

THE \$10 BILL.

Its Surprising Consequences in the Life of Allan Merling.

(W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

He had been idling away his time as usual. He had played a game of chance and won a little money. This was something he didn't care to do. He never played for high stakes, and he preferred to lose. It would make him feel uncomfortable to take other people's money—he had quite enough of his own.

That was the trouble. He knew it. His father's money had made him an idler and a prodigal—and he was only twenty-seven.

He had taken too much wine at dinner. His mind was not as nimble as usual. He had left his companions—idlers like himself, only with less money—and started to walk off his indisposition. His legs were steady enough, and the cool evening air refreshed him.

He wandered along aimlessly, and the trifle he had won continued to be an annoyance. He would give it away. That was the thing to do. There was only \$10 of it. He looked around.

A milliner's shop window was close at hand. It was brilliantly lighted, and the hats within on their wire pedestals were displayed to the best advantage. In front of the window stood a girl, a slender, young girl, pale and rather shabbily dressed, and the gaze of this girl seemed fixed on one particular hat in the glowing window. She stared at this hat with her head very much on one side and she touched her nose to the pane in her effort to get nearer to it. She looked at it from the side window, too. It was a very fascinating hat.

The man near the curb watched this exhibition of beauty worship with an amused smile. Then an idea came to him. He crossed the walk and entered the store.

A stout woman with a smiling face greeted him. He noticed in a hazy way that a younger woman was standing near, a young woman with whom the stout woman had been in conversation.

"Madam," he said, as he lifted his hat, "I wish to know the price of the marvelous chapeau on the left side of the window."

The stout lady opened her eyes very wide.

"It is \$10, sir."

He drew a bill from his vest pocket and handed it to her.

"The hat is mine, madam. Do you notice a girl lingering outside with her nose against the pane? She looks as if she meant to devour the hat, and I want to gratify her appetite." He suddenly held up his hand. "Understand me, madam," he said with labored distinctness, "I have never seen this girl before; in all probability I will never see her again. I am giving her this hat because she wants it. I am investing a sawbuck in personal gratification. Call it a whim if you like—call it anything you please, but don't let the girl get away without the hat."

He smiled and nodded, and suddenly seating himself on the divan near the door remained there, idly tapping his foot with his cane.

The stout woman looked at the young man and at the bill in her hand. Then her gaze wandered to the younger woman, and the younger woman nodded very slightly.

The milliner went to the door and asked the girl to come in. The girl came, wondering and a little reluctant.

"My dear," said the milliner, "I have a hat here I would like to have you try on." She opened the inner door of the window quickly and brought forward the coveted hat.

"Try it on."

The girl's face flushed and she threw a half frightened glance around.

"It is very becoming," said the milliner, as she settled the hat on the girl's dark hair and adjusted the mirrors. "Do you like it?"

The girl drew her breath sharply.

"It is very beautiful," she said, with a little catch in her voice, "but I—I can't afford it."

"Ah, wait," said the milliner, with her dimpling smile. "This is the day before Easter, you know, and a certain person who must remain unknown has put it in my power to present some worthy girl with a hat—an Easter gift, you know. Will you take the hat with you?"

The girl's face wore a troubled expression. She looked from the milliner to the young woman standing near.

"It is quite true," said the young woman, "the hat is yours."

And in a moment the square white box containing the precious treasure was in the girl's eager hand.

"Does it come from you?" she asked the young woman.

"No," the latter replied.

"I would like," said the girl slowly, "to have the one who gave it know that it makes me very happy. I—I couldn't afford a hat this Easter—I have had sickness at home—and this makes it seem so much more like a dream." She clutched the box tightly. "Good night," she hurriedly said, and went away as if fearing she might be called back.

The young man slowly arose.

"I like that," he said. "Genuine feeling, you know. Surprising, what a little money will do. You must let me thank you, madam, for the admirable way in which you explained the circumstances. I am sure I never regarded Easter in just this light before." He turned to the young woman.

"And I want to thank you, too, lady—if I will pardon the presumption. Your words were timely and they carried weight."

He paused abruptly. The young woman was regarding him intently with her clear gray eyes. And suddenly he remembered that his tongue was thick and his mind was muddled. A dull red surged into his cheeks.

"I would be glad to know," the

young woman said, "that your gift was backed by the right spirit."

She was young. Not much more than a girl. Yet her voice was grave and earnest and her tone impressive. He realized that she was talking to him as she might have talked to a little child. And he realized, too, that she knew why his tongue was stubborn and his mind misty.

"I don't know about that," he murmured, a little obscurely. "I haven't thought much along those lines. It isn't always necessary is it?"

The young woman waved the question aside.

"If you gave the hat to the girl because you felt sorry to think she couldn't have finer of that sort, and you wanted to bring a little sunshine into her life, that was well and good," he shook his head.

"I'm afraid that nothing of the kind happened," he said. "I guess I dropped that tenner merely for my own gratification."

The glance from the clear gray eyes seemed to soften a little.

"Wouldn't you like to learn to be helpful in a better way?"

There was something very attractive in the question as the young woman put it.

"Why, yes," he answered. "But who will teach me?"

She drew a card from her purse.

"This is to be a little gathering of helpful people at my home to-morrow evening," she said. "I would be glad to have you meet with them."

He looked from the card to the young woman.

"Thank you," he said. "I will be there."

"At 8 o'clock."

"Good night."

"Good night."

The milliner looked at the young woman curiously.

"Do you know him, Miss Edwards?"

"I know who he is."

What Thomas B. Reed Said of Congress

"There are many interests which are concerned to perpetuate the rule of the few. The same may be said of all vested interests and vested wrongs. They are all enlisted on the side of repression. * * * But the great immediate power which has for so many years kept the control in the hands of the few is the combination or concert of old members who, knowing the rules and being skilled in all the arts of killing bills without being caught, and of depriving the community of what it wants while exhibiting zeal the other way, are enabled to govern the House and perpetuate their own rule."

That, in a single paragraph by one who had the best means in the world for knowing, is the whole situation.

The milliner hesitated.

"He wasn't quite right, was he, miss?"

"I'm afraid he wasn't."

The milliner nodded.

"Oh, well," she philosophically remarked, "he made that girl happy and he helped me, and he helped my girls—and I guess that makes some amends for his weakness. And now about my Johnnie."

In the library of the Edwards home the next evening a group of young men and women laughed and chatted. They were there for a purpose, and they were called together by the young hostess. They were interested in a humanitarian venture, a plan for the betterment of the homes of the poor—for the abolishment of tenements that were no longer fit for habitation, and the replacement of these hovels with buildings of a modern type. It was Laura Edwards' scheme; it was Laura Edwards who inspired her friends with an interest in the work and called them together.

Laura Edwards rapped for order—and just then a newcomer entered the room. It was the young man of the incident in the millinery shop.

Laura advanced to meet him.

"Thank you for coming," she said, as she gave him her hand. She turned to her friends. "Let me present Mr. Allan Merling. I hope we can interest him in our cause."

They looked at the newcomer a little curiously. They knew his name, they had heard of him as an idler and a prodigal. It seemed strange that Laura should invite him to her home. No doubt it was his money that she hoped to win over to the good cause.

Then Laura gave her listeners a little review of the work accomplished. It wasn't much and there had been considerable opposition.

"It is the dollar that blocks our hopes," she said. "The property owner, and the landlord, and the politician stand like lions in the way of progress. The building inspectors report and complain, and the property owner delays and litigates and tries us out. After all the many attempts to have the Crimmins hovels razed they still stand—a disgrace to our city and to civilization. But we mustn't be weary in well doing. Something has been accomplished—more will follow."

She paused and looked around.

The newcomer caught her eye.

"May I ask," he inquired, "if money is needed? It is so—"

But Laura quickly checked him.

"No," she replied. "What we need is personal effort. The money can be used afterwards in building sanitary homes. We need an agent, a representative, a man who is afraid of neither politicians nor landlords. We want a representative who can give his time to this splendid work, a man who will find his reward largely in the consciousness that he is doing good to his fellowmen, and ministering to the pride that every man should feel in the city that is his home." She paused. "I have in view such a man," she said. Then she abruptly added, "It is Mr. Allan Merling."

There was a brief silence.

It was broken by the young man.

"Do you consider me qualified and fit for this work?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Laura. "And I hope you will accept the trust."

He looked around.

"If there is anyone present," he slowly said, "who has reason to believe that the work would be abused in my hands, it would be a kindness to me—and to the cause—to say so."

Laura looked about her.

"We do things in an informal way, Mr. Merling," she said, "but they are none the less binding. I ask approval of Mr. Allan Merling's appointment as executive agent of this organization."

"Always subject to the advice and approval of Miss Edwards," said the newcomer.

And the eyes were unanimous.

Allan Merling went at his new duties with a will. Perhaps his vim was strengthened by the fact that these duties had to be created. He had never worked with an object before. He found it a pleasant novelty.

He rented a room in a downtown business block and hired a stenographer.

And here Laura Edwards came for reports of the progress he was making. At times this progress was slow, but it was always perceptible. He petitioned the city council, he followed up the building inspector, he complained to the board of health. The slum districts began to feel the effects of his efforts. When a building was once condemned Allan didn't rest until it was razed. In a little while several new brick and stone structures were taking the place of the decaying frame tenements.

Allan had to face a fierce opposition. The landlords opposed him as a wrecker and robber. The politicians looked upon him as an intruder and meddler. He rather liked this opposition. It developed his fighting resources.

One day Laura Edwards passed an angry man on the stairway. She knew he was angry by his muttering and his heavy tread and his fiery face.

"Did you just have a caller?" she asked Allan.

He laughed.

"Yes. That was the great McCool."

"The boss?"

"Yes. He came here to have it out with me. He warned me to keep off the grass. He even used threats."

The girl's face suddenly grew pale.

"You mustn't be rash," she said. Then she hastily added, "The league can't spare such a valuable official."

"The great McCool is a good deal of a bluffer," he said. "Besides, I fancy I have trimmed his fangs."

"How?"

"There is a certain man who feels indebted to me. I have helped him at times—helped him when his need was urgent. He is a weak creature with bad associates." He flushed a little at this in the light of those gray eyes, remembering his own weakness. "In some way he has come into possession of certain facts regarding the great McCool, facts which are not to that eminent politician's credit. I used a little of this material in my talk with him, and he straightway collapsed. In fact, I don't expect he will trouble us again."

"Why, that's splendid!" Laura cried. "He was such a stumbling block."

Allan glowed at this praise.

"And I have more good news for you," he said. "I am to have an interview Thursday morning with the dreadful Crimmins. It is the first time he has consented to see me."

"Be careful," said Laura. "He is called a revengeful man. May I come Thursday afternoon and hear the result of the meeting?"

"May you come," echoed Allan. "I shall feel much hurt if you fail to come."

When Laura entered the office of the League that Thursday afternoon, Allan was sitting at his desk with a bandage about his head.

She gave a little gasp.

"What has happened?" she cried.

He turned about with a quick smile.

"Nothing serious," he answered. "Merely a bump with Mr. Crimmins' compliments."

"Tell me about it?"

"There is little to tell," Allan answered. "After Mr. Crimmins presumed upon our brief acquaintance by handing me this souvenir, the discussion became absorbing. It ended in my favor. Mr. Crimmins seemed to accept his defeat with a poor grace. This obliged me to use an argument that I had hoped to hold in reserve."

"What was the argument?"

"It was based upon my ability and willingness to hunt up Mr. Crimmins at any time and beat him to a frazzle if he persisted in annoying us."

Laura was a little horrified, and yet could not help smiling.

"And what was the result of this heroic form of persuasion?"

"The wreckers will begin to demolish the Crimmins tenements next Monday morning."

"Splendid!" cried the girl.

Allan was a busy man while the dreadful old buildings gave up their horde of lodgers. There were homes to be found, there were hungry mouths to be fed.

And then one morning a man in a blue uniform came to the Edwards home.

"I'm a sanitary officer, miss," he said to Laura, "and I bring you a message from Mr. Merling. He has been taking care of a sick boy, miss, and we find it's smallpox, and they've both been sent to the hospital for contagious diseases." He saw that Laura's face suddenly blanched.

"Everything will be done for him, miss, that can be done. He sent you his kindest regards and asked you

to visit the office occasionally, if convenient, miss. If you wish it, miss, I will let you know how he is faring from time to time." He paused on the steps. "He is a fine young man, miss, and has done a splendid work, and we all hope it will go light with him."

He saw that Laura was crying and said no more.

The weeks that passed were anxious ones for others beside the girl. The story of Allan's labors, of the sacrifices he had made, was told throughout the busy city. All men spoke well of him and the pastors from their pulpits asked the Most High to look with favor upon this suffering servant of the people.

So the weeks went by and then a letter came to Laura. Allan was no longer in the hospital. He was at a sanitarium where they were trying to build him up so that he could go away—to Colorado or Arizona, the doctor wasn't sure which.

"I am coming to see you before I go, although it will hurt my pride," he wrote. "I'm not scarred up so much, but bony, painfully bony and unpleasant to look upon. But I want to see you. I want to tell you what you have done for me. I had a lot of time to think it over there in the hospital. If it hadn't been for you I would have gone on in the old prodigal way. You saw something in me that nobody else knew I possessed. I didn't know it myself. They tell me I've done a few worthy things, but it is to you the credit is due. In all things I have only been your agent."

Three days later he followed the letter. Laura heard the carriage and ran to meet him, and drew him into the library and put him in the big easy chair.

He was just a little overcome by these attentions, but tried to conceal it.

"This is fine," he said. "Everybody is so good to me. Such funny things happen. That carriage driver over there asked me if he might shake hands with me. And do you see this little bunch of flowers? A woman was waiting at the door of the sanitarium. She gave me that. She's the mother of that sick boy, you remember—the one I helped. You are looking very well, Miss Laura—only a little pale."

She didn't answer him. She couldn't quite control her voice. He was so woefully thin and pale, but the old smile was still there.

"They are having such a time," he said, "finding the right sort of nurse to go with me. I'm quite fussy, you know, and need such a lot of care. Why, what's wrong?"

She was looking down at him, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Don't," he whispered. "I shall be sorry I came. Can't you see how I'm trying to brace up? Don't you realize how it hurts me to go away from you?"

She suddenly stooped and put her arms around him and kissed his scarred face.

"Oh, my dear," she murmured, "you will take me with you and let me care for you—always."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

He's a wise motorist who knows his own machine.

If you need exercise, it's not necessary to buy an auto—just dodge.

Motoring improves the lungs. You have to shout to make the chauffeur hear.

Many a six-cylinder car is the substance of things owed, the odor of things not seen.

If odor, not speed, were the standard unit, many a small car would be rated as at least 100 HP.

It's hard to rise above trouble, when the trouble is a balky car. Usually you have to crawl under it.

A motor car is something like a wife; you must own one to know whether or not you can manage one.

When a motor boat breaks down one wishes for a motor car—unless he's a mighty good swimmer.

The acme of politeness, when your host's car breaks down, is to persuade him you'd rather walk anyhow.

There are degrees of hard luck, but the limit is to be run over by an auto while dodging sand ballast from an airship.

It's said that running a car brings wrinkles to one's face, but dodging accomplishes exactly the same result.

The California man, named Leggett, who bought his first auto the other day, declares he already knows what's in a name.

No chauffeur need complain of the names he may be called in this country, in Germany he has become an "Oberhofwagenfuhrer."

The automobile throws new light upon the old phrase: "The quick and the dead." The quick are the ones smart enough to dodge.—From "Mobile Mote," in the Bohemian.

Regarding Titles.

"When you're in doubt about a man's title," said General Jared A. Smith, U. S. A., "than whom there is no better authority on the subject of military courtesy, 'try him with a title higher than you think he is entitled to. If you overshoot the mark he will invariably correct you, but no matter how often you miscall his rank by failing to extend to him the courtesy of the title which is his own he will never fail to answer, thus offsetting your bad manners by his politeness."

Remember that it's the height of bad manners to call your medical friends 'Doc' or even 'Doctor,' unless you add the name to the title.—Cleveland Leader.

Not What He Meant.

The Liverpool Post tells of a Birkbehead church secretary who announced in church on Sunday that a Shakespearean recital in character would be given. When he was informed that the recital would not be "in character" he corrected himself by saying, "None of those taking part in the recital will be dressed."

Cimarron is the latest town to contract the sloven habit. The one chosen is "Slumber on, Cimarron."—Kansas City Star.

Woman Around World Alone.

When Mrs. Winifred Sercombe, of Minneapolis, Minn., reached her home she had made a trip around the world unattended except by an occasional boy guide in India. She started on her journey about three years ago. She did not carry a revolver, and never was insulted in Asia, Africa or Europe by any man.

Girl Bachelors.

Girl bachelors that go off camping are almost out of date, but the real bachelors have taken up this way of life more ardently than ever. As valets and men servants complete the ménage, the bare bedstead does not flutter even in the service of the elect, and the bliss of a careless dinner and even of a collarless luncheon is freely indulged in.—New York Tribune.

Pocket Money.

Throughout the season a young woman in society makes a goodly sum for pocket money by taking photographs of the really idyllic scenery on her country place and disposing of them to the various magazines for illustrations. As she is gifted in the line of short-story writing, she contributes stories as well, when the mood seizes her, and usually makes them fit with the picturesque bits she sends with them. She also makes the most charming calendars, getting great variety for each month, and accordingly sends to her publishers several hundred, no two of which are alike.—New York Tribune.

The White Petticoat.

The woman who has indulged her fondness for silk in all forms has worn the silk petticoat in season and out. To-day, if she would be fashionable, her petticoats are of lingerie. These have returned to the highest favor. They will not be worn in city streets under dark coat suits, for they soil too easily, but they will be worn under everything else, and especially under evening gowns.

They are made of thin cotton and mullin and handsomely trimmed with

To Caramelize Sugar.—Put sugar in a smooth granite saucepan or enameled pan, place over the hot part of the range and stir constantly until melted and the color of maple sugar. Care must be taken to prevent sugar from adhering to the sides of the pan or spoon.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Put in Your Scrap-Book.

Many long coats are seen in white serge.

Net is to play a leading part this season.

The latest agony is the tasselled silk stocking.

One hairdresser dries her hair over a tissue paper roll.

The newest skirts are made with a few gathers at the top.

Jet bracelets seemingly cannot be too wide nor too heavy.

For run-around frocks nothing is more popular than serge.

It is an unusual notion to combine very heavy trimming with sheer material.

So far no bustle, but the dress-makers seem to be leading us along that road.

Charming for women with fresh faces and fair skins are the new amlé-thrust hats.

The unlined transparent coat is one of the most pronounced fads of the season.

White grounds sprinkled with colored dots are to be found among the new embroideries.

Stockings of Hale with self-colored "clocks" are generally the most satisfactory for every day.

Among the half precious stones so much in vogue there is none more popular than the lapis lazuli.

Bangles and beads and fringes of silk and leather were never so popular as at the present moment among the leathery girdles and shopping bags.

Brocades in extremely large patterns and gorgeously flowered designs will be the ruler for the nation. They come stiff enough to stand alone, and the price is not weak-kneed.

While shoes colored to match the costume are rampant even to boldness, all shades of brown and tan may be worn with mixtures or colored costumes; in fact, everything except black.

Strings, usually not serving any practical purpose, but caught up and knotted in some graceful fashion, appear upon a number of the most picturesque broad brimmed hats this season.

Dutch necks are in evidence among the blouses, just as they are among the gowns, and the stock that fastens at the back is shown without even a suggestion of a jabot, or with a narrow, black velvet cravat.

college woman herself, and she says the girl who is graduated from a university is the best fitted of all for the responsibilities of maternity and the family circle.—New York Press.

Color on Handkerchiefs.

Paris leads the colored handkerchief fad. The bright and gaudy kerchief is never a success except with outdoor sporting clothes or for small children who delight in it.

But the tender shades that Paris puts upon her list of favorites for the season are reproduced in the daintiest spots of coloring mingled with the embroidery on fine handkerchiefs. The color appears in the petal or leaf, surrounded by an embroidered edge. A band of color on the edge is employed as another style of decoration, with embroidery upon the color.

Colors are woven into some of the fine linens by the use of a lined thread forming the crossbars. Madeira eyelet work is the season's favorite among the finest white handkerchiefs.—Boston Post.

Good Taste.

There are women whose dressing is renowned for its exquisite harmony, in whose house you could not find an ornament out of keeping or a color that jarred, yet who are devoid of good taste in the real sense.

Good taste in its truest sense is an innate sense of fitness. Possessed of it we need not fear proprieties being outraged, though social training may be slight.

The woman who has really good taste never jars. Instinctively she says the right thing and could not be guilty of thoughtless rudeness.

Good taste never boasts, avoids flaunting, never parades superior advantages, is reticent even to a fault about happenings and honors in her life that others have not shared.

Good taste frowns on lavish display, even when money is not an object; it forbids personalities in public places, loud talking or laughing at

any time; it puts the ban on being conspicuous.

Good taste is never argumentative, unduly aggressive or ruthless of other's feelings. Sympathy is as important to it as is the blatant democracy that is worked overtime.

To needlessly wound, to patronize, even to be gushingly kind are impossible to one who has an inner sense of propriety. There are people whose favors we scorn merely because a lack of delicacy in offering them hurts our self-respect.

Good taste frowns on malicious scandal and hesitates to repeat even a witticism if it carries a personal sting. Nor does it smile on showy talk and a monopoly of conversation.

—New Haven Register.

Kept Lighthouse Fifty-one Years.

Ida Lewis has spent fifty-one years of service as keeper of the Lime Rock lighthouse in the southern end of Newport Harbor. Miss Lewis was on duty as keeper many years before Newport became a chief resort of the millionaire families of New York. Old Newport, with its simple and inexpensive ease, has declined and given way to the showy, extravagant Newport of to-day since Miss Lewis first trimmed lamps to guide mariners. She passed her half century of service without formality of any kind, and it has been against her wish that the celebration this year has been planned. Miss Lewis expects to continue as lighthouse keeper for many more years.—New York Press.

Much a Lady.

Have you ever thought how painful it is to an unexpected visitor to be entreated to overlook this, that and the other domestic shortcomings?

"Please excuse the tablecloth. Esther has just upset the flowers—so tiresome of her! Pray, don't notice the dish—John insists on having 'hot-pot' served this way! Excuse the pudding, won't you? It's very plain, but the children do love these little currant dumplings!"

If John's wife were "much of a lady" she would find an easier way out of her little embarrassments and recommend the currant dumplings with a simple enthusiasm that would make the unexpected guest feel that they were the identical sweet which he would have repeated on his own dinner table.—Indianapolis News.

Disappointing House.

The owner of a newly built home of stately dimensions complains bitterly of the different way it looks as it is, as against its appearance in the architect's drawings. The proportions of the house are superb, but it requires immense forest trees to give it dignity. Without them it has the bald, hard look of a huge institution, a suggestion which is intensified by the red brick of which it is built and the rows of shutterless windows. The drawings included drooping elms and spreading oaks, which would take a century to grow, and the land at present provides only sparsely some straggling white beeches and dogwood. The owner will have to wait for years before his place will resemble the glorious picture as drawn by the generous minded architect.—New York Tribune.

College Woman and the Family.

Mrs. Ballinger, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is a firm believer in higher learning for women. There are many women in Washington who oppose exhaustive college education for their sex, and Mrs. Ballinger is never happier than when trying to prove they are in error. She holds that the State owes as big a debt to women as to men, and that it is only the part of simple justice to throw all avenues of education open to women, providing they pass the requisite examinations. Mrs. Ballinger also vehemently denies that college women are not as likely to marry as their sisters of less accomplishment. In an educational sense, she is a



THE STRAY LAMB.

A little lamb went straying Among the hills one day, Leaving its faithful shepherd, Because it loved to stray; And while the sun shone brightly, It knew no thought or fear, For flowers around were blooming, And daisy was the air.

But night came on so quickly, The hollow breeze blew, The sun soon ceased from shining, All dark and dismal grew, The little lamb stood bleating, As well it might, 'Twas night, So far from home and shepherd, And on so dark a night!

But oh the faithful shepherd, Soon missed the little thing, And onward went to seek it, He hoped to find it bring; He sought on hill, in valley, And called it by its name, He sought, nor ceased his seeking, Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom The little lamb he pressed, And, as he bore it homeward, He fondly it caressed, He found it wet and shivering, To find itself so lonely, And happy, too, the shepherd, Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the Shepherd, So gentle and so kind, Who came from brightest glory His little lambs to find? To make them, oh, so happy, Rejoicing in His love, Till every lamb be gathered Safe to His home above, —Albert Milllane, in London Christian.

Forgiveness.

The first prayer of every awakened soul is, "Forgive, O Lord, forgive!" And the answer is "Forgive, O man, forgive!" and in this answer He does not mock us. When He says, "Forgive, and you shall be forgiven," He only reveals the law of grace.

The Kingdom of God is within you. He has planted it there. It lies in the heart like a grain of mustard seed. Just in the dust of a sordid life. There is no magician in Heaven or on earth that can make it spring up all at once into the greatest of herbs. It must be watered, it must be cultivated, and the culture must be diligent and patient. It is so of the Kingdom and it is so of each of its graces. Only the merciful can obtain mercy; only the peacemakers can have the peace of God; only those who love even the unthankful and the worthy can be conscious of God's love; only those who forgive can be forgiven.

There is such a thing as insufficient grace—grace that falls short of salvation. It is only full grown grace that saves, and grace reaches its maturity only by cultivation. The grace of forgiveness can grow already, but only as it grows, it can bring forgiveness. "But, Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? till seven times?" "I say not unto thee, until seven times; but, until seventy times seven." Never cease to forgive until you no longer need to be forgiven; and then you will still forgive, for you will have become like God. The grace that forgives you is God's grace, and it is as truly Divine in the heart of a sinner as it is in God Himself. But it requires much grace, and grace matured by love, to be able to take away sin.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

A New, Complete Heart.

It is nothing less than character, nothing less than a new, complete heart, a fulfilled manhood, that Christ is trying to give us. Therefore, we may be patient, and be sure that the perfection of His gift cannot be all at once.

He who enters into Christ enters into a realm of life and growth which stretches far away before him. He steps across the threshold and his feet are glad with the very touching of the blessed soil. Christ is so One that all which He is ever to be to the soul He is in some true sense already. But none the less there is much which He cannot be until the soul is more, and so can take more of the life to live by.

The world can give you blessings which will be complete to you at once. It is able and glad to set forth for you at the best of its power the best wine it has. But Christ will take you, if you let Him, into His calm, strong power, and lead you on to ever richer capacity and ever richer blessing, till at last only at the end of eternity shall your soul be satisfied and be sure that it has touched the height and depth of His great grace, and say: "Now I know Thy goodness wholly."

Oh, at the end of our eternity may those words be ours!—Phillips Brooks.

What God Sends is Always Good.

Whatever falls from the skies is, sooner or later, good for the land; whatever comes to us from God is worth having, even though it be a rod. We cannot by nature like trouble any more than a mouse can fall in love with a cat, and yet Paul by grace came to "glory in tribulation also." Losses and crosses are heavy to bear, but when our hearts are right with God, it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes.—Spurgeon.

The Sovereign of Will.

Christ is sovereign of the will. To will to do a thing is almost to do it. But we must have a sanctified will. God helps a man who helps himself. You can become mentally, spiritually and physically what you will to be.—Rev. A. T. Osborn.

Good Work of Rat Club.

An object lesson in rat extermination is provided by the operations of the Rat Club of Westwell, near Ashford, which since its formation has been the means of destroying nearly 20,000 of these pests. Last year alone 4200 were accounted for, one member having a bag of 1463 and another 1341. Prizes are given to those who kill the most, and in this way the village is slowly but surely being cleared of the rodents.—London Standard.

