

The Lonesome Road

By O. HENRY

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BROWN as a coffee berry, rugged, pistoled, spurred, wary, indefatigable, I saw my old friend, Deputy-marshal Buck Caperton, stumble, with jangling rowels, into a chair in the marshal's outer office.

And because the courthouse was almost deserted at that hour, and because Buck would sometimes relate to me things that were out of print, I followed him into talk through knowledge of a weakness he had. For cigarettes rolled with sweet corn husk were as honey to Buck's palate; and though he could finger the trigger of a forty-five with skill and suddenness, he never could learn to roll a cigarette.

It was through no fault of mine (for I rolled the cigarettes tight and smooth), but the upshot of some whim of his own, that instead of to an Odyssey of the chaparral, I listened to—a dissertation upon matrimony! This from Buck Caperton! But I maintain that the cigarettes were impeccable; and crave absolution for myself.

"We just brought in Jim and Bud Granberry," said Buck. "Train robbery, you know. Held up the Aransas Pass last month. We caught 'em in the Twenty Mile pear flat, south of the Newcomer."

"Have much trouble corraling them?" I asked, for here was the meat that my hunger for epics craved.

"Some," said Buck; and then, during a little pause, his thoughts stampered off the trail. "It's kind of queer about women," he went on; "and the place they're supposed to occupy in botany. If I was asked to classify them I'd say they was a human loco weed. Ever see a bronc that had been chewing loco? Ride him up to a puddle of water two feet wide, and he'll give a snort and fall back on you. It looks as big as the Mississippi river to him. Next trip he'd walk into a canyon a thousand feet deep thinking it was a prairie dog hole. Same way with a married man."

"I was thinking of Perry Rountree, that used to be my sidekick before he committed matrimony. In them days me and Perry hated indistinguishably of any kind. We roamed around considerable, stirring up the echoes and making 'em attend to business. Why, when me and Perry wanted to have some fun in a town it was a picnic for the census takers. They just counted the marshal's posse that it took to subdue us, and there was your population. But then there came along this Marianna Goodnight girl and looked at Perry sideways, and he was all bride-like and saddle-broke before you could skin a yearling."

"I want even asked to the wedding. I reckon the bride had my pedigree and the front elevation of my habits all mapped out, and she decided that Perry would trot better in double harness without any unconverted mustang like Buck Caperton whickering around on the matrimonial range. So it was six months before I saw Perry again."

"One day I was passing on the edge of town, and I see something like a man in a little yard by a little house with a sprinkling pot squirting water on a rose bush. Seemed to me I'd seen something like it before, and I stopped at the gate, trying to figure out its brand. 'Twas not Perry Rountree, but 'twas the kind of a curdled jellyfish matrimony had made out of him."

"Homelecde was what that Marianna had perpetrated. He was looking well enough, but he had on a white collar and shoes, and you could tell in a minute that he'd speak polite and pay taxes and stick his little finger out while drinking, just like a sheep man or a citizen. Great skyrockets! but I hated to see Perry all corrupted and Willie-ized like that."

"He came out to the gate, and shook hands; and I says, with scorn, and speaking like a paragon, with the pipe: 'Des pardon—Mr. Rountree, I believe. Seems to me I sagittarize in your associations once, if I am not mistaken.'"

"Oh, go to the devil, Buck," says Perry, polite, as I was afraid he'd be. "Well, then," says I, "you poor, contaminated adjunct of a sprinkling pot and degraded household pet, what did you go and do it for? Look at you, all decent and unrotted, and only fit to sit on juries and mend the woodhouse door. You was a man once. I have hostility for all such acts. Why don't you go in the house and count the tidles or set the clock, and not stand out here in the atmosphere? A jack rabbit might come along and bite you."

"Now Buck," says Perry, speaking mild, and some sorrowful, "you don't understand. A married man has got to be different. He feels different from a tough old cloudburst like you. It's sinful to waste time pulling up towns just to look at their roots, and playing faro and looking upon red liquor, and such restless policies as them."

"There was a time," I says, and I expect I sighed when I mentioned it, "when a certain domesticated little Mary's lamb I could name was some instructed himself in the line of pernicious sprightliness. I never expected, Perry, to see you reduced down from a full-grown pestilence to such a frivolous fraction of a man. Why, says I, 'you've got a necktie on; and you speak a senseless kind of indoor driver that reminds me of a store-keeper or a lady. You look to me like you might tote an umbrella and wear suspenders, and go home at night.'"

"The little woman," says Perry, "has made some improvements, I believe. You can't understand, Buck. I haven't been away from the house at night since we was married."

"We talked on a while, me and Perry, and, as sure as I live, that man interrupted me in the middle of my talk to tell me about six tomato plants he had growing in his garden. Showed his agricultural deprecation right up under my nose while I was telling him about the fun we had tarring and feathering that faro dealer at California Pete's layout! But by and by Perry shows a flicker of sense."

"Buck," says he, "I'll have to admit that it is a little dull at times. Not that I'm not perfectly happy with the little woman, but a man seems to require some excitement now and then. Now, I'll tell you. Marianna's gone visiting this afternoon, and she won't be home till seven o'clock. That's the limit for both of us—seven o'clock. Neither of us ever stays out a minute after that time unless we are together. Now, I'm glad you came along, Buck," says Perry, "for I'm feeling just like having one more rip-roaring razzoo with you for the sake of old times. What you say to us putting in the afternoon having fun—I'd like it fine," says Perry.

"I slapped that old captive range rider half across his little garden. 'Get your hat, you old dried-up alligator,' I shouts—'you ain't dead yet. You're part human, anyhow. If you did get all bogged up in matrimony, we'll take this town to pieces and see what makes it tick. We'll make all kinds of profligate demands upon the science of cork pulling. You'll grow horns yet, old muley cow,' says I, punching Perry in the ribs. 'If you trot around on the trail of vice with your Uncle Buck.'"

"I'll have to be home by seven, you know," says Perry again. "Oh, yes," says I, winking to myself, for I knew the kind of seven o'clock Perry Rountree got back by after he once got to passing repartee with the bartenders.

"We goes down to the Gray Mule saloon—that old 'dobe building by the depot."

"Give it a name," says I, as soon as we got on hoof on the footrest. "Sarsaparilla," says Perry. "You could have knocked me down with a lemon peeling."

"Insult me as much as you want to," I says to Perry, "but don't startle the bartender. He may have heart disease. Come on, now; your tongue got twisted. The tall glasses, I orders, 'and the bottle in the left-hand corner of the ice chest.'"

"Sarsaparilla," repeats Perry, and then his eyes get animated, and I see he's got some great scheme in his mind he wants to emit.

"Buck," he says, all interested, "I'll tell you what! I want to make this a red-letter day. I've been keeping close at home, and I want to turn myself a loose. We'll have the highest old time you ever saw. We'll go in the back room here and play checkers till half-past six."

"I leaned against the bar, and I says to Gotch-eared Mike, who was on watch: 'For God's sake don't mention this. You know what Perry used to be. He's had the fever, and the doctor says we must humor him.'"

"Give us the checkerboard, and the men, Mike," says Perry. "Come on, Buck. I'm just wild to have some excitement."

"I went in the back room with Perry. Before we closed the door, I says to Mike: 'Don't ever let it straggle out from under your hat that you seen Buck Caperton fraternal with sarsaparilla or persona grata with a checkerboard, or I'll make a swallow-fork in your other ear.'"

"I locked the door and me and Perry played checkers. To see that poor, old, humiliated piece of household bric-a-brac sitting there and sniggering out loud whenever he jumped a town when he got into my king row would have made a sheep dog sick with mortification. Him that was once satisfied only when he was pegging six boards at keno or giving the faro dealers nervous prostration—to see him pushing them checkers about like Sally Louisa at a school children's party—why, I was all smothered up with mortification."

"And I sits there playing the black

men, all sweating for fear somebody I knew would find it out. And I thinks to myself some about this marrying business, and how it seems to be the same kind of a game as that Mrs. DeHlah played. She give her old man a hair cut, and everybody knows what a man's head looks like after a woman cuts his hair. And then when the Pharisees came around to guy him he was so shamed he went to work and kicked the whole house down on top of the whole outfit. 'Them married men,' thinks I, 'lose all their spirit and instinct for riot and foolishness. They won't drink, they won't buck the tiger, they won't even fight. What do they want to go and stay married for? I asks myself.

"But Perry seems to be having hilarity in considerable quantities. 'Buck, old boss,' says he, 'ain't this just the hell-roaringest time we ever had in our lives? I don't know when I've been stirred up so. You see, I've been sticking pretty close to home since I married, and I haven't been on a spree in a long time.'"

"Sprees!—yes, that's what he called it. Playing checkers in the back room of the Gray Mule! I suppose it did seem to him a little more immoral and nearer to a prolonged debauch than standing over six tomato plants with a sprinkling pot."

"Every little bit Perry looks at his watch and says: 'I got to be home, you know, Buck, at seven.' 'All right,' I says, 'Romp along and move. This here excitement's killing me. If I don't reform some, and loosen up the strain of this checker-disipation I won't have a nerve left.'"

"It might have been half-past six when commotions began to go on outside in the street. We heard a yelling and a six-shooting, and a lot of galloping and manuevers."

"What's that?" I wonders. "Oh, some nonsense outside," says Perry. "It's your move. We just got time to play this game."

"I'll just take a peep through the window," says I, "and see. You can't expect a mere mortal to stand the excitement of having a king jumped and listen to an unidentified conflict going on at the same time."

"The Gray Mule saloon was one of them old Spanish 'dobe buildings, and the back room only had two little windows a foot wide, with iron bars in 'em. I looked out one, and I see the cause of the rucus."

"There was the Trimble gang—ten of 'em—the worst outfit of desperadoes and horse thieves in Texas, coming up the street shooting right and left. They was coming right straight for the Gray Mule. Then they got past the range of my sight, but we

heard 'em ride up to the front door, and then they soaked the place full of lead. We heard the big looking-glass behind the bar knocked all to pieces and the bottles crashing. We could see Gotch-eared Mike in his apron running across the plaza like a coyote, with the bullets pulling up the dust all around him. Then the gang went to work in the saloon, drinking what they wanted and smashing what they didn't."

"Me and Perry both knew that gang, and they knew us. The year before Perry married, him and me was in the same ranger company—and we fought that outfit down on the San Miguel, and brought back Ben Trimble and two others for murder."

"We can't get out," says 'We'll have to stay in here till they leave.' Perry looked at his watch. 'Twenty-five to seven,' says he. 'We can finish that game. I got two men on you. It's your move, Buck. I got to be home at seven, you know.'"

"We sat down and went on playing. The Trimble gang had a roughhouse for sure. They were getting good and drunk. They'd drink awhile and hold 'em awhile, and then they'd shoot up a few bottles and glasses. Two or three times they came and tried to open our door. Then there was some more shooting outside, and I looked out the window again. Ham Gossett, the town marshal, had a posse in the houses and stores across the street, and was trying to bag a Trimble or two through the windows."

"I lost that game of checkers. I'm free in saying that I lost three kings that I might have saved if I had been carried in a more peaceful pasture. But that driving married man sat there and cackled when he won a piece like an unintelligent hen picking up a grain of corn."

"When the game was over Perry gets up and looks at his watch. 'I've had a glorious time, Buck,' says he, 'but I'll have to be going now. It's a quarter to seven, and I got to be home by seven, you know.' 'I thought he was joking."

"They'll clear out or be dead drunk in half an hour or an hour," says I. "You ain't that tired of being married that you'd want to commit any more sudden suicide, are you?" says I, giving him the laugh.

"One time," says Perry, "I was half an hour late getting home. I met Marianna on the street looking for me. If you could have seen her, Buck—but you don't understand. She knows what a wild kind of a snoozer I've been, and she's afraid something will happen. I'll never be late getting home again. I'll say good-by to you, now, Buck."

"I got between him and the door. 'Married man,' says I, "I know you was christened a fool the minute the preacher tangled you up, but don't you never sometimes think one little thing on a human basis? There's ten of that gang out in there, and they're pizen with whisky and desire for murder. They'll drink you up like a bottle of booze before you get halfway to the door. Be intelligent, now, and use at least wildhog sense. Sit down and wait till we have some chance to get out without being carried in baskets."

"I got to be home by seven, Buck," repeats this benighted thing of little wisdom, like an unthinking poll parrot. 'Marianna,' says he, 'I'll be looking out for me.' And he reaches down and pulls a leg out of the checker table. 'I'll go through this 'Trimble outfit,' says he, 'like a cottontail through a brush corral. I'm not pestered any more with a desire to engage in rucuses, but I got to be home by seven. You lock the door after me, Buck. And don't you forget—I won three out of them five games. I'd play longer, but Marianna—"

"Hush up, you old loosed road runner," I interrupts. "Did you ever notice your Uncle Buck locking doors against trouble? I'm not married," says I, "but I'm as big a d-n fool as any Mormon. One from four leaves three, and I and I gaters out another egg of the table. 'We'll get home by seven,' says I, "whether it's the heavenly one or the other. May I see you home?" says I, "you sarsaparilla drinking, checker playing glutton for death and destruction."

"We opened the door easy, and then stampered for the front. Part of the gang was lined up at the bar; part of 'em was passing over the drinks, and two or three was peeping out the door and window taking shots at the marshal's crowd. The room was so full of smoke we got halfway to the front door before they noticed us. 'Then I heard Perry Trimble's voice somewhere yell out:

"How'd that Buck Caperton get in here?" and he skinned the side of my neck with a bullet. I reckon he felt bad over that miss, for Perry's the best shot south of the Southern Pacific railroad. But the smoke in the saloon was some too thick for good shooting."

"Me and Perry smashed over two of the gang with our table legs, which didn't miss like the guns did, and as we run out the door I grabbed a Winchester from a fellow who was watching the outside, and I turned and regulated the account of Mr. Berry."

"Me and Perry got out and around the corner all right. I never much expected to get out, but I wasn't going to be intimidated by that married man. According to Perry's idea, checkers was the event of the day, but if I am any judge of gentle recreations that little table legs parade through the Gray Mule saloon deserved the head lines in the bill of particulars."

"Walk fast," says Perry, "it's two minutes to seven, and I got to be home by—"

"Oh, shut up," says I, "I had an appointment as chief performer at a time at seven, and I'm not kicking about not keeping it."

"We had to pass by Perry's little house. His Marianna was standing at the gate. We got there at five minutes past seven. She had on a blue wrap, and her hair was pulled back smooth like little girls do when they want to look grown-folks. She didn't see us till we got close, for she was gazing up the other way. Then she backed around, and saw Perry, and a kind of a look ecoted around over her face—danged if I can describe it. I heard her breathe long, just like a cow when you turn her calf in the lot, and she says: 'You're late, Perry.'"

"Five minutes," says Perry, cheerful. "Me and old Buck was having a game of checkers."

"Perry introduced me to Marianna, and they ask me to come in. No sinner. I'd had enough truck with married folks for that day. I says I'll be going along, and that I've spent a very pleasant afternoon with my old partner—especially, says I, just to jostle Perry, "during that game when the table legs came all loose." But I'd promised him not to let her know anything."

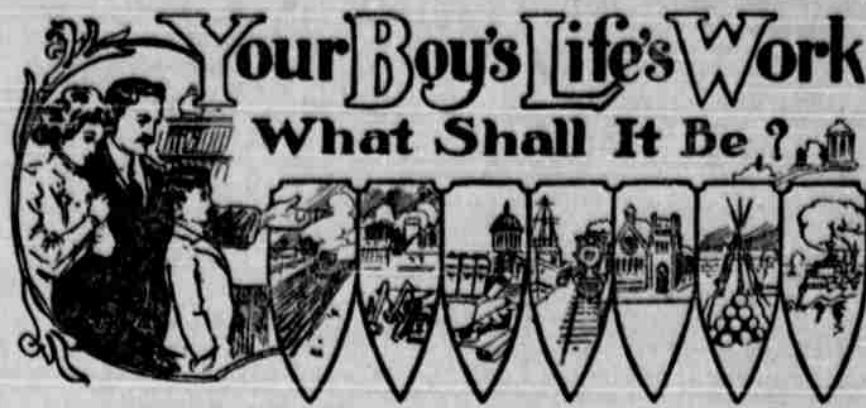
"I've been worrying over that business ever since it happened," continued Buck. "There's one thing about it that's got me all twisted up, and I can't figure it out."

"What was that?" I asked, as I rolled and handed Buck the last cigarette. "Why, I'll tell you. When I saw the look that little woman give Perry when she turned round and saw him coming back to the ranch safe—why was it I got the idea all in a minute that that look of hers was worth more than the whole caboodle of us—sarsaparilla, checkers and all, and that the d-n fool in the game wasn't named Perry Rountree at all!"

Ready Remedy. "What's the matter with the kid now?" "Husband, the lessons at school are too difficult for him."

Use Rays of Sun. Curved mirrors, concentrating the sun's rays upon a point beneath them, constitute a machine being tried out in South Africa to smelt metals directly from the ore.

Hours to Remember. The hours I remember most joyfully are the hours in which some unselfish effort or sacrifice stirred the sluggish pulses of my heart.—J. Baldwin Brown



MARINE ENGINEER?

An occupation within the reach of any boy with a liking for machinery and sufficient ambition and perseverance to make himself master of it—it demands a long and faithful apprenticeship, but the outcome is most satisfactory—How a bright and energetic boy of 14 may become head of a big engineering department before he is middle-aged.

By C. W. JENNINGS.

WHEN you made that long delayed trip to Europe you perhaps noticed, when sauntering about the deck, a trim, strong-looking man in blue coat, with the words "Chief Engineer" on the front of his cap. He was apparently a man without work to do; for he strolled about the deck sunning himself, occasionally stopping to exchange a word with a passenger, and evidently didn't have a care or responsibility in the world. And he was only about thirty-five or forty.

And yet that same man was one of the most alert on board; for on him directly rested the strain of getting the huge vessel across the seas on schedule time and with due regard to the safety of the passengers. The rumble of the engines six or eight stories below was as familiar to him as the tones of your boy's voice, and was noted constantly.

It is a fine occupation, that of marine engineer, and one that offers almost unlimited opportunities for advancement to the young man possessing ambition and energy. As in all other occupations, there are many who do not appear to get ahead very far; but the rewards are adequate for the one who works and studies to increase his efficiency.

Yes, your boy can be a marine engineer. It is simply up to him to get at it, no matter what his age or education, so long as he is at least fourteen or fifteen and is in good health.

Strangely enough, the best way to make the start, if one has high ambitions, is not in a vessel at all, but in a machine shop. To be sure, the logical way would seem to be to get a job as fireman on a tug or ferry boat or other small craft and so work up; and many have begun in that way; but a full knowledge of machinery must be attained somehow before the worker can get very high, and it is difficult to do so in any other place than where the machinery is made and put together. Your boy is looking at the end rather than the means, and prefers getting as much experience as he can before, at 21, he takes his examination for engineer. (Under government regulations he must be of age before he can do this.)

So, at the age of 14 or 15, he goes to the foreman of a shipbuilding or repair plant and applies for a job. When he gets it he will be nothing, for a time, but a machinist's helper, and will do only the most ordinary kinds of manual labor, such as wiping off pieces of steel for the machinists, running errands, carrying things, etc., and will be paid only \$2.50 or \$4 a week.

After a while he begins to get acquainted with the different tools in use at the shop, learns what they are used for and how they are operated, and in course of a few months will be doing some of the less important work of the regular engineer. And so he goes on advancing in capability and pay until, at the end of the fourth year, he will be earning \$9 or \$10 weekly.

This completes his period of apprenticeship, and he is a full-fledged journeyman machinist, entitled to \$3 or \$4 a day. Now, he should not go at once to a vessel expecting to make an engineer, but instead should remain in the machinist's trade, for two or three years more to gain experience. Furthermore, it will be better for him to go to other shipyards and work, so as to become acquainted with the different methods of constructing engines, boilers, etc. In this way he will broaden his knowledge until he can meet any mechanical emergency that is likely to occur.

By the time he is 21 or thereabouts he should go to the chief engineer of some steam vessel and ask for a job as fireman, water tender, or oiler, to gain the practical experience aboard ship. Under Uncle Sam's regulations he must have a year of this work before he is qualified to take the examination for third assistant engineer.

Of course, he passes the test given him by the local government inspector of boilers, and is then ready for his first regular job at engineering. His pay at once expands from the \$45 a month and board he received as oiler to \$70 or \$85, also with board, and he stands one of the regular watches of four hours. Engineers work four hours and have eight off in regular service. He also helps at making repairs to the machinery and watches the pumps, dynamos, etc.

A year of this, and he may take the examination for second assistant engineer, at \$90 to \$115 a month, and this work will be a little more important, particularly as he has had the great advantage of a thorough mechanical training. Perhaps he will have charge of the boiler room and most of the ordinary repairing on his own initiative.

At the end of that year he is qualified to be examined for first assistant, who draws \$125 a month. This, of course, is the most important job in the engineering department, next to the chief himself; for the first assistant is really the acting chief when the

latter is away, and has the handling of the men and the overhauling of machinery.

After a year as first assistant, your boy will be qualified to take the final examination for chief engineer, and, as far as regulations are concerned, will be eligible to take entire charge of the engine department of any American steam vessel in the merchant marine. The pay of chief is generally from \$135 to \$175 a month and board.

However, it would be almost unheard of for so young a chief to be given one of the large Atlantic liners, even though he might be competent; for there must first be a vacancy, and the seniority rule obtains pretty generally. There are chiefs on liners in their early 30s, and one of the large companies has as superintending engineer on shore a man of only 35.

The next step is to this position of superintending engineer, who is chief of the engine departments of all vessels on the line. He is consulted by the vessel chiefs as to all important repairs and alterations in machinery. The installation of new equipment, or in all matters in this branch of the business. His pay when first appointed is usually about 50 per cent. more than he received as chief; but he has to pay his own living expenses ashore, which lessens the difference to that extent.

Advancement beyond that point rests entirely upon your boy's capability. In many instances, almost innumerable ones, these marine engineers have gone into special work as consulting engineers and have received high positions in shipbuilding plants, some of them earning very large salaries. The writer knows one who was taken from a liner on the Pacific ocean and made head of the engineering department of the largest iron works and shipbuilding plant on the Pacific coast.

This particular young man (he was under 25 when he received this advancement) was not exceptionally brilliant naturally; but he was a hard worker and didn't neglect a single opportunity during all the 15 or 20 years of his work to learn anything and everything he could about all phases of engineering. He studied at odd hours and evenings, took up several special courses of study that he could work at nights and when off duty, and in short, made his work his pleasure and had a real joy in accomplishment.

Generally about the time one takes his first examination before the government he becomes a member of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association, composed entirely of marine engineers, which gives him a test and certifies as to his capability when he applies to Uncle Sam. The advantage of this is that he is thus endorsed by men of experience and standing, who know what he has done and how capable he is, and this indorsement counts for a great deal.

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Auld Brig of Ayr.

Is the Auld Brig of Ayr a fraud or a genuine relic of the past? Some time ago there was an outcry against its proposed demolition and Scotsmen all the world over sent money for its restoration. A few weeks ago Lord Rosebery reopened the Auld Brig and rhapsodized over it. But Mr. Hall-Edwards of Edinburgh boldly announced himself at the town planning conference as "one of the most active persons in condemning the Auld Brig of Ayr."

"It is neither useful nor ornamental," he said, "but people desired to retain it because Burns wrote a poem about it. Yet the Brig of Ayr Burns wrote about was not this bridge at all. 'It is a mad and wild desire to retain such an ugly bridge.' Mr. Hall-Edwards declared.

Splendid Work of Women. During the past twenty-five years American women have piled up a record of achievement in the public service with which the nation must reckon. They have done big things and they have done little things; and they have done both big things and little things well.

They have been the instruments of the preservation of some of the world's greatest natural beauties. They have snatched from the ruining hands of time and uncertain memory some of the country's most precious historical treasures. They have made presidents, congress, legislators, aldermen, councils and politicians, pause and give heed to them—Munsey's Magazine.

A Servian Love Tragedy. Marko Radjovitch and Lazar Stimitich, both enamored of Milena Stimitich, the prettiest girl in the village of Dragovits (Servia), agreed to slash their rivalry by mortal combat. Milena, much distressed, entreated them to wait and she would find a way out of the difficulty—making her choice. Next day her body was washed up on the banks of the Sava.

Way of Servants. Subbubs—I see Blinkins has come out as a candidate for governor. Townley—Yes; he has declared his great ambition to be the servant of the people.

Subbubs—Servant? What! Doesn't he mean to keep the place if he gets it?—Catholic Standard and Times.

No Longer Needs Name. Albert—A dog that runs under a carriage is called a carriage-dog. Is it not? Egbert—Certainly.

Albert—Well, what would you call a dog that runs under a motor car? Egbert—Why, a dead one.

To Be Consecrated to God

In the Old Testament, God commands that all the first born of both man and beast, in fact the whole race of Israel, should be consecrated to God. They also consecrated their grain substance—the tithe of the land—holly unto the

Lord.

In the New Testament, all were commanded to consecrate that they might be a holy people, chosen generation, a royal priesthood. We learn from Hebrews that the Son of God was consecrated forever; then let us press into this new and living way. The ministry never can have power with God and man, unless truly consecrated to the one who has given them the call to preach the everlasting gospel. This consecration must be kept, in spite of men or devils. Like Peter and John, "obey God rather than men." Brethren in the ministry, are we consecrated to God's call to preach the gospel, giving ourselves to the ministry of the word and prayer as Christ in the garden, Peter on the housetop, Paul in fasting and prayer till God spoke, Daniel in prayer and supplication; the devil's breast-work broken down. We cannot blame the laity for not wanting to support a man that is not consecrated to the ministry.

Want Full Service. A preacher half given up to the ministry will discourage any class and weaken their faith and, when this takes place, those who follow (though they are men of God given up to the gospel) will suffer because of the unfaithfulness. Let us have a consecrated ministry first, then, and not till then, can we lead the flocks into a full consecration. I find some brethren that in our little sin we have some of the most self-sacrificing, self-denying, both in the ministry and laity. The shepherds must lead in this great battle against sin. Dear brethren, keep where the fire of the Holy Ghost can burn out all trace of things that would entangle or hinder or divide our minds. We have often had the question put to us, "What will become of our families? Our income will not permit us to lay aside anything for the future." We can only trust to the one who has called us with the highest calling. Here again is the keeping of our consecration. Oh, for that spirit of Paul who said, "Be ye followers of me even as I also am of Christ," again, "determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

Will Win and Keep Flock. Oh, my beloved brethren, a ministry "crucified with Christ" will carry an influence that will stimulate and win the confidence of God's people. Without having the confidence of God's people, the shepherd never can lead them. A consecrated and sanctified preacher will prove himself. It may take time, but with patience let us possess our souls. Brethren, we are apt to think too much of ourselves. The life that is poured out for others will receive the richest treasure. "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." Many of God's servants fail to go far enough along this line. Brethren, God being our helper, let us venture further out on these exceeding great and precious promises; then, as our consecration unfolds, oh let us plunge deeper into the fountain that cleanseth from all sin. God's servant who lives these truths before the flock will surely find those who will be ready to place their eyes upon (read Gal. 4:6); yea, give of their hard earned means for the support of God's called man. If you suffer the will of God "Ye do well," ye do well, do well.—E. J. Managh, in Gospel Banner.

Working With God. Man can only work successfully on God's lines. In every successful achievement there is always more of God than of man. To win, we must find out his way and let his work for us. In physical things we have learned to let God in Nature's forces carry our messages, turn our wheels, and pull our coaches. Not less so, in the spiritual world, we shall only reach good works by joining ourselves to his power. There is no high ground outside of divine grace. Yet even God cannot reach his end without us. His path to his highest purpose flows through man's will and needs man for its full accomplishment. Neither faith nor works is God's final goal, but faith that forms character and works that spring from character.

Happy Workers Do Best Work. Every master knows how much more work can be got out of a servant who works with a cheery heart than out of one that is driven reluctantly to his task. You remember our Lord's parable where he traces idleness to fear: "I knew thee that thou wast an austere man, gathering where thou didst not strew, and I was afraid, and I went and hid my talent." No work was got out of that servant because there was no joy in him. The opposite state of mind—diligence in righteous work, inspired by gladness, which in its turn is inspired by the remembrance of God's ways—is the mark of a true servant of God.—Alexander MacLaren.

Life With Power. Read the gospels sympathetically and study the revelation of Jesus in regard to the deeper issues of life—his thought of God, of man's duty to God, of man's obligations to his fellow man. Is there anything like it to be found elsewhere? The mere reading of his words carries conviction of their sincerity and truth. Jesus lived the truth he taught, and did we all follow him in this regard, we should both know and show the power of his word. In the matter of making the best of life in both worlds, "never man spake like this man."