

# A CRISIS.

By Hester A. Benedict.

MARY ELLET stood at the one window of her pretty room, looking down upon a child in the area—a blue-eyed, flax-haired baby of four years, fair and sweet, and bright as study even an artist could desire.

But Mary Ellet was no artist—at least not one who puts beautiful faces into words, or on canvas. She was only one of thirty saleswomen in a Broadway dry goods house, and a boarder with the owners of the baby, who was having a splendid time with her dog and her dolly, in the sunshine of the late spring that everybody was rejoicing over.

"Eight o'clock," said Mary, as the striking of a clock below came up, with a deep admonishing tone to where she stood. "What can keep him, I wonder? A half hour past time already, and I was never tardy before in all the years I've been with Blake & Hillman. I shall lose my place, just as likely as not, for I cannot give a satisfactory excuse, except I tell the truth, which is quite out of the question; so I must keep silent, and trust to luck."

She turned from the window, then, and there was a tired look in her great grey eyes, as she put on her hat and went hastily down stairs.

At the street door she met Leland Forsyth, a tall, handsome young man, who tucked her under his arm forthwith with an assurance that was unrobbed, because it hung itself to a cable-of-promise, and together they started down the street.

"You are late, Lee," the girl said, speaking in a more serious tone than she had ever yet used to her lover.

"Am I?" he queried, shading his eyes and looking up at the sun. "Not very, I guess."

"Enough to risk the loss of my place," Mary answered, quietly, though the tardiness and indifference of her lover piqued her.

"Oh, pshaw! Blake & Hillman are no such fellows. Besides, Blake's in love with you!" the young man said, coarsely. "I've known that these three months. Of course, his love don't mean what mine does. These rich fellows—"

"Lee!"

The girl drew her arm from her lover's, and stopping stone-still in her walk, she looked at him with wild, frightened eyes, and lips from which every atom of color had departed.

He had been drinking heavily, and the knowledge of that, and the low, insulting words, had well-nigh crushed her.

"Yes, I took a little," he said, answering her unspoken thoughts. "Men do that, you know, Mollie, when they get into tight places, and things go wrong every way."

It was by no means the first time that Leland Forsyth had taken "a little." He had never been a strong man, never a very good man; and all who knew Mary Ellet wondered at her choice—for her engagement and the prospect of her marriage in the fall were things well understood by her circle of friends, who counseled, and pitied, and blamed, and ended by wishing her far better than they could hope, and that her influence over the man she loved might keep him straighter than his own self-respect could, save for her sake.

"Are things very wrong, Lee?" she asked, making his trouble her own at once, after the manner of women who love, and half-forgetting her indignation before the sorrow in his eyes.

"Yes, very; and if I don't get help at once, I'm gone! That's all!"

The girl forgot all about the lace department in the house of Blake & Hillman, and sinking into one of the seats close by—she dropped her hands idly in her lap, as if there was no more work to do, saying:

"Tell me all about it, Lee. I don't suppose I can help you—women can't do that often—but I want to know."

"You can help me, Mollie—you can save me—you and you only."

"I?" under her breath, and opening her eyes to their widest.

"Yes, you—and you must. There is no alternative. If your love for me is anything more than a profession, you will!"

He looked so determined and so hard! His voice was thick and hoarse. He twitched his watchguard nervously, keeping his eyes on the ground.

"Surely I will if I can," Mary said, softly. "Only tell me how, Lee—only tell me how!"

"I want money, girl, and I must have it."

"Much, Lee?"

"Three hundred dollars."

The girl drew her breath in suddenly. She stared for a moment, almost vacantly, into the face of her lover—then her chin settled upon her bosom, and a sigh that meant more than any words fluttered through the pallor of her lips.

"You have something at Blake & Hillman's, I know. How much is it, Mary?"

"It's only a little, dear," the girl answered, brightening; "and I've been saving it up for—for some things in the little home, Lee—the happy little home that is to be ours in the autumn. But of course, it is yours, every cent, this very day, to use just as you will. I only wish there were more to give."

She looked so beautiful and so pure! She was making her first sacrifice upon the altar of her young heart's love; and though the idol of her worship was only clay, as too many idols are, she seemed, in her trustful ignorance, to have climbed to the beatitudes.

He did not lift his eyes from the ground—he had not even the grace to thank her.

"You did not say how much, Mary?" he interrogated, in an off-hand way.

"And you did not ask me," she said, laughing a little.

"There is no time for evasion or for sentiment," he said, harshly. "I suppose you have a hundred or so?"

over now," she said, as if talking to her heart.

"What is over, Mollie?" asked Forsyth.

"Everything—between you and me," she answered, lifting her eyes that had only sorrow in them—sorrow, and a deep, deep pain.

Forsyth's face blazed with anger.

"So?" he hissed, seizing her by the shoulder and pressing his fingers hard into the tender flesh. "It means that, does it? I might have known better than to have trusted a beautiful face. But really, he got you cheap."

If Leland Forsyth could have had his words back by the loss of his right hand, he would have suffered that loss gladly. Half-drunken though he was, he knew that nothing could henceforth bridge the awful gulf he himself had fixed between his life and hers; and his knowledge took his strength away.

He sank upon the basin's rim and bowed his head in his hands, shivering from head to foot.

She looked at him for a moment, the "saint's scorn" on her face fading out, and leaving only pity there. Then she turned, and went through the sunshine and the singing of birds to her work, that had in it now no hope of anything fair and sweet—no colour de rose of love—no anything but the peace that must go hand-in-hand with duty.

Six months later she redeemed her watch.

She had worked so hard to do this! She had gone without the actual comforts of life, that she might meet the obligation when it became due—for she guessed rightly that no help would come to her from Forsyth, and she had grown thin and pale, and weak.

Geoffrey Blake had noted all this, but a seal was on his lips. He could not tell his love to the promised wife of another, though it wrung his heart to see the changes wrought by a few brief months; and his voice was choked with tears when he said:

"And when am I to congratulate—Forsyth? He did not say 'you.' He could not be false to his convictions even in so slight a thing; and he knew that Mary Ellet's marriage with Forsyth would be, so far as she was concerned, no subject for congratulation.

"When he makes himself worthy the love of a good woman's life," she said, quietly.

"Do you mean—" he began, eagerly.

"I mean that for six months I have not seen him. I shall never see him again! The old dream is ended! Do not mention it any more; but do not blame him!"

Her voice was low and even; her eyes were drooped. She did not see to bid his joy, nor the light there when the hands do it just as easy as to turn your hand, and you ought. If you love me, you will."

A silence fell there then—a silence broken only by the splash of the fountain, the chirp of the sparrows and the whistle of the wind.

"Suppose I could do that, Lee," the girl said, lifting her face after a long, long thought—"suppose I could, and you should fall to pay the sum when due, what then?"

"I shall not fall; but if I do, Blake'll never push it. He'd never ask for it, even."

"And you wish me," she said, rising, and speaking very distinctly—"you wish me to believe that, and believing it, to carry my pretty face into the presence of my employer and ask him to take it as security for money to be returned or not returned as the case may be?"

"You put it queerly. But such things are done every day."

"And poor girls are sold every day to the devil," she retorted, fiercely. "But the girl who promised to be your wife is made of no such material. Pure as snow she has preserved her life—pure as snow she will preserve her acts. I will go to Geoffrey Blake—will humble myself enough to do that—and I will tell him the truth. Will you wait here till I return?"

"You'd better not make a fool of yourself," he said, then, noting the look on her face, he added: "You're a good girl, Mollie. I'll wait here, but you'll only make matters worse by putting me in."

She did not answer. She only turned and fled away toward the house she had left so lately; and it seemed to her she had grown old a hundred years since then.

She gained her room unnoticed, and taking from her trunk a watch with her mother's monogram in diamonds on its case, she hurried with it to the well-known house down the street, and to the private office of the firm.

Geoffrey Blake sat there alone when she entered. He was a stately, well-built, well-bred gentleman, with clear, brown, honest eyes, and soft, fine hair, where one white hair had been for Geoffrey Blake was thinking very earnestly, and it was not strange that he should start and flush when, without warning, the object of his thoughts entered and stood before him.

And stilled her story from beginning to end—told it with quivering lips, and hiding her say, wet eyes under their pallid lids; and her listener won a great battle when he refrained from taking the poor little fluttering thing to his heart, just then and there—telling her how long and how truly he had loved her, and begging for his reward.

He crushed back something that seemed choking him—a great lump that would not let him breathe—for a minute, then he said:

"I honor you, Miss Ellet, as I honor my mother's memory. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do anything."

He would not hurt her by refusing to keep the watch "as security," and she could not see how tenderly he kissed it before locking it in the safe in his desk—for she was standing by Leland Forsyth, and looking him quietly in the face, as she said:

"Here is the money, Lee. As for the half of it that was mine, I never wish it again. The balance you will pay some time. I must go now. Good-by, Lee!"

She meant something more than an everyday good-by, and the young man knew it.

He took eagerly the hand she extended, and drew her a little nearer to him. But she released herself presently, and stood looking at the spray of the fountain, seeing only the splendor of a dream, and the vastness of it all.

"It was a sweet, sweet life, but it is

## HERDING WILD GEESSE

### AN IMPORTANT OCCUPATION IN CALIFORNIA'S GRAIN DISTRICT.

Herders Pay Gooseherds Forty Dollars a Month and Their Board and Furnish Them With Rifles and Mounts—How the Herder Does His Work.

During early winter and spring wild geese are so numerous in the grain-producing sections of California that they must be driven from the growing wheat. Consequently, goose-herding has become an occupation as distinct and important as hunting or trapping.

The wild geese seem always insatiably hungry; or if it ever has enough to eat, it is not at such times seen by man. Settling down in flocks, the big birds will utterly ruin hundreds of acres of young wheat in a single night, pulling some of the grain up by the roots and destroying the rest by nibbling. A goose's mouth is rough, with ridges like a file; whatever it bites it bruises and mashes; and goose-bitten wheat invariably dries.

California has frequent fogs during the winter, and while they last the geese are most troublesome. Being themselves unable to see very far through the fog, they take it for granted that all others are equally blind, and they become very bold.

Settling down in flocks that look in the dimness of the fog, like vast gray blankets, they go to work voraciously. While feeding they are not quite so noisy as in flight, but still they maintain a conversational gabble that betrays them to seekers.

Mounted on a sure-footed horse that will not stumble in soft plowed ground, and armed with a repeating rifle, the gooseherd gallops swiftly through the fog in the direction of the gabbling geese. His mission is to frighten. Should he do no more than kill a few of the flock, the remaining thousands would be as greedy as ever for the grain; but if he frightens off the flock entirely, he frees the field from the pest for the rest of that season.

Geese invariably move southward when disturbed, not to return till spring, and then they fly high and in too much haste to stop and rob the fields.

As soon as the herder spies the great blanket-like spot of geese on the wheat, he spurs his horse and gallops down upon them. It is not until the flock has risen into the air that he begins to fire; then he keeps up a fusillade as long as they are in sight.

To fire at them while they are on the ground would be dangerous, as the rifles used are of such calibre and range that the bullet might ricochet, or "skip-pick," along the earth, and wound or kill human beings or domestic animals a mile away.

The antics of the wild geese when they hear the bullets whistling among them are remarkable. They dodge and squawk and "back-water" with their wings and "read air" with their feet, and do all sorts of aerial gymnastics. But they never get too badly scared to follow the old gander who "honks" to them, and leads them off southward to rob some other grain-field.

Goose-herding is exciting—you go at a gallop to set the geese moving; it is dangerous—the horse may stumble and fall with you; and in the fog that lies over these vast, featureless fields, you can't tell where you are going, and you may get lost and chilled to death; or you may accidentally shoot somebody, or be shot yourself by some other gooseherd.

When last I was in California, grain ranchers paid gooseherds forty dollars a month and their board, furnished them with rifles, cartridges and mounts, and though the work was well worth the price.

On clear days goose-herding is not such hard work. The "honk! honk! honk!" of the old gander in the lead tells of the approach of a flock from the north. As they pass overhead, one gooseherd after another salutes them, and they keep off the grain, but rising high above the fusillade of rifleballs, flap their swift way at least a hundred miles farther south.

When the wind is strong and steady from the northwest and the day is fair, it is comparatively easy to "stir up the geese" and move them off "down the wind," but in rainy weather they stubbornly keep on flying up and settling on wheat until literally forced off. Perhaps this is because the tender young wheat, fresh and damp with fog or rain, may taste better to the geese than at other times.

The geese concerned in the mischief are of several kinds,—the big Canadian goose, the brant, and the arctic goose,—but the herders refer to them as of two kinds only, "big gray honkers" and "nasty little white geese."

In California there are some big grain ranches. One in Colusa County is about twelve square miles in area, and embraces about seventy-five thousand acres. On that ranch during some winters from ten to twelve thousand dollars have been spent for herding wild geese off the grain. It was the usual thing there to lay in a supply of a quarter of a million rifle cartridges for the gooseherds, and the owner, an eminently practical and successful man, said that he saved money by the outfit.

Sometimes a black bank of clouds, with high wind and heavy rain, comes rolling in from the north. The whole arid plain seems full of fluttering bits of paper blown before the storm. They are wild geese fleeing southward. Their noise of frightened squawk, gabble and honk is so alarming, that horses and cattle often take fright from it, dash against barbed-wire fences, and are wounded and maimed. Dogs run about in excitement and add their yelp to the hubbub. Young children run to shelter, screaming with terror at the noise of the storm-driven geese. At such times the birds appear in legion, and seem to be as countless as vast swarms of gnats.

Northern California suffers most from the depredations of wild geese. South of the Sacramento River they spread out over the San Joaquin, Tulare and Kern valleys and do not move in such large flocks. In Kern County they do much damage to alfalfa crops. Away down in southern California they do not tarry long, but hurry on into Mexico and doubtless much farther south.—W. W. Davis, in the Youth's Companion.

## RATTLESLAKE BITES.

### Chicago Professor Claims They Are Rarely Fatal.

Appropos of this subject of rattlesnakes, the remarkable statement may be quoted, recently made by Professor Edmund J. James, of the University of Chicago, to the effect that death from rattlesnake bite is a great rarity. He has been working for twenty years, he says, to obtain a well-authenticated case of death from such a cause. Many stories of people dying from rattlesnake poison had been found, upon investigation, to be without foundation. One genuine case discovered recently in Georgia was considered by Professor James sufficiently remarkable to warrant him in obtaining a sworn affidavit to the fact from the attending physician. The case was that of a man, a "snake charmer," who was bitten by a large rattlesnake of the variety known in the South as the "diamond rattler." The man died from paralysis of the heart caused by the bite, after lingering in great agony for eighteen hours.

Referring to Professor James's statement, Dr. Menger says that his own experience and that of many of his professional associates in Texas indicates that death from rattlesnake bite is not so rare a thing as the Chicago professor would have the world believe.

"Rattlesnakes," says Dr. Menger, "are not in all instances deadly, depending upon the parts injured, the amount of poison injected, susceptibility, etc. Often the snake's tooth breaks off in striking, or it penetrates thick clothing, the boot or shoe, etc., before the fang reaches the flesh, and in these cases only painful and superficial wounds are inflicted, with perhaps only slight symptoms of the poison. When, though, the poison fang strikes a vital part, especially blood vessels, the poisoning symptoms are at once alarming, and in most of these instances death generally occurs. Fright, during the sudden meeting of a rattlesnake, with the blood-curling 'hiss' of its rattles and the consequent shock upon the nervous system, especially the heart centres, undoubtedly has also produced sudden death."—Leslie's Weekly.

## CURIOUS FACTS.

A peach tree in Kent County, Md., is twenty-six inches in diameter at the ground, and has borne fruit for twenty-eight years.

Libel once meant any little book, but as many small tracts in the early days of printing were personal and offensive in character the word acquired its present significance.

It has been discovered that the native African chiefs in the diamond regions have great quantities of valuable diamonds which were accumulated years ago. They treasure them as charms and are unwilling to sell them.

Probably the smallest monarch in the world reigns over the Hindu vassal state of Bhopal, and governs a people of more than a million souls. This dwarf is a woman, Dijnah-Begum by name, but although she is about fifty years old, she does not appear larger than a child of ten.

Various beautiful colors are of animal origin—for example, Indian-yellow, which is derived from the camel, Sopia is the lily secretion of the cuttlefish, carmine is derived from the cochineal insect, Prussian blue is obtained from horses' hoofs, and ivory black is made by burning ivory chips.

The wonderful endurance of red cedar was recently demonstrated at Bethlehem, Penn. That city has the oldest water system in the United States. The original mains were made of cedar logs, and in making repairs some of these logs were taken up and found to be in a perfect state of preservation.

Verdi's Advice to Young Composers.

Verdi has left in his will a legacy of wise, and here and there sarcastic, musical advice to young composers: "I would have placed, so to speak, one foot on the past and the other on the future, because the music of the future causes me no alarm. I would have said to young disciples: Practice the art of music constantly, sublimely, until your hand is sufficiently strong to address yourself to composition with confidence; see to it that your part-writing is good, that your modulations are free from affectation. Study Palestrina and some of his contemporaries, then pass on to Marcello, and pay special attention to recitative. Go and hear a few performances of modern works, but do not be dazzled by the numberless harmonic and instrumental effects; nor by the chord of the diminished seventh, a danger, also the refuge of those who cannot without its aid compose four consecutive bars of music. To these studies add strong literary culture. Put your hand on your heart, set your pen in motion, and—granted an artistic temperament—you will be a composer."—London Athenaeum.

Refused the Crown of Spain

The remarkable romance of Elsie Hensler, the Boston girl, who married King Ferdinand of Portugal, is recalled by Mabel Perry Haskell, in the Ladies' Home Journal. At her marriage Miss Hensler was escorted by the Countess of Edla, and with her royal husband took up her home in the beautiful Palace of Cintra. "Had she wished it the Countess of Edla might have been Queen of Spain, for King Ferdinand declined the crown of Spain in 1829, soon after his marriage to the beautiful American girl. It was offered to him by General Prim and General Serrano, and both the King and his lovely wife decided that their quiet life so free from cares of state was infinitely to be preferred to the worry and fret of a great European Court. Ferdinand died in 1885, and since then the Countess has lived in retirement in the Palace of Cintra. She is visited by members of the present royal family and is greatly beloved by them, for they never can forget how low and good was her gentle influence over the King, and they shared his admiration for her. She is treated as if she had been born to the purple instead of far across the sea."

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

### International Lesson Comments For March 24.

Subject: Jesus Crucified and Buried, Luke xliii, 35-53—Golden Text, I Cor. xv, 3—Memory Verses, 46-47—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

35. "Derided Him." The crowd mocked Him from 9 till 12 o'clock. But there were also friendly watchers at the cross (John 19: 25-27). Jesus was not wholly deserted after this and hour. The women were last at the cross and first at the grave. The three Marys were there: Mary, the mother of Jesus; Mary, the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene, with several other friends (John 40). "Save himself." They thought that if Jesus were the Messiah, surely He could deliver Himself from the Roman cross.

36. "Inegar." It was about the time of the middle meal of the soldiers, and they in mockery offered Him their sour wine to drink with them. The soldiers pretend to treat Jesus as a king, to whom the festive cup is presented. The first drink of vinegar and gall Jesus refused, but this, unmixed with any drug, was accepted.

38. "A superscription." The white label nailed upon the cross, above the head of the victim, to declare the crime for which He was crucified. It was a common custom to affix a label to the cross giving a statement of the crime for which the person suffered. This was written in three languages, and the crime was written in three languages. "King of the Jews." The words are somewhat different in the different gospels, probably because some of the words in one language were not understood from another. The truth was proclaimed in just; Jesus is in fact a "King with many crowns."

39. "Nailed on Him." The two thieves crucified with Him may have belonged to the band with Barabbas; they evidently knew something about the Christ. One mocked, the other prayed.

40. "Didst thou not fear God?" What ever the recklessness may do, that never death; does this have no effect upon you?

41. "We—justly." He is a true penitent, confessing his sin. "Nothing amiss." He may have heard and seen much of Jesus at the trial. It is more than likely that at various times he may have joined the crowd where Jesus was crucified, and he knows His miracles.

42. "Lord." The very use of the word implies faith. "Thy kingdom." He thus recognized Christ as a real King. His prayer shows that he believed that Jesus was the Son of God; that He had come to save, and that they would continue to exist in a future state.

43. "To-day." This was the second saying of Christ on the cross. This verse is a strong proof of the immortality of the soul. "Paradise." This is a word of Persian origin, denoting a beautiful park, garden or orchard. It designates the abode of the righteous in the unseen world, the home of repose and joy beyond the grave.

44. "The sixth hour"—Noon. Christ's first saying on the cross was spoken just before His mother and to John the apostle. "Woman, behold thy son." "Behold thy mother." John 19: 26, 27. Jesus in the midst of His sufferings was thinking of others, and while on the cross made provision for His mother. "The darkness continued three hours, from noon till 3 o'clock. 'Over the whole land' (R. V.) Of Palestine. This darkness was typical of the moral blindness that filled the world. During the darkness occurred Christ's fourth utterance on the cross: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Matt. 27: 46. The fifth saying was "I thirst."

45. "The veil—was rent." The great veil of the temple that hung between the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies, forty cubits (sixty feet) long, and twenty (thirty feet) wide, of the thickness of the palm of the hand, and wrought in several squares, which were joined together.

46. "With a loud voice." As it were the triumphant note of a conqueror. What He said first at this time is recorded in John 19: 30, and was His last saying on the cross: "It is finished." "Father," etc. This was His seventh saying. The word "Father" shows that His soul has recovered full sovereignty. "That long before this when struggling in the darkness He called His 'God,' now the darkness is gone and He sees His Father." "I commend My spirit." "I deposit My soul in Thy hands, because I am another proof of the immortality of the soul, and of its separate existence after death. 'Gave up the ghost.' He dismissed the spirit. He Himself willingly gave up that life which it was impossible for man to take away; He thus became, not a forced sacrifice, but a free-will offering for sin.

47. "The centurion." The Roman officer who had charge of the crucifixion. "Glorified God." When he saw "what was done" he acknowledged that God Himself was showing His approval of the sacrifice. "An innocent man." According to Matthew he confessed Jesus to be the Son of God.

48. "Smote their breasts." In token of alarm and penitence. They were to some extent penitent for their actions. "Awe and consternation seized upon the Jews."

49. "All his acquaintance." They beheld Him with the deepest sorrow over their irrevocable loss, which was not yet softened by the joyful hope of the resurrection.

50. "A councilor" (R. V.) That is, he was a member of the Sanhedrin. He was also a high man.

51. "Had not consented." He had either voted against their action in the council, or what is far more probable, had absented himself and taken no part in the proceedings. "Arimathea." Some identify this with Rama in Benjamin, or Rama in Ephraim, the birthplace of Samuel. The form of the name is more like the latter. "Himself waited." He was a secret disciple (John 19: 38), and "waited for the manifestation of the Messiah's kingdom."

52. "Went to Pilate." He went in boldness. It took great courage to do this. He had been a secret disciple, and afraid of public sentiment, but he is fearless now. I regard Joseph as one of the noblest characters referred to in the New Testament; he befriended Christ in this hour of awful distress, when even the disciples forsook Him and fled.

53. "He took it down." Joseph was assisted by Nicodemus (John 19: 39-42); spices, and placed it in a new sepulchre, in a garden near by Calvary.—Ira S. S. Jr.

Licensees Issued to Children.

Nearly twelve hundred boys and girls are licensed by the city council of Liverpool to sell matches, newspapers, bootlaces, etc., upon the streets. Before the licensees are granted consent must be obtained of parents and guardians, as well as of the local school officials. The age limit for girls is from eleven to sixteen years, and for boys from eleven to fourteen years. No child is allowed to peddle in the streets after 9 o'clock in the evening. All must be decently clad and free from physical defects. No business must be done during school hours.

Learning the Prices.

"The ways of the female shopper are beyond the ordinary salesman's ken," said a disgruntled optician, who is in business in the shopping district of the city. "A woman came in here the other day and asked the prices of all kinds and styles of spectacles and eyeglasses known to those in the trade. Finally, after a half hour's quizzing, she rustled out with the remark: 'Thank you. I expect to receive a pair of glasses for a birthday present, and I just wanted to know about the prices of them.'"

## EPWORTH LEAGUE MEETING TOPICS.

March 24—"What I Owe to Christ." 2 Cor. viii, 9; 1 Peter ii, 21-25.

Study the Great Sacrifice of Christ For Us.

When all power, wealth and greatness, earthly and divine, were his he consented to lead a life of poverty, not merely for the world in general, but for you. In the incarnation Christ laid aside the riches which he had with the Father, subjected himself to human limitations, became conscious of human dependence and need, underwent suffering and want, and allowed himself to be tested in all points like as we are (Read Heb. ii, 14-18; v, 7-9). He did not "take hold upon the nature of angels," because it was men he came to redeem. In spite of all man's weakness and sin he was not ashamed to call him brother. Meditate upon the greatness of this sacrifice and see if you can grasp it. What does it mean?

Study the Benefits We Have Derived From This Sacrifice.

"That ye through his poverty might become rich." How has Jesus enriched all life, as far as the human mind can understand God? Jesus represents him for us. He shows us what truth, here, love, sympathy, and brotherhood are, and what they can accomplish. In the effort to develop industry, art, love, liberty and all that man holds dearest the nineteenth century has been a great advance over every other century, mainly because Jesus has been the inspiration of these things as in no other era before.

He has turned us from wickedness into holiness. "Ye were as sheep going astray." A striking picture of the ignorant, innocent lamb, wandering aimlessly about, not knowing whither its way led, brought into the comfortable fold. So Jesus has drawn us back, has saved us by his death, and has pointed us to the heavenly fold.

Who can tell what we owe Jesus? Certainly, we owe him our love. What does that mean? Pharaoh's daughter found Moses, and took him to her palace, but his mother consented to become a hired girl, because she loved him. So love can deny itself and take up the cross. The great question underlying all service is a question of love, of heart devotion. Should we not show our gratitude to Jesus by a love which will gladly serve him?

"God is love; his purpose is love. He sent His Son to seek and to save his lost. Why? Because he grieves over human sin and pities human misery. And therefore to remedy evil, to strive for good—not to neglect the little daily duties and beneficences of life, the gratuitous acts, the tender courtesies, the tolerant appreciations, the public magnanimities, the social efforts, the rational aims of a nobler manhood, either in selfish absorption in the effort to save our own souls or in fury against others because they will not save their souls in our way—in one word, to love God and neighbor, and to love one another as he gave us his commandment—this is to live as Christ lived on earth."

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

March 24—"What I Owe to Christ." 2 Cor. viii, 9; 1 Peter ii, 21-24.

Scripture Verses.—Ps. vi, 5; xviii, 49; xxii, 22; xxx, 4; lxxviii, 18; xlvi, 1; lxxii, 3; lxxv, 1; lxxv, 1; c, 1; ciii, 5; Matt. xi, 25; Mark viii, 6; Rom. i, 8; 1 Cor. i, 4.

Lesson Thoughts.

All of God's gifts to us, even the supreme gift of his only and well beloved Son, are freely given; he requires no return from us, and will accept none that is not prompted alone by loving gratitude.

Without the spirit of Christ behind them the world would have none of the blessings of charitable, educational, or social reform institutions. Though the world often refuses to acknowledge it, we can not fail to recognize our debt to God for these benefits.

Selections.

Ah, Lord, how carelessly we go! Unmindful of the gift quite. Using each gracious gift as though It were our own by right. Yea, and with thankless murmuring For other boons denied. Despising many a precious thing In blind and reckless pride. Give us, O thou whose gifts are free, The grace to heed thy call. That in thy gifts we may find thee. The sweetest gift of all.

All we have we owe to God, and we are dishonest if we avoid paying our debts in order that we may selfishly enjoy what really belongs to another. A defaulting bank cashier is no more dishonest than miserly, selfish professors of Christianity.

Zimendorff once saw the picture of Christ crucified hanging on the wall of a hotel parlor, and he wrote these words above the picture: "This I did for thee"; and beneath: "What wilt thou do for me?" The family had been careless about religion, but they were so deeply impressed by this that they resolved to begin a new life, and when Zimendorff came again they thanked him, as the instrument in the hand of God, for their conversion.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

HERE are no harmless sins. Deceit at last deceives itself. Crookedness can not be consecrated. A double minded man is but half witted. A troubled conscience makes a hard pillow. "Measure for measure" applies to legislators. Tact is not policy. He who injures his brother draws his own blood. The social card table is the college of gambling. The yoke of Christ is made for two Himself and you. God's showers can bring no blessing to seedless soil. One can do what he cannot do if he does what he can. There is more pain in practicing brotherhood than in preaching about it. If God gives you hard tasks be proud that He has so much confidence in you. With some life is a scheme of cheating the Lord and death of cheating the devil. The church can not save the world as long as she depends on the support of the world. It is not wise to cut down the thistles in such a way as to scatter the seeds.