

tired out. Things had seemed to go wrong all day, and I was completely out of sorts. I remember that the supper wasn't on time, and I said some sharp words about it, which Della resented, saying something bitter in reply. After talking for a few minutes we were silent and said nothing more that night. Breakfast the next morning was partaken of in the same stillness, for I had not slept off my irritation as I usually did.

'But just as I put on my hat to go to the office Della came, smiled archly and put up her lips for our good-bye kiss, saying in a laughing tone, "I'll forgive you, dear." But I was in no mood for reconciliation, and turned angrily away and left the house.

'You can never know, my son, how those words and that smile haunted me. For many years, whatever I was doing, her face seemed to come before me with that same sweet smile and often during sleepless nights I would see those pleading eyes and hear over and over again the words she had spoken and to which I gave no heed.'

There was long silence, and the tears ran down the old man's face as he went on: 'During the forenoon, however, I began to feel very sorry and made up my mind that when I went home to dinner I would be so tender and loving that all would be forgotten. I felt better after that, and even whistled a gay tune as I ran up the kitchen steps. I was surprised to find no fire in the range and wondered if Della had gone out to spend the day. Then I noticed that none of the morning work had been done, and was more than ever surprised, as your mother was a very neat housekeeper. She must have gone to mother's, I thought, and has perhaps left a note for me on the table, as she does sometimes. While I was on my way to the dining-room to see, I heard you crying in the bedroom, so stepped in there. You were lying in your crib, and beside you, on the floor, lay your mother, white and still. In an instant I had her in my arms, calling her every fond name I could think of and imploring her to speak to me. I soon found I could feel no heart beats and then, half dazed, went for her mother, who lived in the next house. I then went for the doctor, although I felt instinctively that he could do nothing. After making an examination he said, briefly: "Internal hemorrhage; I could have done nothing had I been here when it occurred," and he turned and clasped my hand in sympathy, as he had known Della from childhood and was much attached to her.

'I do not know how I got through the next few weeks. All were sympathetic, but they little knew what I suffered, as I told no one that I had left the house in anger the last time I had seen her alive. It has been many years since then, but my sorrow seems ever fresh, although it has long been hidden from human eyes.

'You know now,' he added, 'why it pains me to see those who care for each other have unpleasant times. Of course, what happened in my life may not happen once in a thousand times, but I can never help but think that we do not know what is in store for us and what remorse I would have been spared if that last quarrel had never occurred.'

Raymond was now grasping his father's hand, saying in a tear-choked voice: 'Thank you, father, for telling me this bit of your life's history. You may rest assured that the telling of it has not been in vain.'

A few moments later Raymond entered the library, where his wife was sitting idly before the fire. He could see at a glance that she had been crying, and going to her and taking both her hands in his, he said, quietly: 'Forgive me, dear, for my foolish words,' and the next moment she was in his arms. Then he told her the story his father had just related

to him. 'He wished me to tell you,' he said, as he concluded, and kissed away Helen's tears, which had been falling for some time. 'I think it has taught me a lesson which I shall never forget,' he said finally, and his wife, smiling through her tears, said:

'And I, too, will try to always remember it.'

Opportunities in China.

1. Opportunities for evangelistic work. Four hundred and six millions of homogeneous people are open to evangelization. The gates of every city, the doors of almost every home, are open for the missionary to enter.

2. Opportunities for educational work. The greatest need of China to-day is education, and the people of China are looking to the Christian church for help in this respect. The Chinese government is establishing schools in all parts of the empire, but the people prefer to send their children to the Christian schools. In three government schools in Foochow there are less than 150 students, while in one Christian school there are over 300 students. Our high schools are full all the time. The number of day schools is limited only by the number of teachers available.

3. Opportunities for hospitals and charitable work. Innumerable diseases are met on every hand. Our hospitals are full, and the physicians are overworked. Thousands of homeless children need orphanages in which they may be trained. The blind are asking to be taught to read and write. There are widows by the hundreds and whole colonies of lepers are calling for help.

4. Opportunities for publishing houses. Christian literature is in great demand. The mission presses have more work than they can possibly do. A heathen viceroy orders thousands of dollars' worth of Christian literature.

5. Opportunities for woman's work. One of the greatest opportunities lies in the work for women and girls. Husbands not willing to become Christians themselves are willing for their wives to become Christians. Fathers who would not send their boys to a Christian college willingly send their girls to a Christian seminary. They think that woman is so inferior that it matters not what she believes.

Let the church not stand on what it has done, but go forward, entering every one of these open doors, and that with a force large enough and efficient enough to bring this land to God.—The Rev. James Simester, of Foochow, in 'Western Christian Advocate.'

How to Train Dogs.

Dogs, like boys, possess different degrees of intelligence, some learning more easily than others. Some are adapted to one thing, and others to another thing, and so on. Jumping comes natural to a dog. You can teach him to jump by putting him in a corner and holding a stick so that he cannot get out of the corner without jumping over it. Start with a barrier a few inches from the floor, and gradually raise it. After he has learned the trick in the corner, it will be time to teach him over a cane. After he has learned to jump over a cane, he will soon learn to jump through a hoop. Another trick that may be most easily taught in a corner is that of sitting up. A dog will first need some support for his back. To teach him to stand erect on his hind feet you will need to exercise considerable care and patience. This trick you will teach him also in a corner. If he tries to come down on 'all fours' before his lesson is over, tap his chin and the bottom of his forepaws with the whip. When he has learned to stand erect, you can begin to teach him to walk by holding out a piece of meat on a level with his mouth, and slowly backing away.—'Boys of Our Empire.'

A Reverse; or, the Story of a Ruined Life.

(PARTLY FROM FACTS.)

(John Maddison, in the 'Alliance News.')

'Well! well! old chap. I'm right glad to have met you. How are you keeping?'

This was the greeting I, John Maxwell, who had just landed at King's Cross Station, from the country, received from my old friend and school mate, Harry Deacon.

'I'm going to tea with your old friend Bob Burnetti and his little wife Nelly. Can you come with me? They would be jolly glad to see you, I am sure, John.'

To this I replied, 'I should be delighted to see Bob, and do you say he has actually got a wife? Well, wonders never cease.'

'Yes, John, and a model wife she is, and I believe they are as happy as the day is long. You know Bob got promoted to a better crib in Somerset House about six months ago. He now gets a tip-top salary, and with a good little wife he has as comfortable a little home Great Coram Street as anyone could wish to go into. I can tell you they both know how to make a chap at home when he pays them a visit.'

'I'm glad to hear all this about Bob. He always was a good sort, and right well deserves all he gets.'

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We landed at Great Coram street, and had a most hearty reception by Bob and his wife. I found everything just as Harry had told me. The house was most beautifully furnished in the most up-to-date and artistic style, and the 'spread out' at tea was fit for a prince.

In one corner, I noticed, stood one of those fashionable pedestal lamps, having a fancy red shade over it, which gave to the room quite a warm glow of color. There were also some very fine oil paintings and water colors, several of which we learned afterwards had been executed by Bob's wife, proving her to be an artist of no small talent. In another corner of the room stood a costly upright grand piano, and everything indeed gave one the idea that money had not been spared in making that home bright and cheerful.

After tea was over, Bob, who was always considered a crack performer upon the piano, accompanied his wife upon that instrument whilst she sang some of the latest popular ditties. The combined efforts of the couple would have done ample justice to any amateur concert.

Then, after a friendly chat, Bob took us into his new private billiard room, he having only just lately taken up the game; and, after having a friendly contest or two, we departed, after having spent a most enjoyable evening, and hoping that it would not be long before we all met again.

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I am again in the city. It is now about eight years since I visited Bob and his wife, and I find that they have removed from the house in Great Coram street, and left no address, so I may possibly never see them again, unless Bob should write to me, and that is scarcely likely, as he never cared for letter writing.

I had just been doing some business in the Strand near Charing Cross Station, and, just thinking I would have a change—having a little time—I walked down Craven street to the Embankment. After walking along the Embankment some little time I felt rather tired, the sun was very hot, the flags feeling quite warm under foot.

I sat down on one of the iron seats, nicely shaded from the sun by the trees, almost opposite Somerset House, and presently began thinking of past events, when it struck me