

### CHAPTER VII.

Captain Pottery and Captain Settle.

"Now, either I am mad or dreaming," thought I; for that the fellow had not heard our noise was to me starkly incredible. I stepped along the deck toward him; not an inch did he budge. i touched him on the shoulder.

He faced around with a quick start. "Sir," said I, quick and low, before he could get a word out-"sir, we are in your hands. I will be plain. Tonight I have broken out of Bristol Keep, and the Colonel's men are after me. Give me up to them, and they hang me to-morrow; give my comrade up and they persecute her vilely. Now, sir, I know not which side you be, but there's our case in a nutshell."

The man bent forward, displaying a huge, rounded face, very kindly about put everything back as you found it." the eyes, and set atop of the oddest body in the world, for under a trunk manded the husky voice. "What's in extraordinarily broad and strong straddled a pair of legs that a baby would have disowned-so thin and stunted were they-and, to make it the queerer, ended in feet the most prodigious you ever saw.

As I said, this man leaned forward, and shouted in my ear so that I fairly leaped in the air:

"My name's Pottery-Bill Potteryap'n o' the Godsend, an' you can't make me hear, not if you bust yoursel'!"

You may think this put me in a fine quandary. "I be deaf as nails!" bawled he

'Twas horroble, for the troopers, I thought, if anywhere near could not miss hearing him. His voice shook the very rigging.

\* \* \* "An' o' my crew the half ashore gettin' drunk an' the half below in a very accomplished state o' liquor. so there's no chance for 'ee to speak!" He paused a moment, then roared again:

"What a pity! 'Cos you make me very curious-that you co!"

Luckily, at this moment, Delia had the sense to put a finger to her lip. The man wheeled round without another word, led us aft over the blocks, cordage and all manner of loose gear that encumbered the deck, to a ladder that, toward the stern, led down into follow, and, descending first, threw of light in our faces. 'Twas the captain's cabin, lined with cupboards and so minded," he added, glancing up at oil lamp hanging over a narrow deal table. By this light Captain Billy scrutinized us for an instant; then, from one of his lockers, brought out pen, my eye, but answer'd simply: paper and ink, and set them on the table before me.

I caught up the pen, dipped it, and began to write:

Charles: and this night am escaped out of Bristol Castle. If you be-Thus far I had written without glancing up, in fear to read the disappointment of my hopes. But now the pen was caught suddenly from my fingers, the paper torn in shreds, and there was Master Pottery shaking us both by the hand, nodding and backing, and smiling- the while all over his big red face.

troopers. Twenty miles and more lay the noise of feet above and a string of voices speaking one after another, before me, and a bare hundred, ards louder and louder. And next Master was my start. Pottery began to speak up and drowned all speech but his own. When he ceased there was silence for some minutes, after which we heard a party descend to the cabin and the And now did I indeed abandon myself to despair. Few would have given trampling of their feet on the boards above us. They remained there some a groat for my life, with that crew at while discussing, and then came footmy heels; and I least of all, now that my dear comrade was lost. The wound

"Surrender!"

"Be hang'd if 1 do!"

heels into her flanks.

I set my teeth and put Molly at the

low wall. As she rose like a bird in

air the two pistols rang out together,

and a burning pain seem'd to tear open my left shoulder. In a moment the

mare alighted safe on the other side,

flinging me forward on her neck. But

I scrambled back, and with a shout

that frighten'd my own ears, dug my

Half a minute more and I was on the

hard road, galloping westward for dear life. So also were a score of rebel

CHAPTER VIII.

How Joan Saved the Day.

in my shoulder was bleeding sore-I

could feel the warm stream welling-

yet not so sore as my heart. And I

pressed my knees into the saddle flap

Molly was going her best, but the

A mile, and another mile, we passed

in this trim, and by the end of it must

to hide. I reached these at last, and

I look'd up. Below the steeper ridge

heard ,just now); while behind fol-

steps down the second ladder and a twinkle of light reached me through the bunghole of my cask. "Quick!" said a husky voice. "Overhaul the cargo here?"

I heard some half dozen troopers and wondered what the end would be. bustling about the hold and tugging out the bales of wool.

best was near spent. The sweat was "Hi!" called Master Pottery. "An oczing, her satin coat losing the gloss, when you've done rummaging my ship, the spume fling back from her nostrils-"Soh!" I called to her; "Soh, my "Poke about with your swords!" combeauty; we ride to save an army!" The loose stones flew right and left as she those barrels, yonder?" reach'd out her neck, and her breath "Water, sergeant," answer a trooper came shorter and shorter.

rolling out a couple.

"Nothing behind them?" "No; they're right against the side."

have spent three-quarters of an hour "Drop 'em. then! Plague on this at the work. Glancing back, I saw the business! 'Tis my notion they're a troopers scattered; far behind, out folmile away, and Cap'n Stubbs no better lowing. The heights were still a weary than a fool to send us back here! He's way ahead, but I could mark their gruding promotion, that's what he is! steep sides ribb'd with boulders. Till these were passed, there was no chance Hurry, there-hurry!"

. . . . . . .

Ten minutes later the searchers were then, high above, on the hillside, I gone, and we in our casks drawing heard a voice calling.

long breaths of thankfulness and strong odors. And so we crouched ua- of the tor a patch of land had been til about midnight Captain Billy clear'd for tillage; and here a yoke of brought us down a supper of ship's oxen was moving leisurely before a biscuit, which we crept forth to eat, plow ('twas their tinkling bells I had

being sorely cramped. He could not hear our thanks, but lowed the wildest shape, by the voice guessed them.

written my request.

of a woman. She was not calling to me, but to her "Now say not a word! To-morrow we sail for Plymouth Sound, thence for team; and as I put Molly at the slope, Brittany. Hist! We be all King's her chant rose and fell in the mourn-

men aboard the Godsend, tho' hearing | fullest singsong. "So-hoa! Oop Comely Vean! oop, nought I says little." On the morrow in fact we set sail. then-o-oop!"

I rose in my stirrups and shouted. 'Twas necessary I should impart At this and the sound of hoofs, she some notion of my errand to Captain

Billy, tho' I confin'd myself to hints, stay'd the plow, and, hand on hip, telling him 'twas urgent I should be looked down the slope. The oxen, put ashore somewhere on the Cornish settly rattling the chains on their yoke, coast, for that I carried intelligence turn'd their necks and gazed. With which would not keep till we reach'd sunk head Molly heaved herself up darkness. Here he signed to us to Plymouth, a town that, besides, was the last few yards and came to a halt held by the rebels. And he agreed with a stagger. I slipp'd out of the open a door, letting out a faint stream readily to land me in Bude Bay, "and saddle and stood, with a hand on it, also thy comrade, if (as I guess) she be swaying.

"What's try need, young man-that lockers, and the light came from an Delia from the paper whereon I had comest down to Temple wi' sword a'danglin'?"

The girl was a half-naked savage She had been silent of late, beyond her wont, avoiding (I thought) to meet dress'd only in a strip of sacking that barely reach'd her knees, and a scant bodice of the same, lac'd in front with

"I go with Jack." 'Twas not till the fourth afternoon pack thread, that left her bosom and (by reason of baffling head winds) that brown arms free. Yet she appear'd no we stepped out of the Godsend's boat whit abash'd, but lean'd on the plow-"I am John Marvel, a servant of King upon a small beach of shingle, whence, tail and regarded me, easy and frank, between a rift in the black cliffs wound as a man would.

## A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

### A STRONG DISCOURSE ENTITLED. "WHAT CHURCH OWES CHILDREN."

The Rev. Howard Melish Talks Wholesomely on the Promise of Zecharlah to His Discouraged Countrymen. Man's Thirst For Rightcousness.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.-"What the Church Owes the Children" was the subject of a strong sermon preached by the Rev. How-ard Melish, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity. A number of requests for its publication have been received and it is herewith given. The text was from Zecha-riah viii:5: "The streets of the city shall

riah vinits: "The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereot." Mr. Melish said: Zechariah gave this promise as a word of encouragement to his discouraged countrymen when on their return from their exile they were trying in the face of enemies and great obstacles to rebuild Jerusalem. The time will surely come, he bade them believe, when the city shall stand once more on Mount Zion in all its former strength and splendor, blessed with that greatest of all life's benedictions-children at play. ""he streets of the city shall be at play. ""he streets of the city such as full of boys and girls playing in the streets

One of the wonderful stories which our last census told was the phenomenal growth of the American city. Briefly, the story is this: While the population of the country in the nineteenth century was multiplying itself fifteen times the popu-lation of the cities and towns was multiplying itself 150 times. Whereas the population of the farming community has been multiplied by two in fifty years, that of cities has been multiplied by ten; in 1800 one man in every twenty-five lived in a city. To-day it is one man in every three. city. The The tremendous concentration of men, women and children in our cities is one of the most significant and startling facts of

our times. The city is built! The prophet's promise the streats are full o has been fulfilled-the streets are full of boys and girls. But what a fulfillment! They are playing in our streets because we have built our cities in such a way that there is no other place for them to play. In our tenement districts especially the houses stand so closely together that there is scarcely space for light and air to enter is scarcely space for light and air to enter rooms, not to mention courts, back yards, play grounds and small parks. Within a short walk of where we are to-day are hundreds of families living in one or two small rooms to a family, rooms often gloomy at mid-day. Of course, the children are in the streets.

dren are in the streets. And what places the streets are for these little ones! Look over the pages of our papers day b. day with the children in mind and you read the sad story of this little child crushed by a car, of that one maimed for life by some wagon. Go into the Children's Court and see boys of twelve and fourteen arrested for crimes which would send men to the penitentiary for a long period of years. Between the crewded tenements and these injuries, deaths and crimes, there is the relation of cause and effect. The tenements drive the boys into the streets, and there they are forbidden by the police and prevented by forbidden by the police and prevented by traffic to play games which kept me and my boy friends from going to the devil. No! I don't mean that insinuation. The good God won't let the devil have those boys. They may become importionat boys. They may become impertinent criminals, and die like the hardened thief on the cross, but conditions shaped them, and God will give them, in my heart of hearts, I believe, a new chance to become like Him in that new city, Jerusalem, which is not built by men's hands. And yet true it is that in our cities boys who are denied the healthy amusements of boy life drift into the crap games and form street gangs which terrify neighborhoods

and brutalize poys and turn the spirit of mischief into the demon of crime. Jacob Rijs has told us that between the tenement and the penitentiary he has found a beaten path, traveled by the feet of hundreds of

our boys every year. It is about this somewhat new and very perious situation of the children of our

streets that I want you to think with me this morning. It is often said, as an argument against the church assuming this responsibility. that the church's one mission is to preach the gospel, and I want to say at the start that the purpose of the church has never " I blurted out. that the purpose of the church has never been more correctly defined. The gospel is the message of the good tidings that God cares for nien, that God is love. Once let a man accept that message and let it sink into his soul that it becomes the principle of his life, and even though he lives in a badly ven ilated house in a crowded district, surrounded by evil influences, yet he will be a good citizen, son, father, husband and friend. Yes, and once let a land band and friend. Yes, and once let a land-lord receive the gospel in his heart and he will transform his tenement into decent abiding places if it c...s him half his in-come. For the gospel of the Son of God is the regenerating power in the world which makes all things new. To preach it clear-ly, with consecration and power, is the su-preme all important never-to-he-formation

The church ought to be on the firing line where the need is greatest. Instead it is too often found in the rear, caring for the wounded, no dc. bt, and occasionally urg-ing back the frightened or forward the stragglers. The crowded districts where the streets are full of bo, : and girls are the church's responsibility. To betake itelf to the suburbs and leave these children in the streets, saloons and tenements is to offend God's little ones. And the Master said about such a one that it is better that a millstone were hanged about his neck nd he was drowned in the deptn of the

The second thing I want to think about this morning with you is the church's op-portunity to help the children of our streets.

This opportunity is only limited by the number of men and women who are willing to take a real interest in the candren, and by the space you have to use. Give these children a chance to get out of the streets and away from the bad influences warm-blooded people and good books and amusements and fun giving recreations and ther will come to the church in a stampede. Their hunger for ennobling friendships is one of the most pathetic things I have found in my ministry, and also one of the most inspiring.

also one of the most inspiring. Oh! the splendid opportunity for you all to fulfill your responsibility for these boys and girls of our streets is here. In the boys' clubs is the chance for you young men to preach the gospel to our lads, not by speaking sermons, but by manifesting to them through your manly sympathy to them through your many sympathy and interest, your courage and your truth-fulness, your honor and your uprightness the Christ you love and follow. Christ may be preached to these boys with the boxing gloves, and the fencing foils, the carpenter's tools and the football teams with more power than by sermons from a pulpit. In the sewing school is the chance for you young worken to preach Christ not pulpit. In the sewing school is the chance for you young women to preach Christ, not by words of religion, but by your beautiful friendship for the little girls who come in eager to receive that which their homes are unable to give them. In the Sunday-school is the chance for you young men and young women, and older ones, too, to gather once a week a little group about you and lead them through the wonderful story of Him who came to earth to be our servant and yet was King Eternal, and story of Him who came to earth to be our servant and yet was King Eternal, and then through the alchemy of the influence of your life move them to love honesty, purity, goodness, man, Christ and God. Nor will I admit the older people's chance to preach the living Christ. There comes before me the picture of a scene in a men's before me the picture of a scene in a men's club in a certain parish house where a professor of political economy met in a perfectly natural way a brakeman on the Pennsylvania road, and both men came to see that great labor problem more clearly, and had more of the Christ tolerance than even before. And I know of momen who ever before. And I know of women who have found through the Girls' Friendly Society the chance to preach the living Christ so effectively that girls have risen up and called them "blessed among women." The few hours given to such work in a single year seem very powerless beside the

owers of darkness which walk our streets both day and night, week in and wee in vacations as in working or school days. But, thank God, a man's life is not an equilibrium of forces, a resultant of houses and environments. In every soul is the and environments. In every soul is the thirst for righteousness which can be aroused by oringing it face to face with a righteous life. There is a contagion in goodness as there is in badness. Arouse those dormant faculties in every soul, and they, with Christ's help, will counteract all the influences of house and street. This is the appendix of the obust the all the influences of house and street. This is the opportunity of the church to-day in our crowded cities. By meeting it the church will find, what every individual who has so met opportunity finds, that it gets by giving and has a firmer hold than ever on the realities of truth and life. Call such service what you will—though I percently hat the trite aburge institu-

personally hate the trite phrase institutional, for I am pleading for a work gether personal, the touch of life on life-but you must believe that the church which assumes this responsibility and which assumes this responsibility and meets this opportunity is following the ex-ample of the Master. When Christ came to earth to lift men up to God He took the form of a common man. He might, we say, have gathered the Jewish nation into some great plain and revealed His mission



Why Worry? Why do we worry about the nest? We only stay for a day, Or a month or a year, at the Lord's be hest. In this habitat of clay.

Why do we worry about the road.

With its hill or deep ravine? In a dismal path or a heavy load, We are helped by hands unseen.

Why do we worry about the years That our feet have not yet trod? Who labors with courage and trust nor

fears, Has fellowship with God.

The best will come in the great "To be," It is ours to serve and wait; And the wonderful future we soon shall

see, For death is but the gate. —Sarah K. Bolton.

The Prayer After Battle.

In one of the British regiments engaged in the war with the Borrs was a big, good-natumed fellow named Bob. The story of his death is one of the belated anecdotes that have found their way

anecdotes that have found their way tardily into the English papers. Bob had an unhappy genius for falling into difficulties. His name appeared often among the records of offences. Officers men liked him for his good nature and generosity, but no one had influence enough to keep him from the breaches of discipline which constantly marred his life discipline which constantly marred his life as a soldier. Religion, so far from having any personal meaning for him, was only a matter for a joke. His natural good feelings had never flawered into the manhood that was possible to him.

One of his chief amusements was poking fun at a fellow private, Tim Akers, a young man of gentle nature and firm religious faith.

ligious faith. "Tim," he said, one day, "I wish you'd lend me that prayer-book o' yours." "What's the joke, Bob?" asked the young man, quietly. He had learned to meet Bob's clumsy scoffing without quar-

meet Bob's clumsy scoring without quar-reling. "I want to write a letter home to my girl, and I thought I'd find some good words in that book o' yours." "Yes, you will find good words in it, and the girl will be r.ad to get them." Bob burst into a loud laugh. "Ho! ho! You're an easy bite, kid! You don't really suppose I'd write religion in a love-letter?" Tim started to say that religion is love

Tim started to say that religion is love of the purest kind, but the uselessness of it was so plain that he said nothing, and to was so plain that the slat housing, so the matter dropped. The next day q battle was fought. It lasted until night hid the forms of the wounded and the faces of the dead. When the gray dawn broke on the dreadful scene Bob was lying between two dead comrades. A sergeant who lay near him with a shattered foot heard him say in a weak voice, "I'll be away in a few shakes. Is there any religious cove near me?

"Is that you, Bob?" answered Tim's

"Weary, boyish voice. "Bad hurt, Tim?" asked the sergeant. "Yes, "I'm done for," answered Tim. "Me, too, boy," said Bob, thickly. "I say, Tim, I didn't write that letter. I "adn't the 'eart, an' now I'm done for an' he'll mears get it. Can you mear acht the eart, an how i mour done done you pray for me, Tim—an' for her? She don't need it, but I do." "We all need it, Bob," answered Tim,

gently and faintly. "Give us your 'and, Tim. I can just reach you."

reach you." Tim stretched out his hand and said. "Now say it after me," and he repeated the Lord's Prayer. Bob said the words after him, clumsily,

awkwardly, but with a thrill in his heavy, thick voice. The sergeant joined in. "I-can't-speak-any-more," whisper-ed the boy. "Shut your eyes and don't be ed the boy. "Shut, We go up

# THE SUNDAY SCHOO

## INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENT

FOR JULY 3.

Subject: The Kingdom Divided, I Kin xil., 12-20-Golden Text, Prov. xv 18-Memory Verses, 12-14-Comme tary on the Day's Lesson.

tary on the Day's Lesson. I. A demand by the people (vs. 1-1) When Rehoboam found himself the success sor to the throne he met the leaders of the nation at Shechem. While this assemb was called ostensibly for the purpose confirming Rehoboam in his kingdom, y the people had determined to exact cet tain reforms as the condition of their all giance. They had many grievances. The burden of taxation was very great. was especially hard upon the northed tribes who were so far removed from Jen-salem that they could not share in the wealth which filled the coffers of the lea-ers. 2. The people were bitterly of pressed. The forced free labor for So-mon's great works was exceedingly burd mon's great works was exceedingly burd some. "Although they had been dazzl by the splendor and display of Solomo yet ere long they waked up to the bitt realization of the fact that all this glitt

yet ere long they waked up to the bitt realization of the fact that all this glitt was not gold, and that the just policy David no longer guided the throne. II. Rehoboam's decision (vs. 12-15). 1 "All the people." This probably has refe ence to the ten tribes; Judah and Benj min clung to Rehoboam. "The third day Rehoboam had asked the people to wa three days for his decision (v. 5). "Th seemed reasonable on the face of it, ar yet this was one of the questions which right heart would have decided instant! It was only because there was a contest b tween his conscience and his desires th delay was needed. This was the turnin point in the life of King Rehoboam. "The sock—counsel." Rehoboam first consult with the old men (v. 6). They were the men of wisdom and ability whom Solomd in his wisdom had chosen for his advisen See Prov. 11:14; 15:22. But their couns did not suit the young king. "They advise See Prov. 11:14; 15:22. But their couns did not suit the young king. "They advise See Prov. 11:14; 15:22. But their couns did not suit the young king. "It was driven See and "speak good words to them" ( 7). But he was proud, haughty and co ceited and forsook their counsel. I should have followed it because, 1. It w right. 2. It was good for the people. It would bring the highest prosperity ar glory to the kingdom. 4. It would rend the Government more stable. 5. It wou bind the people to him. 14. "Young men." Rehoboam next co

bind the people to him. 14. "Young men." Rehoboam next co 14. "Young men." Rehobeam next co sulted the young men, his associates (v 8.9). The surget mark of a fool is that chooseth other fools for his advisers. T king made a fatal omission in seeking a vice. There is no mention made of h going to God or to one of God's prophe "I will add." This was the language of tyrant. "With whips." It is probat that the expression is not entirely figur tive. It is quite possible that the levies Amorites. Hittites, etc. (chap. 9:20, 2) had been kept at their toils by the las "With scorpions." As the ecorpion--instrument of torture with many lash like the legs of the animal of this nam and each lash armed with charp points lacerate the flesh — is a more terrik lacerate the flesh — is a more terril scourge than the common whip, so will r severity exceed my father's. This answ meant his downfall. It was the height "Brought about of the Lord" (R. V.) T course of events had been shaped by So mon's transgression, and they were left God to work out their natural results. T sin of the father was here visited on t child. The meaning is that this gre change or revolution in the Hebrew sta was brought about in the providence God as a judgment on the nation for t sins of Solomon. God foretold it by t prophet Ahijah (chap. 11:30-33); b neither Solomon's sins nor Rehoboan blind folloy and rash imprudence we from the Lord. God foresees what men w

freely do and orders His judgments mercies accordingly. III. 'The revolt of the ten tribes (vs.

20. 16. "All Israel." The leaders repr senting the ten tribes. "What portion-David." etc. Just as a kirg inherits t nation he governs, so a monarchy inherit its king. But the ten tribes had not th received David, nor probably Solom either. Seven years after David had be either. Seven years after David had be recognized as King of Judah the chieftai of the ten tribes made a special trea with him by which he should govern the The terms of this treaty we do not kno

but it was probably renewed on the accession of Solomon, and it is evident that t ten tribes now regarded it as broken

look after his dynasty: we sever our connection. 17. "Which dwelt." The Isra

ites who were members of the northe tribes, but who had homes in the cities

Judah, did not go with their own tribe but remained and quietly sumbitted to t

but remained and quietly sumbitted to the reign of Rehoboam. 18. "Sent Adoram." The chief tax construction lector and therefore one of the most of noxious in the nation. He was probab-sent to make concessions, but it was to late. "The fatal word had been gooke the rent in the nation had been made new to be healed until they shall be united Christ. the son of David, in the latt days (Ezek. 37:15-28). "Stoned him." T people in their blind rage rose up in a me With this one exception this was a blog less revolution. "Rehoboam made speed Strengthened himself. Margin, "Made u of every effort;" "exerted himself much since danger was threatening him as w as his messenger. It appears that lit time elapsed between the answer of Reh boam and the sending of Adoram to a pease the irritated leaders. This was do and Adoram killed before Rehoboam la Scheber. The haughty stern answer

pease the irritated leaders. This was do and Adoram killed before Rehoboam h Shechem. The haughty, stern answer at the sudden change to a more lenient poli markes the weak character of the n king. 19. "Israel rehelled." Where prin and people fear God there will be no bellice, but where no concent with G

and people fear God there will be no bellion, but where no covenant with G is, all human considerations fall in piece 20. "All Israel heard." When the me body of the people learned what the f assembled at Shechem knew. "Call him." etc. After the congregation at St chem was broken up and the people h

then kinz. "Judah only." Although Be jamin adhered to Rehoboam (v. 21) a

also many Israelites of other tribes (v. yet they are all looked upon as being

sorbed in the tribe of Judah.

But he ceased at last, and opening another of his lockers, drew forth a ance, that we guess'd to be Launceshorn lantern, a mallet and a chisel. Not a word was spoken as he lit the lantern ton. and passed out of the cabin, Delia and I following at his heels.

Just outside, at the foot of the steps. he stooped, pulled up a trap in the flooring, and disclosed another ladder stretching, as it seemed, down into the bowels of the ship. This we descended carefully and found ourselves in the hold, pinching our noses between finger and thumb.

For indeed the smell here was searching to a painful degree; for the room was narrow, and every inch of it contested by two puissant essences, the one of raw wool, the other of bilge water. With wool the place was filled: but also I noticed, not far from the ladder, several casks set on their ends; and to these the captain led us.

door.

look.

To my dismay there stood near a

score of chargers in this second court,

saddled and dripping with sweat.

My first thought was to rush after

plain. Doubtless he will hear-ten mil-

In a flash my decision was taken, for

rub my eyes with wonder----

have told her for Molly.

help all was lost.

open door.

lion devils!"

Delia: but a quick surprise made me

They were about a dozen in all, stacked close together; and Master Pottery, rolling two apart from the rest. dragged them to another trap and tugged out the bungs. A stream of fresh water gushed from each and splashed down the trap into the bilge below. Then, having drained them, he staved in their heads with a few blows of his mallet.

His plan for us was clear. And in a very few minutes Delia and 1 were crouching on the timbers, each with a cask inverted over us, our noses at the bungholes and our ears listening to Master Fottery's footsteps as they climbed heavily back to deck. The rest of the casks were stacked close around us, so that even had the gleom allowed, we could see nothing at all.

"Jack!"

"Delia!"

"Dost feel heroical at all?" "Not one whit. There's a trickle of water running down my back to begin

with." "And my nose it itches; and oh, what a hateful smell!' Say something to me,

Jack." "My dear." said I, "there is one thing I have been longing these weeks to say; but this seems an odd place for 4t."

"What is it?"

I pressed by lips to the bunghole, and----

"I love you." said I. There was silence for a moment, and then within Delia's cask the sound of muffled laughter.

shrill above the hubbub----"Delia," I urged, "I mean it, upon my oath, will marry me, sweetheart?"

"Must get out of this cask first. Oh, Leave me-I am ta'en-and ride, dear Jack, what a dear goose thou art ?" | lad-ride!" And the laughter began again.

I was going to answer, when I heard better or worse. 'I dash'd out around a loud shouting overhead. 'Twas the the house, vaulted the gate, and catchsound of some one hailing the ship, ing at Molly's mane, leap'd into the and, thought I, "the troopers are on | saddle. A dozen troopers were at the gate

us." , They were in truth. Soon I heard and two had their pistols levell'd.

up a road that was to lead us inland. "Sell me a horse. "Twenty guineas will I give for one We follow'd the road rapidly; for within five minutes, and more if he be Delia, whom I had made sharer of the good! I ride on the King's errand." rebels' secret, agreed that no time was "Sell thee a horse? Hire thee a bed, to be lost in reaching Bodmin, that man, more like. Nay, then, lad--" lay a good thirty miles to the south-But I saw her no longer; only called west. Night fell and the young moon rose, with a brisk breeze at our backs

'Oh-oh!" twice, like a little child, and slipping my hold of the saddle, dropp'd that kept us still walking without any feeling of weariness. By daybreak we forward on her breast. I was roused by the touch of a hand spied a hill in front, topp'd with a stout thrust in against my naked breast, castle, and under it a town of import-

over my heart. "Who is it?" I whispered. "Joan." answered a voice, and the

We now drew up to consider if we hand with withdrawn. should enter the town or avoid it to "Joan-what besides?"

the west, trusting to find a breakfast "Joan's enough, I reckon; lucky for in some tavern on the way. Because thee 'tis none else. Joan o' the Tor we knew not with certainty the temper folks call me, but may yet be Joan of the country, it seem'd best to choose this second course; so we fetch'd i' Good Time. So hold thy peace, lad, an' cry out so little as may be." around by certain barren meadows, I felt the ripping of my jacket sleeve

and thought curselves lucky to hit on and shirt, now clotted and stuck to the a road that, by the size, must be flesh. It pain'd cruelly, but I shut my the one we sought, and a tavern with teeth; and after that came the smart a wide yard before it and a carter's and delicious ache of water, as she van standing at the entrance, not three rinsed the wound.

gunshots from the town walls. "Clean through the flesh, lad-in an' "Now Providence hath surely led us to breakfast." said Delfa, and stepp'd out, like country dancin'. No bullet to probe nor bone to set. Heart up, soce! before me into the yard, toward the Thy mother shall kiss thee yet. What's

thy name?" I was following her when, inside of a "Marvel, John-Jack Marvel." gate to the right of the house. I caught "An' marvel 'tis thou'rt Marvel yet. the gleam of steel, and turn'd aside to Good blood there's in thee, but little

enow." (To be continued.)

Pointed Paragraphs.

Sometimes a man's shady character keeps him in hot water. What a pity it is that popular theor-

'Twas the sight of a sorrel mare ics are not always practical. among them-a mare with one high Some men would die young if they white stocking. In a thousand I could were compelled to work for a living. Train up a hired girl in the way Three seconds after I was at the tavshe should go and it won't be long ern door, and in my ears a voice sounduntil she's gone.

ing that stopp'd me short and told Lots of men have so much genius that they are unable to do anything me in one instant that without God's but sit in the shade and think about 'Twas the voice of Captain Settle

If a man's wife docsn't think him at speaking in the taproom; and already least three times smarter than he really Delia stood, past concealment, by the is, then he married the wrong woman. A married woman is disappointed " . . . And therefore, master carwhen she starts away for a two weeks' ter, it grieves me to disappoint thee; visit unless her husband looks heartbut no man goeth this day toward Bod-

min. Such be my Lord of Stamford's broken. It costs at least ten times as much orders, whose servant I am, and as to live according to the requirements captain of this troop I am sent to exact them. As they displease you, his of fashion as it does to live according to the demands of nature. - Chicago lordship is but twenty-four hours behind; you can abide him and com-News.

Thoroug: ly Married. James Brazil and Mrs. Aggie Turper, I heard his shout as he caught sight of Cashion, Okia., have created a recof Delia. I saw his crimson face as he ord by being married three times in one day. They first sought the prodart'd out and gripp'd her. I saw, or half saw, the troopers crowding out bate judge at Kingfisher. Okla., and after him. For a moment I hesitated. as there was a contest over the office Then came my pretty comrade's voice, they got both candidates to marry them. Not feeling satisfied as to the "Jack-they have horses outside! legality of the ceremony, they returned to Cashion and were married again by a minister.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

> When a burgler makes a clean sweep he leaves little to be desired.

It is sometimes possible to put up a good front without much backing

preme, all important, never-to-be-forgotten mission of the church of Curist. But how is the gospel to be preached in our crowded cities to-day? It is as im-portant to know the way as the destinaportant to know the way is the desine tion when one is trying to reach a definite point in the world. Some men fancy that the city needs nothing more than a coun-try village—a preacher and a building—to have the gospel preached with power. There was a famous test case of that preaching on the East Side in Manhattan. A man of ability determined to preach the gospel every Sunday and do nothing else, believing that people would come as they day. After several years he gave up the work as a proved failure. He was a John the Baptist crying in the city wilderness, but unlike John's experience the people did not come out to listen to the voice. did before the city became what it is to And I believe it is because they were wait And I believe it is because they were wait-ing for the Christ. Not the voice in the wilderness, but the man to go about doing good, healing, strengthening, encouraging, inspiring. Sermons, services and prayer meetings are preaching the gospel and do good. Many of us could not live without them. But they do not mean disc preach good. Many of us could not live without them. But they do not monopolize preach-ing the gospel. Did Jesus do nothing but preach and teach? The church needs to learn anew the message of the incarnation, learn anew the message of the incarnation, the truth that life is imparted only through a life. We are Christ's body. May we prove it by going, as He went, into the highways and back alleys, doing good, bringing hope to the discouraged, lifting up the fallen, taking little children into our arms and so assuring them as Christ

our arms, and so assuring them as Christ assured the world that love reigns enassured the world that love reigns en-throned above this world of pain, sorrow and hardship. When the church is a man-ifestation of Christ among men, as Jesus was of God, not mcrely by speaking and singing and communion, but by living, working, helping in the world the gospei of Christ will be truly preached. Let me specify. One man may stand in a pulpit by telling of God's love, give hope to some poor mother who is almost in de-epair over her boy. Another man, ani-

spair over her boy. Another man, ani-mated by God's love, may furnish a club room where young men may spend their evenings apart from the dangers of the sa-loon, and by so doing give hope to the mother whose boy goes there. Both preach the gospel of hope, one in words and the other in deeds. A preacher gives a strong sermon against the saloon and his hearers he is preaching the gospel. A mar say starts a cooking class where women learn to make food so wholesome that their hus-bands and sons do not longer have the debands and sons do not longer have the de-sire for drink. Are not both preaching the gospel of the more abundant life? You see what this means. The church is preaching the good tidings of love through every agency which gives hope to men, and makes the. , feel their brotherhood among men and the Fatherhood in God. You know the way the churches have shirked responsibility for this kind of preaching, the kind that is effective in our

preaching, the kind that is effective in our crowded districts. It is one of the saddest chapters in the history of Christianity Churches among our tenements, with few splendid exceptions, have sold out and moved up town, with their wealthier mem bors leaving their poorer members as sheep without a shepherd in the "city wilder One will hunt far before finding a ness.' more un-Christian spectacle than the exo dus of the Christian churches from the ten ement districts where the harvest is ready. The reason usually given is the removal of the rich to the suburbs and the failure of the poor to a ntribute liberally. So the poor are blama for the church's infidality.

hese, but poir ts the He was among men as a servant. By His life of service, now with sermons, now with deeds, but always with a life spreading a contagion of love, courage, hope, manliness, sincerity, He, the servant, so profoundly touched the hearts of men that nen have risen up and crowned Him King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

#### Affliction That Pays.

A psalmist once said: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes." He might not have sought the ways of God had he not found his own ways hedged about him. His experience was that of a great number of men who discovered riches in affliction which were otherwise not to be found. The depth humar love and sympath, would never be known were it at for affliction. Through sor-row there has often ourse a wealth of love and affection, marvelous in its of love and affection, marvelous in its sweetness and power. It was not until he was afflicted that the psalmist saw the glory of the ncly law. It  $\cdot$  in affliction also that the  $\pi$ -ory of human love shines out, richer by far because it is charged with the holy love of God. Yes, it is  $\pi$ -doen price to pay, but in the situration dear price to pay but in the after-glow we shall be able to say that it was worth paying .- Baptist Union.

#### The Power of a Godly Life.

In a recent article, the Rev. Schauffler incidentally said: I h Dr. who used to be teacher in our school who used to be a sailor—a godly man. He knew little of history, and nothing of science; but he knew Jesus. He so taught his class that everyone found the Savior, and made public confession. By and by he came to me and said: 'Take my class away. I am uneducated. I can't lead them any higher; but I have led them to Christ. Give me,' he said, 'a new class that does not know Christ, and I will try to lead them to the Shenherd.' I cave him a new teacher in our school them to the Shepherd.' I gave him a new class, and before he died everyone had found the Savior. What was the po-tency in that uneducated man? Was it his humble trust in Him who can tor sanctify whatever word is spoken?"

Our Responsibility.

"Others sin against us and with us and in spite of us, but none can sin for us. Whenever that is done we have to do it ourselves." It were well for the weak ones of earth, yea, and some who count themselves strong, to ponder on this truth. Men are prone to blame others for their Men are prone to blame others for there misdeeds. This one tempted or the other led astray. And so the conscience is soothed, the still, small voice quieted. The consequence is that the experience, in all probability, is repeated in kind when a little wholesome remorse for sin, a putting of the real blame where it be-longs, would save much. No one can sin for us Whenever that is done we longs, would save much. No one can sin for us. Whenever that is done we have to do it ourselves. - Philadelphia

It is the irony of history that Christ's entry into Palestine is so often misinter-preted. To me there is hardly more bitter irony in the life of Jesus than to speak of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The multitude came out to meet Him, threw their garments and palm branches in front of Hin, and the people sang. But what of the central figure? He saw the great city, and wept over it. What a conirast was that with the triumphal march of a conqueror.-Rev. Dr. A. A. Berle,

## His Father's Watchword.

cr. He had a habit of which he never spoke to us, nor we to him. He was a quarryman, and I often heard him go downstairs on dark mornings. Standing on the threshold before passing out he would say aloud, 'I go to-day in God's name.' I can never forget the impression this made upon me, and thankfully say to-day, 'My father's God is ; ne,'" right. You'll get in, Bob." "With all the wrongs I 'ave on me,

boy?" The breath had left 'lim's body. The sergeant glanced at Bob and saw a look of sergeant glanced at Bob and saw a look of content spread over his face. The dawn was full upon the field. A drowsy numb-ness came over him, and when he woke out of it he found himself in the camp hosten tribes now regarded it as broken Rehoboam. Their loyalty to him was a nulled by his own action. The phra "son of Jesse" is a taunt, like "carpenter son" in Matt. 13:55. "To your tents This was probably a popular war cry, da ing from the *d* vs of the exodus, when t whole nation lived in tents. But we are remember also that a great multitude w now crowded about a town, and doubtle many were at this time dwelling in tent "Now see," etc. Let David's descendan look after his dynasty: we sever our co

He told the story afterward to his comrades. It was long before the tale got be-yond the regiment, for soldiers do not tell all the stories they have lived and seen; but every man in the regiment knew of Bob's first and last prayer. A sermon had been preached to them that they did not forget.—Youth's Companion.

### Decline in the Ministry.

In his Day of Prayer address at Prince-ton, President Patton denied that there is a decline in quality of men entering the ministry, though he conceded that there is a falling off in numbers. The argument that young men are more largely influenced by mercenary motives and the attractions of other professions did not impress him. He thought the decrease in numbers more He thought the decrease in numbers more probably due to the intellectual unrest in our colleges. "Students go into them with a goodly measure of domestic piety and come out not knowing where they stand." "Let your philosophers go run-ring about the country, reading papers on new theories, thinking that they must win their spurs by so doing, and your re-ligious life in their institutions grows sleepy or becomes sadly weakened." President Patton declared that we need philosophers who are not only able to say that they believe in God, but who say it in a way that will make their hearers believe also in Jesus Christ as their only Saviour. The president concluded: "We need to pray for the professors in our colleges."-Advance.

#### When Sin Comes.

Temptation is not sin, yet much dis-tress arises from not understanding this fact. The very suggestion of wrong seems to bring pollution with it. The poor, tempted soul feels as if it must be very bad indeed, and very far off from God to have such thoughts and suggestions. It is the enemy's grand ruse for entrapping us. But it is no more a sin to hear these whispers of evil in our souls than to hear the wicked talk of had men as we walk along the talk of bad men as we walk along the street. The sin comes only by our stopping and joining in with them.-H. A. Smith.

#### Seeds That Will Grow.

Fei. Kempis.

Grace is of a growing nature; in the way to Zion they go from strength to strength.—Thomas Boston.

What is being religious but always see-ing God's infinite love in everything and loving Him all the time.-J. F. Clarke. solid and substantial greatness of Α soul looks down with neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude. Addison.

#### Goodness is beauty in its best estate .-Marlaws

#### Locust Plague.

Egypt is threatened with a plague locusts, and the Government has called out the army of forced laborers to combat the pest. Owing to the young locust's habit of never turning back or aside when once started in a certain direction, it is possible, by digging trenches, sometimes miles in length, to entrap the invading hosts and destroy them. That, of course, must be done before the locusts take to

the wing. At that stage nothing can stop their rayages, and they sweep everything before them.

#### Italian Pilgrims.

Over 10,000 pilgrims from all parts of Italy have been visiting Rome.

End of World in Ninety Years. The end of the world in ninety years has been predicted by Dr. John Rober son at the evangelical services in Austi "The Day of Judgment is at hand," said. "Roughly speaking, about 2000 year elapse between the comings of the Lor After He created man it was 2000 years After He created man it was 2000 ye until He appeared again and 2000 me until the coming of Christ. Reasoning inductive analogy, the Lord is about for the fourth time, and this time will come as a Judge."

#### Valparaiso's Harbor.

The harbor of Valparaiso, the importa port of Chile, is only an open roadste in which 152 ships have been wreck through storms causing them to drag th anchors. The water in the bay is v deep in most places, and it has been of clared impracticable to build a wall acro the mouth of the bay. Therefore, a nu ber of walls or breakwaters will be bu at a cost of \$10,950,000.

#### Turbine Engines.

The Belgian authorities have decided add three, instead of one, turbine m packets to their Dover-Ostend service. T turbine engines and machinery are to constructed in England and the vessels Belgium. The vessels are to make t passage of sixty-two knots in about two hours and twenty minutes.

Young People. No Triumphal Entry.

# alem, Mass.

The Rev. John McNeill, the popular

vangelist, says: "I owe more than I can tell to my fath-