

Have You Seen Them?

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E. N. HUNT, 180 Dundas Street

A Transient Experience

George paused a moment and then said, tentatively: "To me, unlike the style of the two stories, there is an underlying resemblance. In both there is the idea of hampering and involuntary bondage. Perhaps the idea attracts you? I think many writers have some one notion that inspires them, and takes various forms."

"I did not think that the ideas were alike," said Helena, "but perhaps they are. Character working in chains is interesting."

"But you ought to know how it works with the chains broken," said George. "I can't write stories about the astral plane or any such places," said Helena, dryly, "and this world doesn't generally exhibit broken chains. They drag on through life."

Here a bystander offered cake, and a remark about the local golf links, and Miss Wynne plunged with energy into the new subject, and ceased to speculate on the length of chains, visible or invisible.

"She's a splendid creature," thought George to himself. "Perfectly splendid. I wish I knew where Gerard Norman is! I don't believe a marriage like this can be valid! I suppose Mark would call her Mrs. Wentworth! This seems to be a sociable sort of place. I shall subscribe to the golf links. It's good exercise, and no doubt the girls will like me to take them there."

CHAPTER VII.

Birchbrae was a new and smart little villa, built on the edge of Whitebury Common, and inclosing in its little garden a picturesque clump of wild birch trees, the like of which sprang up here and there over the fresh, breezy, open ground, which looked away to pleasant hills in the distance. But for the birches the little establishment was as commonplace and as like the hundreds of others, as the beautiful old house at Chiswick, at which George Gladwyn had once presented himself, was interesting and unique. But the little drawing-room, in which Miss Nora Wynne was sitting on the afternoon of the party at the Corners, had something of the old richness of color and ornament, the remnant of the old bric-a-brac and china had been disposed by the same skilful hand, and the room had a distinct character.

Miss Wynne looked older than on that memorable occasion, but her great rolling, dark eyes were still full of fire and sentiment, and cast the same restless glances from side to side.

In truth she was thinking of that very afternoon, and her absence from a kind of social gathering which was usually very agreeable to her was caused entirely by this reflection.

She had never forgotten George Daniel Gladwyn's peculiar name and equally peculiar action, and as soon as she knew that he was to be a neighbor and an acquaintance she began to wonder how well she did not do so.

She recollected all about him when Helena had told her of the meeting at Wardale, and though he had apparently proved that he could hold his tongue, she felt that the situation was awkward.

"I must confide in him," she thought. "I must confide entirely in him."

And then there rose up before her the story which she had to confide in as a form as picturesque and dramatic as if, like her niece, she had been composing a novel.

She recalled herself in early youth, a girl as handsome as Helena, and far more winning, consumed with a passion for her charming, handsome cousin, Richard, trusting him, defending him, passionately siding with him when he fell under his father's displeasure, and was banished from home. She would have shared his banishment if he had asked her, and when he did not do so, the fault was all in those who had banished him. She lived upon her love and her disappointment; they made life more interesting than hum-drum good fortune. Then Richard Wentworth married a woman with money, and Nora made even that into food for her devotion. She was still his soul.

When old Mr. Wentworth died and left his large fortune to his dead nephew's child, Helena, Richard Wentworth, with reversion first to her husband, then to her children, it was all that Nora could do not to hate the little orphan placed in her charge.

There is no doubt a fascinating grandeur in a life devoted to one idea, an unswerving faith to one love, and the loved idea grows tyrannous, and like other idols, sometimes requires human sacrifices. By and by Richard Wentworth, his wife and her returned to Nora derived excitement and a strange pleasure in playing what she conceived called "treading the edge of the abyss."

She posed to herself as the guardian angel of the Wentworths, who could be friend and sister, and crush her own feelings for their sake. Perhaps the game was less dangerous than she thought it, for Richard was certainly not possessed by an answering devotion.

Appetizing

For this season of the year when fresh vegetables are scarce.....

Large 3-lb. tins French String Beans, 20c.
Rodel French Peas, 15c.
Rodel Mushrooms, 25c.
Whole Tomatoes for slicing, 20c.
Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans, French Kidney Beans, Succotash, Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce, California Prunes, 8c per lb.
California Silver Prunes, 12 1/2c per lb.
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How the great idea grew up it was hard to tell—the great conviction, as she called it. Whether the notion of a marriage between the son of the injured man and the unjustly enriched girl flashed upon her vivid imagination, or was suggested to it by Richard Wentworth, and cherished and nourished by her ardor, she herself did not know, but when it had once presented itself it fascinated her utterly, and it appeared to her that she had, with much difficulty, persuaded Mr. Wentworth into so rash and romantic a venture. Whether he was really overpowered by the magnetism of her passionate will, or whether he had plans for making the affair appear more reasonable and justifiable, she had never considered.

It was easy enough to talk the romantic girl into an action which appeared to her, as well as to her aunt, splendidly heroic. The boy was more difficult to manage; Miss Wynne did not quite like to think of how he had been managed, nor of her own share in his management.

The deed was done, and the first drop of cold water on the fire of enthusiasm which had burned in Nora's soul came on the wedding day, when the poor bride, once more with long school-girl hair and short school-girl frocks, had applied to her tender reference to the good deed they had done, not as before, with dreamy enthusiasm or proud delight, but with a burst of sobs and tears, and violent language.

"I hate myself, and I hate him, and I hate you, and I never shall know if I would be like this! And I'll never, never speak about it any more!" She kept her word. She confronted her aunt with a nature as hot as Miss Wynne's own, and a much tougher will.

Then had come the sudden death of Richard Wentworth, and with it, of course, the stoppage of all his plans for guarding or revealing the secret, or for accounting for the marriage.

Then also such money difficulties came to light as might have suggested to anyone but Miss Wynne a possible gift to his part to have a hold on a rich woman.

Young Gerard went off out of the country, and from that day to this had made no sign.

A Young Man's Ideal

Sermon Preached by Prof. James Stalker, D.D., in Free St. Matthew's Church, Glasgow.

"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt have good success."—Joshua, i, 8.

This is the last of the course of lectures I have been giving on "A Young Man's Life," and the special subject for the text is "His Ideal." Let us take for the text the eighth verse of the first chapter of Joshua. The book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt have good success.

"Good success"—what does that mean? Does it imply that there is a kind of success which is not good? Certainly there is such a thing; there are forms of success which strike the vulgar eye, but are spurious. But what is good success? What are the elements of that success which entitle a man to be called happy by good judges, and entitle him to be satisfied with his own lot? To find out this is to find out what should be a young man's ideal, for his ideal may be nothing else but to live so that in the best and truest sense his life is a success. Now, have you thought about this? What things, if you win them, will make life a success, and if you miss them, will make it a failure? That is the problem that I am to be discussing this afternoon, when speaking of a young man's ideal.

Let me give you a hint before I go further. I believe it is a good thing when you are studying this problem to transport yourself by an effort of the imagination from the beginning of life, where you actually stand, to the end of life, where you will be some day, and with a great white sheet between you. This is a position from which life can be judged very clearly. Well, if you were standing in that position, what would be the things which, if you had gained them, would entitle you to consider your life a success, and if you had missed them, would compel you to think it a failure? Very clear are the eyes of the dying, very solid is the judgment which a man passes on himself when he is just about to pass to the judgment of God. We will try to-day to combine this retrospective view, and thus endeavor to anticipate how we shall wish that we had lived when we came to die.

We all know what, in the vocabulary of the world, success means. It means getting on, a means of making money, rising in the social scale; it means fortune, and the world is not very particular about the means by which money is made. It thinks that we must not be too scrupulous, too squeamish, even if it does not go so far as Horace, the Latin poet, declares the means of the effort somewhat of its springs and energy. Such doubts are very salutary, I daresay, in some cases—if in a man's business or in his way of carrying it on, there is something dishonest—but in my opinion they are poisonous if they take the spring and the energy out of honest industry.

CHARACTER AND HAPPINESS. The acquisition and possession of property are the rewards provided by nature for getting out of men their best effort. Men would not otherwise give their best, and the world would

Helena, by old Mr. Wentworth's will did not share all she was 23, and before that date came nearly all the fortune that had been in question had vanished, together with most of Miss Wynne's own inheritance. Helena would be 23 now, and a few weeks past her birthday meant little more for her than for any other young woman, and she had never yet asked a question about her marriage. She had not been thrown much with men, nor with girls whose minds were turned in that direction, and as far as her aunt knew, she had never had, nor wished to have, a lover.

She came suddenly in as Nora's thoughts had brought her to wonder whether that story, December morning had been indeed forgotten by all but herself.

"Well, my dear, was it a pleasant party?" asked Miss Wynne, waking up with a start.

"Very pleasant. It was a great pity you did not go."

"Ah, Nella, before you are my age you will know that there are times when we do not feel in tune with gay society."

"I have known that for some time," said Nella, dryly. "But there seems to be a good deal of society here. There's a Whitebury ball, Fanny tells me, to which it is the proper thing to go, and various Christmas dances, to say nothing of tennis and golf, and Shakespeare and Browning societies, such as one finds everywhere."

"Ah, we must join the Browning Society," said Miss Wynne. "This is full of freshness for the young. I'm glad, my darling, that you are likely to find pleasure after our sad downfall. I shall at least look on."

"Oh, nonsense. Aunt Nora, you know you'll soon be much deeper in the Browning and the lectures and things than ever I shall. You're much the younger of the two. If you'd only get up, you're so slim and straight, I'd be proud to ride with you."

"My dear! At my age! And I was always a feminine woman, for I never thought intellectual enthusiasms unwomanly. Oh, the thrill of one's young days! I don't feel it now. But oh, my Nella, I'm glad you should have a fresh beginning."

[To be Continued.]

not reap the advantage of their doing their best. In the trades combinations which are so characteristic of our century, and with the aims of which, in general, I am in full accord, one thing which is distasteful—always has been distasteful to me, is the suspicion under which they are not encouraging men to do their best; because I hold every man's prime right is the right to display his own manhood to the full, by doing the very finest work and the greatest amount of work that he is capable of.

It is not talent, however, that tends in this direction, but character. Character has a distinct commercial value, and I venture to say, in spite of the many instances which I know could be quoted against me, that it is character, as a rule, that gets on. A family of character is always a rising family, and I question if you will anywhere find a family which for three or four generations has been well-doing in which there has not been a corresponding rise in social condition. The socialistic or semi-socialistic writings, to which I have been referring, are suspiciously silent about the part played by sin in producing poverty and I have noticed that they very seldom venture to speak honestly of such a thing as social sin.

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have ventured freely to criticize the socialistic and semi-socialistic opinions of our day, but for all that I rejoice that we are living in a century in which men have been learning more and more to help one another. The wrongs of the oppressed now receive a voice, the sufferings of children, who suffer through no fault of their own, command pity, and even the sufferings of those who do suffer through their own fault awaken the instincts and impulses of rescue. There is a widespread passion for making the world better.

Now, every young man should try to have this passion in him, the passion for making the world better; only, see that it is a practical thing with you, and no mere wind and words. It is possible to go on dreaming and vaporing about the improvement of the world without doing a single act, or real kindness to any human being. Our sentiments in this respect require to be changed into deeds, and I think it is here that the church has such an advantage. While its ideal is the most comprehensive imaginable, it breaks down the vast task into pieces so small that every man can take a little of it. A young man may teach in the Sabbath school or superintend a boys' brigade, or even bring a single person to the house of God, and that is reality; but merely to talk about the regeneration of society may be sound and fury signifying nothing. At all events, I will give you this as a second element to put into your ideal.

DEVELOPMENT. One other great difference between the socialistic and semi-socialistic philanthropy to which I have been alluding, and the philanthropy of Jesus Christ, is this: that while the former aims only at material and economic things, the philanthropy of Jesus had a far broader and deeper scope. Jesus, indeed, never despised material things. He took the most tender care of the bodies of those who cast themselves on his compassion, but he went deeper. He saw quite clearly that those evils were merely the symptom of disease, the seat of which was deeper, and he went down underneath the very seat of the disease. Remake the man, and the man himself will remake his circumstances. Create him anew, making him self-respecting, God-fearing man, and then he will not need your eleemosynary dole, but, on the contrary, will be in a position to assist others. This was the principle of the philanthropy of Jesus, and it is a great truth which his church can never forget. That man has a very imperfect sympathy with the philanthropy of Jesus, whose idea of doing good to the poor means nothing but an occasional spare copper or an occasional dole of bread; but as soon as we rise to the loftier aims of Jesus in this respect, as soon as we begin to care for the souls as well as the bodies of men, we are thrown back on ourselves, and have to face this question: "What am I, and what spiritual experience have I had, that I should attempt to communicate my spirit to others?" That is the most wholesome question which a man can ask himself, and which at once carries him into that region where the question of a man's success or failure must be finally tested. What kind of man are we ourselves? That is the final test. It is more primary and solemn than even our usefulness; it is more important than our happiness, in the sense in which I have used it. When a man becomes suddenly rich who retains a vulgar and uneducated mind, he becomes the subject of the wit of the satirist and caricaturist, and this is quite just. It is quite just that the contrast should be made between mental development and material wealth. But it seems to me that if we have finer insight for still higher incongruities, we shall think it equally incongruous to see a man able to appreciate all the treasures of science and the beauties of art, and yet insensitive to the laws of duty and to the love of God. Some one has said that every man's California is himself. The best gold you can ever bring out of anywhere is to be brought out of your own nature, and I think the very highest ideal a young man could have is a full development of his nature, with all the elements of heart, of will and conscience, in healthy activity, and in the course of steady growth. I might call this, perhaps, manhood, but I will call it by the simple name of goodness.

These, then, are the three leading elements in a young man's ideal: happiness, usefulness, goodness. It has suited my convenience to describe them in this order, but I will finish by saying that I think the reverse is the true order of importance, usefulness, goodness, but goodness, usefulness, happiness. Make these three things your ideal, and seek them in that order, and then I venture to affirm that you will receive the fulfillment of the promise of the text, you will have good success.

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