

would have quietness to consider his position. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and all nature was rejoicing, but Dallas was oblivious of all these. Now and again, however, as he passed a policeman, he thought he was eyed suspiciously, and he expected every minute that one of them would lay an arresting hand on his shoulder.

At last he reached the Suspension Bridge and stood a long time watching the dark waters of the Clyde as they flowed on towards the ocean. Why not end it all, he thought? "It's either death here," he exclaimed to himself, "or penal servitude for life." He shuddered at the thought. Life was sweet after all; better to face the disgrace. He had made up his mind as to his course of action. No longer would he hesitate, he would settle the thing at once. Conscience and remorse hastened him on.

He turned down the Saltmarket, and then into the Trongate. He was all excitement, but at last screwing up all his courage he walked into the Granite House and paid his tailor's bill. He slept well that night.

W. J. C.

THE DAWNING AGE

By Wm. Neville Duncan.

In these days we hear much of Materialism. Men say that there are evidences of it on all sides, and even go so far as to say that we are living in an age of materialism. But it remains that, even in this so-called materialistic time, men are in search of the truth; and as God is truth, we cannot finally accept the statement that the material is in the ascendancy. The advances of scientific and religious thought, and the increasing good-feeling that is being established between science and religion, are in a fair way of making a materialistic reading of life's phenomena impossible.

We can speak to no man about his nature, and be told by him that his soul is inseparable from his body; or that the two, body and soul, form but one substance. Every man, after applying himself