

The Daughter of David Kerr

By Harry King Tootle

Illustrations by Ray Walters

Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co., 1918

SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter from learning of his real character. Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper. Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears they are intimate terms, having met previously in a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the refurbishing of the Kerr home. Wright begins to introduce Gloria to Belmont society in the columns of his paper. Gloria realizes she is not being received by the best society in Belmont, and she takes up settlement work. Kerr and his lieutenants decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation, Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting to be called into the conference. Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight a fight. The Belmont News appears with a bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria calls Wright a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him. Broken-hearted, Gloria decides to plunge more deeply into settlement work. She calls on a sick girl of the underworld, named Ella. She learns for the first time that her father is the head of a notorious gang of political grafters. Sounds of a conflict are heard in the room over Ella's.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"I must know what's going on," Gloria cried.

She rushed across the room and wrenched open the door. At the foot of the stairway just before her was the body of a man, limp and motionless.

"It's a man. He's hurt," she called back to the sick woman as she knelt to examine him.

He had fallen so that she could not get a good look at him in the dark hallway, and she rolled him toward the door to get him on his back and see his face. As she gazed upon his countenance the fingers of death itself seemed to seize her by the throat. Her heart gave one great leap and then stood still. On the floor before her lay the body of the man she loved.

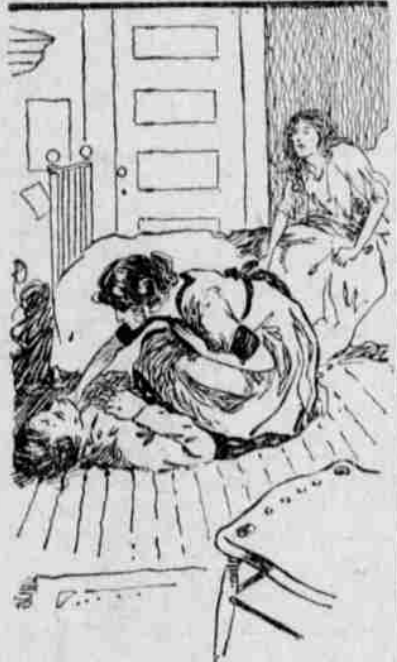
"Joe!" she screamed. "What are you doing here? Joe, Joe, speak to me!"

But there was no answer. His eyes were closed, and the pallor of death seemed to be upon his face.

With strength beyond what she had ever known herself to possess, Gloria seized the motionless form and dragged and rolled the man into Little Ella's room. Before she turned to him again she closed and bolted the door. Then she bent over him and begged him to speak to her, to open his eyes and know that she was with him.

"Joe, don't you know me?" she pleaded. Then to Little Ella, "He's dead," he's dead. See, he doesn't move."

"Yes, he does," answered the other woman. She had been sitting up in bed, an excited spectator of all that



Gloria Felt for His Heart.

had transpired. "He's breathin'. Tear open his shirt and feel his heart beat."

Wright was a pitiable object as he lay on the floor like one dead. His coat and waistcoat were gone, and his collar and cravat had been torn away. On his white shirt were bloody stains. Gloria felt his heart and was rewarded by its feeble beat. She next dashed water from the pitcher over his face, but without avail. He showed no signs of returning consciousness. From a wound just above his temple on the right side of his head the blood began to trickle down over his face, making its pallor all the more ghastly. She

FOUND A USE FOR THE STOVE

French Physician Probably Made Present of "Pernicious Object" to His Mother-in-Law.

A French physician called on one of his patients—a lady—who was complaining of headache and general prostration.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with you, madam," he said, promptly; "it's that stove you have over there. Those coal-burning stoves are reser-

BETTER THAN ANY LECTURE

Colonel's Method of Rebuking Young Officers Probably More Effective Than Severity Would Be.

The colonel of a German regiment on garrison duty near a lively city was very much annoyed by the way his young officers went about town in civilian clothes—contrary to the regulations of the service, the articles of war, and the spirit of Prussian military discipline. He spoke very

had no means of knowing how serious this was, and naturally came to the conclusion that it was a death-wound. There was only one thing to do: get a physician.

As she started to her feet she heard two men running down the stairs and making a search from room to room on her floor. These must be the men who had attacked him. She could not let him fall into their hands, and therefore she could not leave him to go for aid. The impotence of her position made her feel like screaming to relieve the nervous strain.

"What do you know about this? How did he come here? What has happened to him?"

"I dunno," answered the woman. "There's somethin' doin' all the time in this dump."

A sudden knock at the bolted door chilled Gloria with terror.

"What's that?" she whispered.

"Somebody's at the door," replied Little Ella, in the same low tone. This fact was obvious.

"They can't come in," Gloria continued.

Again came the knocking, louder and more insistent.

"I can't let anything happen to him," murmured the unhappy girl in agony, remembering how the day before she had demanded that he be punished. "Joe, Joe, what does it all mean?"

But Wright made no answer. He lay like a log as the girl he had loved bent over him, wiped the blood from his face, and brushed back his disheveled hair.

With the next knock came the voice of a man demanding entrance.

"Ella, Ella, open this door."

Gloria rushed over to the bed.

"Tell him you can't get out of bed," she implored in a whisper. "Tell him there's nobody here."

"I can't get out of bed. There's nobody here," Little Ella called.

This answer did not pacify the man. "That's a lie," he shouted. "There's somebody in there or the door wouldn't be locked. Open this door, do you hear me, or I'll bust it down."

The tone of his voice made Gloria feel that he would make good his threat. There in the center of the room in full view lay the man whom they were seeking. Once they burst the single barrier they would be upon him, to do what further harm she knew not. It might be that he was now already beyond all human aid. He still breathed, however, and Gloria was willing to fight if there was even only one chance in his favor. Hence it would not do for them to find him the minute they broke down the door. She must hide him somewhere to give her time to parley with his assailants. She looked vainly about for some place to put him.

"For God's sake, help me hide him," she beseeched. "I can't give him up. Where does that door lead to?" She pointed to the door close by the one which led into the hall.

"That's only a closet under the stairway," was Little Ella's whispered explanation. "They'd find him there in a minute."

"You wouldn't let them kill him, would you?"

"I can't help you. I'm so weak I can hardly turn over in bed."

"Open this door, I say," came from the man without as he pounded on the door ominously, "or I'll crack you over the head."

Gloria understood that there was no time to temporize. She must do something and that quickly. Close by where she stood next the bed, and on the side away from the door, was Little Ella's trunk. Behind it on hooks hung a number of garments, and on a chair were more clothes. It was the only chance and Gloria took it.

How she ever managed to get him, a dead weight, across the intervening space and safely stowed behind the trunk she never knew. She dragged, she hauled, she pulled, she rolled, and the forlorn hope that she would save him yet gave her strength. As she snatched skirts from the hooks and all the clothing from the chair to pile upon him, the pounding upon the door became more and more vindictive. The girl was out of breath, but as she bent over the prostrate form of the man she loved, she managed to gasp:

"Joe, listen to me. If you can hear me, dear, listen. Don't stir, don't you hear me, Joe?" But he was deaf to all entreaties. Seeing this was so, she turned to Little Ella. "Get him to go away. Offer him anything, promise him anything. I'll do it; only keep that man on the other side of that door."

"There's at least two of 'em."

"That doesn't matter—a thousand—

voirs of poison—the deadliest things in the world."

"But that stove cost me one hundred francs!" protested the lady.

"Never mind that. Better lose any amount of money than your life. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you twenty-five francs for it, and find some way of getting rid of the pernicious object."

The lady consented, and the doctor removed the stove.

A few days later, the patient, who a thought of changing her residence,

went out to inspect a suite of rooms, and the first thing that met her gaze was the stove.

"Who lives here?" she asked of the servant who was showing her over the rooms.

"Madame A, madame," said the servant respectfully—"Doctor B's mother-in-law!"

Genile Hint.

Doctor Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding, puns are occasionally excusable. This one, attributed by

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said the colonel. The pair stood before their superior silent and dismayed while a grim smile spread over the soldier's face.

"Young lady," said the colonel, addressing the shopgirl, "give me two five-cent cakes of soap—and wrap them separately." The girl obeyed and the colonel gravely gave her ten cents. Then he turned to the young officers and handed each of them a cake.

"Here, gentlemen," he said with a

grin, "just so you shan't be put to any expense on my account. Good day."

And he turned and strode out of the shop.—New York Evening Post.

His Way.

"I wish that tresome old judge would not carry court practice into the streets with him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when he meets an acquaintance, first he arrests his progress and then he tries his patience."

This threat had an unpleasant sound. Hitherto the girl had not feared for her own safety, but his early remark frightened her. The one thing that kept her steadfast was the thought that she was protecting the man she had loved; yes, the man she now loved more than she ever had. She did not know how he happened to be there; she did not know how he regarded her; she only knew that she loved him, that she would give her life a sacrifice to save him.

Ryan next appealed to Little Ella. "Ella, that guy come in here. Where is he? We ain't goin' to be scared by any fool girl. She don't know who wants him. Now give 'im up."

"Don't say a word," Gloria told her. "You gotta stick by us, Ella. This ain't no ordinary job."

At Ryan's injunction to stick by him, Little Ella seemed to waver.

"Don't you ferget who yer friends are. Who keeps you from bein' juggled? Mike Noonan. Who lets you stay here when you can't pay, an' feeds you? Mike Noonan."

"That's so. He has been good to me."

Gloria was quick to catch the note of indecision. "But now I'm going to take care of you."

"Yes, goin' to, goin' to," sneered Kelly. "You know what church promises is. Don't you ferget we gotta stan' together down here, all of us."

It was the old, old appeal of class to serve a selfish end.

"Yes, that's true. I don't want to say anything, but—"

Ryan immediately pressed the advantage he thought he had gained.

"This is yer chance, Ella. You know what she'd say to you if you was in her house. Are you with us? I'll see you git yours."

It was a moment when a man's life was at stake, Gloria believed that if the woman told and they tore Wright from her she might never see

"This was not long in happening. As she stood in front of the trunk nervously twisting her handkerchief in her hands, at one last mighty effort the bolt yielded, the door flew open and two men stumbled into the room. Little Ella recognized them both instantly. They were Buck Kelly and Turkey Ryan, notorious denizens of the underworld. If ever there were two vicious-looking cutthroats, these men answered their descriptions. To make their ruffianly appearance worse they bore the marks of their recent encounter. Kelly's left eye had swelled almost closed, and Ryan had a long cut across his cheek where Wright's ring had left its mark with a slashing blow. He had done even more damage than this, but these showed the plainest. Needless to say, their tempers had not been sweetened by the episode.

"Now, damn you—" Ryan began savagely.

"Stop!" Gloria commanded. "What are you doing here?"

Until she spoke they had not seen her, and both men were taken much aback. To find a lady there was something they had not expected.

"What the—" Ryan gasped, but checked himself and then continued in a slightly more respectful tone. "I beg ye pardon, miss, but what are you doin' here?"

"That's none of your business. You clear out, both of you."

This encouraged Little Ella to take her part in the discussion, which she did with her most strident tones.

"What do youse mean, buttin' into here? Beat it, you two. I'm a lady, an' when I have a lady friend visitin' me they ain't no place for bums. On yer way."

It was not this trade which had the most effect upon them. Both quailed before Gloria, who stood eyeing them sternly. Then they looked at each other, and without a word of apology shuffled out into the hall.

CHAPTER XX.

If Gloria believed that she had pit to fight for all time such gentlemanly assassins as Mr. Kelly and Mr. Ryan, her feeling of triumph did not last long. As the door into the hall was still open she did not dare make a move in Wright's direction. She determined to close the door and pull the washstand in front of it, wedging it under the knob, before trying further to succor the injured man. When she walked toward the door, it again framed the forms of Ryan and Kelly. As a result of a short conference just out of earshot, they had decided to return and get their man.

"What do you want?" Her heart sank.

"We're lookin' fer a man," Kelly snarled.

"And he come into this room, too," Ryan added doggedly. "We don't want to make you uncomfortable, lady, but we gotta git that man."

The way he said it made Gloria feel that he meant business. All she could do was play for time and pray for Mrs. Hayes to return.

"There's no man here," she explained in her most winning manner. "You can see that plainly for yourself. I came over from the mission to take care of this sick woman. You are only making her worse by bursting into her room in such a rude fashion. Please go out gently; she must have it perfectly quiet."

Turkey Ryan so far forgot himself in the presence of his betters as to grin at this explanation.

"We don't want to have to make you give 'im up."

Is He Sure?

Cairo tells us that one of the khedive's wives is missing. How long since he took a census of the ladies?—From the New York Herald.

the Brooklyn Times to a boarding-house keeper of that city, is good enough to pass muster.

One of the young men who lived in the boarding-house had the double fault of slowness in paying his bill and fineness about the table service. One morning he said peevishly to the landlady:

"Mrs. Jones, will you tell me why my napkin is so damp?"

"Yes, Mr. Wicks," replied the landlady, promptly. "It's because there is so much due on your board!"

grin, "just so you shan't be put to any expense on my account. Good day."

And he turned and strode out of the shop.—New York Evening Post.

His Way.

"I wish that tresome old judge would not carry court practice into the streets with him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when he meets an acquaintance, first he arrests his progress and then he tries his patience."

It is written in Scripture that God "covereth himself with light as with a garment" (Psalm 104:2), and there are some who think we have a suggestion here of way in which our first parents were covered before the fall. But if so, they lost their outer glory with the inner, for no sooner did they commit sin, than

"The eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked" (Gen. 3:7). At once they took steps to conceal their shame by making for themselves aprons of fig leaves. How inadequate was the provision! And so we read that, later on, after their trial had been held, the penalty pronounced, and, blessed be God, the hope of a Savior held out to them, their need in the particular was also met. The text suggests the plan. A lamb was slain, its blood was shed, and its covering appropriated for the guilty pair. The whole circumstance is not only a beautiful, but a most important symbol of God's dealings with the sinner in the spiritual realm.

1. Sin is an eye-opener. And this may be said even though it is equally true that the sinner is blind. How often he starts on a new career of iniquity, expecting satisfaction and pleasure, only to discover himself woefully disappointed and deceived. Happy is he, if at such a time, the power of the Holy Spirit works within him that deeper conviction of what sin really is and does, that may lead him to seek eternal salvation from it.

2. The awakened sinner not infrequently attempts by his own revising to rid himself of the consequences of sin. The fig leaves he employs are good resolutions, the temporary relinquishment of some bad habit, the giving up of some form of vice, staying at home nights, doing some deed of charity, attending church, perhaps "professing religion," as it is sometimes called. But the fruitlessness of all these things soon appears as the stress of temptation comes again.

3. God only can cover the sinner's sin. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior." This is Paul's testimony to Titus, and it is the experience of every soul that is really saved (Titus 3: 5, 6).

4. God covers our sin by a method of his own. As the prophet Isaiah sings: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness" (Isaiah 61:10). And Paul speaks in the same way in his epistle to the Romans, saying: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight; . . . but now the righteousness without the law is manifested, . . . even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe" (Romans 3:20-22).

5. God obtains this covering of righteousness for us by the offering up of the life of the innocent for the guilty. "He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all" (Romans 8:32). "He made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Corinthians 5:21). "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood" (Romans 3:25).

Do not see how purposely God's covering of Adam symbolizes what he is ready to do in the case of any fallen sinner who realizes his need? Do you realize yours? Are you trying vainly to help yourself, to cover your own spiritual nakedness? Why not accept God's covering? Why not take Jesus Christ as your Savior by faith? Why not come to him today, and thus know "the blessedness of the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psalm 32:1).

It is so easy to do this. As an unknown author has said so beautifully:

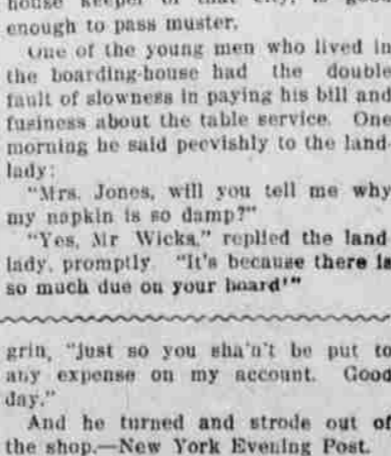
You ask me how I ever came to Christ? I do not know; There came a longing for Him in my soul; So long ago, I found earth's fairest flowers would fade and die. I yearned for something that would satisfy; And then at last somehow I seemed to dare To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer. I do not know; I can not tell you how; I only know He is my Savior now.

You ask me why I ever came to Christ? I can reply; It is a wondrous story; listen while I tell you why My heart was drawn at length to seek His face; I was alone, I had no resting place; I heard of how He loved me, with a love Of depth so great—of height so far above All human ken, I longed such love to share, And sought it then Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving Christ Would heed my prayer? I knew He died upon the cross for me, I called Him there, I heard His dying cry, "Father, forgive!" I saw Him drink death's cup that I might live; My head was bowed upon my breast in shame; He called me, and in penitence I came. He heard my prayer—I cannot tell you how, Or when, or where; Only I love Him now.

God Covering Adam

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D., Dean of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.



THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 10:1-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"It is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you."—Matt. 10:20.

Jesus "came unto his own and his own received him not." Rejected in Judea, he turned to Galilee, making his headquarters at Capernaum only to be rejected there also. "After these things" (v. 1) e. g., after his final departure from Galilee, and as he was about to perform his Perean ministry. The ministry of Jesus is rapidly hastening to a close, still there is much work to do, hence the selection of those who shall go before him to prepare for what proved to be in each city and town his last visit.

1. The Seventy Sent (vv. 1, 9). Verse one tells us of the character of the work they were to undertake, viz., to be heralds; to prepare the people against his coming, 2 Cor. 5:20. There is a plentitude of work, but "the laborers are few." They were sent to a particular people, "whether he himself would come," 2 Tim. 4:5; Titus 2:13. No matter what may have been their limitations, the "coming one" would supply all deficiencies. Jesus commanded prayer, but also sent forth those same praying ones (vv. 2, 3).

Prayer and work go hand in hand in a sane Christian experience. Every impression demands sufficient expression, if it is to make any lasting contribution to our characters. The large harvest demands attention. We are sent into that harvest by the King himself, "Behold I send you; and those whom he sends are not compelled to labor alone, Matt. 28:20; John 14:16. Jesus mentions four things about those whom he sends:

Like Lambs.

(1) Their character. They are to be like "lambs." We have just had the figure of "laborers" presented, laborers who were sent. Is this then a mixed simile? We think not. We are to go forth to the harvesting work as laborers, that is our work, but, in our characters, we are to be lamb-like.

(2) Their environment. "among wolves." That is to say, surrounding each harvest field, and frequently encroaching as far as they dare, are the wolves, a type of the evil one and of his agents. Those who go thus into, or by the way of, danger will not carry any excess of baggage, 2 Tim. 2:4.

(3) In the third place, they are to go forth with complete dependence upon God's providing care (v. 4). The exact letter of these instructions is not always incumbent upon his ambassadors, chapter 22:35, 36, but the spirit of absolute faith in a Father who will provide, must always possess his representatives.

4. As to their bearing, it must be that of dignity and self-respect (v. 5). Social demands consume a great deal of energy in diplomatic circles, and it is here that many Christians waste precious energy, as well as becoming involved in worldly practices. Their first thought upon entering a house must be for the good of the home (v. 5), not for their personal comfort. If a "son of peace," (v. 6), dwelt there, one to whom peace rightfully belonged, their benediction would bring to that home a blessing. But if he be not there their peace was not to be lost, for it would return to the giver.

(5) Their mission was to offer, not to force acceptance. They were not beggars, going from house to house (v. 7), they had something worth while and were worthy of their hire. The fawning, cringing sycophants that pass for Christian workers stand rebuked before this teaching. However, this does not sanction the dogmatic, domineering methods of some. They are to accept what is offered (v. 8), not demanding, "a worthy compensation." The church of Christ stands condemned for the meager salaries given its representatives, yet it is also true that a man usually, and in the long run, gets about what he is worth.

God's Truth.

To build up character brings a far richer compensation, and more lasting results, than to obtain earthly prestige, ease or wealth. Therefore the ambassador of Christ can afford to wait with glad certainty the final casting up of accounts, accepting in the meantime the lowlier seats among men, Luke 14:7-14. However, these ambassadors do have an exalted work to perform. They had a commission for both body and soul. The Gospel of Christ is for the whole man (v. 9). To minister to the bodies of men must however be accompanied by the heralding of the coming kingdom. That kingdom which is everlastingly to be uplifted upon earth, Dan. 2:44.

II. The Seventy Received (vv. 10-16). These heralds were to proclaim that the kingdom was "nigh unto you." In this section we have set before us not only the probable manner whereby the ambassadors may be received, but also their attitude towards those who shall reject them. Jesus, by his anathemas pronounced upon Chorazin and Bethsaida (vv. 12-15), intimates what shall be the fate of those who reject the ambassadors of the King. He emphasizes this by saying (v. 16) that he is heard and despised when these, his representatives, are heard or despised. This shaking off of the dust is a testimony of God's abhorrence of their deeds, Luke 9:5. If men will not receive the Gospel, we are to pass on (Acts 15:51; 18:6). This does not, however, in any sense set aside, nor invalidate, God's truth, Rom. 1:16. The words of that paragraph contained in verses 12-15, are among the most terrific ever used by Jesus, perhaps the most severe if we except his denunciation of the Pharisees. Exalted because of great opportunities, these cities suffer a worse fate than those of the plain. Can the boasted civilization of this century escape an equal fate, if it neglects this, the day of its visitation?

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Events Department, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JANUARY 11.

TEXT.—And unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them.—Gen. 3:21.

It is written in Scripture that God "covereth himself with light as with a garment" (Psalm 104:2), and there are some who think we have a suggestion here of way in which our first parents were covered before the fall. But if so, they lost their outer glory with the inner, for no sooner did they commit sin, than

"The eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked" (Gen. 3:7). At once they took steps to conceal their shame by making for themselves aprons of fig leaves. How inadequate was the provision! And so we read that, later on, after their trial had been held, the penalty pronounced, and, blessed be God, the hope of a Savior held out to them, their need in the particular was also met. The text suggests the plan. A lamb was slain, its blood was shed, and its covering appropriated for the guilty pair. The whole circumstance is not only a beautiful, but a most important symbol of God's dealings with the sinner in the spiritual realm.

1. Sin is an eye-opener. And this may be said even though it is equally true that the sinner is blind. How often he starts on a new career of iniquity, expecting satisfaction and pleasure, only to discover himself woefully disappointed and deceived. Happy is he, if at such a time, the power of the Holy Spirit works within him that deeper conviction of what sin really is and does, that may lead him to seek eternal salvation from it.

2. The awakened sinner not infrequently attempts by his own revising to rid himself of the consequences of sin. The fig leaves he employs are good resolutions, the temporary relinquishment of some bad habit, the giving up of some form of vice, staying at home nights, doing some deed of charity, attending church, perhaps "professing religion," as it is sometimes called. But the fruitlessness of all these things soon appears as the stress of temptation comes again.

3. God only can cover the sinner's sin. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior." This is Paul's testimony to Titus, and it is the experience of every soul that is really saved (Titus 3: 5, 6).

4. God covers our sin by a method of his own. As the prophet Isaiah sings: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness" (Isaiah 61:10). And Paul speaks in the same way in his epistle to the Romans, saying: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight; . . . but now the righteousness without the law is manifested, . . . even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe" (Romans 3:20-22).

5. God obtains this covering of righteousness for us by the offering up of the life of the innocent for the guilty. "He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all" (Romans 8:32). "He made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Corinthians 5:21). "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood" (Romans 3:25).

Do not see how purposely God's covering of Adam symbolizes what he is ready to do in the case of any fallen sinner who realizes his need? Do you realize yours? Are you trying vainly to help yourself, to cover your own spiritual nakedness? Why not accept God's covering? Why not take Jesus Christ as your Savior by faith? Why not come to him today, and thus know "the blessedness of the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psalm 32:1).

It is so easy to do this. As an unknown author has said so beautifully:

You ask me how I ever came to Christ? I do not know; There came a longing for Him in my soul; So long ago, I found earth's fairest flowers would fade and die. I yearned for something that would satisfy; And then at last somehow I seemed to dare To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer. I do not know; I can not tell you how; I only know He is my Savior now.

You ask me why I ever came to Christ? I can reply; It is a wondrous story; listen while I tell you why My heart was drawn at length to seek His face; I was alone, I had no resting place; I heard of how He loved me, with a love Of depth so great—of height so far above All human ken, I longed such love to share, And sought it then Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving Christ Would heed my prayer? I knew He died upon the cross for me, I called Him there, I heard His dying cry, "Father, forgive!" I saw Him drink death's cup that I might live; My head was bowed upon my breast in shame; He called me, and in penitence I came. He heard my prayer—I cannot tell you how, Or when, or where; Only I love Him now.

God Covering Adam

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D., Dean of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union)

SUFFERING TRADES.

(STRONG WORDS BY CLINTON M. HOWARD TO WORKING MEN.)

What is it that keeps labor employed, factories busy, wages high? Orders.

That is what 150,000 commercial travelers are out for—orders. They represent manufacturers.

On what does the manufacturer depend? On the retailer.

On what does the retailer depend? On the customer with needs to supply and money to buy.

It is the home market and the foreign markets that keep the wheels of industry going round.

In what way does the saloon affect the home market?

Let Lief Jones, the English member of parliament, answer that question:

"I met the finished product of the saloon. He was lying in the gutter. He had no hat, the hat trade was suffering; his coat was full of holes, the clothing trade was suffering; he had on the remnant of a shirt, the woollen trade was suffering; he had on no socks, the hosiery trade was suffering; he was dirty, the soap trade was suffering; I can hardly mention a useful industry in the country that was not affected by that man's inebriety."

Follow this man home and you would find by an inventory of his wife and children that the millinery trade, underwear trade, the dress goods trade, the ribbon trade, and a hundred other trades were suffering. Look about his home, and you would find that the furniture trade, the carpet trade, the picture trade, the dinnerware and cooking utensil trade, and a hundred more were suffering. So with the toy trade and the Christmas tree trade; all suffering because of one man's inebriety.

A round million men were arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct in this country last year. A million more eluded the watchful eye of our vigilant police, were sobered up in the back room of the saloon, or staggered unmolesed "home."

Two million makers of the home market knocked-out of the market by the saloon! They have needs to supply, but no money to buy. And their wives and children, the usual average of four with mother, and you have 10,000,000 consumers in the home market impoverished by the American saloon!

Let labor close that tremendous leak, lift his brother from the gutter, send him home to his family sober, and with his pay envelope unbroken by the robber liquor traffic that gives its customers only sorrow, disease and shame in exchange for labor's wealth, and it would give up a new home market for American-made goods every year equal to our present foreign market around the world!

What could be done with that vast sum of money now poured into the lap of the saloon?

We could build 300,000 homes at \$2,000 each, put \$1,000 worth of furniture and carpets into every one of the 300,000 homes, \$1,000 worth of clothing and wearing apparel in the closets of every one of the 300,000 homes, 100 tons of hard coal in every cellar, and deposit in the savings bank \$1,000 to the credit of every one of those 300,000 homes; do all of this, next year, and every succeeding year that those saloons were kept closed!

A GREAT COMPARATIVE LESSON.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek sanatorium, in a stereopticon lecture, pictures the decay of nations by a series of six trees dying at the top. Bulgaria has the least dead wood, representing the fact that one person in every thousand in that country lives to pass the 100-year mark, and not a few live for half a century longer. The United States comes next, but with only one centenarian in 25,000. Then the record grows worse and worse: Spain 44,000, France 198,000, England 200,000, Germany 700,000. It is not more accident that the nation whose favorite drink is buttermilk stands at the head, while the nation which of all these countries is most given to beer drinking is lowest in the group.

DRINK AND DEATH RATE.

English insurance companies investigating the death rate of various classes of people, have announced that of 61,215 average people, 1,000 die annually; of 61,215 total abstainers, 560 die annually; of 61,215 liquor drinkers, 1,642 die annually, and in other words, the death rate for the three classes is as follows: Average death rate, 16.33 to the 1,000; total abstainers, 9.14 to the 1,000; liquor drinkers, 26.82 to the 1,000. Kansas is conceded to be the driest state in the Union. The death rate there before the advent of total abstainers was 17 to the 1,000. Now it is 7.5 to the 1,000—the lowest in the world.

GOOD FOR GERMAN ARMY.

There is good news from the German army. At the emperor's order a manual on "Alcohol and Tobacco" has been prepared for the service by Dr. Buchinger, one of the leading physicians of the marine.

VITAL QUESTION.

It is not a question of the saloon OR the blind pig, but of the saloon AND the blind pig. Chicago, with 7,200 saloons, has more blind pigs than Maine, Kansas and Oklahoma combined.

HUSBAND TOOK THEM.

"Do you take any periodicals?" asked the clergyman on his first round of parish visits.

"Well, I don't," replied the woman, "but my husband takes 'em frequent. I do wish you'd try to get him to sign the pledge."—Judge.

ALCOHOL QUESTION.

The alcohol question presents itself as every corner to every man and woman desirous of solving the great social problems that await solution.—Sir Versey Strong.