

number of the persons who thus estimate greatness are under no such delusion in estimating individual greatness. They would laugh at the idea of measuring a man by the acres he possessed or by the value of the goods that he bought and sold. Yet a nation is made up of men, and can only be great as the men that compose it are great—great in intellect and great in morals, great in doing and enduring, not merely for the individual or a family or tribe, but for all mankind.

Finally, if we consider the Christian church as reduced to its lowest terms in the Christian individual, what an immense amount of ecclesiastical lumber we at once get rid of! A specially ordained priesthood or ministry; infallible popes, whether individual as in the Roman Church, or corporate as in the Protestant; heresy courts with all their pretensions to divine right of judgment; creeds and confessions, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved; excommunications, ostracisms and petty but malignant persecutions for alleged unbelief—all these things go into the rubbish heap when we come to understand that the Christian Church is essentially a society of Christian individuals, of men and women trying to live the life of Christ their Master.

S. G. A.

AN EVENING CALL.

Peter, Boyo, B. C. and Babe were playing bridge in the latter's rooms; it was cheaper—for the others—though, to be sure, his landlady's bill of extras was but a small fraction of what it cost Babe.

Since their graduation, poker had been dropped by common consent, and the quartette had adopted bridge as better suited to men at the law school, and less expensive. Bridge is generally conceded to be a game of skill, and the totals against Babe, who played a hand of no trumps quite as vilely as he had ever handled a full house in his unregenerate days, were almost identical at the two games, and rarely varied to any marked degree from the amount of the monthly check from home.

On this particular night Babe was winning, and, insult to injury, was playing the cards allotted him by an indulgent providence with a reckless abandon quite unlike the painful degree of attention he customarily bestowed on what he was pleased to call his game. Towards the end of the rubber he made several new and startlingly original blunders, and when he ran out with a narrow margin in spades, instead of piling up the tricks in one of the more expensive red suits, even Peter, inured by long evenings of Babe's company to almost every known form of bad play, felt called upon to remonstrate.

"Why, we won, didn't we?" pleaded Babe; then uneasily: "I'm going to turn you fellows out now if you don't mind. I've had enough for to-night."

B. C., shuffling preparatory to a fresh deal, looked up in surprise. Peter whistled and pushed back his chair. "Quitting while you're ahead of the game, eh, Babe?" sneered Boyo, thrusting his hands into his now empty pockets, and turning his back contemptuously to gaze out of the window at a dray standing in the street.

"You know that's not it," reproached Babe. "I can't play any more to-night; fact is I'm going out and I'm late already; I don't want to turn you—"

"Oh, don't fret about us," interrupted Peter; "you harp on turning us out as if you really meant it. We're not going until ye're quite ready, and you might as

well sit down and play now; you'll have to in the end, you know."

"Must we use force?" murmured B. C., pathetically. Meanwhile Babe had been replacing a somewhat bizarre dressing gown and pair of turkish slippers by the black coat and patent leathers of civilized society, and otherwise putting such finishing touches to his toilet as might suggest to the discerning eye something more than the periodic visits to the library, in which young law students of the first year are accustomed to indulge.

Boyo had observed these operations with much interest.

"Ah! fussing again!" was his somewhat obscure comment. "Who it is this time, Babe? the Duchess, the girl out at the Junction, or another freshette? Better go easy there, old man; 'member when '01 tapped you for just showing an intelligent interest in one of their co-eds."

"That was when I was a sophomore," rejoined Babe, with one eye on the clock. "Hang it, I'm going to be late—have to take the car, and I haven't got a red." He thrust his hand mechanically into his pocket, and his face brightened. "Yes, I have, too. Ever so much obliged to you fellows for the game—think perhaps I'll take a cab—awfully good of you to come in, such—"

"Oh, you needn't rub it in, Babe," complained B. C., viciously. "Accidents will happen even in the best regulated families."

"Going to take a cab, eh? Had a good game, too?" Boyo paused and indulged in a long stare at the two-horse dray standing by the opposite curb. "Late, and would like to be on time. I think I know where you're going: 29 St. O—, never mind denying it; in that direction, anyway, and I think perhaps we might get you there on time; that would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"No, don't thank me," dodging a boot. Then to the other two, standing expectant. "Nurse-maids, you're not dressed for the part, but try to look it, and take the Baby down to his perambulator."

The ensuing struggle was a trifle prolonged, but eventually the impromptu nurse-maids deposited their burden on his back on the dray—"so as not to soil his tie," Peter explained—while Boyo, as charioteer, turning a deaf ear to the frenzied exhortations of a big drayman at a third story window, lashed the powerful draught horse to a gallop.

The first projecting cobble stone they struck threw the two nurse-maids several feet into the air, and by rolling Babe to the side of the dray, gave him a very fair chance to escape. Reason might have dictated such a course, but, alas! the stones looked hard, the pace was furious, and Babe remained on the dray.

Down Muleahy street they swung, and around the corner of St. Patrick. Babe got a fleeting plimpse of a door-plate numbered 57, then another numbered 33; Jehu threw his weight on the reins, and the dray came to a standstill.

It stopped in front of a large, old-fashioned house standing some distance back from the street in its own grounds, a staid, sober-looking house, radiating an atmosphere of intense respectability; its porch lamp lighted and shining brightly on the brass door-plate, numbered 29. At the same time a neighboring clock struck the half hour.

"Just in time, Babe," remarked Peter, genially. "She'll be pleased to find you so punctual. Jump off, and don't keep us waiting."

Babe's tie hung down the middle of his back; his col-