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CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.) It was half an hour past the appointed time when she neared the trysting place, and she was beginning to wonder whether or not Monsieur Caussidiere had grown weary and had gone away, when, to her relief, he emerged from some nook where he had been hiding and stood before her. Yes, it was he, looking anxious and restless, but brightening up considerably at sight of her face.

Now that the meeting had really come about, Marjorie felt somewhat abashed at the thought of her own boldness. She paused in some confusion, and timidly held forth her hand, but the Frenchman strode boldly forward, and, the place being lonely, took her in his arms.

"Marjorie, my Marjorie!" he murmured.

Both words and action took her so completely by surprise, that for a moment she could do nothing but tremble passively in his embrace like a trembling, frightened child; then, recovering herself, she drew back, blushing and trembling.

"Monsieur—Monsieur Caussidiere!" she cried.

The Frenchman looked at her strangely; he took her hand, and held it lovingly in both of his.

"Marjorie," he said, "my little friend! It seems now that I have you by me, that I am born again. I have traveled all the way from Dumfries to see you; and you do not know why?—because, my child, you have taught me to love you."

Marjorie paused in her walk; she felt her heart trembling painfully and her cheeks burning like fire. She looked up at him in helpless amazement, but she did not speak.

"When you departed, Marjorie," continued Caussidiere, affectionately clasping the little hand which still lay passively in his, "I felt as if all the light and sunshine had been withdrawn from the world, and I knew then that the face of my little friend had left such an image on my heart that I could not shake it away. I tried to fight against the feeling, but I could not. You have made me love you, my darling, and now I have come to ask if you will be my wife?"

"Your wife, monsieur!"

She looked so helplessly perplexed that the Frenchman smiled.

"Well, Marjorie," he said, "of what are you thinking, ma petite?"

"I was wondering, monsieur, why you had spoken to me as you have done."

For a moment the man's face clouded; then the shadow passed and he smiled again.

"Because I adore you, Marjorie," he said.

Again the girl was silent, and the Frenchman pulled his mustache with trembling fingers. Presently he stole a glance at her, and he saw that her face was irradiated with a look of dreamy pleasure. He paused before her and regained possession of her trembling hands.

"Marjorie," he said, and as he spoke his voice grew very tender and vibrated through every nerve in the girl's frame, "my little Marjorie, if you had been left to me, I don't think I should ever have spoken, but when you went away I felt as if the last chance of happiness had been taken from me. So I said, 'I will go to my little girl, I will tell her of my loneliness, I will say to her I have given her my love, and I will ask for hers in return.' Marjorie, will you give it to me, my dear?"

She raised her eyes to his and answered softly:

"I like you very much, monsieur."

"And you will marry me, Marjorie?"

"I—I don't know that."

"Marjorie?"

"I mean, monsieur, I will tell Mr. Lorraine."

"You will not!—you must not!"

"Monsieur!"

"Marjorie, do you not see what I mean? They are all against me, every one of them, and if they knew they would take my little girl away. Marjorie, listen to me. You say you love me—and you do love me—I am sure of that; therefore I wish you to promise to marry me and say nothing to any soul."

"To marry you in secret? Oh, I could not do that, monsieur."

"Then you do not love me, Marjorie?"

"Indeed, it is not true. And Mr. Lorraine is like my father, and he loves me so much. I would not do anything to vex or hurt him, monsieur."

For a moment the Frenchman's face was clouded, and he cast a most ominous look upon the girl; then all in a moment again the sunshine burst forth.

"You have a kind heart, Marjorie," he said. "It is like my little girl to talk so; but she is sensible, and will listen to me. Marjorie, don't think I want to harm you, or lead you to do wrong. I love you, far too well, little one, and my only thought is how I can keep and cherish you all my life."

It must not be supposed that Marjorie was altogether proof against such wooing as this. She believed that the Frenchman was incapable of deceit and thought at first the proposal had given her a shock, she soon came to think in listening to his persuasive voice,

that she was the one to blame. He was so much wiser than she, and he knew so much more of the world; and he loved her so much that he would never counsel her amiss. Marjorie did not consent to his wish, for it is not in a moment that we can wipe away the deeply instilled prejudice of a lifetime, but she finally promised to think it over and see him again.

He walked with her to within a quarter of a mile of the clergyman's gate, then he left her.

During the rest of that day Marjorie went about in a sort of dream, and it was not until she had gone to bed at night that she was able to think dispassionately of the interview.

The next day she went to meet the Frenchman again. The moment he saw her face he knew that in leaving her to reason out the problem he had done well.

She came forward with all the confidence of a child, and said:

"Monsieur Caussidiere, since I love you, I will trust you with all my heart."

Oh! the days which followed; the hours of blissful, dreamy joy! Marjorie went every day to meet her lover—each day found her happier than she had been before.

He was good and kind, and her love for him increased, his reasoning seemed logical as well as pleasant, and it was beginning to take a firm hold of her accordingly.

What he might have persuaded her to do it is difficult to imagine, but an event happened which for the time being saved her from precipitation.

She had left her lover one day, promising to think over his proposition for an immediate secret marriage, and give him her decision on the following morning.

She walked along the road with her head filled with the old and still perplexing problem, but the moment she reached home all such thoughts were rudely driven from her head. She found Mrs. Mentith in the parlor crying bitterly. Mr. Mentith, pale and speechless, stood by her side, with an open telegram in his hand.

"What is the matter?" asked Marjorie.

Taking the telegram from the minister's unresisting grasp, she read as follows:

"Send Marjorie home at once. Mr. Lorraine is dangerously ill."

The girl sank with a low cry upon the ground, then with an effort she rose and cried:

"Let me go to him; let me go home!"

Not once that night did Marjorie remember Caussidiere or her appointment with him on the following day. Her one thought now was of Mr. Lorraine. She hurriedly left her home.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was a raw, wet, windy night when Marjorie arrived at the railway station of Dumfries. Scarcely had the train reached the platform when the figure of a young man leaped upon the footboard and looked in at the carriage window, while a familiar voice addressed her by name.

She looked round, as she stood reaching down some parcels and a small handbag from the net above her seat, and recognized John Sutherland.

"They have sent me to meet you," he said, stretching out his hand. "I have a dog cart waiting outside the station to drive you down."

She took the outstretched hand eagerly, quite forgetful of the angry words with which they had last parted, and cried in a broken voice:

"Oh, Johnnie, is he better?"

The young man's face looked grave, indeed, as he replied:

"He is about the same. He is very weak, and has been asking for you. But come, let me look after your luggage, and then we'll hurry down."

There were few passengers and little luggage by the train, and they found Marjorie's small leather trunk standing almost by itself on the platform. A porter shouldered it and following him they passed out of the station and found a solitary dog cart waiting with a ragged urchin at the horse's head.

A few minutes later Marjorie and Sutherland were driving rapidly side by side through the dark and rain washed streets of the town. At last they drew up before the gate of the manse.

With an eager cry, half a sob, Marjorie leaped down.

"I'll put up the horse and come back," cried Sutherland.

Marjorie scarcely heard, but opening the gate, ran in across the garden, and knocked softly at the manse door, which was opened almost instantly by Myrtle, the old serving woman.

The moment she saw Marjorie she put her finger to her lips.

Marjorie stepped in, and the door was softly closed. Myrtle led the way into the study, where a lamp was dimly burning.

"Oh, Myrtle, how is he now?"

The old woman's hard, world-worn face was set beyond expression, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"Wheesh, Miss Marjorie," she answered, "speak low. A wee while aye he sank into a bit sleep. He's awfu' changed! I'm thinkin' he'll no last many hours langer."

"Oh, Myrtle!" sobbed the girl, convulsively.

"Wheesh, or he may hear ye! Bide here a minute, and I'll creep ben and see if he has wakened."

She stole from the room. In a few moments she returned to the door and beckoned. Choking down her emotion Marjorie followed her without a word. They crossed the lobby and entered the rudely furnished bedroom where Mr. Lorraine had slept so many years, and there, in the very bed where the little founding had been placed that wintry night long ago, lay the minister—haggard, worn and ghastly, with all the look of a man who was sinking fast.

His white hair was strewn upon the pillow, his cheeks were sunken and ashen pale, and his dim blue eyes looked at vacancy, while his thin hand fingered at the counterpane.

Marjorie crept closer, with bursting heart, and looked upon him. As she did so she became conscious of a movement at the foot of the bed. There, kneeling in silence, was old Solomon. He looked up with a face almost as gray and stony as that of his master, but gave no other sign of recognition.

The minister rocked his head from side to side and continued to pick the coverlet, muttering to himself.

"Marjorie, Marjorie, my doo! Ay, put the bairn in my arms—she has your own eyes, Marjorie, your own eyes of heaven's blue. Solomon, my surplice! To-day's the christening. We'll call her Marjorie, after her mother. A bonny name! A bonny bairn! Bring the light, Solomon! She's wet and weary. We'll lay her down in the bed!"

At the mention of his name Solomon rose like a gaunt specter, and stood gazing desolately at his master. His eyes were wild and tearless, and he shook like a reed.

Suddenly there was a low cry from Solomon.

Marjorie started up, and at the same moment Mr. Lorraine half raised himself on his elbow and looked wildly around him.

"Who's there?" he moaned—"Marjorie!"

And for the first time his eyes seemed fixed on hers in actual recognition.

"Yes, Mr. Lorraine. Oh, speak to me!"

He did not answer, but still gazed upon her with a beautiful smile. His hand was still in hers, and she felt it flutter like a leaf. Suddenly the smile faded into a look of startled wonder and divine awe. He looked at Marjorie, but through her, as it were, at something beyond.

"Marjorie!" he moaned, "I'm coming."

Alas! it was to another Marjorie, some shining presence unbefehd of other eyes, that he addressed that last joyful cry. Scarcely had it left his lips than his jaws dropped convulsively, and he fell back upon his pillow, dead.

Let me draw a veil over the sorrow of that night, which was spent by poor Marjorie in uncontrollable grief. Sutherland, returning a little while after the minister's breath had gone, tried in vain to comfort her, but remained in or about the house to the break of day.

Early next morning Miss Hetherington, driving up to the manse door in her faded carriage, heard the sad news. She entered in, looking grim and worn beyond measure, and looked at the dead man. Then she asked for Marjorie, and learned that she had returned to her room. As the lady returned to her carriage she saw young Sutherland standing at the gate.

"It's all over at last, then," she said, "and Marjorie Annan has lost her best friend. Try to comfort her, Johnnie, if ye can."

"I'll do that, Miss Hetherington," cried Sutherland, eagerly.

"The old gang and the young come," muttered the lady. "She's alone now in the world, but I'm her friend still. When the funeral's o'er she must come to stay awhile wi' me. Will ye tell her that?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Ay, I wish it. Poor bairn! It's her first puff of the ill wind of sorrow, but when she's as old as me she'll ken there are things in this world far waur than death."

The few days which followed immediately upon the clergyman's funeral were the most wretched Marjorie had ever spent. Habited in her plain black dress, she sat at home in the little parlor, watching with weary, wistful eyes the figures of Solomon and Myrtle, who, after all, had been her only protector in the world.

While he had been there to cheer and comfort her, she had never realized how far these others were from her. Now she knew; she was as one left utterly alone.

It was by her own wish that she remained at the manse. Mrs. Mentith obliged after the funeral to return to her home, had offered to take Marjorie with her, and Miss Hetherington had sent a little note, requesting her to make the Castle her home. Both these invitations Marjorie refused.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Resented the indignity—"What made you quit the club, Billy?" "Reason enough, I can tell you. I worked five years to be elected treasurer and then they insisted on putting in a cash register."—Detroit Free Press.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"COMING LESSONS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "Go Thou and Preach the Kingdom of God"—Luke; Chapter IX., Verse 60—The Regnant Gospel.



"Go thou and preach the kingdom of God." We hear a great deal in these days about the coming man, and the coming woman, and the coming time. Some one ought to tell of the coming sermon. It is a simple fact that everybody knows that most of the sermons of today do not reach the world. The vast majority of the people of our great cities never enter church.

The sermon of today carries along with it the deadwood of all ages. Hundreds of years ago it was decided that a sermon ought to be, and it is the attempt of many theological seminaries and doctors of divinity to hew the modern pulpit utterances into the same old-style proportions. Booksellers will tell you they dispose of a hundred histories, a hundred novels, a hundred poems, to one book of sermons. What is the matter? Some say the age is the worst of all ages. It is better. Some say religion is wearing out, when it is wearing in. Some say there are so many who despise the Christian religion. I answer, there never was an age when there were so many Christians, or so many friends of Christianity, as this age has—our age; as to others a hundred to one. What is the matter, then? It is simply because our sermon of today is not suited to the age. It is the canal boat in an age of locomotive and electric telegraph.

The sermon will have to be shaken out of the old grooves or it will not be heard and it will not be read. Before the world is converted, the sermon will have to be converted. You might as well go into a modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artillery as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons best adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes; those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a coming sermon—who will preach it I have no idea; in what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea; in which denomination of Christians it will be delivered, I can not guess. That coming sermon may be born in the country meeting house or on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Oregon, or the Ohio, or the Tombigbee, or the Alabama. The person who may deliver it may this moment lie in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas, or in a New England farmhouse, or amid the rice fields of Southern savannas. Or this moment there may be some young man in some of our theological seminaries, in the junior, or middle, or senior class, shaping that weapon of power. Or there may be coming some new baptisms of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watch towers of Zion, waking to the realization of our present inefficiency, may preach to ourselves. That coming sermon may not be twenty years off. And let us pray God that its arrival may be hastened, while I announce to you what I think will be the chief characteristics of that sermon when it does arrive; and I want to make the remarks appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all, I remark that the coming sermon will be full of a living Christ, in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A sermon may be full of Christ, though hardly mentioning his name, and a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is repetitious of his titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy and condolence and brotherhood and life and heaven. A poor man's Christ. An over-worked man's Christ. An invalid's Christ. A farmer's Christ. A merchant's Christ. An artisan's Christ. An every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and finely worded system of theology is well enough for theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the technical phrases of an anatomist, or a physician, in the sick room of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world uplifting, and it will come through a sermon in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is the noonday firmament. That sermon of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming sermon there will be instances of vicarious sacrifice taken right out of every-day life, for there is not a day somebody is not dying for others. As the physician, saving his diphtheric patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship-captain going down with his vessel, while he is getting his passengers into the lifeboat; as the fireman, consuming in the burning building, while he is taking a child out of a fourth-story window; as last summer the

strong swimmer at Long Branch, or Cape May, or Lake George, himself perished trying to rescue the drowning; as the newspaper boy not long ago, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman fifty cents to get some especial paper, and he got it and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it, and was crushed under the wheels of the train, and lay on the grass with only strength enough to say, "Oh, what will become of my poor, sick mother now?"

Vicarious suffering? The world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to be coming to better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer, who to save his passengers, stuck to his place, and when he was found dead in the locomotive, which was found upside down, he was found still smiling, the hand on the air brake?" And as the engineer said it to me, he put his hand on the air brake to illustrate his meaning, and I looked at him and thought, "You would be just as much of a hero in the same crisis."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep, and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say, "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic like Paul, and resuscitate him. That accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much a warning to ministers against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on until midnight. He ought to have stopped at 11 o'clock and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on until too great length, let all those of us who are now preaching the gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power or miracles. Napoleon, in an address of seven minutes, thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the mount—the model sermon—was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled; and it is not religious truths scattered over, spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

When the coming sermon arrives in this land and in the Christian church—the sermon which is to arouse the world and startle the nations and usher in the kingdom—it will be a brief sermon. Hear it, all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath schools and other departments are tolling for Christ and the salvation of immortals. Brevity! Brevity!

But I remark also that the coming sermon of which I speak will be a popular sermon. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw, and considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audiences ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear him, reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ, that, taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them. Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated his subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what he meant, and they flocked to him. And when the coming sermon of the Christian church appears, it will not be Princetonian, nor Rochesterian, nor Andoverian, nor Middletonian, but Olivetian—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins, sorrows and necessities of an auditory.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out, and because people do not believe in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons are not interesting and practical, and sympathetic and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The sermon of the future—the Gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations, and lift people out of darkness—will be a popular sermon just for the simple reason that it will meet the woes and the wants and the anxieties of the people. There are in all our denominations ecclesiastical mummies, sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America, to try to awe them down, to cry out, "Tut, tut, tut! sensational!" They stand today, preaching in churches that hold a thousand people and there are a hundred persons present, and if they cannot have the world saved in their way it seems as if they do not want it saved at all. I do not know but the old way of making ministers of the Gospel is better. A collegiate education and an apprenticeship under the care and home attention of some earnest, aged Christian minister, the young man getting the patriarch's spirit and assisting him in his religious service. Young lawyers study with old lawyers, young physicians study with old physicians, and I believe it would be a great help if every young man studying for the Gospel ministry could put himself in the home

and heart and sympathy and under the benediction and perpetual presence of a Christian minister.

That sermon of the future will be an every-day sermon, going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him to vote, how to bargain, how to plough, how to do any work he is called to, how to wield trowel and pen and pencil and yardstick and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their households, and how to educate their children, and how to imitate Miriam and Esther and Vashti, and Eunice, the mother of Timothy; and Mary, the mother of Christ; and those women who on Northern and Southern battlefields were mistaken by the wounded for angels of mercy fresh from the throne of God.

Do you exhort in prayer-meeting? Be short and be spirited. Do you teach in Bible class? Though you have to study every night, be interesting. Do you accost people on the subject of religion in their homes or in public places? Study adroitness and use common sense. The most graceful, the most beautiful thing on earth in the religion of Jesus Christ, and if you awkwardly present it, it is defamation. We must do our work rapidly and we must do it effectively. Soon our time for work will be gone. A dying Christian took out his watch and gave it to a friend and said: "Take that watch, I have no more use for it; time is ended for me; eternity begins." O my friends, when our watch has ticked away for us for the last moment, and our clock has struck for us the last hour, may it be found we did our work well, that we did it in the very best way; and whether we preached the Gospel in pulpits, or taught Sabbath classes, or administered to the sick as physicians, or bargained as merchants, or pleaded the law as attorneys, or were busy as artisans, or as husbandmen, or as mechanics, or were like Martha called to give a meal to a hungry Christ, or like Hannah to make a coat for a prophet, or like Deborah to rouse the courage of some timid Barak in the Lord's conflict, we did our work in such a way that it will stand the test of the judgment. And in the long procession of the redeemed that march round the throne, may it be found there are many there brought to God through our instrumentality and in whose rescue we are exultant. But, O you saved! wait not for that coming sermon. It may come after your obsequies. It may come after the stone-cutter has chiseled our name on the slab fifty years before. Do not wait for a great steamer of the Cunard or White Star line to take you off the wreck, but hail the first craft with however low a mast, and however small a bulk, and however poor a rudder, and however weak a captain. Better a disabled schooner that comes up in time than a full-rigged brig that comes up after you have sunken. Instead of waiting for that coming sermon—it may be twenty, fifty years off—take this plain invitation of a man who, to have given you spiritual eyesight, would be glad to be called the spittle of the hand of Christ put on the eyes of a blind man, and who would consider the highest compliment of this service, if at the close five hundred men should start from these doors saying, "Whether he is a sinner or no, I know not. This one thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." Swifter than shadows over the plain, quicker than birds in their autumnal flight, hastier than eagles to their prey, hie you to a sympathetic Christ. The orchestras of heaven have already strung their instruments to celebrate your rescue.

And many were the voices around the throne; Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own.

PICTURED POSTCARDS. They Are Slowly Coming Into Use in England.

Illustrated postcards are slowly creeping into use in this country, but enterprise and art have an opportunity here of increasing and meeting a demand in this direction, says the London Telegraph. Postcards with representations of interesting local scenes have long been popular on the continent with residents, and visitors readily fall into the fashion. Ornamental postcards and envelopes are constantly used by correspondents, and postcard collecting abroad is quite as common as stamp collecting was in this country some time ago. The cards are fastened in an album, especially made for the purpose, or artistically arranged in groups on walls and tables. Our illustrated postcards will probably be made varied as the tastes grow, and with art and technical schools on every hand there is no reason why they should not lead to the establishment of a new department of industry. There is certainly no more ready or pleasing way by which a friend can give his correspondent an idea of his surroundings. Many of the great publishers are now issuing views of English cathedrals and other places of historic interest and not a few pretty landscapes. Some hotels, too, are using cards with views calculated to invite customers. But people in this country generally use the plainest paper and postcards. On the continent the sales of these interesting little works of art are enormous, and it is stated an attempt to get one better will be made by enterprising manufacturers there who contemplate reproducing works of the old masters in miniature. Firms in London who are connected with German publishers say they sell a vast number of these ornamental postcards abroad, and that their customers greatly value them.

Great gifts make unworthy nature bold and fier; nature's humble.