

COURT MARTIALED.

The prisoner was young; his soft brown eyes... Few more than twenty summers had beheld...

A PAIR OF GLASSES

People driving up the avenue of a Sunday on their way to the park would not toward the Murray mansion and say: "There's a house that cost more than any other house in the city..."

Time was when John Murray's first thousand dollars was put snugly away as a nest egg. Katherine Bliss wore on her finger one ring, a twist of gold and silver wire, her only jewel.

But that was very long ago and the demands that blazed on Katherine Bliss Murray's fingers left no room for the twisted bit of wire.

They had drifted very far apart. The first thousand had been a mere drop in the bucket to what followed, and with increasing wealth came greater ambitions, came forgetfulness of those trifles that once had seemed like the principal things in life.

There were many days when Mr. and Mrs. Murray did not meet. Strange how people will drift apart, though under the same roof.

But one day Mrs. Murray did not die out. It had been raining and she had stayed indoors reading the latest book. Suddenly a terrific pain manifested itself in one of her eyes.

"You must see an oculist at once," the doctor said, and so on the morrow Mrs. Murray drove down to a famous oculist's office to have her eyes examined.

"It's a focal strain, that is all," the great man said. "Your eyes have never been properly focused; in fact, you never had correct vision."

"Why, doctor?" "No, you will see the difference when your glasses are finished."

"Must I wear glasses?" "Yes, certainly."

But it was three weeks before Mrs. Murray wore glasses. The pain came to both eyes and she lay in her darkened room for many days unable to open her eyes.

"Where are you?" he said, groping in the darkness. "O, here you are. How are you?"

"My eyes are paining me terribly, and I was so lonesome."

"Is that so? It's too bad." And then he sat down and for the first time in weeks they had a long talk.

"I'm to wear glasses," she said at last. "How do you suppose I will look with glasses?"

"You will look well in anything," he said, just as he used to say those things. "You are still young, but I am old. I'm shocked some times when I notice how gray I am."

"Why, John, you are not gray." "It is kind of you to say that," he said, and there might have been a touch of bitterness in his tone.

Mrs. Murray's eyes grew better and stronger and the glasses came. She put them on and walked to her window. Far down the avenue she gazed, a growing conviction in her heart that what the oculist said was true.

Not Like Other Books.

When we take the New Testament in hand at any hour—but most fittingly in the dew freshness of the morning, ere worldly cares have come in to distract our thoughts, or in the evening twilight, when the labor of the day is done—and open it at the Gospels or the Acts, the Epistles or the Revelation, it does not seem like anything else.

At times it seems as if we heard a voice, a loving, gentle voice, and yet that speaks in a tone of authority; that comes from an infinite distance, and yet comes so near that it penetrates the very soul; that enters into our sense of guilt with its forebodings, and yet whispers of pardon and peace, until the trembling heart vibrates with a joy that is not of this world.

What is it in the Bible that gives it this mysterious power? It is not mere poetry or eloquence, however much they may overflow in the psalms and the prophets. It is not genius; it is divinity. It is God speaking to men, and therefore speaking in the language of men—with a human voice, though with a divine love and tenderness.

"What have you seen, dear?" "I see that I have been a foolish woman, John, in more ways than one. It was the glasses that did it at first, and then I kept seeing more and more, and..."

"And what?" "You have been wearing yourself out alone; I have been selfishly living for myself. Our home has become the loneliest place on earth for us both—and I have been to blame." There were tears in her eyes now. "But we will change it now, won't we?"

"Wonderfully well. I've seen things to-day I never saw before, and her voice trembled a little." "What have you seen, dear?" "I see that I have been a foolish woman, John, in more ways than one. It was the glasses that did it at first, and then I kept seeing more and more, and..."

"And how do you like my glasses?" "Why, I didn't hear you coming out. The glasses are very becoming. Can you see well with them?" "Wonderfully well. I've seen things to-day I never saw before, and her voice trembled a little."

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