My Fellow Laborer.

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By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER 1 .- (CONTINUED.)

A year after my marriage my wife unhappily became the victim of a bad accident in a cab, as a result of which our child John was a cripple from his birth. To this unfortunate babe, Miss Denelly, or Fanny, as we called her. took a violent affection, which, as the child's intelligence expanded, was amply returned. Indeed, he cared more for her than for his mother and myself put together, and I think that the cause of their mutual attachment was to be found in Fanny's remarkable strength of body and character. The poor, weak, deformed boy rested on solid depths of nature, as some by faith are able to rest on Providence, with a sense of absolute security. However much pain he was in he would become quiet when she came and took him in her strong arms and nursed him. Oddly enough, too, it was almost the same thing with my wife.

She had never got over the effects of her accident, and the shock of the birth of our crippled boy. Indeed, as the years went on, she seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and to rely more and more absolutely on Fanny.

The germ, small as a mustard seed, which has now, after so many years of experimental labor and patient thought, grown up into the great tree of my discovery, lay in my mind in the form of a dormant speculation from the very commencement of my medical career. After my marriage it began self be imbued with the spirit that dito grow and take root there, but for some years I went on with my everyday practice, which was that of a con- to omit this factor and to pick up the sulting doctor in the city, and said nothing about it. The fact was that the whole seemed too wild, and I was afraid of being set down as one of this point alone I am out of the race, those enthusiasts who spend all their and I fear that the Secret of Life will lives in chasing a shadow.

At last, however, my secret grew too heavy for me to bear, and one night, after dinner, acting on some sudden impulse, I began to unfold it to is was much interested, and said that it nothing but a theory then, she fell mind." into a brown study, and after a while broke into the conversation, I thought she was following my line of argument, and about to question it, and

was rather disgusted when she said: "Excuse me, Geoffrey, but did you remember to send that check for the coals?"

I suppose I looked put out, at any rate I stopped abruptly,

"Don't be vexed with me for interrupting, dear," she went on, "but long ago, learning in woman was not I want to know about the coals, and thought so very highly of. Men rather haven't been able to get a word in edgeways for the last twenty minutes."

'Quite so," I replied, with dignity. coals are more important than my discovery."

a smile; "of course, if there was any- she had always been a great comthing in what you say, it would be panion to me. Not that she was much ages." very important. But if your story is of a talker, but she understood how to true, you are as bad as that man Dar- listen and to show that she was giving win, who believes that we are all her attention to what was being said, descended from monkeys, and what a thing that in my opinion a very few we are told in the Bible about Eve being made out of Adam's rib falls to this way, she, in the course of time, the ground. So you see it must be became thoroughly imbued with my nonsense, and the coals are the most | ideas, and, in short, that her mind, as important after all."

sweetest as she certainly was one of the I know that she would understand the best, women in the world, but on one drift of my thoughts long before anypoint she was always prepared to lose body else did, and would even someher temper and that point was Adam's times find words to clothe them before ribs. So, being aware of this, I held I could myself. my tongue, and after talking a little she did not feel well, and was going said, fixing her dark eyes on my face. to bed.

CHAPTER II.



what I had to say, though she sat so slient. She was now live laborious days, on the chance of seventeen or eighteen years of age, and | benefiting humanity and for the cera very fine young woman indeed, but tainty of encountering opposition and a remarkably silent one.

When my wife had bidden us goodnight and gone, I filled my pipe and to do that. I want to become somelighted it, for I was ruffled, and smoking has a soothing effect upon my nerves.

"Geoffrey," said Fanny, when I had finished, for she always called me Geoffrey, "is this idea of yours a new one? I mean, has it ever entered any-

body's brain before?" "So far as I am aware," I answered, an, that is all." "it is the one exception that was wanted to prove Solomon's rule-it is absolutely and completely new." (This falling heavily on the floor of the room has subsequently turned out to be the above us, which was occupied by my

fact.) "If I understand you rightly, your phenomenon of life."

terpretation was in every way accurate, dead faint before the toilet table. We tives, sometimes on the very paths, to almost pedantically so.

sequence, will it not?" Individual immortality of by a few months.

is nothing is my discovery."

religion?" stand religion, namely as typified by by any means independent of natural religion, and on the other hand altogether dependent on the existence of a power of good, which, if my theory can be upheld, will then be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt."

Fanny thought for a moment or two, and then spoke again.

'Do you know, Geoffrey, if you carry posterity as one of the greatest men in the whole world, perhaps as the very greatest!"

work the whole thing out, and prove it, would take a life-time. To begin with, the premises would have to be established and an enormous amount of groundwork of which, and from the mental phenomena, that it would take the last words she spoke, years to collect, one would have to work slowly up toward the light. A man would be obliged to give his entire time to the subject, and in my case even that would not suffice, for I am no mathematician, and, unless I am mistaken, the issue will depend almost entirely upon the mathematical power of the investigator. He could not even employ anybody to do part of the work for him, for the calculator must himrects the calculations, and be prepared to bend them this way or that, other as circumstances require. Now, as you, know I am little short of a fool at mathematics, and therefore on never be discovered by me, though perhaps I shall be able to put some one else on the track of it."

"Yes," said the girl, quietly, "that true enough, but you forget one my wife and Fanny. At first my wife thing. If you are not a mathemati- of an untraveled vista. She was cian, I am, and I can enter into your gone, and no echo came from all sounded like one of Poe's tales, but | ideas, Geoffrey, for I believe that we | where she was. How could I know presently, when I got more to the in- have grown very much alike during that I had not lost her forever? tricate parts of my theory, for it was the last four or five years-I mean in

I started, for both her statements were perfectly accurate. The girl had remarkable mathematical faculty, almost approaching to genius. I had as I write these words that at no disprocured for her the best instruction that I could, but she had now arrived at that point when instructors were of no further use to her. In those days, of course, there were not the facilities for female education that there are now, and though it is not so very said, with Martial: "Sit non doctissima conjunx," and so her gift had hitherto not proved of any great service to her. "Pray don't apologize; no doubt the Also she was right in saying that we had grown alike in mind and ways of thought. She had come into the house women can do. And I suppose that in I thought, took its color from my own. Now my dear wife was one of the At any rate, it did so superficially, and

"Why should we not work on the more about the coals, she said that Secret of Life together, Geoffrey?" she

> "My dear," I answered, "you know not what you do! Are you prepared to give up your youth, and perhaps all you life, to a search and a study which LL THE time that may and probably will after all prove I had been holding chimerical? Remember that such a forth, until my elo- thing is not to be lightly taken up, or, pulled in the same proportionate dequence was quench- if once taken up, lightly abandoned. ed by the coal If I make up my mind to understand it, question, Fanny I shall practically be obliged to give up was sitting opposite my practice as a doctor to do it: and me, watching my the same, remember, applies to you, face with all her for I should prove a hard task-master. eyes. Evidently she You would have to abandon all the was interested in every-day aims and pleasures of your sex and youth, to scorn delights and

ridicule.' "Yes," she said, "but I am willing body and to do something with my life, not just to go out like one little candle in a lighted ballroom and never

be missed.' 'Very well, Fanny, so be it. I only hope you have not undertaken a task beyond your strength. If you have not, you are a very remarkable wom-

At that moment our conversation was disturbed by the sound of a person

everything that has life is the keystone | It was a most heart-breaking bust- said to be a tonic!"

of the arch. If that is wanting there ness, and one on which even at this distance of time I do not care to dwell. "And this immortality will be quite I was deeply attached to my wife; inindependent of any known system of deed, she was my first and only love in the sense in which the word is gener-"Certainly, as most people under- ally used; but my love and care availed but little against the forward march the tenets of a particular sect, but not of the Destroyer. For three months we fought against him, but he came on as surely and relentlessly as the tide, and at last the end was upon us. Before her supreme, and in the end, all-triumphant death her mind cleared, as the sun often does in sinking, and she spoke to me so sweetly, and yet so hopefully, that her tender words almost broke my heart. And yet it was a happy death. I have seen many people die, but I never remember one who was so this through, you will go down to completely borne up across the dark gulf upon the wings of child-like faith. All her fears and griefs were for me, for herself she had none. When at I knew from the tone of her voice last she had kissed her boy and bade that she meant what she said, and also him farewell-thank Heaven he was that if all this could be proved, her not old enough to understand what it prophecy would probably be fulfilled. meant-and said her last word to me. she sent for Fanny and kissed her too.

"Yes," I said, "but I suppose that to "Good-bye, my love," she said; "you must look after Geoffrey and the boy when I am gone," and then, as though a sudden idea struck her, she took the special knowledge acquired, from the girl's hand and placed it in mine. "You will just suit each other," she records of thousands of noted cases of said, with a faint smile, and those were

Fanny colored and said nothing. remember thinking afterward that most women would have cried.

And then the end came and left me broken-hearted.

It was the night after the funeral, and I was walking up and down my little study, struggling against a distress that only seemed to further overwhelm me the more I tried to bear up against it, and thinking with that helpless bittterness that does come upon us at such times, wrapping us, as it were, in a mist of regret, of the many little things I might have done to make my dear wife happier while she lived, and of the irreparable void her loss had left in my life. It was well for her, I was sure of that, for what can be better than to sleep? But in those days that certainty of a future individual existence, which I have now been able through my discoveries to reach to, was not present with me. It only loomed as a possibility at the end Or, even if she lived in some dim heaven, that I too should make my way thither, and find her unchanged; for remember that change is death! It has all passed now. I am as sure tant date I shall stand face to face with her again, as I am that the earth travels round the sun. The science that has unalterably demonstrated the earth's course has also vindicated that inborn instinct of humanity so much attacked of late days, and demonstrated

ing left to live for!" "Perhaps you will not," said a quiet voice at my elbow, "but you have your child and your work left to live for. "Nonsense, dear," she answered, with quite young, but young as she was. And if there is anything in your discovery, you will see her through all the

of doubt. But I did not know it then.

"I shall never see her again, never!

It was Fanny, who had come into the room without my noticing it, and somehow her presence and her words brought comfort to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Strong Pulls.

The shell-less limpet pulls 1,984 times its own weight when in the air, and about double when measured in the water. Fleas pull 1,493 times their own dead weight. The Mediterranean cockle, Venus verrucosa, can exert a pulling power equal to 2,071 times the weight of its own body. So great is the power possessed by the oyster that to open it a force equal 1,319.5 times the weight of its shell-less body is required. It the human being possessed strength as great in proportion as that of these shell-fish, the average man would be able to lift the enormous weight of 2,976,000 pounds, pulling in the same degree as a limpet. And if the man gree as the cockle he would sustain a weight of no less than 3,106,500 pounds

Australia's Population

The New South Wales government statist estimates that the population of the seven Australasian colonies at the end of 1896 was 4,323,171, showing an increase of 513,366 over the census of 1891. There is an increase for New South Wales of 141/2 per cent, for Victoria of 3 per cent, for Queensland of 20 per cent, for South Australia of 12 per cent, for Western Australia of 177 per cent, for Tasmania of 13 per cent. and for New Zealand of 14 per cent. During 1896 the population of New South Wales increased by 19,770. That Victoria decreased by 6,683. The Victoria statist reports that the population of Melbourne has decreased by 42,486 since the census of 1891.

Singular Article of Export.

A curious article of export from the Chinese port of Pakhol, according to the British consul there, is dried liz-Without another word we both turn- ards. "The European, scampering ovidea, if it can be established, will ed and ran up-stairs. I knocked at the or the Pakhoi plain, on a little native furnish a rational explanation of the door, but, getting no answer, entered, pony, finds his equestrian pastime sadaccompanied by Fanny, to find my dear ly marred by the necessity for a bright "Quite so," I answered, for her in- wife lying in her dressing gown in a lookout for the holes dug by the nalifted her up to the bed, and with great casch lizards. The numerical import-"And," she went on, "the certainty of difficulty brought her round, but this ance of these little saurians in the list the practical immortality of the soul, fainting fit was the commencement of of exports may well cause surprise. The or rather of the 'ego' or individual her last illness. Her constitution ap- greater quantity exported comes from identity, will follow as a necessary con- peared to have entirely broken up, and the neighborhood of Wuchow, in all we could do was to prolong her life Kwangsi. They are used for making medicine called "Lizard wine;" it is

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE CAUSE OF RIGHTEOUS-NESS FLOURISHING.

A Discourse from the Text: Lamentations, Chapter III. Verse 39-"Wherefore Doth a Living Man Complain?" Better Days Are Near at Hand.



CHEERFUL interrogatory in the melancholy book of the Bible! Jeremiah wrote so many sad things that we have a word named after him, and when anything is surcharged with grief and complaint, we call it a

jeremiad. But in my text Jeremiah, as by a sudden jolt, wakens us to a thankful spirit.

Our blessings are so much more numerous than our deserts that he is surprised that anybody should ever find fault. Having life, and with it a thousand blessings, it ought to hush into perpetual silence everything like criticism of the dealings of God. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

There are three prescriptions by which I believe that our individual and national finances may be cured of their present depression. The first is cheerful conversation and behavior. I have noticed that the people who are most vociferous against the day in which we live are those who are in comfortable circumstances. I have made inquiry of those persons who are violent in their jeremiads against these times, and I have asked them, "Now, after all, are you not making a living?" After some hesitation and coughing and clearing their throat three or four times, they say stammeringly, "Y-e-s." So that with a great multitude of people it is not a question of getting a livelihood, but they are dissatisfied because they cannot make as much money as they would like to make. They have only two thousand dollars in the bank, where they would like to have four thousand. They can clear in a year only five thousand dollars, when they would like to clear ten thousand, or things come out just even. Or, in their trade they get three dollars a day when they wish they could make four or five. "Oh!' says some one, "are you not aware of the fact that there is a great population out of employment, and there are hundreds of good families of this country who are at their wits' end, not knowing which way to turn?" I know it better than any man in private life can know that sad fact, for it comes constantly to my eye and ear. But who is responsible for this state of things?

Much of that responsibility I put upon men in comfortable circumstances, who, by an everlasting growling, keep public confidence depressed and new enits truth to me beyond the possibility terprises from starting out and new houses from being built. You know I cried in my agony, "and I have nothvery well that one despondent man can talk fifty men into despondency, while one cheerful physician can wake up into exhilaration a whole asylum of hypochondriacs. It is no kindness to the poor or the unemployed for you to join in this deploration. If you

and have not the wit the common sense to think of something cheerful to say, then keep silent. There is no man that can be independent of depressed conversation. The medical fournals are ever illustrating it. I was reading of five men who resolved that they would make an experiment and see what they could do in the way of depressing a stout, healthy man, and they resolved to meet him at different points in his journey; and as he stepped out from his house in the morning in robust health, one of the five men met him and said. "Why, you look very sick today. What is the matter?" He said "I am in excellent health; there is nothing the matter." But passing down the street, he began to examine his symptoms, and the second of the five men met him and said, "Why, how bad you do look." "Well," he replied, "I don't feel very well." After a while the third man met him, and the fourth man met him, and the fifth man came up and said, "Why, you look as if you had had the typhoid fever for six weeks. What is the matter with you?" And the man against whom the stratagem had been laid went home and died. And if you meet a man with perpetual talk about hard times, and bankruptcy and dreadful winters that are to come, you break down his courage. A few autumns ago, as the winter was coming on, people said, "We shall have a terrible winter. The poor will be frothing in the large store of acorns that the squirrels had gathered, and some thing in the phases of the moon, and something in other portends, that made you certain we were going to have a hard winter. Winter came. It was the mildest one within my memory and within yours. All that winter long do not think there was an icicle that hung through the day from the eaves of the house. So you prophesied falsely. Last winter was coming, and the people said, "We shall have unparalleied suffering among the poor. It will be a dreadful winter." Sure enough it was a cold winter; but there was more large hearted charities than ever before poured out on the country; better provision made for the poor, so that there have been scores of winters when the poor had a harder time than they did last winter. Weather prophets say we will have fronts this summer which will kill the harvests. Now, let me tell you, you have lied twice about the weather, and I believe you are lying

The second prescription for the alleviation of financial distresses is proper Christian investment. God demands of

this time.

God that which belongs to him, and when we keep back anything from God he takes what we keep back, and he takes more. He takes it by storm, by sickness, by bankruptcy, by any one of the ten thousand ways which he can employ. The reason many of you are cramped in business is because you have never learned the lesson of Christiate generosity. You employ an agent, You give him a reasonable salary; and, lo! you find out that he is appropriating your funds besides the salary. What do you do? Discharge him. Well, we are God's agents. He puts in our hands certain moneys. Part are to be ours. Part are to be his. Suppose we take all, what then? He will discharge us; he will turn us over to financial disasters, and take the trust away from us. The reason that great multitudes are not prospered in business is simply because they have been withholding from God that which belongs to him. The rule is, give, and you will receive. Administer liberally, and you shall have more to administer. I am in full sympathy with the man who was to be baptized by immersion, and some one said, "You had better leave your pocket book out, it will get "No," said he, "I want to go wet." down under the wave with everything. I want to consecrate my property and all to God." And so he was baptized. What we want in this country is more baptized pocketbooks.

I had a relative whose business seemed to be failing. Here a loss, and there a loss, and everything was bothering, perplexing and annoying him. He sat down one day and said, "God must have a controversy with me about something. I believe I haven't given enough to the cause of Christ." there and then he took out his check book and wrote a large check for a missionary society. He told me, "That was the turning point in my business. Ever since then I have been prosperous. From that day, aye, from that very hour, I saw the change." And, sure enough, he went on, and gathered a fortune. The only safe investment that a man can make in this world is in the cause of Christ. If a man give from a superabundance, God may or he may not respond with a blessing; but if a man give until he feels it, if a man give until it fetches the blood, if a man give until his selfishness cringes and twists and cowers under it he will get not only spiritual profit, but he will get paid back in hard cash or in convertible securities. often see men who are tight fisted who seem to get along with their investments very profitat!", notwithstanding all their parsimony. But wait. Suddenly in that man's history everything goes wrong. His health fails, or his reason is dethroned, or a domestic curse smites him, or a midnight shadow of some kind drops upon his soul and upon his business. What is the matter? God is punishing him for his small heartedness. He tried to cheat God and God worsted him. So that one of the recipes for the cure of individual and national finances is more generosity. Where you bestowed one dollar on the cause of Christ, give two.

> opening of a new street doubles the million God blesses him. People quote as a joke what is a divine promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will return to thee after many days." What did God mean by that? There is an illusion there, In Egypt, when they sow the corn, it is at a time when the Nile is overflowing its banks and they sow the seed corn on the waters, and as the Nile begins to recede this seed corn strikes in the earth and comes up a harvest and that is the allusion. It seems as if they are throwing the corn away on the waters, but after a while they gather it up in a harvest. Now says God in his word: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall come back to thee after many days," It may seem to you that you are throwing it away on charities; but it will yield a harvest of green and gold a harvest on earth and a harvest in heaven. If men could appreciate that and act on that, we would have no more trouble about individual or national finances

> God loves to be trusted, and he is

very apt to trust back again. He says:

"That man knows how to handle

money; he shall have more money to

handle." And very soon the property

that was on the market for a great

Prescription the third, for the cure of all our individual and national financial distresses; a great spiritual awakening. It is no more theory. The merchants of this country were positively demented with the monetary excitement in 1857. There never before nor since has been such a state of financial depression as there was at that time. A revival came, and five hundred thousand people were born into the kingdom of God. What came after the revival? The grandest financial prosperity we have ever had in this country. The finest fortunes, the largest fortunes in the United States, have been made since 1857, "Well," you say, 'what has spiritual improvement and revival to do with monetary improvement and revival?" Much to do. The religion of Jesus Christ has a direct tendency to make men honest and sober and truth-telling, and are not honesty and sobriety and truth-telling carnest in delivery and interesting with auxiliaries of material prosperity? If we could have an awakening in this country as in the days of Jonathan Ed. terly beyond the comprohension of an wards of Northampton, as in the days average boy 10 years old. Grown pecof Dr. Findley of Basking Ridge, as in the days of Dr. Griffin of Boston, the carnest, practical preaching as much whole land would rouse to a higher moral tone, and with that moral tone | ler. the honest business enterprise of the YOU SAY IS country would come up. the future world. I tell you it has a every individual state, and nation, a direct influence upon the financial certain proportion of their income. We | welfare of this world. The religion of \$40,000 in three years.

are parsimonious! We keep back from | Christ is no foe to successful business; it is its best friend. And if there should come a great awakening in this country, and all the banks and insurance companies and stores and offices and shops should close up for two weeks, and do nothing but attend to the public worship of Almighty Godafter such a spiritual vacation the land would wake up to such financial prosperity as we have never dreamed of. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. But, my friends, do not put so much emphasis on worldly success as to let your eternal affairs go at loose ends. I have nothing to say against money. The more money you get the better, if it comes honestly and goes usefully. For the lack of it, sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in an empty bread-tray, and nakedness shivers for clothes and fire. All this canting tirade against money as though it had no practical use, when I hear a man indulge in it, it makes me think the best heaven for him would be an everlasting poorhouse! No, there is a practical use in money; but while we admit that, we must also admit that it cannot satisfy the soul, that it cannot pay for our ferriage across the Jordan of death, that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven for our immortal soul. Yet there are men who act as though packs of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a mansion in heaven, and as though gold were a legal tender in that land where it is so common that they make payements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures. Have you ever ciphered out that sum in loss and gain, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" You may wear fine apparel now, but the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of robes white in the blood of the Lamb. All the mines of Australia and Brazil, strung in one carcanet, are not worth to you as much as the pearl of great price. You remember, I suppose, some years ago, the shipwreck of the Central America? A storm came on that vessel. The surges tramped the deck and swept down through the hatches, and there went up a hundred-voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer, as though it would leap a mountain. The glare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam-pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave. O, it was a stupendous spectacle.

So, there are men who go on in life -a fine voyage they are making out of it. All is well, till some euroclydon of business disaster comes upon them. and they go down. The bottom of this commercial sea is strewn with the shattered hulks. But, because your property goes, shall your soul go? O. no! There is coming a more stupendous shipwreck after a while. This world-God launched it 6,000 years ago, and it is sailing on; but one day it will stagger at the cry of "fire!" and the timbers of the rocks will burn, and the mountains flame like masts and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. God will take a good many off the deck, and others out of the berths, where they are now sleeping in while gets a purchaser, and the bond Jesus. How many shall go down? No that was not worth more than fifty one will know until it is announced cents on a dollar goes to par, and the in heaven one day: "Shipwreck of a world! So many millions saved! So value of his house, or in any way of a many millions drowned!" Because your fortunes go, because your house goes, because all your earthly possessions go, do not let your soul go! May the Lord Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save your souls.

The Daily Task.

We are not apt enough to think of our daily work as the Good Shepherd's pasture field. We are too apt to give heed to a miserable distinction between the sacred and secular and to seek to get out from what we call the secular into what we call the sacred, that we may find spiritual pasture fields

• • • This is the sacred service;

this is God's work; praying, communing, preaching, buying, selling, bricklaying, doing whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, which God's providence trust into your hand to do-doing them for God's sake and in His name, the shining motive for them God's glory . . . The daily toil is a real spiritual pasture field; and the best of herbage we will find in it, if we will have it so, if we will take into it the motive of pleasing God, and so of doing in it our very best. How the spiritual life may nobly grow in this pasture field of daily duty done from a divine impulse!-Wayland Hoyt, D. D.

Children and Church Going.

The fault may lie in some cases with the minister, but much more often the fault is with the fathers and mothers. In the matter of church attendance the parents and the pastor must combine. The parents should require and expect the children to accompany them to God's house as much as to sit at their table for their daily food in their own houses. The pastor should endeavor to attract the young to church by making his sermons simple in language, illustrations. Very few sermons are fit to be preached at all which are utple, in turn, relish fresh, vivid, simple, a: their children do .- Theodore L. Cuy-

In a home for sandwich men in Lonareat awakening has an influence upon | don there are said to be several university graduates and medical men, and a Scotchman who ran through