

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## THE LAWYER'S STORY.

The young men had made great preparations for their fishing trip into the Indian Territory, and their disappointment was deep when, on the very morning they were to start, the lawyer, whom they all liked, told them he could not go. To make the matter worse, his explanations were very lame and unsatisfactory; it was evident that he had given up the trip for some reason which he hesitated to name.

As a last resort the others went in a body—six of them—to his office, and demanded that he tell them why he had deserted, when he had been most enthusiastic in planning the outing.

"If you're really to understand it," he said, "I shall have to begin with my own boyhood. My father, the best father, I think, that a boy ever had, always showed me a tenderness which even as a child I knew was somehow different from the love which my playmates had from their parents. It was not until I was fourteen years old that he told me why this was so.

Although he himself lived a most exemplary life his father, his father's father and two of his uncles had been drunkards. The taste for liquor he believed to be hereditary in our family, and in me he recognized many of the traits he himself possessed, and which had made his own life a long fight against the habit to drink. He pointed out the danger that lay before me, and begged me to give my promise never, under any circumstances, to touch liquor. 'It is your only safety,' he said. 'Unless you make this resolution, and have the strength to keep it, the odds will be mildly against you, for, like myself, you are easily influenced by others. If I thought that tomorrow you were to take your first drink, I should pray to God that you might die today.'

"Of course, I promised. He had never talked to me in that way before, and of course it made an impression on me. I was frightened, and for several years I kept my promise. Then I went with some other fellows on an all-day fishing trip. While we were eating our luncheon one of our number, a boy whom we all admired, took a bottle of whiskey from his pocket, drank from it and passed it to his next neighbor. The bottle went round the circle, for no one dared refuse to follow George Reitz's lead. When it came to me I tried to pass it on without drinking, but the others began to tease and ridicule me, until from sheer cowardice I took the drink. A second and a third followed, and I began to realize that I liked the stuff and wanted more of it. My father's warning flashed across my mind:

"If you take one drink, you may be forever lost!"

"The rest of the day passed wretchedly enough, and I was glad when it was time to start for home. When I reached the house I found that my father, whom I had left in good health in the morning, was lying at the point of death. He had had a sudden attack of heart disease. They told me he was very anxious to see me alone, and with a breaking heart I entered the room.

"He could not move, and could not speak, but as I took his hand and bowed my head upon it, crying, he smiled tenderly and lovingly on me. When I grew calmer he spoke, although the effort was pitiful to witness:

"Be strong—mother's sake—my sake—kiss me."

"As I bent down to kiss him he noticed the odor of liquor on my breath. I shall never forget the look of agony, of despair, in his eyes.

"My poor—lost—boy!" he groaned; and these were his last words.

"Since that day, God helping me, I never touched a drop of liquor. But I know my weakness. I don't care to expose myself to temptation, and I never knowingly go where liquor is to be used. his morning, while the provision wagon was being loaded, I saw that some one had sent along a case of whiskey. Forgive me, boys; I'm not preaching, nor finding fault with you, but you see now why I can't go."

"You can go, and you shall go," spoke up the judge, who had provided the case of liquor, "for the whiskey is going to stay here."

So the lawyer went, and a jollier, happier, healthier outing none of the men ever had.—Youth's Companion.

## GOD KEEP THY LIFE

Thy little feet know not the way to go,  
And thorns may wound them in a world of strife;  
I can but pray—because I love you so:  
"God keep thy life."

For looking backward on the vanished years  
I see my stumbling feet where earth was rife  
With dangers; and I pray, while fall my tears,  
"God keep thy life."

For I have known the bitterness of loss,  
And oft have fallen in the overwhelming strife,  
Thou, too, must suffer—thou must bear thy cross;  
"God keep thy life."

Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

"The past has not exhausted the possibilities nor the demands for doing great things for God. The Church that is dependent on its past history for its miracles of power and grace is a fallen Church."—E. M. Bound.

## FRETTING.

Some people will allow the most trivial things to trouble them. Thomas Carlyle was made absolutely miserable by the crowing of some of his neighbor's cocks. They crew too early, and disturbed his best hours of rest. Up to noon each day he would fret about how the fowls had disturbed him the night before, and in the afternoon he would worry about how they would annoy him the coming night. Mrs. Carlyle was made so miserable by his scolding and fretting that she hunted up the owner and tried to purchase the fowls. When he would not sell she tried to rent, and then to purchase the house and lot. But the man would neither sell nor rent. So the fowls continued to crow and Carlyle continued to fret and scold. Now, that was morbid sensitiveness. Carlyle had no right to let himself get into such a condition. A little will power would have conquered.

We cannot change yesterday—that is clear,  
Or begin on tomorrow until it is here;  
So all that is left for you and for me  
Is to make today as sweet as can be.

## FIVE POPES.

There are five Popes on the face of the earth, says Truth. They are the Pope of the Latin church; the schismatic or Orthodox pope; the Father of the Faithful, ruling at Constantinople; the Pope of Tibet, who has five hundred millions of subjects; and the schismatic Pope of the Mohammedan world, who reigns at Morocco. All five are threatened with hard times. Nineteen hundred and four has, up to the present, been unpropitious to them. Of the five Popes Pius X. is the most venerable, Nicholas the most feared, the Sultan the most terror-haunted and terrorist, the Dalai Lama the most mysterious, and the head of the Muslim schismatics the best fellow. Some of them may some day be seen in Paris taking the places of Daudet's "Rois en Exil!"

Switzerland has sources of income many and rich, but almost the richest of them all is the tourist, who brings annually about 8,000,000 pounds into the country. Not that Switzerland is behind any country in the world in the field of industry—as witness her watch trade, her cottons, silks, machinery, and, by no means least, her condensed milk. The total is about 27,000,000, which is good for a country having neither coal nor iron. These, however, are exports, and on the imports side it may be doubted if there is any service of revenue so profitable as the tourist.

The arc that is broken on earth will be a complete circle in heaven.