

CHAPTER XVVII.-(CONTINUED.) "You are very unjust, any lady," answered the Frenchman. "Believe me,

I am your friend." She lay back, moaning for some seconds; then, struck by a new thought,

she looked up wearily. "I see how it is! You want money!" "I am not a rich man, madame," an-

swered Caussidiere, smiling. "If I give you a hundred pounds will you leave this place, and never let me

see your face again?" Caussidiere mused.

"One hundred pounds. It is not much. "Two hundred!" exclaimed the lady,

eagerly. "Two hundred is better, but still not

much. With two hundred pounds-and fifty-I might even deny myself the pleasure of your charming acquain-Miss Hetherington turned toward her

toward her check-book, which lay there

"It I give ye two hundred and fifty pounds will you do as I bid ye? Leave this place forever, and speak no word of what has passed to Marjorie Annan?"

"Yes," said Caussidiere, "I think I can promise that."

Quickly and nervously Miss Hetherington filled up a check. "Please do not cross it," suggested

Caussidiere. "I will draw the money at your banker's in Dumfries." The lady tore off the check, but still

hesitated. "Can I trust ye?" she muttered. "I knew it was siller ye sought, and not

the lassie, but-"You may rely upon my promise that I shall return forthwith to France.

where a great political career lies open before me."

"Will you put it in writing?"

"It is needless. I have given you my word. Besides, madame, it is better that such arrangements as these should not be written in black and white. Papers may fall into strange hands, as you are aware, and the result might be unfortunate-for you."

She shuddered and groaned as he spoke, and forthwith handed him the check. He glanced at it, folded it up, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. Then he rose to go.

"As I informed you before," he said, "you have nothing to fear from me. My only wish is to secure your good esteem.

"When will you gang?" demanded Miss Hetherington.

"In the course of the next few days, I have some little arrangements, a few bills to settle, and then-en route to

He bowed again, and gracefully retired. Passing downstairs, and out at the front door, he again hummed gaily to himself. As he strolled down the churchyard and came to the spot where spected it again.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds!" he said, laughing. "How good of her, how liberal, to pay our traveling expenses!"

Meantime, Miss Hetherington sat in her gloomy boudoir, looking the picture of misery and despair. Her eyes worked wildly, her lips trembled convulsively.

"Oh, Hugh, my brother Hugh," she cried, wringing her hands; "if ye were living, to take this scoundrel by the th:oat! Will he keep his word? Maybe I am mad to trust him! I must wait and wait till he's awa'. I'll send down for the bairn this day! She's safer here with me!"

CHAPTER XIX



MMEDIATELY after his interview with Miss Hetherington, Caussidiere disappeared from the neighborhood for some days; a fact which caused Marjorie little or no concern, as she had her own suspicion as to the cause of

his absence. Her heart was greatly troubled, for she could not shake off practicing on those most interested in her welfare.

While she was waiting and debating. she received a visit from the lady of and stalked into the manse full of evi- you. dent determination. Marjorie was sent for at once, and coming down-stairs, found Miss Hetherington and Mr. Menteith waiting for her in the study.

"It's all settled, Marjorie," said the impulsive lady. "You're to come home with me to the Castle this very day."

Marjorie started in astonishment, but efore she could make any reply, Mr. Menteich interposed.

"You cannot do better, my child, than accept Miss Hetherington's most generous invitation. The day after tomorrow, as you are aware, the sale will take place, and this will be no longer your home. Miss Hetherington is good enough to offer you a shelter until such time as we can decide about your future mode of life."

"Just so," said the lady, decisively "Pack your things, and come awa' wi

arjorie, "and maybe you'll be think- bed and listened. ing I'm ungrateful. Mr. Lorraine al-

ways said you were my best friend. But I cannot come with you to-day." "When will you come?" demanded the lady.

"Give me time, please," pleaded Marjorie; "in a day or two, maybeafter the sale. I should like to stay till I can stay no more."

So it was settled, to Marjorie's great relief; and Mr. Menteith led the great lady back to her carriage.

At sunset that day, as Marjorie left the manse and crossed over to the old churchyard, she was accosted by John Sutherland, who had been waiting at the gate some time in expectation of her appearance. She gave him her hand sadly, and they stood together

talking in the road. "They tell me you are going to stop at the Castle. Is that so, Marjorie?"

"I'm not sure; maybe." "If you go, may I come to see you there? I shan't be long in Annandale. desk, and reached her trembling hand In a few weeks I am going back to London."

> He paused, as if expecting her to make some remark; but she did not speak, and her thoughts seemed far away.

"Marjorie," he continued, "I wish I your trouble, for, though my heart is full, I can hardly find my tongue. It seems as if all the old life was breaking up under our feet and carrying us far asunder. For the sake of old times we shall be friends still, shall we not?"

"Yes, Johnnie, of course," was the reply. "You've aye been very good to me.

"Because I loved you, Marjorle. Ah, don't be angry-don't turn away-for I'm not going to presume again upon our old acquaintance. But now that death has come our way, and all the future seems clouding, I want to say just this that come what may, I shall never change. I'm not asking you to care for me-I'm not begging you this time to give me what you've maybe given to another man; but I want you to be sure, whatever happens, that you've one faithful friend at least in the world, who would die to serve you, for the sake of what you were to him lang syne."

The words were so gentle, the tone so low and tender, the manner of the man so full of melancholy sympathy and respect that Marjorie was deeply touched.

"Oh, Johnnie," she said, "you know I have always loved you-always trusted you as if you were my brother."

"As your brother, then, let it be," answered Sutherland sadly. "I don't care what title it is, so long as it gives me the right to watch over you."

To this Marjorie said nothing. She continued to walk quietly onward, and Sutherland kept by her side. Thus idly the time was flying on. they passed together through the Mr. Lorraine was at rest. Here sh fell upon her knees and quietly kissed the grave.

Had Sutherland been less moved by his own grief, he might have noticed something strange in the girl's manner, for she kissed the ground almost passionately, and murmured between her sobs, "Good-by, good-by!"

She was recalled to herself by Sutherland's voice.

"Don't cry, Marjorie," he said. "Ah, I can't help it," she sobbed. "You are all so good to me-far better than I deserve."

They left the churchyard together, and wandered back to the manse gate. When they paused again, Sutherland took her hand and kissed it.

"Good-by, Johnnie," "No, not good-hy. I may come and see you again, Marjorie, mayn't I, before I go away?"

"Yes," she returned, "if-if you like" "And, Marjorie, maybe the next time there'll be folk by, so that we cannot speak. I want you to promise me one

thing before we part this night." "What do you wish?" said Marjorle, shrinking buil fearfully away.

"Only this, that as you've given me a sister's lov?, you'll give me also a sisthe sense of the deception she was ter's trust; I want to think when I'm away in the great city that if you were in trouble you'd send right away to me. Just think always, Marjorie, that I'm your brother, and be sure there isn't the Castle, who drove down, post-haste, a thing in this world I wouldn't do for

> He paused, but Marjorie did not answer; she felt she could not speak. The unselfish devotion of the young man touched her more than any of his ardent love-making had done.

"Marjorie, will you promise me-"Promise what?"

"To send to me if you're in troubleto let me be your brother indeed. She hesitated for a moment; then

she gave him her hand. "Yes, Johnnie, I promise," she said.

"Good-by." "No; good-night, Marjorie,"

left his side and entered the manse. About ten o'clock that night, when all the inmates of the manse had retired to rest, and Marjorie was in her room about to prepare for bed, she was startled by hearing a sharp, shrill whistle just beneath her window. She start-

peated. This time she ran to the window, opened it and put out herhead, Who is it?" she asked softly. "Is

any one there?" "Yes, Marjorie. It is I, Leon; come

down!" Trembling more and more, Marjorie hurriedly closed the window, wrapped a shawl about her head and shoulders,

and noiselessly descended the stairs. The next minute she was in the Frenchman's arms. He clasped her fervently to him. He kissed her again

and again as he said: "To-morrow night, Marjorie, you will come to me." The girl half shrank away as she

"So soon-ah, no!" "It is not too soon for me, little one," returned the Frenchman, gallantly, for I love you-ah! so much, Marjorie, and every hour seems to me a day. Listen, then: You will retire to bed to-morrow night in the usual way. When all the house is quiet and everyone asleep you will wrap yourself up in your traveling cloak and come down. You will find me waiting for you here. Do you understand me, Marjorie?"

"Yes, monsieur, I understand, but-"But what, my love?"

"I was thinking of my things. How shall I get them away?"

"Parbleu!-there must be no luggage You must leave it all behind, and bring nothing but your own sweet

"But," continued Marjorie, "I must have some clothes to change."

"Most certainly; you shall have just as many as you wish, my little love But we will leave the old attire, as we leave the old life, behind us. I am not a poor man, Marjorie, and when you are my wife, all mine will be all yours could say something to comfort you in also. You shall have as much money as you please to buy what you will. Only bring me your own sweet self, Marjorie-that will be enough."

With such flattery as this the Frenchman dazzled her senses until long past midnight; then, after she had made many efforts to get away, he allowed her to return to the house.

During that night Marjorie slept very little; the next day she was pale and distraught. She wandered about the house in melancholy fashion; she went up to the churchyard several times and sat for hours beside her foster-father's grave. She even cast regretful looks towards Annandale Castle, and her eyes were constantly filled with tears.

At length it was all over. The day was spent; the whole household had retired, and Marjorle sat in her room alone. Her head was ringing, her eyes burning, and her whole body trembling with mingled fear and grief-grief for the loss of those whom she must leave behind-fear for that unknown future into which she was about to plunge. She sat for a minute or so on the bed trying to collect her thoughts; then she wrote a few hurried lines, which she sealed and left on her dressing-table.

After that was done, she looked over her things, and collected together one or two trifles-little mementos of the past, which had been given to her by those she held most dear, and which were doubly precious to her, now that she was going away. She lingered so long and so lovingly over those treasures that she forgot to note how rap-

Suddenly she heard a shrill whistle, and she knew that she was lingering over-long. Hurriedly concealing her one or two souvenirs, she wrapped herself in her cloak, put on her hat and a very thick yell, descended the stairs. and found the Frenchman, who was waiting impatiently outside the gate

Whither they went Marjorie scarcely knew, for in the excitement of the scene her senses almost left her. She was conscious only of being hurried along the dark road; then of being seated in a carriage by the Frenchman's side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thomas Cooper, the Chartist.

The autobiography of Thomas Coop er, the English chartist, is, as Carlyle would say, "altogether human and worthy," and one of the most fascinating records of a strange and often stormy career that can be read in any language. With a vividness that even Carlyle might envy, it describes the hard struggle of Cooper's early yearshow his poor widowed mother was tempted to sell her boy to the village sweep for money with which to pay the rent of their little cottage; how he got a smattering of the three R's, and at 15 was apprenticed to a shoemaker; how he learned by hook and crook to read four languages, and acquired, besides, as much history, mathematics and science as made him a prodigy even in the eyes of educated men; how he became a schoolmaster, then a journalist, and at last, in 1840, flung himself heart and soul into the Chartist agitation. It cost him two years in Stafford gaol. Vhrough the kind offices of Charles Kingsley he was provided with writing materials. Mixing them "with brains," he speedily produced a number of short poems and stories, a "History of Mind," and, most important of all, a vigorous and imaginative poem in the Spenserian stanza, "The Purgatory of Suicides," which has gone through several editions. It is just about four years since Thomas Cooper died, at the age of 87. He had outlived his fame, as he had outlived his Chartism. Indeed, we might say "Good-night," she repeated, as she of him what an American critic said of Beecher, that, had he died sooner he would have lived longer."

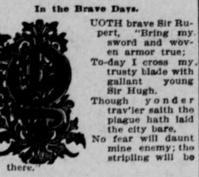
Would Have One Soon,

A freak museum manager wrote a party in Kentucky naming an offer for a rope with which any man had been lyached. The party replied; "We "I know you are very kind," returned ed, trembling, sat on the side of her have none on hand now, but have placed your order on flio, and you are In a few minutes the sound was re- likely to hear from us soon."

# CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Toombs' Awful Threat-He Declared That He Would March Against the Indians Regardless of His Rank-When Gen. Scott Told Him to Go Ahead.



Then forth in glittering mail he rode, to keep his solemn plight; For, be the issue what it may, 'tis honor

rules a knight.

Beneath the August sun he fared, his helmet white with dust,
And laughed at them who fled the plague,
—"Ye fly, as cowards must!"

At noon he saw the town arise from out the vellow mist.

the yellow mist,
In which St. Hilda's spires stood dark,
as cut in amethyst,
Wide open stood the gates; the sun was
whitening the square.
The still air stirred with song nor sigh,
with laugh nor mean por prayer.

with laugh, nor moan, nor prayer.
No fountain leapt; no lattice swung across the empty sill.
Like an enchanted town, it slept in silence deep and chill.
"The traveler spake truth!" Sir Rupert muttered 'neath his breath;
"The city hath been swept full bare by the black wings of death."

Beyond the farther wall, a plain made

Beyond the farther wall, a plain made free and open space,
And thither Rupert spurred, in haste to reach the meeting place.

Lo! without armor, squire, or steed, Sir Hugh stood there, alone;
His dauntless eyes were strangely bright; his cheeks with fever shone,
"Defend thee-quick!" he cried. "The plague would steal this joust from me.

me, But I'll not yield to death, till I have aimed one blow at thee!

My vassals fied my gates; my kinsmen left me there to die,

Here have I crawled to keep our tryst.

Thy prowess, I defy!"

He leaned upon his good, broad blade, that bent beneath his weight,

His voice was feeble but his words with

His voice was feeble, but his words with knightly scorn were great.

Down rang Sir Rupert's armor then, greaves, helmet, shield, and all!
He flung his baldric, set with gems, against the city wall;
And low upon his knee he bent. "I will not tilt!" he said.
"I yield my sword. Now, an thou wilt, strike thou a coward dead!"

Hugh's sudden flush of scorn thrilled to his very finger tips,
But, ere he spoke, the plague's gray hand
was on his quiv'ring lips!
A ruddy mist rolled round, and up, and

A ruddy mist rolled round, and up, and blotted out the skies,
And show'rs of flery, whirling sparks beat on his darkened eyes;
His stout heart trembled, and stood still, beset with vague alarms—
Sir Rupert caught him, as he fell, in strong and tender arms,
In shepherd's cot of sun-dried turf, upon the breezy hill.

the breezy hill,

His stricken foe he gently laid, and
nursed with care and skill;

Held water to the blackened lips; the held water to the blackened lips; the burning forehead laved— Loved him, that kept his plighted tryst, and Death and Rupert braved! While he, who tossed through fevered days, a guerdon gained of love For him of tilt and tournament, who could

Thus, side by side, in bloodless fray, they vanquished death. And when The ebbing tide of life and health came flooding back again,

There rode away two armored knights to battle, side by side, Who fought together while they lived, and for their sovereign died.

-Florence May Alt.

## Toombs' Awful Threat.

A good story is told in the Chicago Times-Herald of how a soft answer turned a self-confident, aggressive young man into an exemplary, obedient soldier. The young man, was Robert Toombs of Georgia, then in his twenties. He had raised a volunteer company and joined General Scott, who was conducting a campaign against the Indians in Florida. Toomba was without military training, and had never submitted to rules and discipline, at college or anywhere else. Naturally, when he met General Scott it was a case of oil and water-they would not mix. Private James White, who served in a Georgia company during the war, laughs to this day over a tilt between Captain Toombs and General Scott. The general knew the character of his enemies, and was in no hurry to attack them in the positions which they had chosen. He waited, day after day, determined not to move until the right moment. The delay did not suit the Georgia captain, and he made no effort to conceal his contempt for the slow methods of his commander. One night Toombs felt that he could stand it no longer. He paid a visit to the general's tent, where he found Scott engaged in a pleasant conversation with a dozen officers of high rank. The Georgian was a man of superb physique, the finest looking American of his generation, and when he marched into the tent with flashing eyes and defiant look, everybody gazed expectantly in his direction. General Scott greeted him pleasantly and invited him to join

the circle. "General Scott," said Toombs, in a stern tone, "I desire to know, sir, whether the army will march against the enemy in the next few days."

"I am not ready yet to answer that question," replied the general, with a amile.

"Then, sir," continued the youthful captain, "I will notify you that unless the army marches tomorrow I propose to go forward with my company into the very heart of the Indian territory.

When this astounding declaration was made, the officers almost fainted, and they expected the general to administer a withering rebuke. To their of state.-New York Post.

astonishment Scott never changed his THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. genial expression. His eyes twinkled with good humor, and he turned a serene and benignant face upon his auda-

clous visitor. "Very well, captain," was his quiet answer. "Very well, captain, use your own pleasure, by all means. Take your company tomorrow and march into the Indian country. We may follow you a few weeks later. But don't wait for us. Take your company and go ahead. Good night, captain!"

Private White says that when Toombs heard this a look of bewilderment, disappointment and anger came over his face, but not a word fell from his lips. He saluted the commander and bowed himself out.

"Did he march his company against the enemy the next day?" was my natural question.

"No," replied White; "he said nothing more about it. He remained at his post and was an exemplary officer during the remainder of the war. And he was not chaffed about the affair, either. He was not the man to stand such treatment."

I asked White why Scott overlooked the captain's breach of military discipline.

"Well," said the old man, reflectively, "the general was a good judge of human nature. He knew that young Toombs was a gallant fellow, who would some day be an honor to his country, and he doubtless thought that it would be sufficient punishment to answer him as he did. He could not have done a better thing. The cap-tain had lots of sense, and he never again placed himself in such an embarrassing position."

### Rapid Firing.

Two hundred shots per minute have been red from a rifle recently invented by Lieut. Cel, an officer of the Italian regiment of Bersaglieri. It does not weigh three kilogrammes, and has a small caliber. A soldier using it can fire 200 shots every minute without removing it from his shoulder. The Gifford rifle, which uses liquified gas in lieu of gunpowder, discharges 350 shots in two and a half minutes, or at the rate of 140 shots per minute. From the Martini-Henry twenty-one shots have been fired in the same time. The Lee-Metford has about the same rapidity. The Winchester repeater, with a magazine containing twelve cartridges, can be fired twenty-four times in a minute. A cannon has been recently invented at Chicago which claims the power of discharging 1,000 shots in succession without undue heating, throwing dynamite shells three feet long a distance of five miles, when they explode from concussion. The Germans have constructed a nickel

## Making Coin Circulate.

shot cannon which fires a shrapnel

fifteen rounds per minute.

Napoleon Bonaparte was once confronted by the problem of getting a new coin into circulation. He knew Publius Syrus maxim, "Money alone sets all the world in motion, but what bothered him was to set the new money moving throughout France. How he solved the problem is shown

by a French publication, which says: Thousands of five-franc pieces are split into two halves by their French owners every year, in the hope of "discovering" an immense hidden treasure. glory forever and ever. Amen. This treasure, according to the legend firmly believed in France, is an order to pay the holder one hundred thousand francs in silver five-franc coins.

When Napoleon Bonaparte first get the five-franc piece in circulation, it was very difficult to induce a Frenchman to receive the new coin. Hence, according to the story, Napoleon gave it to be understood that he had ordered a check for one hundred thousand francs, written upon asbestos paper, to be concealed in one of the new silver pieces.

From that day to this no one has objected to the five-franc piece.

A Dog of War. Probably the only dog of Afghan or Afridi breed outside of its own coun-



AFGHAN DOG DAGAN.

try is Dagan, who belongs to Lieut. F. H. Goldthorpe of the 3d Punjaub cavalry, an English soldier in India.

The Afridis are well known as a troublesome tribe, and this fall gave the Britishers a lively campaign, and their dogs are as fierce and savage as themselves. Lieut. Goldthorpe captured his dog a couple of years ago during the expedition against the Waziris in the Tochi valley. The dog is a remarkably fine animal, but toward strangers he remains flerce and treacherous, like the race from which he was taken. Toward his owner, however, he exhibits a different spirit, and is gentle and obedient.

Forty Years Service,

Sir Arthur Hallburton, the British under secretary of state for war, who has just retired after a career of forty years in the public service, is a son of Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, who is known in American literature as 'Sam Slick." He enjoys the distinction of being the only colonist who has risen in the British imperial service to the top of one of the great departments

LESSON XI-DEC. 12-II. TIM-4:1-8, 16-18.

Golden Text: "I Have Fought a Good Fight, I Have Flaished My Course, I Have Kept the Faith"-II. Tim. 4-7 -Epistles of Timothy.

Timothy.—The two Epistles to Timothy and the Epistle to Titus are called Pastoral Epistles because they relate to the pastoral office. They are supposed to have been written after the imprisonment of Paul at Para (Act 28, 29), that it have been written after the imprisonment of Paul at Rome (Acts 28, 20), that is, about 66 or 67 A. D., and shortly before his death. Timotheus is first mentioned in Acts 16, 1, 3. His father was a Greek, but his mother, Eunice, and grandmother, ois, were Jewesses (2 Tim. 1, 5; 3, 14, 15). He was circumcised and brought into the Jewish covenant by Paul to render him acceptable to the Jews. We read of him Jewish covenant by Paul to render him acceptable to the Jews. We read of him again in Acts 17. 14; 18. 5; 19. 22. He was with Paul when he wrote his Second Epistie to the Corinthians in Macedonia, and again in Corinth when he wrote the Epistie to the Romans (Rom. 16. 21); and he was one of those who waited for Paul and Luke at Troas (Acts 20. 3. 4). He was with Paul also at the date of Col. 2, Philem. 1, and Phil. 1. 1. We do not hear of him again till 1 Tim, 1. 3. The First Epistle was apparently written before Epistle was apparently written before Paul's last imprisonment at Rome.

The Second Epistle to Timothy The Second Epistle to Timothy was probably the last of Paul's writings. He was anxious for Timothy to come to him at Reme, and to bring Mark as soon as possible. (2 Tim. 1. 4; 4, 9, 11, 21). He was uncertain how it might fare with him; he was convinced that the time of his departure was at hand (2 Tim. 4. 6). but he still hoped that Timothy might be able to come before winter (2 Tim. 4. 21); he was then alone with Luke (2 Tim. 4, 11). A touching sadness pervades this epistle, deepened by the final desertion of Demas, one of his little band when he was before in Rome (see the Epistles to Philemon in Rome (see the Epistles to Philemon and the Colossians); but it is still full of bright hope (2 Tim. 4. 8, 18; 1. 12). The account of Timothy (2 Tim. 3. 10, 11) corresponds with that given in the Acts. He was not with Paul, however, at Antioch, but joined him shortly afterward, and would have heard of his troubles there as a recent thing.

Lesson Hymn"I the good fight have fought," O when shall I declare?

The victory by my Saviour got, I long with Paul to share. may I triumph so, when all my warfare's past;

And, dying, find my latest foe under my feet at last! This blessed word be mine, just as the port is gained,

"Kept by the power of grace divine, I have the faith maintained."

—Charles Wesley.

The full text of to-day's lesson is as fol-

1. I charge thee therefore before God. and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom;

2. Preach the word; be instant in sea-

son, out of season; reprove, rebuke, ex-hort with all long-suffering and doctrine.

3. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but af-ter their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; 4. And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.

5. But watch thou in all things, endure

afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.

5. For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. shell nearly five miles at the rate of the time of my departure is at hand.

7. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

8. Henceforth there is laid up for me acrown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

16. At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge.

charge,
17. Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion. 18. And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me un-to his heavenly kingdom: to whom be

Hints to Teachers. The aged apostle, just on the wing for heaven, presents to his younger companion, soon to be left alone, some motives to earnest work. Is it an Elijah's last counsels to his Elisha.

I. He should work in view of his Lord's appearing. Verse 1. One day our absent King will return to his earthly kingdom, and will call every servant to an account and will call every servant to an account for his stewardship. Let us be ready for that day. As the officers of a bank or an insurance company do not know at what moment the examiner will come to open that books so we know not the hour of

their books, so we know not the hour of our Master's coming.

II. He should work on account of the needs of men. Verses 3-5. If men's ears are itching for sensational teaching, and their hearts are hard, and their lusts are deprayed, and their taste is for false doctrine—that is all the more reason why we should redouble our earnestness and overcome opposition and endure af-flictions in the service of Christ. We are not to please men, but to please our Mas-

III. He should work because other work-

III. He should work because other workers are called home. Verses 6, 7. When Paul is taken away, then Timothy must take his place. When Elijah is caught up to heaven, Elisha must catch up his mantle. Every leader who is called home leaves a charge to some one to become a leader. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work."

IV. He should work in view of his heavenly reward. Verse 8. The crown of righteousness is not laid up for Paul alone, it is for every disciple who lives faithful to the end and looks for his Lord's appearing. What are the afflictions of carth to the glories of heaven?

V. He should work because the Lord stands by his side. Verses 16-18. He has a mighty, though invisible, Helper. The Lord is with him, giving utterance and strength and success. No matter though he fall, not one hair of his head shall perish. Even if he loses his life he shall preserve it for evermore.

Popularity of the Empress Frederick.

There are nearly 100 names on the list of the organizations charitable or otherwise in Germany which are named in honor of the Empress Frederick of Germany, or show her name as patroness. Berlin alone has about fifty .--Exchange.

## WORTH KNOWING.

The total area of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands is about the same as New Jersey. Chaupcey Depew expects to purchase

a farm of from 200 to 300 acres within ten miles of Boston. He has not yet decided on the exact location. Experiments in the application of se-

rum in the treatment of diphtheria in Parts show that the number of deaths has been reduced from 2,000 to 500 an-