

Just go, you must; but, how I shall miss you! Colin answered.

"Shall you, my own? God bless you, Colin! Promise me, sweetest, that you will never believe any word against me, unless I tell it you with my own lips; no scandal, nothing."

"Of course not, Adrian; no one would dare, to me! she said proudly. My husband and to me is beyond reproach," she added.

Then, indeed, did Adrian Carolin feel that in truth he was a black-hearted villain!

# CHAPTER IX.

A small, but well-furnished room, bright lamps, rose-shaded, casting a subdued light on the pretty chintz-covered furniture. Evidence of refinement and comfort everywhere, if not of extravagance or wealth.

The room contained one occupant—a woman—and in her we recognize Mavis Carolin, changed, indeed, by weeks—months—of weary waiting and watching; but still Mavis, fair and sweet as on that summer day when she had been to the fatal words and promises that all from the lips of the man who, even now, would betray her still further.

He was expected.

All was in readiness.

Two excitement of anticipation had given to the pale cheeks a rose tint that rivalled the carnation blossoms upon the table.

Mavis had prepared everything with her own hands, and now she sat awaiting her husband and master in a state of mind almost hysterical.

"It is getting late, and he has not come, farth," she said, piteously, to the kind-looking elderly woman whom Adrian had provided as her sole servant and companion the days when the girl was his idol and his love.

And then had become attached to each other, these two—so dissimilar in age, and all else.

Martha had been a wife herself. She knew the world well—too well. In her youth she had married a soldier. He had deserted her years ago, and whether he was living or not she neither knew nor cared. She pitied Mavis from her heart. He could read the ending of her happy dream.

"Late, ma'am! Lor' bless you, 'tain't so late. If I don't a hansom outside the gate, a-stopping this very blessed minute!" she exclaimed, running to the door, which opened into a small, trim, walled garden.

The tiny house, of which Adrian was master, was situated in St. John's Wood, and had been chosen chiefly because it possessed a garden and because of its privacy.

Sure enough it was Adrian Carolin, and no other.

Mavis flew to meet him, flinging her arms in rapture round his neck.

"There! that will do," he said, peevish. "Let me get into the house first, at my rate; and, by Jove! there's the baby running! Can't you see the gate is open? On behave like a child, Mavis!"

And this was his greeting after long absence!

This to repay her for months of weary waiting!

The tears were in her eyes as she re-entered the little drawing-room.

"Don't cry, ma'am," whispered Martha. "You know how master hates what he calls a scene." The brute! she added, beneath her breath.

Mavis knew it too, and controlled herself.

"I am going up to wash some of this conundrum dust off; and let me have something to eat!" and Adrian went up stairs.

Mavis did not dare follow him.

What was coming?

A vague, dread presentiment seized her. The choice dinner was partaken of in silence, relieved only by generalities.

Later on, in the drawing-room, there was also silence—in very truth, Adrian Carolin knew not how to deal the blow to so fond and trusting.

At last he said, and his voice was harsh and unlike his own—

"Mavis, why did you not write and tell me about—that," and he looked at her significantly.

In plain words, Mavis Carolin was about to become a mother, and at no very distant date.

"Because—because—somehow, I thought you would not like it; that—that Adrian would vex you; but you are glad? Oh, darling! say that you are glad."

And she got up and bent over him, as he yawned, pulling away at his cigar savagely.

"I cannot say that I am glad, Mavis. I am vexed—more vexed than I care to admit. You should have told me."

In his heart of hearts Adrian was furious—angry.

Here, indeed, was a new and unpleasant implication.

Mavis herself might have been managed, portioned off, but a child, perhaps a son—a heir!

Mavis was silently crying.

The disappointment was too cruel.

Adrian was thinking.

In those few moments of swift thought a resolution was taken.

To his credit, however, be it said, that he would sooner have faced the cannon's mouth than do what he had to do.

"Mavis," he said, with his face turned away from her, "dry your eyes, and listen to me. Have done you a great—a grievous wrong, on think you are my wife. You believe you do not?"

"Yes, Adrian, I am your wife—your own wife," the girl replied, wondrously.

(Continued on following page.)

## Sunday Reading

Be true to thyself, my soul,  
Be true to thyself and God;  
There's never a path to go  
But Jesus himself has trod;  
There's never a road so rough  
Or burden so hard to lift,  
But Christ has a hand outstretched,  
His helping a constant gift.  
Then take him thy care, my soul,  
And give him thy heavy load,  
And ask for his grace to help  
In every foot of road;  
So shalt thou be true, my soul,  
Be true to thyself, and God.

### THE WATER OF LIFE.

Jesus Christ can and will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, for he received that he might give. Whoso drinketh of this water, he said to the woman at the well, shall thirst again; it will quench the present thirst, but the thirst will return. So the infirmities of our bodies in our present state; they are still necessities, and ever craving. Life is a lamp which will soon go out without supplies of oil. Our comforts in this world are neither perfect nor lasting, nor our satisfaction in them enduring. Whatever waters of comfort we drink of, we shall surely thirst again. But the living waters yield a lasting satisfaction and bliss. Whoever partakes of the Spirit of Grace, and the comforts of the everlasting Gospel, he shall never thirst, he shall never want that which will abundantly satisfy his soul's desires. This water that Christ gives shall be in him a well of water. Ever ready, because within him. A good man is satisfied for himself, for Christ dwells in his heart. Never failing, for it shall be in him a well of water—ever flowing, overflowing, in all his principles and affections.

Until we know Christ we cannot know God. It is to Christ we owe all our best thoughts about God. When we have met the absolute goodness and kindness of Christ, we have ever after different thoughts of God. As we look at Christ our thought of God expands, and we learn to expect substantial good from him. Yet often, like the woman of Samaria, we are in Christ's presence without knowing it, and listen, like her, to his appeals without understanding the majesty of his person and the greatness of our opportunity. He is offering to bestow upon us what is worth our immediate acceptance—his friendship and his Holy Spirit. What if it should be now that he seeks to come to our heart with these words, "If thou knowest who it is that speaks." If but for one hour we saw God's gift, and him through whom he offers it, we should become the suppliants at his door.

But how is this great gift attainable? Only through Jesus Christ, and by faith in him. We must pray with Paul, that we may have, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit of God, that we may know the things that are freely given us of God; that we may see the small value of wealth or power or any of those things which can be won by mere worldly prudence or greed, and may learn fixedly to believe that the things of true value are the eternal spiritual possessions, which the unsuccess, may have as well as the successful, and which are not so much won by us as given by God. When Jesus said to the woman, "Give me to drink," he thought of the intense satisfaction she could give him by confiding in him and accepting his gracious help. Is it cruelty to refuse a cup of cold water to a thirsting child, and none to refuse to quench the thirst of him who hung upon the cross for us? He gives life to the soul. Our earthly blessings cover all our earthly needs. But the soul, too, is needy, and his salvation covers all the needs of our souls.

"Come, then, to the Saviour, thou poor, weary soul—  
"Thy Jesus invites you to come;  
By the power of his blood he will make thy heart whole,  
And fit thee to dwell in his home."

Jesus will be a Saviour to all who are willing to be saved. No sinner will ever be forced against his will into the Kingdom of Heaven, and none who come to him seeing their sinfulness, and willing to be saved from their sins, will ever be turned away by him. Salvation is no more for one than for another. Christ died for all that might be saved who are willing to turn away from their sins, and put their trust in him. His invitation is alike to all, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." All our springs are in God as the fountain head. All our needs—and how needy we are!—should drive us to Christ, who alone can abundantly supply them. He blesses us with just what we need, and what alone can satisfy us—the Bread of Life for our hungering souls, and

for the quenching of our thirst, rivers of living water. We may drink from the world's cisterns, aye, drain them dry, without satisfying, but rather increasing our hunger and thirst. It is only they who hunger and thirst after righteousness that shall be filled. Will we ask Christ to give us to drink of that living water? It is the fountain long promised that should be opened up in the house of David, to which may truly come and partake of and live. There is absolutely no limit, except that which each man's will determines.

### Every Life a Plan of God.

Some of our readers will remember among the sermons of the late Rev. Dr. Bushnell one whose key-note was, "Every man's life a plan of God." It was full of inspiration, but its strongest encouragement lay in the suggestion that God never abandoned his plan or his purpose to make the best of every human soul. We make no attempt to quote. The sermon is at present beyond our reach; its words have died out of memory; but its impression remains after a lapse of more than a quarter of a century. It was a strength to many disheartened souls that had made a seeming failure of their lives at that time. Its prominent ideas may be strength to-day.

There is nothing incongruous in the thought that the great Father, looking down the years, taking into account the endowment and inheritance received by the child nature, and knowing all its circumstances, should plan its life. It is reasonable to think that he meant it to be and to enjoy all the best, noblest and sweetest experiences which, with its nature and its environment, would be possible. It is easy to believe in a loving, restraining Spirit following the life with tender touch upon the conscience and the tendency to stray; yet leaving the child nature unforced, and dominated, after all, by its own free choice.

It is easy to believe that, as life moves on and the nature in its development falls far below its best, he whose plan, if carried out, would have made a useful and happy life, mourns over the wreck caused by indifference and sin. The noblest plan of God for that life has failed. The ebbing waters may rise again, but never to the high tide that might have been possible to that individual soul. What might have been was not and will not be. Yet we could make no more serious mistake than to suppose that God abandons his plan. What seems utter failure to us may not mean utter wreck to him. He sees, not only with purer eyes than can bear to behold iniquity but with far-seeing eyes that makes no mistakes, and he judges with compassionate heart that knoweth our frame, that remembereth that we are dust.

We are safe in believing, then, that the same love that planned to give us his own highest and best, seeing to what low estate we have fallen, plans again to get our feet out of the miry clay and to set them upon a rock. It is not his ultimate best this time, perhaps; not the ideal he had for us in the beginning. That ideal we shattered, remember, by our own hand; and we are forced, to our shame, to remember that nothing from outside the soul has any power to mar or to thwart God's plans. In our own hands only lay the weapons by which our life might have been carved to immortal beauty or dwarfed and broken and destroyed.

Yet even when destruction is whole or in part has been the result of our errors, here again is a plan of God, by which the best we may still be, if not the best we might have been, can be wrought out. And no matter how many times we fail to measure up to the full stature of the perfect man, this wonderful fact holds true—that God is always drawing near, and always holding before our wayward sight a plan; new, inspiring, encouraging; by which the highest possibilities of the creature that we now are may be developed, and the highest results in nobility of character be obtained.

Are we among the souls that have fallen out of the ranks and are sitting dazed, and blind by the wayside? Has God's victorious army gone marching on toward the Kingdom, and are we left behind? Yet in the beat of their receding footsteps there is a throbbing to which our pulses are keeping time. In their shouts and songs is a voice that, floating backward, bids us rise and follow on. "Come—slowly," it says—slowly, if you must; but come this way. You may not go so fast or as far as if you had wasted no strength in useless wandering, but, wherever your final halt may come, this is the line of march, this way the leader passed. And nearer still, and soft, and low, speaks the voice of the Spirit so often unheeded or despised.

"All is not lost," it murmurs, in tones that have been pleading with us since we were little children at our mother's knee. "Still it is possible to build on the ruins of God's thwarted plans for the body a temple that shall be a fit dwelling for the living

God. Still it is possible to train the stunted and neglected intellectual powers until they shall grasp the purport of God's present plan. Still it is possible for the soul to come in such accord with God's latest purpose that all our powers bodily, mental and spiritual, may be bent in trustful obedience toward helping him to carry that plan forward."

How many times before we hindered and thwarted him by ignorance, by carelessness and worse! Now, may we bend every energy toward becoming co-workers with him for the redemption of lost years, for the restoration of lost powers, for becoming the very best that he can make of us—now that we are done, once for all, with the poor, pitiful business of making ourselves. The clay in the potter's hand, that was found so poor that it would not take and keep the shape he meant, may yet be fashioned into some shape that can be made to serve. He may be forced to put it to more common uses, to make a vessel less shapely and fair than the one his love had planned, but he will never throw away one lump of clay nor cease to strive to overcome its unfitness, so long as it lies passive in his hands, however unworthy of his touch the life may be.

Unworthy enough seemed the clay with which he anointed the eyes of the blind, but his hand upon it was all that was needed to set it afloat with life and power. The result of that contact, so long ago, was that the blinded eyes were opened and an other soul crept up out of darkness into his marvelous light.

That the clay may come to know and to answer the divine touch with a pulsing, radiant life is everywhere a part of the plan of God. And so long as there is clay, and so long as there is God, he who sits "blind by the wayside" may be comforted as the child is comforted who is not left alone in the dark.

### Speak the Truth!

Much that is printed in the cheaper and more sensational daily newspapers is of interest only to the parties concerned, and should have no place in public print; it is, in fact, gossip of an utterly worthless character. Even supposing that this sort of reading was of interest to the public, its value would be in large measure destroyed by its inaccuracy, no two of these papers giving the facts the same way. Many a cruel slander is thus scattered abroad by the carelessness or intentional exaggeration of the reporter, who often makes "copy" at the expense of truth and justice. As a practical suggestion to any who possess a like infirmity, the following, taken from the Rev. F. B. Meyer's book entitled, "A Good Start," is pertinent: "I heard Mr. Moody say the other day that a lady had come to him, asking how she might be delivered from the habit of exaggeration, to which she was very prone. 'Call it lying, madam,' was the uncompromising answer, 'and deal with it as you would with any other temptation of the devil.'"

### 'Continue Ye in My Love.'

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love."—St. John xv.

What a gracious thought that Jesus should love us as he did, making the Father's love to him the measure of it and the manner of it!

But what an admonition is that, "Continue ye in my love."

It seems to say: "Exert yourselves to enjoy my affections and to taste the wonderful benefits my love will bestow."

It is of the highest importance to us, that we may often think of this blessed injunction, and learn and practice obedience.

It shows that we may forfeit the expression of that love, not so much, indeed, that

## CAMPERS

Should take with them a supply of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Getting wet, catching cold, drinking water that is not always pure, creating food that disagrees, may bring on an attack of Colic, Cramps and Diarrhoea. Prompt treatment with Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in such cases relieves the pain, checks the diarrhoea and prevents serious consequences. Don't take chances of spoiling a whole summer's outing through neglect of putting a bottle of this great diarrhoea doctor in with your supplies. But see that it's the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as most of the imitations are highly dangerous.



## Don't use

an imitation—especially imitations of Pearl-line. Many are dangerous. And dangerous washing powders can never be cheap—no matter how little you pay for them. Peddlers and untrustworthy grocers will tell you the stuff they offer is "Pearl-line," "same as," "as good as," "made in the same factory," etc. It's false. Pearl-line is the standard washing compound; never peddled; gives no prizes; simply stands on its merits as the best, safest, and most economical.

**Pearl-line**

we shall have our title as heirs of God revoked, but that darkness, doubt, unhappiness and many fearful apprehensions of the future may be our lot.

There is conduct which may call down discipline, and in its train severe chastisement.

But we have a positive direction how we may abide in that love: "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love."

### Gaining Manhood.

The higher must always come through the loss and death of the lower. Manhood can only be gained by the giving up of childhood. If the office and life-work are ever to be reached, the nursery must be left behind. The blossom must die before there can be fruit.—[M. J. Savage.]

### DECLINE OF FRENCH SHIPPING.

France Alone of the Great Commercial Nations Shows Decline on the Sea.

The maritime traffic of France is continually declining. The Chamber of Deputies, the French Geographical Society and numerous newspapers have been seeking for a remedy, but as yet have found none. The greatest part of the French merchant fleet that figures in the Annuaire is not counted at all in Lloyds or other statistical publications because it is so insignificant. The Annuaire, for example, reported that the merchant ships in 1896 numbered 15,536, while outside of France that country was credited with only 1,957 steam and sailing vessels in the merchant trade. The French, foreign and colonial Review has recently explained this remarkable discrepancy in figures. It says that, omitting from the total of 15,536 vessels in the Annuaire 150 steamships, averaging 3,000 tons each, which represent the fleets of five large companies that receive subsidies for mail carrying, there are left 15,386 vessels, whose total capacity is 440,000 tons, or an average of a little over twenty-eight tons to each vessel. 'Most vessels in our so-called merchant marine,' says the Review, 'have a tonnage so small that they are not even mentioned in foreign statistics. Furthermore, 61 per cent. of our steamers and more than 70 per cent. of our sailing vessels are from ten to forty years old; and our dockyards have so few orders that they are three years turning out as much tonnage as the English yards produce in a month.'

There are more commercial geographical societies in France than in any other country, and some of them are now declaring that the persistent policy of succumbing French governments is killing the French flag on the seas. They assert that Paris and Nantes might be made to rival Hamburg and Antwerp as shipping centres if the government would consent to improve the Seine and the Loire so that they would float large ocean shipping. They praise the German policy that has improved rivers and dug canals so that heavy freight which will stand slow transportation may be carried to the seaports or from them by water thus saving the heavy expense of railroad transportation. 'In France, on the other hand,' says the Bulletin, 'the ministers of Public Works allow the Loire to become filled with sand and are opposed on principle to the development of waterways, for fear that their competition will lower the receipts of the railroad companies.'

'It is a mistake,' says the Revue Francoise, 'to neglect the water communications between our ports and the interior of the country. Bremen, Hamburg and Antwerp are expanding every day because of the great network of inland navigable waterways that and at these large ports. As long as our merchant marine continues to be an administrative annex of the military ministry our merchant flag will continue to decline.'

The Geographical Congress that recently met at Algiers recommended the establishment of 'free zones' in the principal ports where goods may be landed free of duty and subsequently removed to foreign countries without interference from the customs officials. It is thought that this might attract attention to French ports as convenient places for the transshipment of freight. Other plans are being discussed and the French are pretty wide awake to the sad state of their merchant marine.

They cannot forget the time when both Havre and Dunkirk looked down on Hamburg as almost beneath their notice, while now the German city has far outstripped them and become the third great seaport of the world.

### A Tragedy of Mont Blanc.

The story of the destruction of the baths of St. Gervais at the foot of Mont Blanc, in 1892, is told in 'The Annals of Mont Blanc.' This was one of the calamities that could scarcely have been predicted or averted.

Owing to the stoppage of the sub-glacial drainage, in some way never ascertained, a lake was formed under the Tete Rousse glacier, in which an enormous body of water was pent up at a spot ten thousand feet above the sea-level. Between one and two o'clock on the night of July 22, 1892, the ice that had held the lake gave way.

The water swept in a torrent of tremendous force over the Desert de Fierre Ronde, gathering up thousands of tons of rock and stones in its course. It passed with a terrific roar under the hamlet of Bionnassay on the highroad between Contamines and St. Gervais, and tearing up trees as it went along, joined the main river of the Bon-Nant.

Following the river-bed, and destroying on its way the old Pont du Diable, it hurried its seething flood of water, timber, stones and mud upon the solid buildings of the Gervais baths, and crushed them into fragments. Then, crossing the Cham-onix road, it spread itself out in the form a hideous fan over the valley of the Arve, destroying part of the village of La Faysa in its way.

Such was the catastrophe of St. Gervais which claims over one hundred and fifty victims. Utter ruin was everywhere. The once lovely gardens of the baths were five or six feet deep in mud, fine trees had been snapped like reeds, and enormous blocks of stone were strewn over the dreary waste.

### Too Near to Tread Lightly.

Almost any one can be brave when danger seems distant. The Washington Post draws a suggestive picture of a young man who, during a storm, was trying to calm the fears of a young woman.

'That lightning is twenty miles away,' he said, when there came a sudden roar. Yet she shuddered. There was another flash and a loud report about three seconds later.

'That's a good five miles away,' said the cheerful youth.

There was another bluish flare, quickly followed by a very heavy rumbling.

'A good mile from here, that,' said he, not quite so confidently.

Then there came a flash that illumined the room for two long seconds, and the report that succeeded the flash, almost instantly was like the simultaneous discharge of half a dozen thirteen inch guns.

'My goodness!' cried the young man, jumping up suddenly. 'That was in the back yard.'

### Man in Distress.

A whole family suffering. A dull aching of nerve or muscle, or the aching pain of neuralgia, toothache, or lumbago makes life a misery. But Nerviline—nervine cure—will relieve all these. Nerviline is powerful, penetrating, and effectual.

### Exchange of Compliments.

A dime museum had among its curiosities an 'Armless Wonder' and a 'Legless Marvel,' whose peculiar claims to the notice of mankind may be inferred from these titles.

The manager of the museum promulgated a rule that all excuses for absence on the part of the living 'breaks' caused by sickness or accident, must be handed in two days before pay day.

'He says they must be handed in,' remarked the Legless Wonder. 'I should think you would come down flat footed against that.'

'Perhaps so,' replied the Armless Wonder, 'but at any rate you can't kick.'

### Temporarily Patched Up.

'I hope,' said the pastor and confidential friend of the family, 'you and Mrs. Meeker have adjusted your difficulties and are living in peace and concord with each other again.'

'Well,' answered Mr. Meeker hesitatingly, 'we are not exactly on the old footing as yet, but—but we have established a modus vivendi.'—Chicago Tribune.

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