Miss Campbell's Recipe for Cup Cakes

¼ cup butter	2 cups pastry flour
1 cup sugar	(or 1¼ cups bread flour)
2 eggs	3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ teaspoon vanilla extract	1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt	

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar a little at a time, beating well. Add yolks of eggs and vanilla; beat well. Sift flour with baking powder and salt, and add, alternately with milk, to first mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in greased cup-cake tins, or in paper baking cups, in moderate oven at 375° F. about 25 minutes. Serve warm from the oven, sprinkled with powdered sugar. Or cool, and frost the tops. You will find many delicious frosting recipes in the Magic Cook Book.

"Cup Cakes are delicious when made with Magic Baking Powder,"

says Miss Helen Campbell, Director of The Chatelaine Institute

"Good baking goes hand in hand with good materials," Miss Campbell will tell you.

That's why Magic Baking Powder is used and recommended by The Chatelaine Institute. Magic meets all the Institute's rigid requirements of fine quality —repeated tests have proved it absolutely pure, uniform and dependable.

The majority of dietitians and teachers of cookery throughout Canada plan their recipes for Magic. They use it *exclusively* because they know it gives consistently better results.

And 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives say Magic is their favorite. It outsells all other baking powders combined.

Remember—substitutes are never as good. Do as the experts do. Use Magic Baking Powder.

Free Cook Book—When you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will give you dozens of recipes for delicious baked foods. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Lightening the Load

Birmingham Weekly Post (Cons.): If trade and industry are to take full advantage of the benefits offered by the Government's new tariff policy, income tax must be reduced, and fortunately we have in Mr. Chamberlain a man so well acquainted with the economic problems with which industry of Great Britain is struggling as to give substantial grounds for the belief that he will do everything in his power to help it to start the new financial year with some lightening of the load of taxation.

Jack (ardently)—"Be mine, dearest, mine forever."
Jill—"Oh, Jack, how dreadfully old-fashioned you are."

THE

TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAX WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

CHAPTER LII.—(Concluded.)

"I did not foresee that Barbara would find out. Barbara could not understand that crime was merely the logical response to an emergency. You see, when all's said and done, I couldn't pull out my thread quite to the end. That is my weakness."

The doctor paused and lighted a cigar. The match in his hand was trembling.

"You see?" He shrugged his massive shoulders. "But that's not your story. That, if you please, is the part you will leave out when you write it. It begins with the day I found Orme on the doorstep. That part is quite true. All that I said was true. I was far too clever to lie. Facts can be concealed, but they cannot be obliterated.

"Orme came to see me daily. When he talked with Mrs. Kane he told her that Sheila could reach him through me. And she did telephone me to arrange a meeting.

"Well, when Orme and Sheila left the Ellsworth house on the night of March 18, they came to my office for a conference. Orme really did suffer a retroactive amnesia for that interview. I was not sure of that until I examined him in jail. It did not matter to me greatly—my plan was complete without it—but I could readily adjust my arrangements to this new circumstance.

"Orme insisted that Sheila should acknowledge their marriage. He was willing to give her a divorce—but that wasn't what she wanted. She knew that if Ellsworth were subjected to the publicity of a divorce, her hold on him would be loosened. He would never re-marry her. And she wanted the status of his wife; she wanted his millions. She was approaching forty, you know. She was through with adventure, and wanted security. She told me that I would have to get Orme out of her way—if necessary, by having him committed to an asylum.

"You remember that I have never denied my previous acquaintance with Sheila O'Shay, in the days when she was on the stage. That was a number of years ago—before I had learned that the world cannot bear to face honesty, that its pretty words must be taken with much seriousness.

"Sheila had a roommate then—a dancer just rising to fame. Her name was quickly forgotten—you would not remember it. I have never pretended that my passing attachment to her was more than—what it was. I certainly could not afford to have my name linked with her; a doctor must avoid scandal.

"When she lost her job because she was going to have a baby and could no longer dance, it was strictly her own business. But she let her emotions run away with her. In a fit of repression, she jumped into the Seine. But she left a letter behind her for Sheila, telling the whole story.

"Of course Sheila had kept that letter. She would! She was the kind of fool that keeps everything. But not quite a fool. For once in my life I had met a person like myself, one who let nothing stand in the way of what he wanted.

"She threatened me with exposure if I didn't dispose of Orme. And I saw what the silly world would think of that story. My carefully constructed mask would slip with a vengeance!

"The world shrieks for vengeance. And, once started on the track, it would find other incidents of the past to dig up. No, I couldn't afford to let Sheila O'Shay keep that weapon in her hands. I said very little; I was considering the problem, and how to meet it.

"Then Orme unexpectedly met it for me. The threat of railroading him to the asylum set him wild. It was her contempt more than her ruthlessness that made him see red. She was standing up, looking at me, presenting her ultimatum. Suddenly Orme seized the metal elephant from the desk and struck her with all his force on the point of her chin—a perfect uppercut. She fell backwards, striking her head against the corner of the desk. He stood looking at her for a moment.

"'I've killed her,' he said.

"I bent over her, and when I looked up he was gone.

"She was not dead, only stunned, but there was the answer to my problem. I could finish the job, and remove the danger of Sheila permanently from my path. I could conceal the body. In case Orme were found and connected with the case, he would believe that he was the murderer. He would either think that he himself had disposed of the body in a daze or that I had tried to protect him. Either way, he insured my own safety. If necessary I could get him off on a plea of insanity.

"So I put Sheila out of my way. I saw to it that the police should suspect that I search her boudoir. I found the letter in her desk, when I was rummaging through her papers, and slipped it into my pocket. Later I destroyed it.

"I took the body to the marsh in Barbara's car instead of my own, to avoid any chance of being recognized. The one thing I hadn't counted on was this! I should meet Barbara in the hall when I was carrying out the body.

"She had been aroused by the sound of our voices, and had heard the crash of Sheila's fall. She stood there on the steps, her hand on her throat, and looked at me. She said absolutely nothing. But she knew. And she couldn't see it as I saw it, as merely the necessary adjustment to a problem.

"I saw the horror in her eyes. And yet, she said nothing. She would have gone through life in the shadow of that horror. I knew that I could trust Barbara."

"Yes," said Peter. "You would trust Barbara."

"Of course, the horror in her eyes should have meant nothing to me. Her loyalty should have been merely one of those useful weaknesses of humanity which I had learned to count upon. Pretty playthings!"

"Yes," Peter said again. "The useless, impractical virtues—incorruptible beauty. Barbara's like that."

"And I discovered my own weakness. It was hard to live with that horror in Barbara's eyes. I hope you can make it clear to Barbara that I loved her."

"Yes," said Peter, "I will make it clear."

"It won't matter to me, of course. I shall not know. And yet, somehow, it does seem to matter."

"I think it matters. You can count on me."

"I know I can count on you. You live by words—they mean something to you. Queer, isn't it? Honor, loyalty, trust—just words. And yet you live by them. They are your reality. And in the end, I have to count on them. And yet I am the master of them all. I could save myself. Only, if I carried it through, if I saved myself, I should be branded as a failure. I should have to admit that for the first time I had taken a case which I could not solve. You were right when you taunted me with that."

"I'm sorry," Peter said, painfully. "I'm sorry I put it to you like that."

"Oh, but I had already put it to myself! And if I let myself fail—there would always be the horror in Barbara's eyes."

"You see," Peter exclaimed. "You were not the complete egoist after all! There was a flaw in your crystal. Or perhaps the flaw was the other thing—the thing that enslaved your intelligence to one narrow personal ambition. I don't know—"

"It's rather an academic point, isn't it?" the doctor smiled. "But it's nothings to make such a fuss about. And I rather fancy I've written a thing or two which will be remembered when all this has dropped into the limbo of forgotten news. After all, I've done some good work, Peter."

Dr. Cavanaugh methodically tamped out the stub of his cigar against the side of the ash tray and half drew another from his pocket. Then he slipped it back again.

"No," he murmured, "there isn't time. I don't suppose, Peter, you'd care to shake hands with me, for good-bye? Silly of me to care about a thing like that!"

Peter rose stiffly. His lips were pressed tightly together and his throat ached unbearably. The tears were on his cheeks as he held out his hand.

"Goodbye, my friend," he said. Then it came to him to add the words the doctor would most wish to take with him: "The world will remember you as a great man."

"Good-bye, Peter," the doctor said cheerfully. "You'd better go and find Barbara. I don't want her to be startled by the shot."

CHAPTER LIII.

Barbara was drowsing in the big chair by the fire. Peter came gently behind her, and held both hands over her ears. She looked up at him drowsily, only half awake. A muffled report came from the doctor's office.

"What is that?" Barbara struggled to her feet, but Peter's arms were warm and close around her.

"It's all right, darling. It's all right," he crooned.

She put up her hand to his face, and looked wonderingly at her wet fingers.

Peter sat down in the big chair and held her close, as if she were a child. It's all over now, dear. After all, it was the only way, the best way. There is nothing more to hide. Just remember that your father was a great man—and that he was good to you."

"You—know?"

"I know everything. He has told me all about it. And he chose to go out—this way. He chose to wipe the page clean. He cleared up his last case. He didn't save himself."

"Do you know, Peter," Barbara said, "I think I am rather proud of my father. I think I will marry you, Peter."

"Yes," Peter said.

"Will it have to come out? Couldn't it end—like this.

"But he wanted them to know that he hadn't really failed to solve the case. But I believe he would let you have it your way, Barbara."

Then Peter rang up Jimmy. "Jimmy, Dr. Cavanaugh has just committed suicide. Breakdown, due to overwork on the Ellsworth case. I was present. Yes, it's exclusive, absolutely. And, Jimmy, that's not all. I've another piece of front page news for you. I'm going to be married!"

"Hell!" said Jimmy. "That's not news."

(The End.)

John Vergez spears a high one during a practice game at Los Angeles. He will keep his third base position with the New York Giants this year.

Tara Birrell captured London and Berlin, hopes to make a hit at Hollywood. Her father was a cotton man of Lancashire, England, and her mother a Virginian

The newly-appointed pastor of a Negro church faced a packed audience when he rose to deliver his maiden sermon on the burning question: "Is there a hell?" "Bredren," he said, "de Lord made de world round like a ball." "Amen," agreed the congregation. "And de Lord made two axles for de world to go round on, and He put one axle at de North Pole and de addder axle at de South Pole." "Amen," cried the congregation. "And de Lord put a lot of oil and grease in de centre of de world to keep de axles well greased and oiled." "Amen," said the congregation. "And then a lot of sinners dig wells in America, in Mexico, in Russia, and in Persia, and steal de Lord's oil and grease. And some day dey will have all de Lord's oil and grease, and dem axles is gonna git hot. And den, dat will be hell, bredren, dat will be hell!"

The talkative old man was delivering quite a lecture on speedy travel to the young man with whom he shared a compartment. "Yes, we travel fast these days," he said. "But have you ever thought of the flight of time—of the fleeting hours of youth, the golden days that swiftly pass away? Have you ever counted the minutes—" "Look here," said the young man, suspiciously, "I don't quite get the hang of this. Are you trying to sell me a watch?"

ISSUE No. 12—'32

Quality Has No Substitute

"SALADA GREEN TEA"

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Cancer of the Mouth

This is just as preventable a disease as cancer of the skin. The sore spot due to the irritation of a tooth or the white patch of leucoplakia the result of tobacco in any form, including snuff, is always present for some time before cancer develops. All one has to do when warned is stop tobacco or snuff and go to the dentist to have the teeth cleaned and smoothed or the irritating plate changed. As a matter of fact a large number of people know and practice this today. In the last five years we had ample evidence of the protective value of such knowledge. The modern woman who uses tobacco, chiefly in the form of cigarettes, very rarely develops cancer of the mouth, because this modern woman keeps her teeth clean, smooth and in good order, while the man, just as modern in other ways, still neglects his teeth, and the incidence of cancer of the mouth to-day is very much larger in men than in women.

Women have demonstrated that it is possible to run a little risk of suffering health of the mouth. When men realize they will protect themselves from many other diseases the neglect of the teeth men to-day are trying to avoid living in regions bear the messages of this kind in the press. But I wish to say that snuff used in the past and used in the nose it seems very serious.

Men and women who practice moderation and know the danger of cancer if the teeth are neglected, may ultimately be free from other threatening diseases caused by neglect of the teeth and neglect of daily cleansing of the mouth.

DRAPERIES MADE

"When we resumed housekeeping a month ago I found some curtains had become creased beyond what I hung them out on the line to remove the creases. But they got them. The result was as good as new, but they came badly faded and mildewed.

"I was heartsick until I thought struck me to dye them. I just dyed them a deeper shade than they were originally, so as to be hidden away on the hinder side of a garment, to a sort of pleasing shade, which appeared conspicuously enough to show off the beautiful colors—when a number of embroidery has been used for tinting or dyeing—only binding for edges, but opened many uses. On garments, it is not take the life out of the fabric. Diamond Dyes do."

Mrs. J. F. T.

THE LOAN

BY WILLIAM FREEMAN.

Benson was a little late, for there was a drifting yellow fog. He was breathing quickly when he knocked at the door of Walthew's old-fashioned lodgings.

Walthew himself admitted him.

"Come in," he said. "A raw night."

Benson was escaping any further vagaries of weather by going abroad in a day or so. To Italy, I expect. You're wondering, of course, why I asked you to look me up this evening?"

"Well, yes," Benson admitted. "I mean—well, we've passed one another in the street a dozen times, of course, but I didn't even know you knew my name."

"I didn't, till I asked that magnificent official at the shop door yesterday morning. Tell me something more about yourself."

Benson was only twenty-five. His difficulty vanished under the other's obvious friendliness.

"I've been at the Emporium since I was sixteen," he said. "Started as errand-boy and worked my way up. I've been senior counter-hand in the silks and velvets for the past twelve months. Always been keen on beautiful fabrics. As I was saying this morning to Ann—"

"Who's Ann?"

"Sorry! She's my wife. We were married last spring. She used to come and buy remnants for an invalid sister to make cushion-covers and tea-cosies—and—well, it just happened. We live in a flat in Bloomsbury."

"And there we've been as happy as anybody in London. We meant to be happier still when—Benson dropped his face in his hands—"when the kiddie that's on the way arrived. But last week the Emporium gave me the sack. Very sorry, and all that. Kept me on as long as they could, hoping things would improve. But they hadn't. And now it was either me or an older man who wouldn't stand a dog's chance of finding another job. That was the stuff old Stettson—the managing director—put over. I finish on Saturday."

Walthew nodded.

"So that's the trouble. Have you a banking account, Mr. Benson?"

"Me? Assistants at the Emporium haven't much use for banking accounts."

"I suppose not." Walthew moved stiffly across to a bureau, lowered the flap, and busied himself with a pen. When he came back there was a cheque in his hand.

"Fifty pounds," he said. "To bear you over. A loan only, as a matter of principle. But I want neither receipt nor interest. A debt of honor. Repay the money when your conscience tells you that you ought. Oh, alternatively, on my decease. No, no, thanks, I beg. Good evening, Mr. Benson."

Teddy Benson cashed the cheque, and then—at Ann's suggestion—put the money into the savings bank to let it earn any interest it could before they used it. And Ann herself wrote a little grateful note to old Walthew, thanking him. The note came back marked "Return—way." Teddy remembered the old man's reference to a tour in Italy.

Teddy himself was confronted with the desperate business of finding another job—an unfamiliar and heart-breaking ordeal. As the weeks slipped by . . . kind of despairing lethargy settled down upon him. Ann's health gave him cause for worry. And there was the steady, pitiless ebbing of their money—first of Benson's own savings, and then of old Walthew's loan.

When Ann's baby came there was less than twenty pounds in the savings bank.

Because, in the long run, an exemplary character does count, Teddy Benson, late of the Emporium, eventually obtained another job. It was with a big, cheap, strenuous firm which live-lighted its premises and overworked its employees; but he would have endured far worse for the sake of Ann and the small replica of himself that was now the flat's third occupant.

Three months later a floor manager left unexpectedly. Teddy put in for the post, and, miracle of miracles, got it! There were moments of exquisite pride and tremulous elation, earnest discussions during which Ann and Teddy, projecting themselves into the future, planned a magnificent career for Teddy junior.

"Of course, there's old Mr. Walthew's fifty pounds," said Ann, at the end of one discussion.

"No special hurry about that," said Teddy. "There wasn't any time limit. And we don't even know the old chap's address."

"We know his bank."

Teddy junior woke up at this point, and the conversation ended. But it left a tiny cloud, the faintest possible shadow, between husband and wife.

Summer came. Ann and the baby both obviously needed a change of air, and Teddy's nerves were beginning to register a protest against perpetual hustle. He obtained, though not easily, ten days' leave. On his way home with the news he bought an evening paper. A paragraph at the bottom of a column caught his eye.

"The death is reported from Florence of Mr. Eustace Walthew, a wealthy English recluse, well known in London for his eccentric generosity. Mr. Walthew, so far as can be ascertained, leaves no relatives."

Teddy told Ann about the holiday.

"How perfectly lovely!" breathed Ann. "Where shall we go?"

"Devon," said Teddy. "Lyme Regis for choice."

"But that money—I hate to worry you, but we do still owe it."

"Sure!" said Teddy. He unfolded the paper. "Read this."

Ann read. She dropped the paper and said slowly:

"I don't see that it makes any difference."

"Not in theory, perhaps. But sense all."

"It only means that the fifty pounds belongs, instead, to whoever inherits his money. Oh, Teddy, can't you see—"

"Of course I see! Good heavens, can't you give a chap credit for honesty or business knowledge!"

"For, both, Teddy.

"I have been happy together for a minute if I hadn't. That's why I'm so anxious, so terribly anxious, that this money, which came like a miracle to help us, shouldn't end by separating us. We've saved some of it—"

"Less than thirty pounds."

"More than that!" Ann's steadfast, blue eyes were shining. "I've got some to add to it. I've been economizing. Oh, Teddy, do say you're pleased!"

But he was not pleased; he was enormously angry.

"Keep your savings!" he said fiercely. "I never want to hear of them again."

For the first time since their marriage Ann Benson and Teddy, her husband, went to bed without saying good night to each other.

Ann and the baby went on the holiday to Devon. Teddy went with them, but he stayed at the little cottage over looking Lyme Bay for only three days.

On the fourth morning came a telegram:

"Regret compelled to cancel remainder holiday. Please return immediately. Carlow severe accident.—Higgins."

Carlow was the man above Benson; Higgins, the general manager.

"Since we've definitely taken the rooms for ten days," he said to Ann, "there's no question of your coming home. I'll run down for a week-end, if I can."

They were glad to see him in London again. There was an interview with Higgins that was particularly satisfactory. If Carlow didn't return, which was probable, his post would be offered to Benson.

By the late post next night he received a typewritten letter which had been forwarded from Lyme Regis by Ann.

"Dear Sir" he read), "—In connection with the estate of the late Mr. Eustace Walthew and your indebtedness thereto, we shall be glad if you can make it convenient to call at these offices at your earliest possible convenience."

The writers were Messrs. Wetherby & Darrell, of Lincoln's Inn.

Teddy was conscious of an illogical exasperation. The loan, obviously, had in some way or other become legalized. Well, what if it had? If these confounded solicitors had only waited another day or so, they'd have discovered from the bank that he meant to pay every sixpence of the money as soon as he could raise it.

For Teddy had made up his mind. He was going to prove to Ann that he was the kind of chap she'd thought he was when they were married. He was going to blow the shadow between them into nothingness. Now, of course, they'd all of them, Ann included, think he was doing it under pressure.

He called on Messrs. Wetherby & Darrell next morning. It was Saturday, and Higgins let him off an hour earlier. He was kept waiting ten minutes, and then shown into a private office where an old gentleman who looked like a retired bishop was sitting behind a rampart of docketed papers.

"We have received a certain communication," began the old gentleman, and astonishingly switched the conversation on to Ann. Ann, Teddy inferred had discovered Wetherby & Darrell's existence through Walthew's bank. She had written to them on the very day of Teddy's return to London, enclosing twenty pounds towards paying off the loan, and promising the rest by the end of the year.

Benson listened numbly. Ann had done all this, and hadn't told him, because she thought he wouldn't approve.

"We replied to Mrs. Benson by telegram," he heard the retired bishop continue, "thanking her for her offer, but informing her that we should be discussing the situation with yourself today."

He checked any inquiries with a "One moment, please," and unfolded a crackling sheet of paper.

"Here is a list of loans made by our late client, including the fifty pounds advanced to yourself. Here!—he took up a second paper—"is Mr. Walthew's last will and testament. In it he gives instructions for the whole of his estate to be divided among those to whom he lent money without security, provided that they or their representatives have voluntarily offered to repay the whole or any part of it within three months of the announcement of his death.

"That period expired at eight o'clock last night. Mrs. Benson's was the sole offer we received and the entire estate consequently devolves upon yourself. The net value has not yet been computed, but it will certainly exceed thirty thousand pounds. Yes, Parsons, ask her in."

The door opened. Teddy heard someone say "Is he here?"

"Ann," he cried—"Ann darling!"

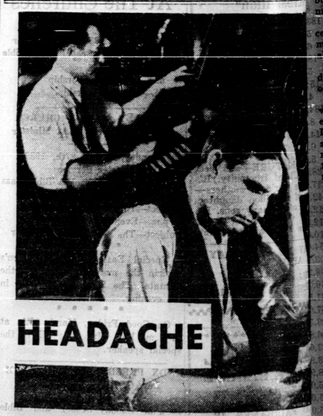
Ann, regardless of the bishop, stumbled towards his outstretched arms. He heard her explaining how she had earned the money, typing, how she'd written a letter telling him, and meant to enclose it in the one posted on from Lyme Regis, and then forgotten, and discovered it too late, and would he ever forgive her?

Teddy, regardless of the bishop, caught her to his heart. "Answers" (London).

IT'S DELICIOUS On Pancakes with Bread or as a Table Syrup

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL



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BAYER ASPIRIN (TRADE-MARK REG.)

For the Woman Reader

by Florence Riddick Boys

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Prize Whittling Exhibit

This intricately designed exhibit of whittling skill is the work of Fred Lorenz, a grizzled hard-rock Nevada miner. Three days solid whittling took to make it and the result is he is the Champion Whittler of his state.

Luncheon Salad

When the appetite becomes finnicky, there is nothing which tempts or satisfies it like a good salad made of fruits or vegetables. There is no end to the combinations which may be offered, and the salad may contain much nourishment and form the main dish of a meal. Served with whole wheat bread and a hot drink, it is a perfect meal.

Gelatin binds ingredients together into an attractive form and has its own food value. A delicious luncheon salad may be made by dissolving tomato jelly powder in a pint of boiling tomato soup. Add to this a generous chunk of cream cheese and stir until dissolved. When this mixture is cooled and slightly thickened, add chopped celery, chopped green pepper, sliced stuffed olives and a half cup of salad dressing. Mold in individual molds and serve in nests of lettuce. Garnish with a teaspoon of mayonnaise and sliced stuffed olives.

Mrs. Solomon Says:

In the soft of thrift, contentment blossoms.

Sunday School Lesson

March 27. Lesson XIII.—Jesus Risen From the Dead (Easter Lesson)—John 20: 11-20. Golden Text—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—I Corinthians 15: 20.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE APPEARANCE TO MARY, 20: 11-18.

II. THE APPEARANCE TO THE DISCIPLES, 20: 19-20.

INTRODUCTION—John's aim in this chapter is to show the gradual dawning of faith in the resurrection among the disciples, until it blazed into full light in the confession of Thomas, v. 28. He is concerned mainly in bringing out its spiritual meaning for the church.

The church was built on the faith that Christ was still alive and active in the world. That faith was based on the experience of those who were convinced that they had seen the Lord, and upon the evidence that he was alive in power among his followers in this very world whence his friends thought they had banished him, and going on with the work which Calvary had interrupted. The resurrection faith was, in the first place therefore, based upon the resurrection appearances.

I. THE APPEARANCE TO MARY, 20: 11-18.

The body of Jesus, having received only temorary burial on Friday evening, was to be properly embalmed as soon as the Sabbath was past. Mary Magdalene it was when went early, as the grey dawn was breaking, to the tomb (v. 1) to find the stone which had been laid against the face of it removed. Something told her that her Lord was no longer there. Raising a hue and cry, she soon had others at the tomb, v. 2. Upon "the disciple whom Jesus loved" flashed that the Lord was risen. But both he and Peter were still uncertain. Had they thought the body had been stolen they would have informed Joseph of Arimathea. Had they been convinced that Jesus had come to life again, they would certainly have sought him out and arranged lodging. As it was, they were perplexed, and they went home to ponder over it all.

But Mary lingered near. Through her tears she saw a vision of angels, but from them she learned nothing. Being conscious of some one, the gardener (who else would be abroad so early?), she asked, "Tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away," v. 15—with her weak arms—but eager love knew no obstacles. Then, at the greatest recognition seen in all literature—"Mary." "Rabonni!" Two words, but they changed her world for her, and for us.

In the first flush of her joy, she started forward to embrace him. "Touch me not," he said, or "cease clinging to me."—Dr. Moffatt. Mary must now learn to know him on another and a higher way of knowing her Lord. This higher way will not, however, begin until he has ascended, v. 17. This is John's way of teaching that the true proof of the resurrection and the true possession of the Risen Christ are not to be found in a "resurrection appearance" nor in physical contacts. They are to be realized in the normal experience of the believer.

He sends her immediately to tell the brethren, not his blood-relations, but his spiritual brethren, his disciples. The receiving of the Good News is always followed by the sharing of it with others.

II. THE APPEARANCE TO THE DISCIPLES, 20: 19-20.

That same evening, the first Christian Sunday evening, the eleven were together, locked in for fear of the Jews, v. 19. When the news would reach the authorities that the body of Jesus was gone, suspicion would most likely fall upon his disciples of stealing it. Hence the locked door.

Christians are still living behind the closed doors of fear, afraid to be considered enthusiastic, afraid of public opinion, and thereby render their lives largely useless. We often close the door on Christ unwittingly. Sometimes our friendships close the door on many noble things, among them, the beauty of Jesus Christ. But he comes through our closed door. Suddenly the Master was in the room with them, v. 19. Coming, he brought peace to his own. Inner peace—in the midst of outer conflict, such is the Christian's heritage. What difference does religion make in a man's life? For one thing, it can keep him cool and brave when others are faltering, enable him to live through life's hazards and confusions with a bigness and a courage which are the wonder of those who have not the secret. "Fear not," he says to all, "I am with you."

The essential thing about the Resurrection is the continued life and presence of Jesus Christ. Had there not been something more than a bodily appearance, nothing much would have happened. It is the "something more" that has made all the difference. The thing that matters is not "how" the still living Lord made himself known to a few people nineteen hundred years ago, but that, since his death on Calvary, he has been touching men with the same quickening and renewing power that he always had.

Lucky

"There's such a thing as overdoing this looking on the bright side of business," said Billings. "The other evening, I was at Brown's, and Brown—you know how absent-minded he is—put out the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth. He jumped three feet, rolled on the floor, and was a little noisy about it. In the middle of it all Mrs. Brown, smiling sweetly, said: 'How fortunate you were, dear, to discover it so soon!'"

Japan's View Point

"We fired in self defence," was Japan's answer to world pressure to halt the Shanghai scrap. The result of firing in self-defence is clearly indicated in this destroyed portion of Chapei. It wasn't war, of course, just mutual killing.