Behind the mask-the smiling face Is often full of woe,
And sorrow trends a restless pace,
Where wealth and beauty go.

Behind the mask-who knows the care . That grim and silent rests.

And all the burden each may bear
Within the secret breast? Behind the mask-who knows the tears

That from the heart arise, And in the weary flight of years How many pase with sighs? Behind the mask-who knows the strain

That each li e may endure, And all the grief and countless pain That wealth can never cure?

Behind the mask—we never know
How many troubles hide,
And with the world and tashion's show

Behind the mask-some future day, When all shall be made plain,
Our burdens then will pass away,
And count for each his gain.
—Good Housekeeping.

A SOLITARY PASSENGER.

The 10:50 train from White Peak was late that snowy February night It never was what one would call a painfully prompt train; but to-night usual time, and the telegraph operaa half circle, and toward which a hand was depicted as extending a gilt finger for the enlightment of the general public'

Not that the Big Pine telegraph was ordinarly open at so late an usual period of closing. Nor had conjecture is quite correct." Eunice Barlow any official right to semi-circulargilt lettered legend re- self?" ferring to "Tickets." In a manner she had had greatness thrust upon her. Old Mr. Pettyclove, who represented the majesty of the railway company in the particular spot, had gone home in the early dusk with a raging tacial neuralgia, and in common humanity Eunice could not have refused temporarily to assume his position with its duties.

"It will be only another hour of work," she told herself, cheerfully, as she put an additional log of frostfringed wood into the little air-tight stove. "When the 10:50 had passed I can shut up the place and go home. There are only two night freights, and the conductors on both of them have keys to the freight house,'

Suddenly the silence was broken by the tiniest sound, like the throbbing of some small silver heart. Eunice jumped up, instinctively, obedient to the call ofher autocrat, the telegraph. "A message!" she thought. "And at this time of the night. Well.

wonders will never cease. A message it was; to Peter Pettyclove, station agent at Big Pine

Defalcation in Home bank. Detain passen-ger on train No. 21. Small, dark, wearing fur-trimmed coat. Keep in custody until

further notice.

H. V. CARTER, Chief of Police at White Peak. Almost before she had deciphered these words, Eunice Barlow tele-graphed back "All right," and once more the small silver heart left off its tumultuous throbbings. And not until then did the telegraph operator realize what a very peculiar position, and officially authorized, in right of

defalcator on the spot! Even while she pondered on this unexpected state of things there was a curious thrill and tremble of the floor beams under her feet; a shrill steam whistle rising above the sustnined roar of the tempest. The 10:50, officially known as No 21, was swinging around the curve.

her substitution, to arrest a bank

In an instant Eunice Barlow was out in the deep snow of the rude board platform with the lighted lantern in her hand. The conductor of the train was not at all surprised to see her there. He knew that Peter Pettyclove was old and feeble, and a spirited young female telegraph operrator is rather at her full value in the Big Pine section. She tried to signal to him that she wanted to speak to him, but the blinding snow drove its shroud-like sheets between them. He smiled and nodded to her in that aggravating way that men have when they are particularly obtuse, shouted some incomprehensible comment on the weather, helped to loosen the brakes, and was an eight of a mile up the track before Eunice's lanternlight fell on a single black figure, its hat pulled over its eyes, its form closely buttoned up in a fur-trimmed

"Is this the station?" said a low, well-modulated voice, which gave Miss Barlow the idea that the unhappy gentleman of justice was a gentleman born and bred. "Where are the porters? Upon my word" (looking around after a bewildered fashion). "I'm afraid they've forgotten to put off my luggage. Isn't there a fire somewhere herenbouts?"

Eunice Barlow looked solemnly at him as she opened the door into the bright, cheerfully lighted little station. Yes, the telegraphed description had been correct. He wassmall and dark, and, poor fellow, he looked as if he was half frozen to death. But now arose the perplexing question, how was she to "detain him?"

four miles away. The agent is de- train. I was all alone, but I could

"Can you tell me," pleaded the sol- (with some pride). eat? It is six hours since we left the give you one more chance." supper station, and I am just recover-Surely there must be some one around here who could act as my

"There is no one here but me," drawer and preparing to extinguish some supper and a bed. Our house career.

"I am awfully obliged to you," said the gentleman, jumping up with alac-"But how many careers per week do these westerners count upon? I've no objection, for my part, to

the old one continued." rably grave. She considered it no part of her duty to countenance flip-pancy like this. She locked the sta-tion and hung the key on its hooked it was fully 50 minutes behind its nail close within the latticed casement outside, where winds could not tor had nearly fallen asieep behind before she said, quietly, "This way, the pane of ground glass over which please. The lantern will light you the word "Tickets" was inscribed in sufficiently if you are a little careful; otheswise you will find the way rather steep and narrow down the hill. most inartistically foreshortened You are perhaps unaware that a telegram describing your personal ap-pearance has just come in from the White Peak office?"

"A telegram! By Jove, the whole thing is out, then?" "Yes," responded the telegraph ophouras this. Seven o'clock was the crator, "the whole thing is out. Your

"Does-I beg your pardon, but this is a matter of importance to methe tall wooden stool behind the does any one know it besides your

> "I may depend on you?" with imploring emphasis.

"Yes. you may depend on me," "Thanks, awfully!" declared the stranger, with fervor. "You see, it makes it very unpleasant to have those things talked about."

ion could speak so coolly of "these

Was he utterly dead to all shame?" she thought. The strange companion, in the meantime, was secretly marveling at the case and lightness with which this extraordinary girl

timbre of her voice, it's a regular contralto."

"It seems to me," observed the of their leet in the snow and the pergreat deal of responsibility on young women in this part of the world."

'A good deal of it is forced upon and at mi them, and a good deal they assume afterward he told the story of his themselves," said Eunice Barlow, midnight adventure in the wild west. composedly. "I am willing to admit "The prettiest girl you ever saw, that I have taken a heavy respon- by Jove!" reiterated, in that carnest sibility on myself to-night. Understand," added Miss Barlow, "that if of Arc was nothing to her. I dream-I take you home to-night and shelter

you. I must have your promises-"The new career question again! I'm blessed if I know what all this little speches about 'turning over a means," gasped the solitary passen-

"Equivocation is entirely useless," said Eunice, severely. "You know perfectly well what I mean. I have given you a chance for freedom; for what is still better, fame and character. See to it that this chance does not pass unimproved."

"Mad!" muttered the stranger to himself; "very mad! Entirely a hopeless case. I should say. I wonder if there really was a telegram, or if that is merely part of her brain disorder? I wonder if I'd better keep on with her, nobody knows whither, or cut and run for it, snow storm and all?'

"You have basely absconded with your employers' money," said Eunice, with the freezing sternness of idealized justice, "in other words, you are a bank defalcator.

"Oh, come, now; won't you give a fellow a chance?" uttered her companion. "As the school books say, Strike, but hear.' I've nobody's money but my own, and none too much of that. Idon't know anything about your banks nor their defalcators. I've been only two weeks in your country and I think it is the snowlest climate going. My name is Ernest Tinsallon, and I was to have been met at the station by Col. Copley of the 400th cavalry.

Eunice Barlow gave a little shrick of amazement. "S.r Ernest Tinsallon!" she cried. "The Englishman who was coming out here to hunt for the dead, and its eyes gleamed buffulo and follow up the line of the like two coals of fire. To say that Pine river? But you have alighted at the wrong station; you should have stopped at the Pine Barracks,

seven miles from here. "I heard the conductor bawl out something about pine of one sort or it, thit the ground a running. another," said the young Briton. "I crowd, thoroughly alarmed at the was dead asleep, and did not stop to discriminate, and I scrambled off. So I've made a mistake, have I' But | ged his triends to wait for him, but all the same, it's awfully good of you | the faster he ran the harder the crowd to offer to conduct me to a place of ran, and was at least 200 yards christian shelter.

"And I have made a mistake, too," "You are mistaken, sir," she said, fore your train came in there was a in answer to his questions. "There is no portors here. There is no portors here. There is no are no porters here. There is no -a message to detain a bank rob- pres botel hearer than the Pine Barrens, ber who was said to be on the

tained at home by sickness, and I am have locked him into the ticket of the telegraph operator, on duty in fice perfectly safe. We western girls are prepared for any emergency" (with some pride), "But I was itary passenger, "where I can get a sorry for you, you looked so young night's lodging and something to and innocent; and I determined to

"For a new career," interrupted from a siege of malarial fever. the stranger, with a gust of laughter. "The key to the puzzle! I see it all now. "Don't you know I was beginning so think you must be a lunatic. And how disagreeably near I at the time I speak of, and is now, a said Miss Barlow, locking the cash came to being locked up, after all! and the bank fellow, whoever he is, though among the lower classes the one reflector lamp that glowed above the new arrival's head. But if you choose to go home with me I genuine guardian angel, you are the ot-Leave Man" for the first time in dare say my mother will give you one," he added, as Eunice led the Hobart Town, and there was much way into a pretty little sitting room. is the nearest to this place. And to-morrow"—with a somewhat signifi-tians, where a fire of logs burned on cant pause-"you can begin a new the open hearth and a cozy meal was spread on the table.

Sir Ernest Tinsallon slept in the spare chamber that night, was called by starlight, and breakfast at 6 o'clock the next morning with the telegraph operator and her mother, and afterwards accompanied her to Miss Barlow's face remained inexo- the Big Pine station, plunging through white masses of snow drifts and sliding, schoolboy fashion, across the mirror-like surface of frozen brooks. Mr. Pettyclove was there with his face tied up in a spotted silk handkerchief. There were also several telegrams awaiting the hand of the operator. One was from the chief police at White Park, statingrather late, perhaps—that the bank-defaulter had at the 11th bear and even laugh at but put one hour, and on the very step, so to speak, of the train, surrendered himself to the local authorities. There was another from Col. Copley, of the 400th cavalry, inquiring if anything had been heard at Big Pine station of the missing English baronet, who was overdue at the barracks.

"Only think," said Miss Barlow, with a little shiver, "if I had locked you up in the ticket office what

you up in the ticket office what would Col. Copley have said?'
"That, under the circumstances, you had done no more than your country expected of you," returned Sir Ernest. "But, I say, all this thing was awfully plucky of you, Miss Barlow. I don't know of an English girl that would have bad the courage to go through with it."

Eunice smiled a little. "Here is

your train, Sir Ernest," she said. "So I should imagine."

A brief silence easued. Eunice was enough." He stood holding both wondering how her strange compan- her hands, his fresh English face all to say any more," observed Miss Barlow, quietly. "There is the telegraph. I am wanted at my post of duty now. Good-bye, Sir Ernest. I

wish you a very pleasant journey Sir Ernest Tinsallon went on his stepped out through the snowdrift. way into the blue, glittering cold of "A perfect Amazon," he said to that peerless winter morning, with way into the blue, glittering cold of himself, "and a pretty one, too. Why the pine trees looking like Druids clad doesn't she keep talking? I like the in ermine robes, and the plains all sheeted in level pearls, and Eunice Bar-low never saw him more. No, he did not come back to woo and wed her, young man, after another interval of as the hero of an orthodox love silence, during which the crunching tale should have done. He could not, being already engaged to sistent howling of the wind was all another young woman in England. that broke the spell "that they put a But he sent a superbhamper of game to Miss Barlow, in care of the telegraph operator at Big Pine station;

way of his, "and the pluckiest! Joan ed of her for a week afterwards, with her swinging lantern and those great gray eyes of hers, and the pretty new leaf' that she made to me. Yes; I did; and I'm not ashamed to own it, even before Lady Tinsallon here. Eh Kate?"

And the English bride laughed-humoredly, and observed that "to hear Sir Ernest talk, the American girls must be full-fledged heroines.

"She was; I can vouch for that," said Sir Ernest.-Harper's Bazar.

Spookes and The Picket.

est has been centered on an old house, | cloth. Together with the night clerk two miles south of Mount Calm, Texas, which is said to be haunted About a week ago, it appears from a five minutes of hammering on the dispatch in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, a crowd of people went at to his feet. He made his appearance night to see his ghostship and met to the searchers in a half-dazed sort with quite a laughable adventure. of a way, wanted to know what was One young man named Bub D., who the matter. professed no belief in spookes, went ahead of the crowd, and, after climbing up on the top of the house, sat down, expecting the advancing crowd | ped a thin towel around the incandeto take him for the ghost. He did not have long to wait. The crowd came up and their words sent a thrill of terror through their bogus ghost, night clerk, "do you mean by this?" for a voice was heard saying:

"Why, there's two of 'em to night." Bud looked around, and, sure young fellow. enough, there sat by his side a simonpure ghost. It was dressed in long. flowing robes, not unlike a shroud for the dead, and its eyes gleamed the ghost personator was scared would be expressing it mildly, for with a yell that would have been sufficient to wake the dead Bud sprang off the house, and, as he afterward expressed Mount Calm, while the "ghost" begahend when it reached Mount Calm. There were twenty-two people in the

becond Tramp-I'd give your de coid shake.

A Terrible Audience.

Having had a long rest from acting, I returned to Melbourne to play a short engagement with my former partner at the Haymarket, and then sailed for Van Dieman's Land, now called Tasmania. This lovely island He did not like the business, and he had formerly been a convict station, where life sentenced prisoners from England had been sent. There was most refined society in Tasmania, excitement in the city when the play was announced. At least one hundred ticket-of-leave men were in the pit on the first night of its production. Before the curtain rose, I looked through it at this terrible audience; the faces in the pit were a study, Men with low foreheads and small, peering, ferret-looking eyes, some with flat noses, and square, cruel inws, and sinister expressions,-leering, low, and cunning,-all wearing a sullen, dogged look, as though they would tear the benches from the pit and gut the theater of its scenery if one of their kind was held up to public scorn upon the stage. This shows the power of the drama, An author might write an article abusing them, or an artist paint a picture showing up the hideous deformity of of their ilk upon the stage in human form, surrounded by the sympathetic story of a play, and they would no more submit to an ill-usage of him than they would to a personal attack upon themselves.

The first act of the play progressed with but little excitement. These men seemed to enjoy the humorous and pathetic side of the story with great relish; but when I came upon the stage in the second act, revealing the emaciated features of a returned convict, with sunken eyes and a closely shaved head, there was a painful stillness in the house. The whole pit seemed to lean forward and strain their enger eyes upon the scene; and as Bob Br erly revealed to his sweetheart the "secrets of the prison house," there were little murmurs of recognition and shakings of the head, as though they fully recognized the local allusions that they so well remembered; deep-dawn sighs for the sufferings that Bob had gone through, and little smothered laughs at some of the old, well-remembered inconveniences of

prison life; but then, Bob was a hero, and their sympathies were caught by the nobleness of his character and his innocence of crime, as though each one of these villains recognized how persecuted he and Bob had been. As the play progressed, their enthusiasm increased. Whenever Bob was hounded by a detective, or ill treated by the old Jew, they would how! their indignation at the actors;

and when he came out unsenthed at the end of the play a monument of perfect innocence, they cheered to the very echo. This performance rendered me extremely popular with some of the old "lags" of Hobart Town; and I was often accosted on the street by these worthies and told some touching tale of their early persecutions. In fact they quite looked on me as an old "pal." These courtesies were very flattering, but the inconvenience that I was caused by being poked in the ribs and winked at now and then, as much as to say, 'All right, old boy, we know,-you've been there," rendered my favoritism among these fellows rather irksome. -Joseph Jefferson, in The Century.

Couldn't Blow It Out.

One of the young men from Columbia, Mo., here attending the intercollegiate oratorical contest, remained over in the city last night, says the Kansas City Times. He stopped at the Centropolis Hotel, retiring about 10. At midnight the hall-man noted For the past six weeks public inter- a peculiar odor, as if from burning and a police officer he made an examination, and finally located it in the room of the young collegian. After young fellow's door he was brought

As soon as the night clerk entered the room he saw the cause of the trouble. The young man had wrapscent electric light globe, and it had become scorehed.

"What on earth," exclaimed the "The light hurt my eyes and I wanted to hide it," explained the

Why didn't you put it out then." "Weil." he said, in an apologetic ashion, "I blow and on the thing till thought I'd go to pieces, and then gave it up.

Forgot His Sweethearts' Name,

Rather a singular thing occurred at the county clerk's office a day or so ago. A young tellow came in and got a license to marry a young dam-'ghoat's" action, made tracks for | sel and departed after going through the necessary preliminaries. He had been gone about an hour or so when he returned in great haste and confusion and said he had made a mistake in the name and was thinking of another girl at the time he got the license. Their first names were the same, but their last names were unlike as they could be. The name was corrected and the absent minded supply the place of those who shovel swain departed.—Des Moines Leader. recklessly.

A Grateful Legislator.

From the New York Star. It is related of one of the most rugged of the rural Empire State senators that he was in New York City on Saturday with his wife, shopping stood outside on the sidewalk while his spouse leisurely turned over all sorts of wares in one of the biggest dry-good stores. As usual she lingered, and he grew more and more impatient and angry. He walked up and down in front of the store, and began to swear to himself. Presently a stalwart policeman laid his hand on his shoulder. "See here, my man," said the officer, "you'd better move on. "I've got my eye on you.

What for?" asked the Senator. "Don't bandy any questions," said the officer. "You are a suspicious character; that's enough." "I?" cried the senator, in amaze-

ment, "I? Why, I am senatorof-County, and here are my credentials," and he pulled out a bunch of letters and passes with his name on them. "And my wife is in there shopping, and I am waiting for her.

The officer saw at once that he was wrong, and was further convinced when the senator's wite came out and addressed him by name,

"I see that I was mistaken." said the officer, in apology, "and I hope you will excuse me. I did not know you, or of course I would not have applied such an epithet to you. You think I am not a suspicious

character?" "Certainly not." "I'm glad of it," said the senator,

with a burst of gratitude. "That's the first tribute to my honesty that I've got since I entered the Legislature, six years ago."

The Doctor and the Beauty.

A fashionable doctor having a house on Fifth avenue, New York, prides himself, says a Boston Herald correspondent, upon the favor with which ie is regarded by women. In this respect he is decidedly unadmirable, but his skill as a physician enables him to rank high in his protession despite his conceit. The other day he received a summons to call on a young woman fained for her beauty. She was a new patient for him, and, as he arranged his cravat with extra precision before entering his carriage, he fancied himself on the brink of an unusual conquest. Reaching the house, he was shown into the reception room, where, a moment later, he was joined by the beautiful girl whom he had been called to attend.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, rising to greet her, "you are not, then, ill enough to

"Oh! I am not ill at all," cried the 'Some other member of the family?" asked the doctor, rather disappoint-

Well," said the young girl, "we call him one of the family. You see, it is my little fox terrier, 'Dixie.' He has a bone in his throat, and I thought

you might be able to remove it. With freezing dignity the doctor got out of the house as quickly as he

could.
"He had expressed a desire to meet me," said the beauty, speaking of the matter afterward to a friend, "and he did so in a very insulting way. I was told of it, and I decided to give him an opportunity to form my acquaintance.

How the Typewriter was Invented.

In connection with a friend, Samuel W. Soule, a printer and inventor, C. L. Sholes was engaged in Milwaukee during the winter of 1866 and 1867 in develoging a machine for printing the numbers of pages on the leaves of blank books, after the books were bound, and for printing the serial numbers on bank notes. Carlos Glidden, a friend of Sholes with an inventive fancy, took great interest in the paging machine and asked why a similar contrivance could not be made that would write letters and words instead of figures and numbers. The three men worked together upon this idea, but Sholesevolved the main part of the machine. He suggested pivoted types set in a circle. The principal con-tribution of Mr. Glidden was his suggestion that such a machine ought to be made. In September, 1867. a machine was finished and letters written with it. The invention was far from being a perfect writing machine, but one of the letters, sent to James Dinsmore, of Meadville, Pa., so interested him that he offered to pay all the expenses up to date for a one-fourth interest. His offer was accepted. Soule and Glidden subsequently dropped out, leaving Sholes and Dinsmore sole proprietors .-Kansas City Star.

Economy of Heat and Fuel, From the New York Commercial Advertiser. Recognizing the fact that searcely

more than 15 per cent, of the theo-

retical power of coal used under ordinary boilers is recovered in the steam engine, and that quite 85 goes to waste in the shape of smoke and gas and escaping heat, a big manuacturing firm are training their fireman to use fuel in the most advantageous way, sprending a thin layer when it is needed, and avoiding choking and smothering, by which fires are cooled rather than intensified, and fuel grievously wasted. The firm have arranged to reward the

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, MAY 17-PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

Golden Text: "He That Is Faithful in That Which Is Least Is Faithful Also in Much; and He That Is Unjust in Little Is Unjust in Much"-Luke xvi, 10.



son today verses 11 to 27 in the sixth chapter of Luke.

Thus far we have studied the three great ministries of Jesus, as designated by the re-gions in which they were exercised—the Ju-dean, the Galilean, and Peresn. These are now complete, and there remains only the Last Great Week. The les-

son today, although it is located in Jericho, really belongs to the Perean ministry, and is its fitting close. Compare this parable with the parable of the talents (Matt. xxv) spoken the following Tuesday in the temple, taking up another aspect of the faithful use of what God has entrusted to us, and with a somewhat different object. It will be well to keep both in view all the time, in order to note the differences and the similarities, and by both means to enforce the truths that are taught.

"Taken together they represent the sum of human accountability," and they preserve us from any false applications,
Jericho was so situated on the great road which led from the countries east of the Jordan to Judea and Egypt that it must have been one of the principal custom houses on the route. "Zaccheus was probably at the head of this office."

Time—The least of March, A. D. 20. Prob-

Time—The last of March, A. D. 20, Probably just after the healing of Bartimeus. Just a week before the crucifizion.
Place—A street in Jericho and the house of

The full text of today's lesson is as follows: 11. And as they heard these things, he added and spake a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately open.

12. He said, therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return.

13. And he called his ten servants, and de-

livered them ten pounds, and said unto them. Occupy till I come. 14. But his citizens hated him, and sent a

14. But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us.

15. And it came to pass, that when he was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be called unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much ever man had gained by trading.

16. Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds.

17. And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over 'en

And the second came, saying, Lord, thy

pound hath gained five pounds.

19. And he said likewise to him, Be thou also over five cities.

20. And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up

21. For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layedat not down, and reapest that thou didst not

22. And he said unto him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow:

22. Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury?

24. And he said unto them that stood by. Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds.

25. (And they said unto him, Lord, he hath

For I say unto you, That unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken

not that I should reign over them, bring hith-er, and slay them before me.

Some explanations are as follows: 11. "As they heard these things," which Jesus had been saying in the house of Zac-Jesus had been saying in the house of Zaccheus, where he was a guest. He had been saying that the Son of man came to seek and to save the lost. But his method of doing it was so contrary to their expectations that they needed further instructions. "He... spake a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem," 16 to 18 miles. Jerusalem was the capital where they expected their Messiah to appear, and where his reign would begin and center, in David's city and on David's throne. "And because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear." Jesus had repeatedly of late given the impression that the kingdom was coming.

21. "For I feared thee," lest I could not satisfy thee and thy claims, and might lose what thou didst entrust to me. and then how could I look in thy face? "Because thou art an austere man:" severe in modes of judging or acting. The sense is obvious: "I knew thou wast one whom it was impossible to serve satisfactorily, one whom nothing would please." Thus do men secretly think of God as a hard master, and virtually throw on him the blame of their fruitlessness.—J., F. and B. "Thou takest up." etc. You expected me to do the work, while you had all

22. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee." Your own statement will I thee." Your own statements condemn you.
"Thou knewest," etc. "To be read interregatively."—Vincent. Even if it were true. this unfair description of me. For that it was false was shown by his great rewards

the other servants. 23. "Wherefore then." You had an easy course before you. You had no right to pre-vent my money from making its natural gains

Caury here means simple interest for the use of the money.

24. "Take from him the pound." He had proved himself wholly unworthy of doing business with the money intrusted to him. His punishment was like his sin. The sin of omission led to the emitting from his life of the good things his Lord had bestowed upon him and the many more he would have liked and the many more he would have liked

26. "Unto every one which hath." He only 26. "Unto every one which hath." He only make true possession of a thing who uses its powers and forces. He does not really "have" anything which he does not make a stepping-atone to something better. "Even that he hath." In the lower sense, what was entrusted to him. The opportunities pass away, the abilities diminish, the powers wane, the it will be in the spiritual world.

27. "But those mine enemies," who not only neglected duty, but refused to be subject to his away. "Blay them before me." There was a fulfilment of this at the desicuction of Jerusalem, 40 years later, when not a Christian perished.

STATISTICS OF THE RACE.

The birth rates of the seven principal European nations have declined notably since 1880. The decline in death rates has been still greater, so the surplus of births over deaths has risen steadily.

Although marriage rates have decreased the number of children to a man who saves the most fuel, and marriage has increased in every covutry except Belgium. Moreover the natural increase of population the world over has proceeded with greater rapid-Hy since 1880 than before.