Old Grigsby's Pride

By NELLIE C. GILLMORE

Young Grigsby entered the room whistling, tossed his hat on a table and drew up a chair to a sadly-littered writing desk. He picked up a pen, dipped in in the ink and poised himself for composition.

All at once his wandering gaze gathered into concentration, narrowed—focussed itself upon a sealed letter lying face up, before him. And notwithstanding that "Mr. Peter Harwell Grisby,—Sixth avenue, New York City," was in the habit of receiving just such a letter, addressed in the identical hand, seven, and sometimes eight, times a week, his heart began to perform its usual gymnastics as he broke the seal of pale gray wax and read:

"Dear Peter:

"It is all over between us. Under separate cover I am expressing your things to you. Don't ask me for an explanation, dear. I cannot, consistently, give it. Let it be sufficient that I deem this course the wisest, and believe me, I have the best of reasons for taking the step.

"Sincerely,

"JULIET."

"P. S.—It is nothing you have done."

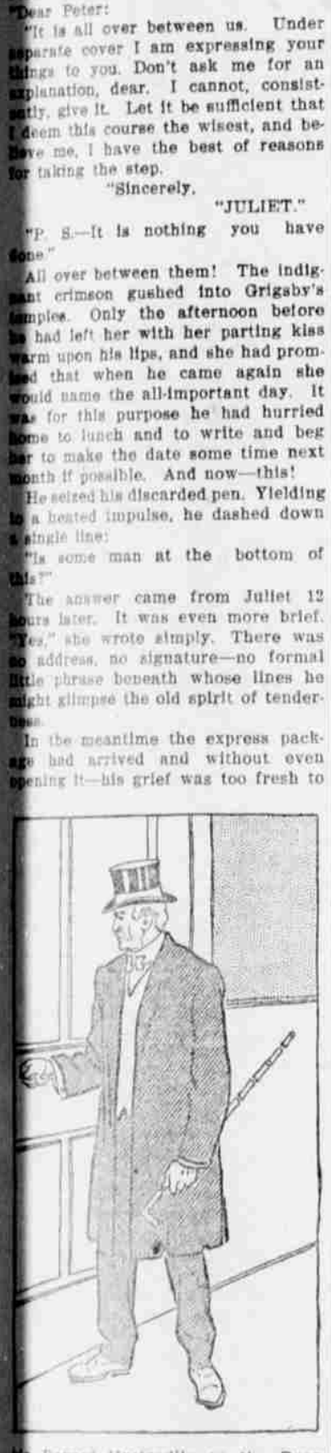
All over between them! The indignant crimson gushed into Grigsby's temples. Only the afternoon before he had left her with her parting kiss warm upon his lips, and she had promised that when he came again she would name the all-important day. It was for this purpose he had hurried home to lunch and to write and beg her to make the date some time next month if possible. And now—this!

He seized his discarded pen. Yielding to a heated impulse, he dashed down a single line:

"Is some man at the bottom of this?"

The answer came from Juliet 12 hours later. It was even more brief. "Yes," she wrote simply. There was no address, no signature—no formal little phrase beneath whose lines he might glimpse the old spirit of tenderness.

In the meantime the express package had arrived and without even opening it—his grief was too fresh to



He Rapped Unsteadily on the Door.

permit him to gaze upon the bitter reminders of a dear, dead past—he ordered the butler to "chuck it in the attic."

Two days later, he was surprised to receive a summons from his father to come to the latter's study at once.

"I have been led to understand," the older man began coldly, waving him to a chair, "that my son has so far forgotten himself as to engage in a—a love affair with a young person by the name of Downing."

"I love Juliet Downing, if that is what you mean."

The angry crimson flared up in the other's face. "Then the sooner this nonsense is abandoned the better it will be for all concerned."

"You mean—" Peter Grigsby broke off sharply, surveying his father with indignant, unbelieving eyes.

"I mean, simply, that you cannot marry any woman out of your own circle. And I'll have no more time wasted in sentimental tomfoolery."

"Circle!" Peter laughed derisively. "Miss Downing is a lady. Is not that enough?"

"Decidedly not—for a Grigsby! Where is your ancestral pride?" The old man's knotty fist came down with a thud on the arm of his chair.

"I am twenty-one years old, father. And if I choose to set aside the silly traditions—"

"You may—at a forfeit of your entire fortune. I will disinherit you, by the saints!"

Young Grigsby paled. "I'd forfeit my hope of heaven," he said calmly, "for the sake of Juliet Downing."

The old man was trembling with rage. "Then you're a fool and I'm ashamed of you," he burst out vehemently. "No Grigsby has ever before dared to look at a woman below his station."

"The girl is not below my station. I know nothing of her lineal descent, nor do I care a fig to know it. She is good and pure and true and she'd honor me by becoming my wife—"

"Stop! You humiliate me beyond endurance. Give up this wild infatuation, or look for other quarters immediately!"

The outrage was so unexpected, was such a complete shock to him, that Peter Grigsby was struck dumb by his father's decision.

"Furthermore," continued the other, "no woman with proper delicacy would consent to enter a family where it was distinctly understood she was not wanted."

"What do you mean by that, father?"

"Merely that I have met your Miss Downing. She was graciously accorded me as a dinner partner at the Westons! I undertook, in a delicate way of course, to let my views be known—"

Peter Grigsby started. A curious expression flashed over his features. "So—you acted the part of a—cad. I'm glad you told me."

"If you must put it that way—yes. I did it, however, to save my own flesh and blood from future mortification."

"Very thoughtful of you. Still, for the sake of decency, you might have spared yourself the rudeness."

The old man checked an exclamation. Instead, he said quietly:

"You don't see it now, my boy; but the day will come when you'll realize the wisdom of my course."

The words fell on deaf ears. Young Grigsby was lost in thought. All at once he smiled. The whole thing was suddenly clear to him; the reason for Juliet's strange action, the "man" at the bottom of it.

"I'm sorry this rupture has come, father," he said in a softened tone, "but I think we understand each other the better for it. I shall take rooms at the club."

Peter Grigsby's first move was to send a letter to Juliet, telling her that he understood everything and setting aside in advance any protest she might make. In due time her reply came.

"Dear Peter:

"Now that you have discovered the truth, I shall make no effort to deny it. Yes: your father made it quite clear to me that his only son, descendant from a long line of blue-blooded ancestors, could never wed any but a girl with the same aristocratic pedigree.

"I had never looked at things from that standpoint, but of course now, I could not do anything but give you up. You are his only son, his all, and it is natural for him to feel that way about you.

"Please do not try to see me, and don't write again. This is final.

JULIET."

Nevertheless, Peter Grigsby did try to see her. She declined an audience. He wrote her a score of letters. They were returned unopened. He tried to intercept her on the street. She evaded him.

Meanwhile he had taken up his residence at the club, spending his nights in the rooms and crowding the days with labor.

A month passed. He had not once spoken to his father except in the briefest business way.

One night, when he could endure it no longer, he went to the club and requested to be shown to his son's rooms. He rapped unsteadily on the door and waited in a tremor for Peter to open it.

The boy held out his hand. "Come in, father," he said gently; "you look tired."

"I've come to ask you to come back home, Peter," he said in a husky voice.

"I cannot." He pulled up a chair and the old man sank into it wearily.

"I'll give you anything in the world you want. I'll double your inheritance. I'll—"

"You can never undo what you've done, father. You've broken my heart and ruined two lives."

The old man hitched uncomfortably in his seat. A dash of red streaked his withered cheeks. "Are you still moping over that fool business?" he demanded irately.

"I am a very unhappy, disappointed man."

"Then why in thunder don't you marry her and be done with it? Probably she's heard about your altered fortunes and the pauper racket is a bit skittish, eh?"

Peter Grigsby held back his anger and said coolly:

"Do you want me to tell you the truth? Do you? Then listen. Juliet Downing is too proud and high-spirited a girl to come into a family like ours—where the head of the house has not even the instincts of a gentleman."

Despite his 70-odd years, Horace Grigsby bounced, literally, out of his seat. He sputtered, fumed, sat down again and gripped the arms of his chair.

"And she—she refused you, huh?"

"Precisely."

Horace Grigsby grew purple.

"Won't—won't have you! Bah! Yes, she's right; I was a hog to her. But I'll go further now; I'll make of myself a fool—a fool, do you hear? I'll get down on my knees. I'll move heaven and earth to make her marry you. By the eternals! Where's the pride of my race? D'you think I'll sit still and have it said that—that anybody under God's blue sky refused a Grigsby?"

Descriptive.

"Who is the fellow wearing a suit of calliope clothes?"

"What do you mean by calliope clothes?"

"Garments that can be heard a mile away."

Heartless.

"I think," said the enthusiastic young poet, "I have invented an absolutely new style of sonnet."

"Cherish the thought," replied the cruel editor. "It is the only original idea you have ever possessed."

Where Law Ends.

"It was William Pitt, was it not, who said, 'Where law ends tryanny begins?'"

"Perhaps it was, but in this country law never ends. There are too many higher courts to which a case may be carried up."

Utter Waste.

"We all sigh for something unattainable."

"That's right. My wife has never been able to find any good use for the burnt matches."

Clara's Questions.

My sister and I wish to have some calling cards engraved. I used to hear quite frequently the saying: "Never give yourself a title." Is that still in force, or is it proper for me to have my cards engraved: "Miss Clara Helen Mischler?" My sister is the older. I suppose hers should be just "Miss Mischler. Can you give me an idea of how a progressive dinner is conducted—how many courses and what is served with each? For instance, for the soup course, is just one kind of soup served? CLARA.

What you have heard does not apply to visiting cards for young women. The prefix "Miss" is always used, to omit it is very bad form. A progressive dinner is arranged by each hostess assuming the responsibility of one course, how many to be decided by those who give it. I think four or five ample. Only one soup is served, but oysters may precede it, adding another course; then the meat course, the salad and dessert. After dinner coffee with bonbons or cheese and crackers may be still another course.

"Nemo's" Questions.

(1) What would you suggest for a wedding breakfast for, say, just the immediate family? (2) What is the best form of acknowledging wedding gifts when no invitations, but announcement cards only, are issued? NEMO.

For the wedding breakfast have chicken croquettes, hot finger rolls, olives, celery, an aspic salad with hot cheese balls, ice cream, cake, coffee. It makes no difference in the acknowledgment of wedding gifts whether one has invitations or announcements. Polite, cordial notes on one's very best stationery should be sent each person who sends a gift and these notes should go immediately after the gift is received. If you send me a self-addressed stamped envelope in care of the paper I will be glad to forward you the name and address of a book that will answer your letter at greater length, as my space is limited and the requests are many.

"A Reader's" Queries.

I have been corresponding with a young man whom I met last summer while on a visit in Canada. He has asked me twice in letters if I would send him my photograph. Not knowing what to do, I write you to advise me. I am not engaged to the young man, but would very much like to win his attention. A READER.

If you know the young man to be worthy in every way I see no harm in exchanging photographs with him. Tell him it is something you rarely do and make him understand you are conferring an honor upon him by granting his request. Tell him when he sends you his, you will return with yours.

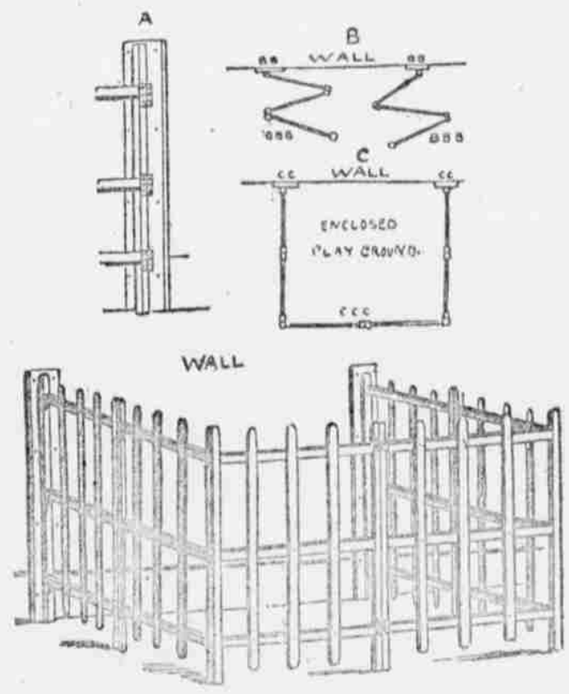
Regarding Party Calls.

If one accepts an invitation to a party from a lady who has not called on you is it necessary and proper to make the usual party call?

I have attended a number of parties where the hostess has not called on me, and I am undecided as to whether I owe a party call, in such cases. MRS. G. F.

If the hostess enclosed her card with her invitation, that is equal to a personal call; also if she explains to you that she intended to call before her party, that is sufficient, and you pay the call. If neither of these apologies were made I would accept the invitation, and you do not owe an after call if you go. MADAME MERRI.

Baby's Playground



TO portion off a part of the nursery in which King Baby may be left for short periods to amuse himself unattended is a very desirable thing, but to achieve this object satisfactorily is no easy matter. In our sketch and diagrams one practical solution of this difficulty will be found, and it can be carried out with little trouble and at no great expense.

In the first place, two three-fold clothes horses should be obtained and thin bars of wood nailed in upright positions to the parallel bars of the horses. A glance at the sketch will explain this. Next, two pieces of board should be firmly nailed to the nursery wall, at a distance apart equal to the width of two of the divisions of one of the horses. The horses can then be fastened with hinges to these pieces of wood fixed to the wall, and diagram "A" illustrates this.

Tapes should be attached to the posts at further sides of the horses, and it is an easy matter to place them in the position shown in the sketch and tie the posts together.

When not required, the horses can be folded flat against the wall, and diagram "B" shows a ground plan of this, "BB" representing the board nailed to the wall, and "BBB" the horses partly folded back towards the wall.

Diagram "C" illustrates the horses in position, and here again "CC" indicates the board on the wall, and "CCC" the horses.

When the playground has been completed, all the woodwork can be painted a nice dark green or, perhaps, a color to match the wallpaper, and when folded back against the wall, will practically take up no space in the nursery and will be almost invisible.

The playground can, of course, be arranged in a moment, and the horses, being hinged firmly to the wall, cannot possibly fall over. It is not necessary that the space enclosed should be of the square shape illustrated, and the horses can be easily placed in other positions if desired, and yet effectually apportion a part of the floor from which the little prisoner cannot escape and go too near the fire and get into mischief in other ways.

With a few toys spread out on the floor, a little place of this kind will prove a paradise for a small child, who can "make believe" to any extent in this little house of his own, where he cannot possibly come to any harm. Older children might amuse themselves also in a similar playground on a larger scale, and with the help of some old curtains, or a shawl, or rug, wonderful tents and houses can be made.

IN VOGUE

The newest skirt is the aeroplane model.

Almost all dress hats are of exaggerated size.

Slippers and hose must match the gown exactly.

Dress the hair in puff-curl effects and bandeau decorations.

Handsome moire bags are sometimes trimmed with gilt.

Shaded feather trimmings is the latest Paris sensation in fashions.

Sleeves of different lengths and different colors are worn in the same gowns.

The broad ceinture or girdle seems to be appearing again on the latest frocks.

Dainty undermuslins in the advance spring styles are richer than ever with embroidery.

Broom Pincushion.

A very dainty novelty is the broom pincushion. For this you will require a large flat cork, a meat skewer (a new one, of course) and a few yards of baby ribbon in some bright shade.

Cut a small hole in the cork and insert the skewer firmly through it. Now wind skewer and cork together with the ribbon until they are entirely covered. Two bows on the skewer will hold the ribbon tight so far.

The broom effect you will gain by the pins; they must be driven thickly into the under side of the cork, holding the ribbon at that point, and at the same time giving a very good imitation of a tiny metal broom. These make very nice favors at informal parties, club meetings, etc.

To Remove Rain Spots.

It is said that if any fabric becomes rain spotted the spots can be removed by ironing the material on the wrong side, placing a piece of clean white muslin between the iron and the garment to be pressed. I have never tried the experiment, but pass on the information.

If Christ Had Not Come

By DR. JOHN A. EARL
Pastor Belden Avenue Church, Chicago

TEXT—If I had not come and spoken unto them . . . If I had not done among them the works which none other did.—John 15:22-24.

An innovation in sermons as delivered by the more modern ministers was listened to by a large congregation the other evening when Doctor Earl delivered his sermon in verse.

If Jesus had not come to earth,
If angels had not sung his birth,
If wise men had not seen his worth,
How poor the world would be.
If Jesus had not said the word,
The like of which had ne'er been heard,
How sad for you and me!

If Jesus had not come from heaven,
Our sins could not have been forgiven,
And broken hearts with sorrows riven
Would hopeless beat and bleed.
If Jesus never had been born
There would not be a Christmas morn,
And earth of good things would be shorn—
Things that we sorely need.

No Christmas cheer would lighten hearts,
Nor closing of our busy marts,
No Santa Claus whose reindeer starts
With jingling bells and sleigh.
No "Merry Christmas" greeting glad,
All would be anxious, troubled, sad,
No gifts for little lass and lad
To signalize the day.

No Christmas tree, no mistletoe,
No stockings hanging in a row,
No good will reaching friend and foe,
No Christmas cards and sweets.
No family gathering round the board,
No presents brought from places stored,
No glad surprise for those adored,
No Christmas season treats.

No hampers for the poor who need,
No kindly word, no generous deed,
Nothing to save the world from greed—
A Christless world, alas!
The poor would eat their scanty fare,
Their faces pinched, their cupboards bare,
And men with plenty would not care
To mingle with the mass.

No house of God would grace the street,
With open door, where Christians meet,
Whose noble spire the heavens greet,
If Jesus had not come.
Cathedrals never would have sprung
With valued roof and frescoes hung,
Where praises of the Christ are sung,
Where nothing can be dumb.

But in the place where church would stand
A grogshop would pre-empt the land,
And leave on men its ugly brand—
A drunkard's bloated face,
And where the hospital should be
A prison we should likely see
Guarding the men who might be free—
If Christ had not sought the race.

If Christ in Paradise had stayed,
If sins on him had not been laid,
If ransom price he had not paid,
Distress would be our lot.
No hope, no pardon, no release,
No joy, no cleansing and no peace,
Our growing troubles never cease—
We lose the battles fought.

If Christ had kept himself away,
How empty would our bookshelves stay,
And poor indeed would be our day
Of letters' golden store.
The gospels four would not appear,
New Testaments would not be here,
For Lives of Christ we'd drop a tear,
And many, many more.

All literature we must revise
If Christ remained above the skies,
From Chaucer to the Brownings wise,
For Christ inspired their pen.
And songs shall lose their noble tone
From Gregory to Mendelssohn,
And in their place a hopeless moan
Will fill the world of men.

The pictures from the walls now take;
Madonnas are a huge mistake,
No Ecce Homos longer make
If Jesus never came.
The letters B. C. now destroy,
And A. D. never more employ,
For they are but a false decoy,
If Christ is but a name.

But Christ has come; His day we hail!
Before his star all others pale;
His song transforms every wail—
His manger is a throne.
And since He came the burden's light;
Death has no sting, the future's bright;
We walk by faith and not by sight,
And trust in Him alone.

Life's Opportunities.

We are never at the end of this life's opportunities—not until this life has ended for us. There never comes to any one living the time when he has the right to say: "My opportunity is gone." A particular opportunity may indeed have passed us—lost through our own carelessness and sin; but in the instant of its passing another opportunity is ours, rich and golden. "Life is in the making as long as an hour of life remains."

And no one less than Christ himself, in whom and through whom all things are created, is at hand—better than that, dwells within us if we will—to lay hold of the new opportunity for us and lead us into it in a triumph that shall be greater than any imagining of ours for ourselves in all our life before has been. That is the way God lavishes his love upon us. He, the Creator, who calls the things that are not as though they were, is ceaselessly calling into being new glories and achievements for us in spite of all our wrecks of the past. If he is not discouraged about us, why should we be?

A Day at a Time.

All of us, at one time or another, bear greater burdens than we ought to; and if we break down under these, the fault is our own. God never sends into any one's life a burden that is too heavy to be borne. With every pound of down-pull that God lets come into our life, he is ready to send a little more than a pound of uplift, if we will but take it. But when we go out and seek burdens for ourselves that God never intended us to have, it ought not to surprise us that we cannot find sufficient strength to meet them. These unbearable burdens are always of one sort: they belong to the future, not to the present. Tomorrow's burden is the only one that breaks the back of today. We cannot make drafts on the future's strength in order to dispel present worry about the future's needs. Such worry is always wrong, unnecessary, and unjustified. The man who has found the secret of cheery, successful burden-bearing is he who resolutely declines to consider more than that "evil" which is sufficient unto the day.

Don't fail to observe that the humblest man never believes himself worthless else he would have nothing worth being humble about.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

ATTRIBUTE WANT TO LIQUOR

Pauperism, Crime and Insanity Directly or Indirectly Traced to Whisky Habit.

Sir William Dawson, late principal of McGill college, Montreal, testified before the Royal Commission: "I have had occasion to institute inquiries in regard to the pauperism of Montreal. I can confidently say that nearly all the want and destitution prevailing in this city is directly or indirectly attributable to the liquor traffic."

Dr. A. R. Reid, ten years superintendent of the General hospital, Halifax, N. S., also testified: "The experience of ten years in our General hospital shows me very clearly that though our statistics represented a very large percentage of sickness there as the result of intemperance, really if you figure out the wide influence it has, that the percentage would come, I suppose, up to 90."

Drink has been largely the cause, direct and predisposing, of the numerous insane in our asylums. Dr. Daniel Clark, 18 years superintendent of the Insane asylum, Toronto, gave evidence that of 6,000 cases which he had carefully examined he found 9½ per cent. were without any uncertainty produced directly by drink, says the Montreal Star and Herald.

The Hon. George W. Ross, in his place in the House of Commons, estimated the annual loss of life in Canada through the liquor traffic at 4,000. And in 1885 the Hon. George E. Foster, in his place in Parliament, said 3,000 deaths per year might be safely set down as due to this cause.

We are only on the threshold of the exact study of heredity in relation to vice and crime, yet enough is known to justify General Booth's strong language: "Thousands upon thousands of these poor wretches (the homeless and starving poor of darkest England) are, as Bishop South truly said, "not so much born into this world as damned into it." Richard L. Dugdale writes of the progeny of a woman named Margaret, a descendant of Max, a very hard drinker, who became blind and many of whose children inherited his intemperance: "In tracing the genealogies of 540 persons who descended in seven generations from this degraded woman, and 169 who were related by marriage or cohabitation, 280 were adult paupers and 140 were criminals and offenders of the worst sort, guilty of seven murders, theft, highway robbery, and nearly every other offense known in the calendar of crime." He estimates that the cost to the public of supporting this family of drunkards was $1,308,000.

Time would fail to tell of Sir Matthew Hale, Chief Justice of England, who said that "by due observation" he had found that four out of every five cases of crime adjudicated by him have been the issues and products of excessive drinking.

Of Gladstone, who affirmed: "It has been said that greater calamities—greater because more continual—have been inflicted upon mankind by intemperance than by the three historic scourges of war, famine and pestilence combined. That is true, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace."

These voices were uttered in the motherland. But the spirit of the liquor traffic is one, ever and everywhere the same, and its fruits abound in our own land. Sir Oliver Mowat, for more than a quarter of a century Premier of Ontario, and proverbial for his extreme caution, repeated, after a lapse of a score of years, as his mature judgment, "An enormous proportion, probably three-fourths of the vice that prevails at the present day, of the crime which they had to contend with, of the lunacy, the idiocy, the poverty and the misery of every kind, is owing to the foul evil of intemperance."

Drinking Habits of Women.

An English writer in the Glasgow Herald says: "These are sadly on the increase in our midst. You may shake your dear head in unbelief, and point to the records of drunkenness at the police courts for denial of my horrid assertion, for it is horrid, and I paused ere I made it, but having made it I keep to it in spite of all the statistics in the world, for the evils which I mean rarely come to court. These excesses are hid in the home, and concealed by the love and the shame of the home people. Only in the shattered households do you find them in all their blasting realities—fiends that creep into a man's house unawares, to wreck all he holds dearest, to haunt his every waking moment with dread, to make his sleep hideous with foreshadowings."

Drunkenness in Glasgow.

Glasgow, Scotland, has long had an unenviable reputation as a city where in drunkenness is very prevalent. John Burns, the well-known labor advocate, who counsels workingmen to abstain from drink, stated at a political meeting, that on the previous Saturday night, between the hours of 11 and 3, he along with two gentlemen made around of Glasgow streets, and they calculated they met 5,000 people, and that 4,000 of those 5,000 were either wholly drunk or partially drunk. They saw girls and children, nearly 30 under the age of 14, who were decidedly under the influence of drink.

Distilleries Closed in Scotland.

An unprecedented state of affairs prevails in the distillery industry of Scotland. It has been announced that the North British Distillery is to be closed down. This makes the fourth large grain distillery which has ceased operations in Scotland during the past month or two. It foreshadows that other distilleries will be closed permanently. The situation is unusual and shows the force of the strong temperance sentiment which is sweeping that country.

ELIJAH MEETS AHAB

Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 26, 1911

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—I Kings 21. Memory verses 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Take heed, and beware of covetousness."Luke 12:15.

TIME—Four or five years after the last lesson. Prof. Beecher puts this story in the 20th year of Ahab, B. C. 906 (or 853, Assyrian) between his Syrian campaign, I Kings 20 and the war described in I Kings 22.

PLACE—Ahab's house in Samaria, and Naboth's vineyard in Jezreel, 20 miles to the north.

For four or five years Elijah seems to have retired from public life. He was practicing the lesson he had learned on Horeb. He was at work, but in a different way. His stormy work was not in vain. That plowed the ground, and now was the time for sowing the seed. The seven thousand hidden believers were permitted to come into the open. Persecution had ceased. Others came out and joined them. The prophets had no longer to be hidden in a cave by Obadiah.

Elijah encouraged and was at the head of the organized communities or schools of the prophets which existed as far back as Samuel. In his last journey he visited the "sons of the prophets" at Bethel and Jericho, and is spoken of as their head master. From these centers and from the schools at Gilgal, Ramah and Gibeah they exerted a strong influence and their appearance at any particular spot was often the signal for the outbreak of a contagious religious fervor. These settlements may be described as training schools for religious purposes. Elijah was thus educating the people in the true religious life. He was working in accordance with the still small voice of God.

Elijah's success was in finding and training Elisha to be prophet in his stead, training under these newer influences and methods. The great prophet, so lonely hitherto, had found a friend. If there was one thing Elijah needed to mellow him, it was that!

Naboth, a native of Jezreel, had for his vineyard an ancestral possession. We learn that Naboth was a worshiper of Jehovah, and in spite of the persecution of the prophets did not shrink from making it known to the king by his language. Here was an example of one who had not bowed the knee nor given a kiss to Baal. Jezebel coveted this vineyard.

Jezebel said to Ahab, Arise, take possession of the vineyard. And Ahab went. The Septuagint adds that he rent his clothes and put on sackcloth, as though shocked at his crime and anxious to prove his innocence to his own conscience and to the people. But the hypocrisy of the act was shown by his willingness to accept the fruits of the crime. This mourning for the means but acceptance of the fact would not be in disaccord with Ahab's moral weakness.

Covetousness is "a root of all kinds of evil." It is the desire, the motive that lies in the heart, "the prolific mother of all sins, the cockatrice's egg from which breaks forth the viper and the fiery flying serpent." It is not an awful thought that the deadly sin of Judas and of Ananias sprang from greed? "Still as of old, man by himself is priced; for thirty pieces Judas sold himself—not Christ!"

Much of the sin and danger to our land springs from covetousness. The graft, the dishonesty, the liquor selling, the bribery, the fraud of every kind, the letting abominable tenements to the poor, selling honor and uprightness to get rich, grinding the faces of the poor, dwarfing the children by overwork—all these and many more flow from the polluted fountain of covetous hearts.

A clear vision of the evil covetousness works in the covetous man's own character and destiny. How it degrades him, shuts him up in a narrowing prison like one described among the tortures of the Inquisition, where the walls drew nearer together by one notch each day. The doors of opportunity are gradually shut against him, and his part in the blessing of the great world.

The one essential cure is a change of heart that leads to a change of character. It is to give your heart to God, to consecrate your whole being to him, to love and obey him, to strive with the whole soul to build up his kingdom. Love is the cure of covetousness; love to God and love to man.

Use every opportunity of giving and serving others. Don't complain of so many calls, but rejoice in the opportunity; search for opportunities as for hid treasure. God loves the wholesouled hilarious giver. Even the poorest can give. They can say, as Peter said to the lame man at the Beautiful gate of the temple, "such as I have give I thee." There is much more to give than mere money; sympathy, work, time, aid in sickness, feeding the hungry, shelter, care and a multitude of other things.

Elijah confronted the king in his ill-gotten property. The word of the Lord came to Elijah. In what form we do not know, any more than we know all the ways in which one spirit influences another. But that it was God's word is a fact. "It is implied that Elijah found Ahab—strode into his presence—in the vineyard. So had Moses stood before Pharaoh and Samuel before Saul and Nathan before David. So was Isaiah to stand hereafter before Ahaz and Jeremiah before Jehoiachim and John the Baptist before Herod. So, too, in later days, Savonarola could speak the bare, bold truth to Lorenzo the Magnificent and Knox to Mary, Queen of Scots, and Bishop Ken to Charles II."

Ahab walks around his newly gotten vineyard. He admires trellis and cluster. Suddenly Elijah stands before him. He had not seen Elijah for five years. And Ahab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? And he answered, I have found thee: because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord. His sin had found him out. Then Elijah spoke to him his doom. The dogs should lick his blood in the very spot where they licked Naboth's blood. His sons should be slain, his wife, Jezebel, perish miserably, his whole dynasty come to an end.