

The Hunger of A Man's Soul

By CAMPBELL MACLEOD

It was after the play, and they were waiting in the quiet little cafe to be served. She leaned over to draw in the fragrance of the red roses and to avoid his eyes, which were persistent. He was thinking of how young and lovely she was. How could he expect her to love him? The mirror opposite reminded him of his years.

Yes, he would tell her—save her all painful explanations. A young fellow would make her happier. Once in a burst of girlish confidence she had told him how she hated young men and new houses. It was childish of him, he told himself, to expect her to know her own mind.

"What can I eat?" she beamed at him with shining eyes. "Anything, from a nice young man to an oyster." Here was the opening, sooner than he expected.

"Judith," he began gravely. "It is of the young man I wish to speak now. Did—did they say it is young Travers? Shall I release you?" The last, to the ear of the girl, seemed an anxious, frenzied appeal for freedom. So this was what made him so gloomy, so unlike himself. He was tired of her. He wanted to be free. She was pulling a rose to pieces and fitting the petals over her finger tips. "Shall we ring the curtain down on our little comedy?" he asked in an "it's all for the best" tone. She nodded slowly. She was beginning to see more clearly every minute, just as one's eyes grow accustomed to darkness after the first bewilderment—he wanted to be free.

"Judith," he said, "I shall ask only one favor of you." He hesitated.

"It is granted," she returned coldly. "Perhaps I shall have the honor of congratulating you—also." The "also" was added as an afterthought.

"It is that you will tell it all to me." He hesitated through a sense of delicacy. "If you mind, dear," he added gently, "then don't!"

Did she mind? she asked herself. No; she gloried in the opportunity. If he sighed for his freedom, he should have it. She would make no effort to hold him, but she should understand before she let him go that other men thought her desirable. Then he could go with his freedom, and she would marry any one of the others. It made no difference—she would take the one who next asked her. She was eighteen and infinitely young. The middle aged man opposite felt that he would barter his immortal soul to be twenty-four—to be young with her.

"Shall I begin at the beginning?" she asked in weary tones. He winced.

"No," he replied. "That would include me. Spare me that." There was a long silence. "It is of young Travers, your engagement?"

"Until tonight," she reminded in a full voice, "I was engaged to you. But"—her voice stuck. He was waiting for her to begin.

"Mrs. Carr, from New Orleans, was at the Springs," she began. "She is one of my mother's oldest friends. Mr. Travers is her nephew. It was at one of her receptions that I met him first. Shall I tell you everything?" Her voice had a new ring. He thought it was from speaking of her lover.

"Your roses came just as I was starting," she continued. "I wore the blue dress, the one you used to like me in"—"Child," he interrupted, "you do not understand!"

"Yes, but I do," he said. "I remember it, every bit. You told me that first night I wore it—do you remember it?—what you whispered out here on the gallery about my 'milk white arms and shadowy hair'? It is a pretty dress. I wore your roses to the reception. They were glorious ones!" She was leaning on her elbows on the table, her big eyes full of mystery.

"When Mrs. Carr presented Mr. Travers," she proceeded, "he told me that he had been knowing me for a long, long time and waiting for me to come, because his hands were tied, as it were, and he couldn't come after me. Then I laughed, because it was such a good joke—really, Bob, he said it very much nicer than I can remember. Then he went on to tell me that it was before the war he had known me. He just graduated two years ago. I am afraid I rather encouraged him in the nonsense. It was such a relief from talking to the women, and I can't help being silly, you know, Bob." His heart felt old and musty and failed, and her every word was giving it a fresh blow. She had made a little pyramid of the rose petals and was nervously tearing it to pieces to reconstruct it.

"He was very nice," she continued. "We went back to sit on the stairs to listen to the music. That was the beginning. He came next day for me to drive with him and told me that he loved me."

"The impudent young"—He forgot that it was of her lover he was speaking.

"He said he couldn't help it," she apologized for him in world weary accents. "But they all say that." There was no trace of vanity in the remark. The red of the roses found brilliant rivals in her cheeks. "Then—then one night," she hesitated, "it was moonlight—down on the beach—he kissed me!"

"He kissed you?" the man exclaimed. "How dare he—how dare you?"

"Don't be too hard on him," she pleaded. "He said something about men not despoiling a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry."

Bob had risen angrily. A determined little hand pulled him back.

"Remember," a cold voice reminded, "you desired me to tell you."

"Judith!" he reproved sharply.

"And that wasn't all," and she flashed defiant eyes at him. She remembered how jealous he had been. Once she laughed and asked him if he thought the enamored air went sighing after her too. But that was when he had really cared for her. Now he was trying to get rid of her. "I had numerous other lovers at the Springs, Bob. It may be"—she tapped a gay little tune with her fan—"that you might find them diverting. There was Dave Cary"—she assigned her little finger to him—"and Fred Langley," the next finger to him, "both of whom proposed to me at the picnic on the fourth day of July. Then there was Mr. Greyner, who proposed to me at the dance at Judge Birrow's son's birthday—the son also proposed for that matter. Dr. Spaulding set my wrist when I sprained it, and when he dismissed me he asked me to be his wife. That's all the proposals I had at the Springs. There were five more when I stopped to visit Lucy Eldare on my way home." The man made a gesture of entreaty. Truly, he had not dreamed of it being this bad. His heart felt like a church on a week day. How could he have ever been fool enough to expect Judith to love him against all these young men?

"If you marry Travers"—It was a cowardly subterfuge to get her away from the others. His voice stuck. She sat alert, with brilliant eyes.

"If I marry Travers, what?" she asked.

"I don't know," miserably.

"I haven't exactly decided which one I shall marry." She leaned back languidly. She was pushing her hair back and trying to pin it in place. "It's really very hard to make up one's mind, Bob. It's the number of them that confuses me." She laughed deliciously. His hand tightened around his glass.

"Bob," the girl suddenly demanded, "what's that you told me once about love lying deep?"

Could he release her? "The hunger of a man's soul" kept running through his head. Could he do it? Wasn't she in crying need of a protector to shield her from this very hunger?

"Bob"—she tossed him a rose—"have you forgotten the lines?"

"Love lieth deep," he began.

"Love dwells not in lip depths. Love wraps his wings on either side the heart." There was a long silence. Somehow the silences of Bob were more eloquent than all the lip talk of the others. She was beginning to understand. She thought vaguely of ships cut loose from their moorings. She hated young men.

She remembered the first time she ever saw him. She was doing a skirt dance before the long gilt mirror in the back parlor. She turned to get a sidewise view of herself, and there in the door he was calmly watching her. The others were at the table. The occasion was a dinner party, and he had committed the unpardonable offense of being late. That was the beginning. He very much preferred staying with her, he declared, if she didn't mind. That was the night she started loving him. Hadn't he spent weary hours over the intricacies of toe dancing to coach her? Didn't Bob always understand? The thought that he was just across the table and not engaged to her any more almost suffocated her. She couldn't stand it.

"Bob," she said, with all that perilous youth shining in her eyes, "have you forgotten that toe dance you taught me years ago? No, with weary resignation, he had not forgotten it.

"Bob," with cruel persistence, "when you told me that night that you had rather stay with me than to go with the old ladies, did you mean it, truly?"

Yes, he was sure he meant it truly. The cafe was deserted. Only Francois, the waiter, lurked in the background, and he couldn't speak English.

"Bob," moving nearer and laying a comforting hand on his arm; "Bob, does your love lie too deep for words?" There was a pleading quality in her tones not to be resisted.

"Child!" He was holding her chin in his most comforting hand and examining her eyes.

"Jack Travers didn't kiss me, truly," she comforted, patting Bob's old gray hairs tenderly. Francois had discreetly withdrawn, fully remunerated. "He said that before I told him about—about how I loved you—I—I told him all about us, Bob?" But she didn't finish. He understood. Bob always understood.

"Child," he whispered, with eyes in which youth had come home to live, "you must be the oldest person on earth. You are straight from the garden of Eden, with youth that is fresh and genuine and eternal. Yes, you are, child!"

Cost of Rural Transportation. The roads of the country are the avenues of the prosperity of the whole country. They are to a large body of the people the connecting link between them and civilization. They are of vital importance. The present condition should be a source of mortification to the nation. Nearly every other civilized nation has taken hold of the question and established magnificent systems of roads. It was only when the general government took hold of the matter that the roads of foreign countries were made permanent. We are languishing in the mud still. The cost of rural transportation is double in this country as compared to Canada, England or Europe. While we have outstripped the earth in nearly every other direction, we are in this respect on a par with Asia and Africa and the semicivilized nations of Europe. As a matter of national pride this question should appeal to the consideration of every patriotic citizen.—United States Senator Latimer.

Tim's Tactics

By CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX

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It all began when Mr. Jones-Brown brought Tim home one evening and laid the dog in the open arms of his pretty wife. She received him enthusiastically and bought him an elaborate collar. He was a cute dog. Even Mrs. Robinson-Smith, who lived next door and hated dogs, admitted that—that is, she said he wasn't bad for a mongrel. And it must be admitted right here that the dog wasn't of any particular breed; he was just a dog.

He was soon in high favor in the neighborhood, especially with the Robinson-Smiths, who were intimate friends of the Jones-Browns. Both couples were newly married, and during the day while their husbands were in the city the young wives sewed, talked and called together.

But to come back to the dog. In time he passed the stage of puppy fireworks and was old enough to know better. Then Mrs. Jones-Brown's sister came to visit her. And during the same week Mrs. Robinson-Smith had a card from her nephew that he was coming down to spend a month with her. He was nearly as old as his aunt, who admitted that he was called "catch" in town.

The expected guests arrived almost simultaneously—Ethel Herriot with a large trunk and Jack Marvin with divers battered suit cases. They were duly ensconced with their respective relatives, and then the trouble began. On the second evening Mr. and Mrs. Robinson-Smith trailed their nephew across the lawn to call on their nearest neighbor. The two young people were introduced. Ethel, as Mrs. Jones-Brown afterward said, was unnecessarily embarrassed for a girl who had been three seasons "out."

In the horribly irritating way of young married people the neighborly quartet immediately began to talk of domestic affairs, leaving Jack and Ethel to take care of themselves. They did not notice that there was an awful silence, during which Ethel was threatened with mental hysteria and was saved only by Tim, the thoughtful, who opportunely appeared and jumped into her lap. She began to talk to him, and the day was saved—temporarily. Still patting the dog, Ethel finally said to the man:

"Why did you follow me out here?"

"I didn't follow you," said Jack promptly. "If I had known that you were in this neck of woods you don't suppose I'd have disturbed it, do you?" Then he added, "Why did you come to stay next door to my aunt?"

"How was I to know you had an aunt out here?" Ethel asked indignantly.

"Well," said Jack, "I guess we're both innocent, so we need not quarrel over that."

Then there was another silence. Tim jumped down from Ethel's lap and leaped into Jack's. Jack grinned.

"Nice doggie!" he chuckled, petting him effusively. Ethel knew he hated small dogs. She tried to think of something crushing to say, but before the words came Mr. and Mrs. Robinson-Smith rose and said good night, and their dutiful nephew rose with them. He put out his hand, and Ethel was forced to let hers touch it for an instant, while he said:

"So glad I've met you, Miss Herriot. It's awfully jolly that we know so many of the same people."

Ethel smiled, though her eyes were blazing wrathfully.

"Isn't it?" she said. "Good night." When Mrs. Jones-Brown turned to speak to her sister she found the girl's chair empty and a moment after heard her ascending the stairs.

Late that night Ethel rose, lit the lamp and took from her trunk a package of letters, which she sat down to read. Long before she had finished them she was crying softly, and when she did go to bed again it was to lie wide eyed and staring till nearly morning. She was awakened by Tim, who was licking her hand. She patted his head.

"Naughty Tim! Did the missus let you in?"

Rising on her elbow, she saw that the door was ajar and supposed that her sister had sent the dog to wake her.

Tim seemed full of spirits of puppyhood this morning. He would worry the bedclothes with his teeth, dash wildly across the room to catch some unseen thing and then rush back upon her, frantic with delight.

Ethel lay staring at the ceiling. Her head ached, and she felt utterly miserable. She wondered how she could get away from her sister's house and that man next door, Tim, finding himself unwatched, worried awhile at something he found on the floor beneath the table, then took it in his mouth and ran off with it.

"If he only wasn't so glad," thought the girl, referring to the man, not the dog. "He shows so plainly that he's glad it's off!"

Before she got up she determined to show Jack that he wasn't the only one who didn't care. She would treat him as a stranger, and she would flirt with him, too, and make him sorry. She descended the stairs, explained that her pale face was due to a nervous headache for which she would try a long walk, and departed in a smart blue skirt and white shirt waist and very pretty slippers.

During this walk it was her intention to map out her campaign, and her thoughts were busy as she strolled along. Finally she climbed a high bank

by the roadside, walked along the grassy ledge for awhile and then sat down on the brink of an old stone quarry. She was swinging her small rouch heels and throwing stones into the blue water far beneath when somebody behind her whistled a well known strain. She answered before she thought and then started, almost losing her balance, and clutched at the bank to save herself. Her face was hot, and she felt some one seize her from behind, for it had all happened too quickly for her to be frightened. Jack dragged her back and then lifted her to a sitting posture. She scrambled to her feet and faced him.

"What do you mean by sitting on the very edge of a place like that?" Jack questioned angrily. "Suppose the bank crumbled?"

She looked at him, twistfully at first, and then her glance turned wrathful as she saw nothing but anger in his face.

"I was all right until you came and frightened me."

"I whistled to let you know I was coming and you answered," he retorted.

"I presume your coming to this especial place was purely accidental, like your advent in this town?" she remarked sarcastically.

"Not quite," he confessed. "I followed you because I wanted to talk to you. Sit down and cool off."

She reflected that this was her first opportunity to make him sorry, and she sat down gracefully, while he arranged himself at her feet and searched a plot of clover for a lucky omen. She took off her white duck hat and let the wind ruffle her thick, fair hair. He looked up at her meditatively.

"You have more freckles this year than you had last," he announced.

"Yes," she agreed, "and more sense." "I imagine your experience has taught you something," he remarked.

She sat up. This was not teaching him to be sorry.

"Ethel," he asked suddenly, "you burned all my letters, didn't you?"

"Of course I did." But her heart beat furiously as she thought of the night before.

"I supposed you had," he said. "I only wanted to make sure." He put his hand absently to the pocket of his blue serge coat. "You see, love letters after there isn't any more love are such awfully things," he explained; "just twaddle."

"Yours were rather twaddly," she admitted; "at least the ones I had. But they're burned."

Again he felt in his pocket. She saw the gesture and misinterpreted it.

"Light it if you like," she said.

"Light it? Ah, yes," said he, drawing the pipe from quite another pocket. She watched him fill it, frowning a little at the tobacco pouch, which was one she had given him. He leaned over to strike a match.

"Your bald spot is certainly much larger than it was last year," she remarked critically.

"How observing you are!" he drawled. Then he turned suddenly.

"Will you love me when I'm bald?" he sang.

"As much as I do now," she answered meaningly.

"Not as much as you did last night?" he queried.

"Last night!" she echoed, the blood rising to her face. "What are you talking about?" He turned again and took a letter from his coat pocket, holding it up where she could see the address in his writing. "Miss Ethel Herriot."

Her heart beat wildly. The envelope was worn and old looking. He drew out the sheets of thin paper. There were blisters—fresh blisters—upon them.

Ethel sat paralyzed. The tears rolled down her cheeks, and she did not try to wipe them away. Her fingers dug into the grass on either side.

"Poor old letter!" he said pityingly. "How did you escape the flames?" Then he heard a sob from Ethel. He turned. He saw the tears, and mentally he called himself a cad. He had never seen Ethel cry before.

"Ethel," he said, "I'm a brute, but I don't mean to be. I came out here to tell you that I love you better than ever and to own up that I was wrong and to ask you to take me back to your favor. Ethel," he had her in his arms now, "Ethel, dear, you do love me, don't you?"

"Take it out on Tim, dear, for it was his fault. He brought the letter and dropped it at my feet. And then I knew that you had been doing just what I've done nearly every night for a year, reading over the old letters. Ethel, aren't you glad—a little—that Tim found the letter?"

And Ethel's answer, though muffled, seemed to satisfy him. They went slowly home.

As Good as Her Word. Old Mr. Makepeace was in a reminiscent mood. "Did I ever tell you what mother said to me when I got up spunk enough to ask her—in words—if she'd have me?" he began, to the delight of his grandson, Fred.

ANIMALS AND SCENT.

One of the Miracles of Nature That Is Past Understanding.

One of the most interesting of all the miracles of nature is scent as applied to animals. The subject is neither understood nor explainable. Whether it is a sixth sense or a marvelous development of one of the five is uncertain. Quite likely, however, it has very little relation to that sense which we know as smell.

To the sportsman the quality of scent is extremely important. When the air is dry and the ground hard there is little scent. When the wind is north or east scent is either largely wanting or does not readily diffuse itself. A southerly wind without rain and a westerly wind, if not too rough, are most favorable to it. Of course if the wind is strong it blows the scent away, and severe storms entirely destroy it. It is very difficult for a dog to follow a scent just after a shower, and it is dispersed by the hot sun as well as by the storm. It is a fact also that scent comes as much from an animal's body as from its feet.

There is no time that a dog will follow a scent better than when the track is made upon white frost. If the frost is thick over the track, of course the scent is buried, but as soon as it begins to disappear the dog follows it easily. During thaws or melting snow scent seems to dissipate rapidly. Sled paths, swamp bottoms, dry wood and ice are all bad for holding or preserving scent, and so are sandy places and of course plowed fields when the feet sink in so deep that the earth is likely to fall over them.

Another peculiar thing about scent is that it generally ceases as soon as the animal is dead. This, at any rate, is the claim, and, for that matter, almost all knowledge concerning scent is merely made by observation and is rather unscientific, or at least liable to be erroneous. It is claimed also that nature often protects animals in the breeding season, so that they give out but little scent. For illustration, the coon gives no scent from spring until about the middle of August, when the young begin to take care of themselves, and their scent increases with their age and size. Both the rabbit and the coon have very little scent, but the fox, deer, moose and elk give out a strong scent and can be followed by a dog long after the track is fresh. Birds give but little scent, and it has been claimed that quail close their feathers closely when the dog is near and thus destroy their scent altogether.

Whether scent as we understand it as applied to animals is the same quality that human beings possess in smelling a flower is uncertain. Just how a dog, for illustration, can distinguish the track of his master from that of some one else or from a score of others perhaps hours after the track has been made is simply one of those marvelous miracles that are as incomprehensible as eternity or limitless space.—Amateur Sportsman.

Beware the Hard Toothbrush. In spite of all that is printed nowadays about the care of the teeth, said an experienced New York dentist, "we should have to go out of business if we depended upon the patronage of men and women who have passed the prime of life. It is a mistake to assume that most of the false teeth are made for old persons. I venture to say that scarcely a day passes that a patient well in the sixties does not come to my office for some slight treatment to an almost perfectly sound set of teeth."

I have frequently treated men and women past fifty who never had a tooth out and but one or two slight cavities that required filling. On the other hand, we are repeatedly called upon to make artificial teeth for very young persons. I attribute it to the use of the hard toothbrush, which is a comparatively modern invention. The use of a hard brush even occasionally is a great mistake. The softest kind of hogs' bristles makes the best toothbrush.—New York Press.

British Navy Divers. Three schools for the instruction of divers are maintained by the British navy. The diving service is composed entirely of volunteers. No man is passed as a candidate who has a short neck, is full blooded or shows a florid complexion. Those suffering from complaints affecting the head or heart or having a sluggish circulation are also excluded. Six weeks of training at a diving school fits a man for open sea work. It is essential to descend and ascend very slowly owing to the effects of the great change of pressure. A man of strong constitution is not advised to ascend faster than two feet a second when the depth does not exceed eighty feet. The men in training are first taken to slight depths, which are gradually increased to a maximum of 120 feet. The normal limit is 150 feet, to which practiced divers often go.

Electric Fans in Winter. The electric fan is generally associated with hot weather because at that time we are accustomed to resort to its use for cooling and ventilating our offices and living rooms, but it has its uses in cold weather, and in many offices and stores it maintains its position throughout the entire year. Its use in winter is principally to secure ventilation, though at times it is very convenient for obtaining a more uniform temperature throughout a room. An electric fan placed above a heater would otherwise rise toward the ceiling and only reach the lower regions when displaced by still warmer air. The thorough circulation and stirring up brought about by the fan generally insure a pretty uniform temperature throughout the entire room.—Electrical Review.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

Christ came into the world not to tell us what is right, but to give to our right doing the right flavor.—Rev. Dr. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

Society. Society today is organized along industrial lines, and it is in large measure along industrial lines that the solution of its problems must come.—Rev. Willard B. Thorp, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Sacramental Point of View. All things about us, all phenomena, even capital and labor and its contentions, can be considered from the sacramental point of view and spiritual lessons drawn from them.—Rev. T. F. Seymour, Episcopalian, Peoria, Ill.

Optimism in Religion. The spirit of optimism is softening the asperities of religion, civilizing the human idea and supporting God, robbing the grave of its terrors, relieving life of many of its burdens and teaching all to see good in everything.—Rev. Dr. J. E. Roberts, Church of This World, Kansas City, Mo.

Value of Obedience. The parent who does not compel his child to respect and obey him commits a sin in the sight of God and must suffer the consequences. The child that is not taught the lesson of obedience to his parents will become a nuisance in society and a curse to the world.—Rev. A. R. Holderby, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

America and Liberty. When labor is free and when capital is free, when combinations on either side are put down by an aroused public opinion and equality of rights for all men is established in the social and industrial realm, then, and not till then, shall liberty in America attain its perfect development.—Rev. Dr. W. W. Boyd, Baptist, St. Louis.

Value of a Devoted Friend. A poor man may be said to be rich in the midst of his poverty so long as he enjoys the interior sunshine of a devoted friend. The wealthiest of men, on the contrary, is poor and miserable if he has no friend whom he can grasp by the hand and to whom he can disclose the secrets of his heart.—Cardinal James Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

Search For the Truth. Church organizations are a necessity for the maintenance of worship and the promulgation of religious teaching, but a church organization should never be used to bring any pressure to bear directly or indirectly upon any man to hinder him in his honest search for truth or in his honest expression of what he believes to be the truth.—Rev. G. A. Kratzer, Universalist, Fitchburg, Mass.

Making the Best of Things. You never make the best of things until you make the best out of things or, better still, until you make things the best.—Rev. Frank Newhall White, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Expressions of Gratitude. High thinking, noble living, humble searching for the true life—these are the expressions of gratitude that are most pleasing to God. In them is the hope of the nation.—Rabbi Stern, Washington.

Music of Our Lives. Life's music is never in the white keys nor black, but in the soul that sweeps them with skilled fingers. Rail not at the keys, but gird your soul to the divine mastery.—Rev. Gardner S. Eldridge, Methodist, Brooklyn.

A Church's Strength. The strength of the church is not merely in the foundation. It is in the superstructure, not merely in the gravity of faith which holds the building to the ground, but in the cohesion of love, which binds its parts together.—Rev. Dr. Harry P. Dewey, Episcopalian, New York.

A Definition of Religion. Religion is not a slippered, cushioned, cloistered refuge from life's turmoil; it is not a sugared locus pocus, as the latest religious fad of the boulevards would have us believe; it is not only something to live by, it is something to die for.—Rev. Dr. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

Many Incarnations. Incarnation is limited only by capacity to hold the divine. I think of it in this way: Along our 26,000 miles of seacoast how many bays and inlets there are! Each has a separate name, as though each were separate and distinct from every other. And yet all are at one with the great ocean that sweeps into them all with its tides. There are countless forms of creation. We give them separate names, as though each were separate and distinct from every other. And yet all are at one with the divine presence that sweeps into them all and fills them as full as each can hold of God's being. In the lower inlets, far down the coasts of creation, he sweeps as force, energy. Into another inlet farther up he sweeps as life as well as force, and there are grasses, trees and the flowers of the field. Near by is another and larger inlet of the animal world, and here the divine tides of life rise higher. And then still farther up is the glorious inlet of human souls, and with what a mighty sweep the divine tides pour in! Here is the highest, holiest incarnation. Here are thought and moral will and noble aspiration. Here the capacity to hold the divine seems to have no limits. Thus is God with us. All these inlets differ only in capacity to hold the divine. God is no more truly in one than in another, but in each there is so much of God as its nature can hold, and in humanity that capacity is at its largest and highest. For that reason humanity is son of God.—Rev. Minot Simons, Unitarian, Cleveland, O.