

Journey's End in Lover's Meeting.

'It is nonsense, Rob; you are imagining yourself in love and wanting to get married just when you are getting a start in business and need all the capital you can command. You shouldn't have your mind taken up with love and such things at a time like this. Just wait a few years and you will find that I am right,' and the old man brushed a fly from his grey beard.

'But, grandfather, I am not the only one to be considered; there is Laura, she loves me and I don't care for business or anything if I have to give her up,' the young man said, impetuously.

'Tut, tut, my boy! Love is all right in story books, but in every day life there is not much of it; and Laura will get over it, don't you fear.'

'You were married.'

'Yes, yes; because your grandmother was a home body, and was necessary to my comfort. She wanted a home and I wanted a housekeeper, and we understood each other and never regretted our compact; and we were as happy together as though we had wasted a lot of nonsense and time over love.'

The young man looked surprised.

'There's your train, Bob; think it over and I hope you won't make a young fool of yourself. Good-by; take good care of yourself and write to the old man often,' and there was a business in his voice.

The young man took the old man's hand in a warm clasp.

'You be careful getting in and out of the trains, grandfather; I don't like to see you traveling alone.' Then he jumped into his car, and the old man was left alone on the platform of the dingy little country station.

'A beastly place to have to wait at,' he muttered as he limped into the waiting-room.

'Beg pardon, madam,' he exclaimed, as he bumped against a little old lady who was turning away from the window of the ticket office. 'I hope I didn't hurt you. I am not as nimble as I was fifty years ago; and this foot of mine will turn sometimes.'

'Fifty years makes a difference in people,' the old lady answered in a low, sweet voice, and a smile lit up the wrinkled face under the frame of white hair.

'I can't get along as fast myself as I did at one time.' Then she sat down inside of one of the windows, and, opening an old-fashioned traveling bag, took out her knitting, while the old man went out and walked up and down the platform.

But there was nothing to see there, excepting the green fields of corn on the other side of the tracks and the country town half a mile away.

After a while he came in and sat down beside the old lady, resting his gold-headed cane on the iron rods separating the seats.

'Rather tiresome waiting here,' he said.

'Are you going far?'

'Just to Downchester. I have been for some time with my daughter, but she is having some other visitors and said I had better go and stay with my son a while.' A sigh escaped her and an anxious look came into the faded blue eyes.

'Not a very pleasant prospect?' the old man queried, looking at her intently.

The old lady started.

'Oh, I didn't mean anything!' she exclaimed. 'They are kind to me. I spend part of my time at one place and part at the other. Yes, they are kind to me. Have you a family?'

'A daughter and a son, and a grandson whose parents are dead; he went by the last train. It seems to me there is something about you which seems familiar. I must have met you somewhere before, but I can't think where?' the old man said.

'I am Mrs. Bowman, and you—you—can't be Teddy—Tom Marsden?' she exclaimed suddenly dropping the knitting into her lap; her face flushed and she glanced up in an embarrassed way.

'I must be the person, but they call me colonel now, and you must be Jane, for no one ever called me Teddy except mother and you.' The old man suddenly sprang to his feet and looked down at her.

'Well, well, who would have thought it! Then he limped over and looked out of the opposite window; but presently he came back and set down again.

'This is rather a dreary place to wait so long; not much accommodation at these country stations, he said in a constrained tone.

'It is tiresome and I always dislike the long wait here, so I usually bring some work with me to help pass the time,' she

answered glancing down at her knitting.

The old man was silent for a few minutes as he watched the bright needles go back and forth.

'Do you remember that green silk purse you made for me once?' he asked.

'Haven't you forgotten that?' she laughed.

'No, I haven't, and the first time I used it was the day we went to the picnic at Worm's Wood, and—' he suddenly stopped in a confused way.

The old lady's face grew scarlet.

'You remember things well; that was about—she paused a moment—fifty three years or more ago.'

'It is a good thing to have a good memory in some ways, but there are things that are better forgotten. That Worm's Wood picnic and what happened after ward form a chapter in my life, Colonel Marsden.' Her tone had a decisive ring in it, while she met his glance with a defiant look in the blue eyes.

The old man's face flushed and he fingered the top of his walking stick nervously.

'Jane, I don't blame you at all, he began hesitatingly. 'I have often thought I would like to see you and—' and let you know that it was not my fault as much as you think. I never got your letter for over twenty five years—after you sent. Here it is now,' he drew out a large leather pocketbook and took a yellow paper from one of the inner pockets. Do you remember that John Slater who used to be clerk at Black's, the grocer, who was also postmaster? He gave me this once when he met me in Chicago, it had slipped down inside the desk or somewhere and was not found for years, not until long after Black was dead and they were making some alterations to the building.

'We did a lot of business together, but I never recognized him until one day he asked me if I had not come down one summer to see you, and then he told me about the letter and hunted it up for me. That is why I never came again, I thought you would not forgive me.'

'Why, Teddy,' was all the old lady could say, but there was a quiver in her voice.

'He told me,' the old man continued, 'that you had married and gone away and he did not know what had become of you.'

'I didn't get married for ten years. Charles was good to me, but he didn't live long, and I had a pretty hard time of it for a while with my two children, but I gave them a good education. John is a doctor at Downchester and Alice is married well. I am going to John's now. I don't care very much about it; his wife is kind enough, but she likes to keep up a big show you know, sometimes old folk are in the way.' She smiled sadly.

'I know all about it,' he said, laughing. 'I married to have a home, My wife was a good housekeeper. I didn't love her, but I did my duty by her; yes, I did my duty; and I missed her when she died five years ago. I didn't want to break up my home and didn't, for I had Rob with me, but now they want the old man to give it up, and I suppose I will have to. I have plenty to live on, but they say that that they are uneasy about me living alone and want me to stay with them, but I don't want to. I never feel right, even if I make them a long visit; they are kind, but you feel strange and can't have things just as you want them. Things might have been so different if—I had just got that letter.'

'Yes, that's so, but it's no use fretting over things now. I am glad we met as I used to think hard of you. It must be almost time for my train,' the old lady said, taking up her knitting.

'It's thirty minutes yet.'

Then the old man walked over to the window again.

Presently he came back and stood before her.

'Jane,' he began, then gave a little cough, 'your children don't need you, while I have no one, and I get lonely. Why shouldn't we get married yet? We'd be company for each other, and—and—I have cared for you all these years. 'Maybe you won't believe it, but I have. If you knew how I have kept that letter—and I want you as much as I ever did,' he said pleadingly.

'Why, Teddy, we are so old. I am past seventy, and I am rheumatic, and John's wife says I am old and cranky.'

'I am older than you by some years. I

stick; but dear, won't you have me?' The old man's voice trembled and he held out his arms.

Presently the solitary porter opened the door and saw a tall, white-haired old man holding an old lady in his arms—her head rested against his shoulder, while her black bonnet was hanging round her neck by the strings; and he heard, the old man say:

'I wonder what Rob will say? I tried to talk him out of being in love only this morning. He thinks the old man knows nothing about it.'

Sound for the Front.

In military courage the Montenegrin probably stands at the head of European races. The best wish for a baby is, 'May you not die in your bed' and to face death is, to man or boy, only a joyous game. Says W. J. Stillman, in his 'Autobiography':

'I have seen a man under a heavy Turkish fire, deliberately leave the trenches and climb the breastwork, only to expose himself from sheer bravado.

While lying at headquarters at Oraubak, awaiting the opening of the campaign, in 1877, I was walking one day with the prince, when a boy of sixteen or eighteen approached us, cap in hand.

'Now,' said the prince, 'I'll show you an interesting thing. This boy is the last of a good family. His father and brothers were all killed in the last battle, and I ordered him to go home and stay with his mother and sisters, that the family might not become extinct.'

The boy drew near and stopped before us, his head down, his cap in hand.

'What do you want?' asked the prince.

'I want to go back to my battalion.'

'But said the prince, 'you are the last of your line, and I cannot allow a good family to be lost. You must go home and take care of your mother.'

The boy began to cry bitterly.

'Will you go home quietly and stay there,' or will you take a flogging, and be allowed to fight?'

The boy thought for a moment. A flogging, he knew well, is the deepest disgrace that can befall a Montenegrin.

'Well,' he broke out, 'since it isn't for stealing, I'll be flogged.'

'No,' said the prince, 'you must go home.' Then the boy broke down utterly.

'But he cried, 'I want to avenge my father and brothers!'

He went away, still crying, and the prince said: 'In spite of all this, he will be in the next battle.'

A Question of Bills.

A traveller in England rested at noon at a wayside inn, and took luncheon. The landlord was a social person, and after presenting his bill sat down and chatted with his guest.

'By the way,' the latter said, after a while, 'what is your name?'

'My name,' replied the landlord is Partridge.'

'Ah,' returned the traveller, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, 'by the length of your bill I should have thought it was Wookcock!'

This story, as it appears in a recent book by a distinguished English diplomat is credited with having amused Bismarck.

A Revival of Episcopacy.

We are very sure it was not in Boston that this incident, narrated by a contributor, happened:

'James,' said the proprietor of a bicycle establishment to his assistant, as he came in and took a seat at his desk one morning 'the outlook for sales this season is decidedly slim. Mark down all our wheels twenty five percent.'

'Yes, sir,' replied James.

'Hold on James!' exclaimed the proprietor a few moments later, as his eye caught sight of a short cable despatch in the morning paper he had picked up.

'Hold all our stock firm at present prices. King Edward has gone to wheeling again.'

This item from a rural exchange—'Nat Johnston's mule was killed by lightning yesterday. The mule was blind in both eyes and couldn't see the flash coming.'

A mother was showing her dear little Joe a picture of the martyrs slain to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was.

'Willie—Pa, what's an 'old flame?'

'Pa—My son, when a man speaks of 'his old flame' he refers to something over which he used to burn his money.'

Sunday Reading.

Campbell Morgan Rejected.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan's fare well to England, to take up part of the late D. L. Moody's work in America, was given in an unprecedented gathering in the City Temple, London. Dr. Parker presided. At Mr. Morgan's special request, Miss Fuchs sang, 'I will go where you want me to go, dear Lord,' and the effect was very touching. The Rev. J. Gregory Mantle told how, in 1886, he and two other ministers were appointed to hear a trial sermon by Mr. Campbell Morgan then a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. 'Mr. Morgan says he distinctly remembers my coming into the vestry with a long cedar pencil in my hands, which I was sharpening, and that I greeted him by saying, 'Now I am ready for you!' The sermon was not a success, and he was not accepted for the Wesleyan ministry. But it was all in the ordering of God. For if Mr. Morgan had become a Wesleyan minister he would not have been able to do the widespread work for God in this country and America which he had been enabled to do.' He concluded by dwelling upon Mr. Morgan's sincerity, sympathy, and singleness of purpose. 'We are only going to lend him to America,' Mr. Mantle exclaimed, amid loud applause. 'He is bound to come back again.' When Mr. Morgan, whose mother was with him on the platform, rose to respond, the whole assembly leapt to its feet and cheered and waved, and waved and cheered again.

Stirring News From Japan.

The Rev. J. H. Ballagh writes on May 28 and 31 and June 6 of a widespread and increasing revival in Japan. His first word is 'Eight hundred decisions for Christ in the two weeks' service in Kyobashiku, Tokio. The work in Yokohama has also begun. Much penitence and zeal shown. The blessing is extending to distant places as well.

His next word is 'A revival of three weeks has resulted in one thousand converts or decisions for Christ and the work of no ordinary character in its demands in a multiplicity of ways.'

His latest word is 'The number of converts has been increased another thousand, five hundred in Tokio and five hundred here (Yokohama). We have services in eight churches every night and a four p. m. daily union prayer meeting and two early six a. m. meetings. One of these has been carried on for five years, and is the source, I suspect, of all this tide of blessing.'

One hundred thousand special tracts prepared by the Rev. N. Tamura, of Japanese Bride fame, have been published, and several thousand of another written by Mrs. Tara Ando. A pamphlet called 'The Work of God,' has also appeared giving some of the notable incidents of the three weeks' work in the 'City Bridge Ward' among six or seven churches. It has now extended to the various wards to two especially, Shiba and Butaga, where we have churches. The first prayer meeting had over three hundred daily and on Pentecost eight hundred, five hundred of whom had to stand outside in the yard. A general in the Tycoon's forces years ago was converted at this meeting. His wife has long been a Christian, and Tara Ando now a leading Christian and temperance man, was then an under officer. So God is working and blessed be his holy name.

We have heard lately, says the Presbyterian Witness, that the Mormons are making headway in some parts of Canada. It is less wonderful and less humiliating to learn that they are making progress among the people of the Sandwich Islands (Hawaiians) of whom they have captured over eight thousand. They cunningly adapt themselves to the weakness and the traditional folk-lore and superstitions of the poor Hawaiians. They claim the power to perform miracles, especially of healing. It is a noteworthy fact that the most bitter opponents of Roman Catholic methods continue to be found within the pale of Rome. The recently published remarkable history of the Jesuits in England from 1850 to 1872 by Father Taunton is another striking illustration of the of the anomaly. Writing as a priest, with a strong hatred of Protestantism, he nevertheless brings string after string of grave accusations against that order now so powerful at the Vatican, and he does not hes-

itate to charge them, upon a firm basis of historical facts, with shameful acts, and still more discreditable defenses of their unholy deeds.

The Christian Scientists had their annual communion in the mother church in Boston on a recent Sunday, when Eddy's message an hour and a half long was read to audiences that filled the spacious building four times. The message was a curious mixture of crude literal interpretation of Scripture and bald pantheism. On the followers of the cult made their annual pilgrimage to Concord, N. H., to see Mrs. Eddy. More than three thousand were present, some of them from all parts of the world. No Oriental fakir is a greater master of the art of secretism and mystery than this artful woman. Her appearances are rare and hedged around with the sacredness of divinity. The throng filled the grounds of her residence, and patiently waited to get a glimpse of the prophetess. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon she appeared in an upper balcony where the people were permitted to gaze upon her for the space of five minutes. All she said was: 'Beloved brethren: My joy in meeting you is my present text. When we shall meet again will be my next. I think you will all agree with me that you have heard sufficiently from me in my message. I will only look upon your near faces and then return to my studio.' For this commonplace utterance the crowd came, and then it melted away.

Commandant Herbert Booth, the chief officer of the Salvation Army in Australasia, and his wife have been seriously ill, and are coming to England on a long holiday. A new commanding officer will leave for Australasia—probably the general's youngest daughter, with her husband, now in charge of the work in France and Switzerland.

Carried along on the tide of progress, the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society has at last come to the conclusion, says the 'Christian World,' that it is desirable for it to issue the Revised Version; and even then it is understood that the Revised Version is only to be supplied when especially called for.

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