

daughter I do know and love. She has been part of the sunshine of a very lonely woman's life."

This speech revealed a side of Miss MacGinn's character which the rector had never dreamed existed, and it interested him, though it did not soften his heart towards the lovers.

"I am sorry if I seem hard-hearted, but I have made my decision. My daughter shall never, with my consent, marry this young man, who may be quite excellent as you say. I can have no personal objection to him, as I have never seen him, nor permitted him to come here. I have other views for Griselda, that is all."

"But she has views for herself, Mr. Cleathorpe, and a mind of her own. She has acted on her own prerogative, and claimed a woman's right to choose what her future shall be. They are married, rector. I have come today to tell you so."

She looked away as she spoke, in dread perhaps of the rector's explosion. He kept his balance, however, though his face grew pale with passion.

"You have connived at this, Miss MacGinn!" he said, in a low, bitter voice. "I must believe that, after all I have been obliged to listen to. Why you have done this thing is best known to yourself. I have never harmed you, and when people have made unkind remarks, I have even defended you."

"I did not need any defence, sir," she replied with a quiet dignity. "The world is a hard place for the solitary woman who does not wear her heart on her sleeve. We need not prolong this interview, Mr. Cleathorpe, nor will I waste time in refuting your accusations. I received a letter from Griselda this morning asking me to tell you that she and Harold were married yesterday in London. It came as a great surprise and shock to me. I can only advise you now to make the best of it, and I do assure you the case might easily be worse."

"It could not possibly be," he said with a groan. "It is a disgrace. I shall never lift my head again in this parish."

Miss MacGinn smiled a little absently. The rector had no great depth of character, and his anger would not be long-lived, though it could make others desperately uncomfortable while it was at white heat.

"I'm sorry that this step has been necessary on their part. I don't defend it," she said as she turned to go; "but it is excusable. We are only young once, rector, and it is then we crave for happiness. Let them be happy! Wire to them today to come home."

He stared at her, almost aghast at her presumption, yet finding something compelling in her words.

"No, no, it is too much to expect! Griselda will have to humble herself, and it will be a very long time before I could consent to see the man who has done this dauntless thing."

"They are young," repeated Miss MacGinn, as if she loved the sound of these words and the vision they suggested; "and it will not be so bad as you think. I am a rich woman, rector—I may say a very rich woman. And I have not a single living relative. I will make Harold Reads my sole heir."

The rector stared, scarcely able to credit these words.

"But why should you do this?" he asked stupidly. "The lad can be nothing to you—my daughter even less."

"It is a long story, the story of a woman's life," said Miss MacGinn quietly. "If you will come to my house tomorrow morning, I will go into the matter of my property with you, and satisfy you that your daughter has made an excellent match. Harold is a clever barrister. He will succeed in his profession, and I will settle an income on them now onwards sufficient to keep them in

comfort, with perhaps a little luxury thrown in."

"Why should you do this?" repeated the rector, searching for a motive for the act which changed the whole complexion of affairs.

"You will wire to them today?" she repeated. "Griselda is very fond of you. Tell them to come home. Let me send the telegram as I go through the village."

The rector hesitated only another moment, compelled by her manner more than her words.

"Well, I will if you tell me why you should perpetrate this act of unparalleled goodness."

"I loved his father," said Miss MacGinn simply, as she quietly slipped out by the door.—British Weekly.

THE MOST DEMOCRATIC BOOK.

If there is one book which claims the attention of a democratic age it is the Bible. Throughout all the history of Western peoples, what has been the great source of revolt against despotism, clerical and political, if not the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures? The Bible has been the great Magna Charta of the poor and oppressed. Up to and including modern times, no state has been the equal of Israel as it is described in Deuteronomy and Leviticus, with a constitution which takes account of the interests of the people, a constitution which insists less upon the privileges of government than on their duties. Nowhere, except in the Bible, do we see affirmed this fundamental verity, that, after all, the prosperity of the state depends upon the integrity of its citizens. The purpose of the Bible, doubtless, is to defend the rights of men, but it does not the less insist upon duty, as incumbent on all alike.

The Bible is the most democratic of all books. It is that which began to undermine the clerical and political despotism of the Middle Ages, almost as soon as it was affirmed in the 11th century. In the 12th and 13th centuries, popes and kings had much to do to crush the Albigenes and Waldenses. In the 14th and 15th centuries the Lollards and the Hussites gave them a great deal of trouble, and since the 16th century Protestant sects have been the support of political liberty in proportion as they have refused to recognise any other decisive authority except that of the Bible.

What looks to thy dim eye a strain,

In God's pure light may only be

A scar, brought from well-won field,

Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

WORTH DOING WELL.

"If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." Did this thought ever come to you? What is the use of doing anything if all we do ends in nothing of worth? It were better to have rested and not labored. We are placed in this life to work and to do. Let us then do everything well. Accomplish something. Aim high, and build, not on the sand of uncertainty, but on the rock of sureness and lasting strength. To live well is to leave a reputation which will last long after we cease our earthly existence. So let us live that we may leave "footprints in the sands of time."

"Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again."

We live in an age that hath more need of good example than precept.—George Herbert.

SOUND HEALTH

FOR ALL CHILDREN

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tablets are the best thing in the world for all stomach and bowel troubles of children. They are quickly and are absolutely safe. If necessary the Tablets can be crushed to a powder or dissolved in water. Mrs. Wm. F. Gay, St. Eleonore, P.E.I., says: "I know of nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of stomach and bowel troubles. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine and do not feel safe without a box of Tablets in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TO INTEREST YOUNG MEN.

Young men will not be interested in the work of our societies unless that work is along the lines to which young men naturally turn. Starting along those lines, it will be possible to get them interested in more distinctively religious work; but not otherwise.

Most young men are interested in politics. Our societies may well make a study of civics. Get some one who is well informed regarding the government of the town, county, province and Dominion, to teach the society for a few minutes each week about these important matters. Still better, organize a Christian Endeavor club to investigate these affairs. At each meeting have an address by some official or other intelligent man, who will tell you how the schools are managed, what is done with the town poor, how the street department is conducted, and so on. Always have many questions.

Missions may be made of extreme interest to young men, because of their close connection with the concerns of the whole world. Get the young men themselves to treat these wide outreaches of the subject.

Handle large themes in large ways. Do not be afraid to branch out. Get one or two young men to serve as a nucleus, and work along young men's lines; then, if you try to get them, you will succeed.

ON GOING TO CHURCH.

Go early to church. Not only be punctual, but be in your place before the hour when the service is announced to begin. Then you will not disturb other worshippers.

Go in a reverent spirit. On the way remember whither you go. Avoid lightness of manner and conversation on worldly topics.

Before you enter, and as you enter the church, breathe a silent prayer of invocation for the influence of the Holy Spirit.

As you take your place, bow your head reverently in prayer for yourself and for all others who enter the sanctuary for the service about to begin.

Resolve that you will foster no thought, fix your eyes on no object, utter no word that will tend to divert your mind from the holy purpose for which you have come into this place.

As the minister enters the pulpit, offer an earnest, silent prayer in his behalf.

In all the service take an active part; as hearer, as worshipper.

At the close of the service, after a moment of prayerful silence, greet with cheerfulness and good will all whom you happen to meet, remembering that Christian fellowship is a part of Christian worship.