewels which you have sometimes seen me wearing. She proved worthy of his confidence, and when he came to Paris after the final collapse of the rebellion he found both his daughter and his diamonds safe in the house of Gen. Bonaparte himself, to whose protection I had been com-

mended by a letter from Hoche. "'Ah!' said Napoleon, when my father went to thank him, 'here comes Metabus in search of his little Camilla.' It appears that there is a story in Virgil of a warrior pursued by his enemies, and encumbered by the burden of an infant daughter named Camilla. Stopped in his flight by a rapid stream, he binds the child to his spear, and with a prayer to Diana huris her across, and himsel swims the flood, to find her safe and the fact that they came when and in a sound upon the farther side. In gratitude he vows her to the lifelong service of the goddess who has answered his prayer. It was to this adventure then-which our own so much resembled -that Napoleon was referring. 'My father, who had all the wit of his race, took up the allusion at once. 'From this moment,' he said, 'she shall be called Camilla, and I dedicate her to the great protector who has saved us. Napoleon was pleased with the readiness of the reply, and took him into high favor. He afterward gave him a high command in the Irish brigade, and heaped him with rewards. He remembered me, too, and after my father's death he married me to M. de Montaut, a gentleman of an ancient and wealthy house, and entirely devoted to the emperor, in whose service he met an honorable death in 1814. I was but 18 then. and I have been an exile ever since. for neither my brother-in-law nor I have stooped to make our peace with the Hourbons.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

STORY OF GIDEON'S BATTLE AT MOUNT GILBOA.

"And the Three Companies Blew the Trumpets, and Broke the Pitchers and Held the Lamps in Their Left Hands"-Judges, vil, 20-21.

> HAT is the strang est battle ever fought. God had told Gideon to go down and thrash the Midianites, but his army is too large; for the glory must be given to God, and not to man. And so proclamation is

made that all those of the troops who are cowardly and want to go home may go, and twenty-two thousand of them scampered away, leaving only ten thousand men. But God says the army is too large yet; and so he orders these ten thousand remaining to march through a stream, and commands Gideon to notice in what manner these men drink of the water as they pass through it. If they get down on all fours and drink then they are to be pronounced lazy and incompetent for the campaign; but if, in passing through the stream, they scoop up the water in the palm of their hand and drink and pass on they are to be the men selected for the battle. Well, the ten thousand men marched down in the stream and the most of them come down on all fours and plunge their mouths, like a horse or an ox, into the water and drink; but there are three hundred men who, instead of stooping just dip the palm of their hands in the water and bring it to their lips, "lapping it as a dog lappeth." Those three hundred brisk, rapid, enthusiastic men are chosen for the campaign. They are each to take a trumpet in the right hand and a pitcher in the left hand and a lamp inside the pitcher, and then at given signal they are to blow the trumpets and throw down the pitchers and hold up the lamps. So it was done. It is night. I see a great host of Mid-

lanites, sound asleep in the valley of Jezreel. Gideon comes up with his three hundred picked men and when everything is ready the signal is given and they blow the trumpets and they throw down the pitchers and hold up the lamps and the great host of Midianites, waking out of a sound sleep, take the crash of the crockery and the glare of the lamps for the coming on of an overwhelming foe; and they run, and cut themselves to pieces, and horribly perish.

The lessons of this subject are very spirited and impressive. This seemingly valueless lump of quartz has the pure gold in it. The smallest dew-drop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth. God's mint coins no small change.

I learn in the first place, from this subject, the lawfulness of Christian stratagem. You know very well that the createst victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through way they were not expected-sometimes falling back to draw out the foe, sometimes crossing a river on unheard-God's way is different from man's of rafts; all the time keeping the opposing forces in wonderment as to what would be done next. You all know what strategy is in military affairs. Now I think it is high time we had this art sanctified and spirkualized. In the church, when we are about to make a Christian assault, we send word to the opposing force when we expect to come, how many troops we have, and how many rounds of shot, and whether we will come with artillery, infantry, or cavalry, and of course we are defeated. There are thoucands of men who might be surprised into the kingdom of God. We need more tact and ingenuity in Christian work It is in spiritual affairs as in military that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and intrenched. For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election; all his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for fifty yea a and you will not take it; but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections and in five minargument. You cannot hook men into finitely hest the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllog ama Here is a man armed on the subthet of perseverance of the saints; he does not believe in it. Attack him at that point and he will persevere to the very last in not believing it. Here is a man armed on the subject of baptism he believes in sprinkling or immersion All your discussion of ecclesiastical hydropathy will not change him. I remember when I was a boy that with other boys I went into the river on a summer day to bathe and we used to dash water on each other, but never got any result except that our eyes were blinded; and all this splashing of water between Baptists and Pedo-haptists never results in anything but the blurting of the spiritual eye-sight. In other words, you can never capture a man's soul at the point at which he is eaprobably intrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child four years old may touch that bolt and it will spring back and the door will awing open and Christ will came in. i think that the finest of all the fine arts is the art of doing good, and yet this art is the least cultured. We have in the kingdom of flod today enough troops to conquer the whole earth for Christ if we only had skillful ma-

noeuvering. I would rather have the three hundred lamps and pitchers of Christian stratagem than one hundred thousand drawn swords of literary and ocelesiastical combat.

I learn from this subject, also, that a small part of the army of God will have to do all the hard fighting. Gidcon's army was originally composed of thirty-two thousand men, but they went off until there were only ten thousand left, and that was subtracted from until there were only three hundred. It is the same in all ages of the Christian Church; a few men have to do the hard fighting. Take a membership of a thousand and you generally find that fifty people do the work. Take a membership of five hundred and you generally find that ten people do the work. There are scores of churches where two of three people do the work.

We mourn that there is so much useless lumber in the mountains of Lebanon. I think, of the ten million membership of the Christian Church today, if five millions of the names were off the books the Church would be stronger. You know that the more cowards and drones there are in any army the weaker it is. I would rather have the three hundred picked men of Gidcon than the twenty-two thousand unsifted host. How many Christians there are standing in the way of all progress! I think it is the duty of the Church of God to ride over them and the quicker it does it the quicker it does its duty.

Do not worry, oh Christian, if you have to do more than your share of the work. You had better thank God that he has called you to be one of the picked men, rather than to belong to the host of stragglers. Would not you rather be one of the three hundred that fight than the twenty-two thousand that run? I suppose those cowardly Gideonites who went off congratulated themselves. They said: "We got rid of all that fighting, did not we? How lucky we have been; that battle costs us nothing at all." But they got none of the spoils of the victory. After the battle the three hundred men went down and took the wealth of the Midianites and out of the cups and platters of their enemies they feasted. And the time will come, my dear brethren, when the hosts of darkness will be routed, and Christ will say to his troops: "Well done, my brave men, go up and take the spoils! Be more than conquerors forever!" and in that day all deserters will be shot!

Again: I learn from this subject that God's way is different from man's, but is always the best way. If we had the planning of that battle we would have taken those thirty-two thousand men that originally belonged to the army and we would have drilled them and marched them up and down by the day and week and month, and we would have had them equipped with swords or spears, according to the way of arming in those times, and then we would have marched them down in solid column upon the foe, But that is not the way. God depletes the army and takes away all their weapons and gives them a lamp and a pitcher and a trumpet and tells them to go down and drive out the Midianites, I suppose some wiseacres were there who said: "That is not military tactics. The idea of three hundred men, unarmed, conquering such a great nost of Midianites!" It was the best

Gideon-that they may be induced to throw themselves on his mercy.

A grape vine says in the early spring: "How glad I am to get through the winter! I shall have no more trouble now! Summer weather will come and the garden will be very beautiful!" But the gardener comes, and cuts the vine here and there with his knife. The twigs begin to fall and the grape vine cries out, 'Murder! what are you cutting me for?" 'Ah," says the gardener, "I don't mean to kill you. If I did not do this you would be the laughing stock of all the other vines before the season is over." Months go on, and one day the gardener comes under the trellis and the grape vine says: "Thank you, sir; you could not have done anything so kind as to have cut me with that knife." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." No pruning, no grapes; no grinding mill, no flour; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown!

So God's way, in the redemption of the world, is different from ours. If we had our way we would have had Jesus stand in the door of heaven and beckon the nations up to light, or we would have had angels flying around the earth proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Why is it that the cause goes on so slowly? Why is it that the chaine stay on, when God could knock them off? Why do thrones of despotism stand when God could so easily demolish them? It is his way, in order that all generations may co-operate and that all men may know they cannot do the work themselves. Just in proportion as these pyramids of sin go up in height will they come down in ghastliness of ruin.

Oh, thou father of all iniquity! If thoa canst hear my voice above the crackling of the flames, drive on thy projects, dispatch thy emissaries, build thy temples, and forge thy chains; but know that thy fall from heaven was not greater than thy final overthrow shall be when thou shalt be driven disarmed into thy flery den, and for every lie thou hast framed upon earth thou shalt have an additional hell of fury poured into thine anguish by the vengeance of our God, and all heaven shall shout at the overthrow, as from the ransomed earth the song breaks through the skies, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!" God's way in the composition of the Bible, God's way in the Christian's life, God's way in the redemption of the world, God's way in everythingdifferent from man's way, but the best.

I learn from this subject that the overthrow of God's enemies will be sudden and terrific. There is the army of the Midianites down in the valley of Jezreel. I suppose their mighty men are dreaming of victory. Mount Gilboa never stood sentinel for so large a host. The spears and the shields of the Midianites gleam in the moonlight and glance on the eye of the Israelites, who hover like a battle of eagles, ready to swoop from the cliff. Sleep on, oh army of the Midianites! With the night to hide them and the mountain to guard them and strong arms to defend them let no slumbering foeman dream of disaster! Peace to the captains and the spearmen!

Crash go the pitchers! up flare the mos! To the mountains! fly! fly! Troop running against troop. thousands trampling upon thousands. Hark to the scream and groan of the routed foe, with the Lord God Almighty after them! How sudden the onset, how wild the consternation, how utter the defeat! I do not care so much what is against me if God is not. You want a better sword or carbine than I have ever seen to go out and fight against the Lord omnipotent. Give me God for my ally, and you may have all the battlements and battalions. I saw the defrauder in his splendid house. It seemed as if he had conquered God, as he stood amidst the blaze of chandeliers and pier mirrors. In the diamonds of the wardrobe I saw the tears of the widows whom he had robbed, and in the snowy satiu the pallor of the white-cheeked orphans whom he had wronged. The blood of the oppressed glowed in the deep crimson of the imported chair. The music trembled with the sorrow of unrequited toil. But the wave of mirth dashed higher on reefs of coral and pearl. The days and the nights went merrily. No sick child dared pull that silver doorbell. No beggar dared sit on that marhis step. No voice of prayer floated amidst that tapestry. No shadow of a judgment day darkened that freaco. No tear of human sympathy dropped upon that upholstery. Pomp strutted the hall and Dissipation filled her cup, and all seemed safe as the Milianites in the valley of Jezreel. But God came. Calamity smote the money market. The partridge left its eggs unhatched. Crash went all the porcelain pitchers! Ruin, rout. diamay, and woe in the valley of Jezreel! Alas for those who fight against God! Only two sides. Man immortal, which side are you on? Woman immortal which alde are you on? Do you belong to the three hundred that are going to win the day, or to the great host of Midianites asleep in the valley, only to be roused up in consternation and ruin? Suddenly the golden bowl of life will be broken and the trumpet blown that will startle our soul into eternity. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night, and as the God-armed Israelites upon the sleeping fos. Ha! Canst thou pluck up courage for the day when the trumpet which hath never been blawn shall speak the roll call of the dead and the earth, dashing against a lost meteor, have its mountains scattered to the stars and occors emptied in the air? Oh, then, what will become of you? What will become of m=+



'es," said the colonel, "a submarine boat is what is needed; and if the idea was another's. I may at least claim that the execution of it has been mine." "Execution?" asked Holmes, with transparent jealousy. "What do you mean? 'The thing's impracticable!'

"Oh! it is a poor machine," said the colonel, with great deference, "and not in any way one such as you, Mr. Holmes, would have been able to design: but I think it will serve its purpose, and that is enough."

M. Carnac shook his head. "I hope it may," he said, despondently,

"This," said the colonel, unfolding drawing and holding it up, "is a sketch of the boat. It is eight feet wide, seven deep, and sixty-five long, and is made in a number of separate parts, each capable of being concealed in a hogshead cask. The whole can be put together in two hours."

"Good!" cried the count, with a side glance at Holmes. "Most ingenious! And how do you propose to use it?

"Only as an auxiliary, of course," plied M. de Montaut, "for its effective range is very limited. It is sunk by admitting water into tanks at the two ends, and raised by pumping it out again. The propelling power consists of two broad paddles worked from inside by hand, and moving much like the fins of a fish. The shape of the boat, as you see, is not unlike that of an ordinary canal barge, with way rtight ends, and with the central space covered in by an oblong erection, having panes of glass in the front and sides for purposes of steering, and at the top a hatch or trap-door for ingress and egress."

"It will be very laborhous to work." said the count.

"Precisely," said the colonel; "and I propose therefore to use it only as far as it is absolutely necessary. My idea is this: A merchant-vessel will arrive off Jamestown, St. Helena, on a day already appointed, and will obtain permission to anchor in the roads, but of course outside the circle patrolled by the guard-boats. As soon as it is dark submarine boat will be fitted together and hunched under the charge of a shilled and resolute seaman. will make the passage to and from the under water, and when once he has brought the Emperor on board our especially to an inquisitor whose eyes yesast the submarine boat may be sunk were already twinking with a susand abandoned, and we can make sail for Europe without a moment's delay." M. Carnar was an old man, and constitutionally timid; the novelty of the to-day

11cs was alone sufficient to startle him. Mr. Holmes was the Emperor's accredited agent in England, and could comfortable here, aren't you?" not brook that another should take the lead in so important a matter.

The count was the boldest and most enorgetic of the three, and the one most attracted by the scheme; but he know little or nothing of the sea, and was. healdes, aiready under suspicton on account of a previous abortive attempt. in the event of another failure ho would undoubtedly suffer the extrems And he fled chuckling penalty at the hands of his snomiva.

The optonel, who know them all, had

"My dear friend," said the latter, "you have altogether mistaken my position. I dare not return to France upon such an errand. I know none of the imperial marine, and your scheme, however ingenious, appears to my mind too unreasonably audacious for me to recommend any one to embark upon 11.

Y HENRY NEWBOLT.

ened," he said, addressing them all,

"by your kind approval: the more so

scheme is but small compared with the

assistance which I hope to receive from

you, who will thus earn the larger part

of the glory and rewards which attend

of money to defray the expense of the

expedition, which, however large, will

be inconsiderable when weighed against

by nature with the strength and cour-

age of a hero, will, I trust, think those

qualities worthily employed in the serv-

ice of one who appreciates them so high-

ly. I look to him to work the submarine

boat, which will be famous in history,

and in which he will receive the first greeting from the Emperor in freedom.

turning to M. Carnac, who was await-

ing his turn in visible trepidation, "I

shall ask a less dangerous but not less

difficult service. Our pretended mer-

chant-vessel must be commanded by a

captain of first-rate ability in seaman-

ship, and of tact and resource sufficient

to enable him to satisfy the inquisi-

tions of the British officer who will

board the ship in the usual course on

her arrival. You alone of us have still

free access to France; you will, I am

sure, find us such an officer among the

refusal by asking them, in this way,

for a simultaneous assent to his re-

quests, but an embarrassing silence

rely on you, then, for my little million?"

M. de Montaut persevered with patient suavity. "I understand," he

said, "you have many calls upon you;

we can perhaps supply a part from

other sources. How much, then, is the

reply: "possibly next year I may have

upon the little agent. "Before next year

Emperor leaves St. Helena on the 5th

of May!" And she turned her back

The colonel looked at the other two.

He saw that the count was wavering,

and to give him time he turned to M.

you will have lost your place:

"Nothing, for the present," was the

"Next year!" cried Camilla, rising to

and looking superbly down

Camilla flushed angrily, and he hast-

Well, Mr. Holmes," he said, "may I

'No, you may not," returned Holmes,

"It's out of the question."

He had hoped to lessen the risk of

neglected marine of the empire.'

followed his appeal.

rudely.

her

feet.

upon him.

ened to anticipate her.

most you can give us?"

some small sum to spare."

From you monsieur," Ife continued,

"M. le Comte, who has been endowed

the magnitude of the result.

our share in originating this

necessary to his plan.

SUCCORS.

VARL

"I am of the same opinion as M. Carnac." added the count, hesitating no longer. "I would dare anything in reason, but this is a forlorn hope.

"Then, gentlemen," broke in Camilla, with a commanding gesture of dismissal, "we have but to thank you for your attendance this evening, and to absolve you for the future. As for this paltry million," she added, turning to her brother-in-law, "I will see to that. You shall find our captain, and the active service we will take upon our selves, if all the world turn craven!"

So saying she crossed the room and went out with a sweep of fine disdain.

The colonel, who recognized more clearly that his enterprise and all concerned in it were at the mercy of those to whom he had committed his secret remained behind to soothe the trampled feelings of the three discomfited gentlemen

CHAPTER IV.



wiry, sharp-syed little man, of half his stalwart patient's weight-railied him upon his sensitiveness to pain in a tone of irony which brought the blood hotly back into his cheeks, and gave them once more the bronzed glow of health. Dick would have given much to he able to explain the true cause of his agitated condition on the previous He safternoon, but even his business at the Admiralty, and its result. seemed a futile reason to offer for such weakness picton of the truth bahind.

no hy turned the conversation by ask ing whether he might go to his rooms

"Oh yes, I dare say you might," was the reply; "but why hurry? You're

"H'm-m, pretty well." said Dick with transparent affectation.

Well, well," said the old man. "pour Madame de Montaut did her best, you But you may go," he continued. making for the door with a humorous pretense of hodily fear; "you may go to day, but don't get overheated, and out after sunset. Good-by! don't he

Dick was left laughing and swearing hands are so to himself. "Confound it' why am I so cracked away.

TO BE CONTINUED.) BRAVE OIRLS.

Two Instances That Left the Question in Doubt.

The is an odd saying that one never knows a woman's true character till he sees her in a moment of danger-and seldom then, might well be added. A of the heart's affections and in five min-couple of young ladies were on top of uses you can capture him. I never knew the Mills building yesterday, says Han a man to be saved through a brilliant Francisco Post. One walked boldly to the very edge of the roof and gazed steadily into the strest below without the thrill of a nerve or the quiver of a muscle. "Brave girl, that," observed the signal officer. "Stout-hearted and fearless. she'll make some man a good Huh! Look at that other one wife. he exclaimed in disgust, as the stout-hearted girl's companion sbrank back

and oried hysterically: "Oh, hold me! I want to jump off!" "What a little fool!" said the signal officer. "A baby to be petted. Wants to jump off! You couldn't pull her off there with an os team."

They were just starting down the narrow stairway when someons should Thoro's a mouse!

The brave girl who had stood unflinching at the edge of a high roof let out a wild scream and rolled to the hottom of the stairs, while her companion laughed till she was aimost hysterical. Girls are all fools," declared the orntoal signal officer.

Worms Are Bailag Away His Body.

John Evart, a farmer living in Black-ford county, Ind. is afflicted as a man was before. Thousands of red REVUE worms about the size of a common pincrawl about in his floah and as yet no. ductor has devised a cure nor even diag-nosed the disease. They emerge from all parts of the body, the skin drops of in hig scales and Evarts body is raw from head to foot. The buses of his hands are exposed, the desh having way. What sword, spear, or cannon ever accomplished such a victory as the lamp, pitcher and trumpet?

way, but it is always best! Take, for instance, the composition of the Bible. If we had had the writing of the Bible wa would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have twenty or thirty men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions.' But God says: "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own standpoint and temperament; so that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic his Solomon; the warrior his Joshua; the sailor his Jonah; the loving his John; the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible, which now I can lift in my hand-instead of the Bible the child can carry to Sunday School-instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea-if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is different from man's, but it is best, in-

So it is in regard to the Christian's life. If we had had the planning of a Christian's life we would have said: "Let him have eighty years of sunshine, a fine house to live in: let his surroundings all be agreeable; lot him have sound health; let no chill shiver through his limbs, no pain ache his brow, or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy the prosperity of others so much I would let every man have as much money as he wants and roses for his children's cheeks and fountains of gladness glancing in their large round eyes. But that is not God's way. It seems as if man must he cut, and hit, and poundad just in proportion as he is useful. His child falls from a third-story window and has its life dashed out; his most confident investment tumbles him Into bankruptcy; his friends, on whom he depended, ald the natural force of gravitation in taking him down; his life is a Bull Run defeat. Instead of twenty-two thousand advantages he has only ten thousand -ay, only three hundred-ay, none at all. How many people there are at their with oud about their livelihood, about their reputation. But they will find out it is the best way after awhile; God will show thom that he deploton their advantages just for the same reason he deploted the army of

Prince George of England is an invoterate cigaret smoker. He consumos from forty to fifty of the little rolls of paper and tobacco each day.