

ON THE SCENT;

OR, TRACED BY A DIVINING ROD.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER III.

"Women are easily satisfied when they know no better; rest assured of that. Antoinette will know no better; also she will be a great protection to me, she has about her some of the mysterious gift—but I trouble you. I stay too long."

"Rigaud," said Mr. Denstone, earnestly, "be advised by me. Do justice to your child. You have no right to condemn her to this paltry life when she has been born to better things. Believe me, the happiness will soon compensate you for any sacrifice."

"I hate the word 'sacrifice,'" said Monsieur Rigaud; "and, believe me, my dear friend, it is totally unnecessary. You know the old proverb, 'What the eye doth not see the heart doth not grieve over.' It is absolutely applicable to this case. So why should I not indulge my predilections for a quiet and unpretentious life?"

"I have, of course, no right to interfere," the old Frenchman bowed. The bow was full of a kind of fine irony which irritated Mr. Denstone considerably.

"I have said all I can presume to say," he said, rather fiercely.

"I am obliged to you for your good advice," said Monsieur Rigaud; then swiftly turning the conversation, "and more obliged to you still for your most kind invitation. With your permission I return at once to my hotel, there to pack my clothes, and I will return this evening before dinner to install myself under your most hospitable roof."

Monsieur Rigaud was just going, when a sudden thought occurred to Mr. Denstone, and he strode after him toward the door.

"Rigaud," he said, "it has just occurred to me I should like to give you one word of warning. Do not deceive yourself with the idea that when you are at home at Goucy you can preserve now the strict incognito that was doubtless possible twenty years ago. You are a well-known personage both in London and Liverpool, not only for your financial acuteness but for your enormous wealth. They tell me the railway runs through Goucy now. Where the railway goes, modern civilization follows. It will be difficult for you to preserve your reputation for poverty even in so quiet a spot. Doubtless your frequent absences have been a fruitful source of conjecture and gossip in the cafes."

"Not at all, not at all. I am known to be a commercial traveler. I and my bag have been known on the line the last thirty years, and as for suspicions in the minds of Goucy folks—Peste! my dear friend, you who live in towns can form no idea whatever of the obtuseness of country brains."

"I can form a very good idea of the acuteness of town brains," muttered Mr. Denstone, but he only drew back, saying half apologetically, "I meant to throw no reflection on your country folk, Rigaud."

Monsieur Rigaud bowed again, and murmuring, "My respects to madame, and entreaties that I may in no way derange her," he went away.

Mr. Denstone turned to Arthur, who had been seated during the whole conversation near the window, apparently engaged in reading the Times.

"That is a curious study, Arthur," he said. "What is your opinion? Is he mad?"

"No," said his nephew, "not unless the cupid of a miser is really a sort of mania. It is taking complete possession of him, body and soul. You can see it in his very hands, the fingers beginning to crook themselves, the tips pointed and claw-like, the furtive glance over his shoulder. 'The wretched man!' exclaimed Mr. Denstone, walking up and down the room. 'Did you ever hear such consummate egotism? As to his wealth, my dear fellow, that man has capital worth thirty thousand a year at the lowest possible calculation of interest, and where is it? Tell me that. Into what is he dissolving it?'"

"He could not carry about the bullion even were he fool enough to convert it into gold; and I hear of his closing banking accounts in all directions. I wish he were not coming here. I cannot bear him now."

"Where can the child be?"

"He said 'at school.' It is a mercy that he has the decency to give her some sort of education at all events. As for her fate, shut up at Goucy with an old miser for her sole companion, it is a miserable prospect. God help her!"

"He must die some day," said Arthur.

"Die!" cried Mr. Denstone. "Those sort of people never die! I must go and tell your aunt that it is coming here. She won't like it at all."

CHAPTER IV.

Monsieur Rigaud arrived in time for dinner. He entered the drawing room, where he found Arthur dressed first, amusing himself by half-petting, half-irritating his aunt's pet pug. The dog, who wanted to be let alone, kept making odd little yaps and snarlings. "Ah, your good uncle keeps some of these little hounds!" said Monsieur Rigaud, seating himself at some distance from Chloe's black muzzle. "They are said to be a great protection."

"They are only little useless playthings of my aunt's," said Arthur, smiling. "She is very fond of them; but as for protection, I don't fancy they are very courageous."

Monsieur Rigaud was looking furiously at Arthur's stalwart form.

"You are very tall and very strong," he said, interrogatively.

"Yes, I am both."

"It is a fine thing to have so perfect a physique," said the old Frenchman, rather plaintively. "Nobody would like to meddle with you."

"I don't think they would," said Arthur, smiling. "Only, of course, one may be one against numbers."

"True. I wish I was strong like you," he went on; "and I wish my life were of as little value as yours. Stay! I did not mean that. Do not be offended."

"I am not in the least offended," said Arthur, laughing. "My life can certainly not be considered the least valuable just now. I hope to make it so in time."

"Ah, yes, doubtless, of course you will; but meanwhile?"

"Certainly it does not matter."

"Meanwhile. How well you speak. I have a box, a little box. It contains papers of no value to any one but myself; to others useless, but to me inestimable. I went into your room just now. It was a mistake. I would not have intruded for the world, but I am a man of quick observation. I could not help seeing you had there a strong cupboard with a good lock, a firm, new lock; a mahogany cupboard."

"Yes," said Arthur. "It is so. There is a stout old wardrobe there. I hang my coats in it."

"There is nothing of the kind in my room," said Monsieur Rigaud. "Nowhere to put my little box. And the housemaid looked at it so much. What sort of a woman is that housemaid?"

"A very good servant, I believe," said Arthur, carelessly. "The servants all are good here."

"It is a small favor to ask," said Monsieur Rigaud. "That box, might I leave it in your charge?"

"With pleasure," said Arthur. "You shall lock it up there yourself."

"You are strong, you are young," said Monsieur Rigaud, admiringly; "and those whose lives are of small value live longest and in most safety. You are sure it will in no way derange you?"

"By no means," said Arthur, who could not help inwardly laughing at the naive rudeness of the old Frenchman.

"Then let us lose no time," said Monsieur Rigaud, leading the way upstairs.

He brought in his box, a black dressing case or dispatch box of strong leather, strapped and double strapped and fastened with a Bramah lock. He put it in Arthur's cupboard and nestled it among his boots in the farther corner. He then locked the cupboard and deliberately placed the key in his pocket.

"But stop," said Arthur. "Let me at least get all the clothes I want tomorrow morning."

Monsieur Rigaud gave up the key very reluctantly, and Arthur good-naturedly bundled out his clothes, and, relocking it, returned him the key. They went downstairs and found their host and hostess ready for dinner.

Arthur slept soundly that night, very soundly, as his vigorous health and clear conscience enabled him to do. But about 2 o'clock he awoke suddenly with the odd sensation that there was some one in the room. Arthur had plenty of presence of mind. He made no movement, but lay perfectly still, and through a chink in the curtain surveyed what was passing in his room.

The shutters were unclosed and the moon shone in, making a brilliant white square on the ground, as if a sheet had been laid on the floor; beyond the square of light it was black darkness, only the dim outline visible of the big mahogany wardrobe with its door open.

Some one was moving with a most unnatural stillness of movement. Straining his eyes Arthur fancied he could make out something—a person sitting on the floor; but the complete outline was broken by the open door of the wardrobe. He held his breath and watched more closely.

"Good Heavens!" he thought. "So it was not a delusion of the old fellow's after all. His box was valuable, and some blackguard is after it."

He was just about to spring out of bed when he was arrested in time. Into the square of moonlight, for one brief instant, came a hand; the light gleamed on it, and he recognized at once the long, lean fingers, with their sharp, claw-like tips slightly hooked downward. It was the old man himself.

The tension of Arthur's feelings relaxed into something like contempt and even a little amusement for the present. He was careful not to move; he was afraid of frightening Monsieur Rigaud into some kind of fit. But the sight soon became grotesque, almost ghastly. The old man's face came into the light. The thin, hooked nose, the sharply defined black shadows cast on the ground, the old, claw-like movement of the hands, seemed to Arthur as if he were watching a creature half-vulture, half-human.

Then came the sound of his voice, the low whisper of a man counting. "One, two, three, four," and so on. Arthur could not see what he was counting; that was within the black case; but it was something the old man loved, for his fingers fondled it, his face leered and gloated over it. It seemed interminable, for the counting went on up to hundreds, even further, when suddenly the close struck 3, and Monsieur Rigaud started so sharply that something in the black box jingled and rattled. He hastily thrust in a mass of cotton wool that he gathered up from the darkness beside him, thrust it in, made all tight, replaced the box, took

away the key with him, and departed with the same extraordinary silence with which he had come.

Arthur heaved a sigh of relief as the door closed noiselessly behind him. "I can't stand this another night," he said to himself. "If the old heathen cannot sleep without counting his treasures, he must change rooms with me; he shan't come into mine to do it."

The next morning at breakfast Monsieur Rigaud asked Arthur if anything had disturbed him in the night. He answered "Yes; that he had been greatly disturbed, but would explain later." Monsieur Rigaud's face turned more yellow than ever, but he changed the subject with all the grace of a Frenchman apologizing for having made a mal-apropos remark. When they were alone Arthur told him that his own sensations had troubled him; that he had an inward conviction that the casket left in his charge was of greater value than he had thought. He was afraid of the responsibility, and he proposed an exchange of apartments. Monsieur Rigaud accepted with alacrity, and from thenceforth to the end of the week, when he departed, the Denstones saw little of him. He spent the whole day in his room, locking it up with the greatest care when he was obliged to leave it, and manifesting so strong a dislike to any inroad of housemaids that they remarked to each other that he was only going to stay a week, for his room would be unfit for any respectable dog to live in, let alone a Christian.

Arthur, meanwhile, had been gaining in the graces of his new-found relations, and he would have been quite happy in the pleasant consciousness that he was both giving pleasure to them and also beginning to help to the severe necessities at home, but for a letter from Tola which drew him back into the region of wories for the time. Tola did not often write; she had really more on her hands than she could get through properly; but for her, the little ones would have grown up untaught and neglected; but for her, the mother would never have been able to sit down for five minutes. She had had a little disappointment lately, not a very great one, but still one that weighed on her a little. The first fruits of Arthur's ten pounds had been the long-coveted cashmere gowns for the girls, and one for the dear mother, too; but, like a true man, he had followed the advice of the linen draper's man and had bought dress-lengths. Ten yards would have amply sufficed for Tola and for her mother; but ten yards for Janet! that was impossible. Tola was the first to see it, and the first to suggest a remedy. Janet should have five of hers; and the remaining five would make a frock for Letty. Janet would not have accepted it, but the stuff was all cut out by Tola's deft little fingers before she knew or could remonstrate.

One person observed it, but that was because of the extraordinary perspicacity of his gaze whenever Tola was concerned. This was the vicar, a grave, tall gentleman of nearly forty, John Irvine by name, who lived with his mother in St. John's vicarage, and was beloved by the poor, and rather feared than liked by the rich. He seemed to know instinctively how things stood. He would talk to Janet, and give her directions as to her school teaching and her district visiting; but he never gave directions to Tola, and once, when he saw her wistfully when he spoke of some sick person Janet was to visit, he turned to her and said, with the rare, sweet smile that used to lighten up his grave features: "Grand old George Herbert would appreciate your life, Miss Denstone."

She did not thank him, but the fine light came back into her eyes. She thought a good deal of the few words he said to her, feeling that she was a little household drudge and he like some saint of old days.

But though Tola's letters were rare, they were generally very full of matter, and this one carried Arthur back at once into the society of the home circle.

To be Continued.

How Water Acts.

Water contracts as it falls from the normal boiling point, 212 degrees, until it reaches thirty-nine degrees. Below that degree it expands, and at thirty-two degrees, the freezing point, it will expand enough to burst pipes and vessels holding it.

When the pressure of the air is below normal, water boils at a lower temperature than 212 degrees. This is noticed before a rain, when the barometer shows by a falling mercury a decreased air pressure. This also explains why water boils away more rapidly, quickly or at a lower temperature in the mountains, where the pressure of the air is less than on the seacoast or in the valleys. If sugar or salt is added to water the temperature of the boiling point is raised a few degrees. As a rule, as water is heated it will hold a greater amount of substance in solution. A familiar exception is the fact that ice water will dissolve twice as much lime as boiling water. At the other extreme boiling water will dissolve seventeen times as much saltpetre as cold water. But water varies in its solvent powers regardless of heat. One pound of water will hold two pounds of sugar in solution, but only two ounces of common salt.

All in Sixes.

A peculiar run in sixes occurred in the County Clerk's office recently. Thomas Albany—you will notice six letters in each name—drew \$6 in fees on September 6, 1906. The number of the case on which the fees were drawn was 49,666, and it was inocket 60. He received for it in cash book 6, page 666.—Columbus Dispatch.

Curious Korean Animal.

A countryman reported that a curious animal had appeared in the district of Chungwha. It has long hair and is different from anything before seen there. It roams through the villages at night, and many domestic animals have been carried off by it.—Korea Daily News.

The Farm

Food For Poultry.

An experienced poultryman says three parts of ground sunflower seed and one part cracked corn is a fine mixture for fattening poultry. Where only a small quantity is grown the best results are obtained by throwing the heads to the poultry and let them have the exercise of picking out the seeds.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Grow Forage and Feed It.

One of the greatest helps, then, to the farmer in cheapening the cost of his crop is the production of forage of high feeding value and the feeding of it to cattle, thus adding the cattle to his sources of income, and from their manure spread broadcast on his land increasing the humus content and furnishing a valuable plant food.—Progressive Farmer.

Kick the Barn Door.

One writer advises his readers not to kick the cow when they get mad, but to go and kick the barn door. A farmer may be considered insane who would kick the barn door, but there is about as much sense and a great deal more benefit to the cow in so doing than to give the cow a sound thrashing for something she cannot reason out.—Florida Agriculturist.

To Measure an Acre.

To measure an acre, tie a ring at each end of a rope, the distance being sixty-six feet between them; tie a piece of colored cloth exactly in the middle of this. One acre of ground will be four times the length and two and a half times the width, or the equal of sixteen rods one way and ten rods the other, making the full acre 160 square rods. Keep the rope dry so it will not stretch. A rod is sixteen and a half lineal feet. An acre is 4840 square yards, or 43,560 square feet.—American Cultivator.

The Farm Horse.

I find it is cheaper in the long run to keep the farm horses in a healthy, thriving condition. Neglect sooner or later is apt to bring on heavy cost. Poorly ventilated and damp stables are liable to bring on coughs and colds and other diseases.

Regularity in feeding is more important than I used to think it was. If horses are disappointed by failure to feed them at the proper time they become uneasy and do not thrive so well, while irregular feeding with different kinds of food is more liable to bring on colic and indigestion.

The food should be regulated according to the work done. A great deal of food is wasted through the winter by overfeeding and careless feeding.—J. C. C., in the American Cultivator.

Money in Good Management.

By having good pasture as many months in the year as possible, one will be able to carry his dairy cows through the twelvemonth at small cost, and they will supply fertilizer to improve the plowed part of the farm. Supposing that one-half or one-third of the farm was used for cultivated crops with such management, it would be possible to make that one-half or one-third yield as much net profit as all the farm under the system of farming that is all too common now, and the direct profit from the pasture or dairy would remain as so much extra profit. That good management would materially aid in the paramount problem of fewer acres and more bales, bushels or tons per acre, with more net profit got more certainly.—Progressive Farmer.

Rats.

My experience quite agrees with the remedy of H. C. B., which you published recently. For readers who have not complete files this seems worth repeating. It is a radical and absolutely clean cure, as follows: In a dwelling the rat holes will be found in the cellar against the foundation wall, and be sure to find all the holes and pour into and around each one a good supply of pine tar, not coal tar. In forty-eight hours there will not be a single rat in the house, and they can be kept out by replenishing the tar when it becomes hard. A two-quart can of tar will keep the house clear for a twelvemonth. The writer, many years since, drove out and kept out of his house a great body of rats for all the years he lived in that house after he learned how.—A. J. P., in the Country Gentleman.

Farm Tools Lost.

Many farm tools are lost because the farmer has no definite place to keep them and could not find them when wanted. These lost tools often come to light in course of time unless spoiled by rust and neglect. Many an implement has to be replaced in a year or two which would have lasted a long time if given proper care. Besides the injury to the tools it is probable that most farmers waste more time searching for tools that are wanted for use than would amount to the damage done to tools by neglect. It is not difficult to get into the habit of keeping each tool and implement in a convenient place and returning it to that place after use. It is much easier to walk a considerable distance to one known place than it is to go here and there in the attempt to locate a tool that has no place in particular for storage.—American Cultivator.

Pure Food For Animals.

George B. McCabe, solicitor of the Department of Agriculture, remarks that the national pure food law is for the benefit of beasts as well as human beings. The following example is cited: Suppose a farmer living in Indiana, near Chicago, should haul his hay into the Illinois metropolis for marketing. Suppose, also, that this farmer claims his hay to be timothy. If he sells it under this claim and the purchaser discovers that the hay contains red top the farmer is liable to prosecution under the pure food law. Quite proper. Likewise, presumably, the faithful horse who at the dinner hour finds shoe pegs served, when the menu calls for oats.

will have quite as good a ground of complaint under the law as the unsuspecting housewife upon whom the unscrupulous peddler foists nutmegs made of basswood. In this war on the sale of fraudulent foods let no guilty man escape.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Pork Raising.

To sum up the few essential elements involved in profitable pork production they include good quality in the breeding stock, as the pure-bred sire is the farmer's best friend in all live stock breeding, although some do not realize this fact and think that a common-bred sire will do as well. The pure-bred sire is prepotent and will have a uniform class of offspring, possessing quality, while the other will impress or intensify upon his offspring lack of quality or perfection and the difference in the price of the two will not justify the results.

Provide range, an abundance of grass and succulent feed, a well balanced ration, regularly fed, also charcoal, ashes and salt and an abundance of pure water. If not blessed with natural shade in the summer provide it. Have dry, clean, comfortable pens, with abundance of sunlight, stock kept free from vermin, good troughs and clean feeding floors, and success invariably will be the reward.—R. E. Roberts, Corliss, Wis.

Crimson Clover.

Can it be sown in summer in growing corn, to plow under the following spring, without injuring the corn? J. B. A., Logansport, Ind. Answer: Yes. Sow ten pounds of seed per acre immediately preceding the last cultivation. If that is done with an implement having eight or ten moderate sized teeth, similar to a spring-tooth cultivator, it will be better than if the last cultivation is given by an implement having fewer and larger teeth. Ordinarily, clover seeds sink into the ground and grow without being covered, but at the season when it is proposed to sow it the ground may be dry, and heavy rains may not supply sufficient moisture; therefore it is best either to harrow or cultivate in the seed, although success frequently comes by sowing immediately after the cultivator when heavy rains quickly follow the sowing. It will not injure the corn to any appreciable extent. We are inclined to believe that the shade the clover furnishes is a compensation for the moisture and plant food which the roots take from the soil. Frequently this crimson clover is killed during late winter and spring, but this need not discourage you from sowing it, since the quantity of nitrogen and other plant food which it will gather or set free for the use of following plants is very large, although there may be no clover in May to plow under. If it lives through the winter nicely, so much the better. The seed may be sown from horseback, the horse being muzzled if the corn is tall.—Country Gentleman.

Chicks Dying in the Shell.

It is nearly time for those who have incubators to begin to put them to work. The papers and incubator catalogues are full of reports of wonderful success with incubators, and there must be good results as a rule or people would not buy them, but we seldom hear of the failures. Mrs. Comper, writing to the Florida Poultry Journal, gives a bit of her experience as follows:

My experience with incubation may be of benefit to some one. I would be glad if some one else would try it and make a report through our paper, in order that notes on results might be compared, perhaps profitably for all of us.

I can't remember just how many infertile eggs I had—fifteen, I think. They were eggs I ordered, and I was afraid I would get them too hot, so I run the incubator rather low.

I have noticed that when I run the incubator a little high—that is, a little past the mark—and had plenty of moisture I get better hatches. Every fertile egg, except three, hatched one time, and every one except five at another time. These were my best and they were hatched when it was warm and I kept the temperature up as high as I dared.

I take time in turning and cooling eggs. I leave them out and then leave the door open, unless it is cold until I trim and fill the lamp. Then I bring the temperature up slowly, but surely.

Now, I do not mean that I run the temperature as much as one-half degree higher than the directions, but full up to a hair's breadth past the mark which is given in the instruction book with your machine. I firmly believe that low heat is one cause of egg weakness. I always turn the eggs twice daily from the day they are laid until the day before they are hatched.

Maine's Wasted Wood.

There are 15,000 cords of wood at a modest estimate going to rot in York County, according to John Merserve, the agent for the Bideford Record, who knows every crossroad and about every farm in the county. This wood is left by the portable mills in the shape of tops. It is not cut up, because it would cost more than it is worth to haul it to market, so it lies there rotting on lots stripped by the portable mills. Mr. Merserve says that he was offered as much as he wanted of oak, maple and beech tops for sixty cents a cord. In some cases, where the stripped lots are far enough to make it worth while farmers are saving their own wood and cutting up this refuse for fuel, paying twenty-five cents a cord. In one lot over in Lyman he estimates that there are 500 cords of good wood going to waste.—Kennebec Journal.

The Alternative.

The milk dealer, fined for selling a watered article, protested. "Why," he exclaimed, indignantly, "if I didn't water the milk half of my customers wouldn't get any."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR FEBRUARY 2.

Subject: Jesus the Saviour of the World, John 3:1-21—Golden Text, John 3:16—Commit Verses 14-16—Commentary.

TIME.—A. D. 27. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPOSITION.—I. Look and Live, 14, 15. Nicodemus was the teacher of the cross (Rom. 8:3; 2 Cor. 5:21; Gal. 3:13; John 1:23:32). All the Israelites bitten by the fiery serpent had to do to find life was simply to believe in the power of the serpent on the pole to heal and to show his faith by just looking. So all we have to do is simply to believe in the power of Jesus, made in the likeness of sinful flesh and lifted on the cross, to heal and to show our faith by just looking. As soon as the Israelite looked he had life in his veins instead of death. So we have death in us until we look, but the moment we really look to Jesus, believe on Him, then we have life coursing in our veins; life—spiritual life—takes the place of death, we are saved eternally. (1) The origin of salvation is God's love. (2) The ground of salvation—the death of Christ (God gave His only begotten Son). (3) The condition of salvation—"believe on Him." (4) The recipients of salvation—"Whosoever believeth." (5) The results of salvation. (a) Shall not perish. (b) Shall have eternal life. The verse also contains a marvelous revelation of God's love. (1) The objects of God's love—"the world." (2) The character of God's love: (a) Great—holding nothing back. (b) Self-sacrificing—giving His very best. (c) Holy—not forgiving sin without an adequate expression of His hatred of it. (3) The manifestation of God's love, in the gift of His only begotten Son. (4) The purpose of God's love—to save. (5) The result of God's love—whosoever believeth shall have everlasting life. Verses 14 and 15 were spoken by Jesus Himself. He speaks of Himself, as He usually did, as the "Son of Man." Verse 16 is spoken by John, and he speaks of Jesus as the "only begotten Son." It is common teaching nowadays that Jesus was the Son of God only in the sense that all men are sons of God, but the Bible clearly teaches that He was the Son of God in a sense that no other Christian is. Jesus claims this title for Himself (Mark 12:6, R. V.; John 5:22, 23; 14:9). God sent His Son into the world to save it—not to condemn it (v. 17), but whoever will not receive Jesus is condemned, and condemned already. If we fall in with God's purposes, then we are saved. If we reject God's purpose of love, then He who would save us brings the greater condemnation of (e. Heb. 10:28, 29). The one who rejects Jesus is condemned ALREADY. It is not so much that the wrath of God is coming upon those who reject Jesus Christ at some future time, the wrath of God, the intense displeasure of God, already hangs over every one who rejects Jesus. If we continue to reject, the wrath of God will abide upon us (v. 36). The moment we accept Jesus, we step out from underneath the dark thunder cloud of God's wrath into the bright sunlight of God's favor. God aimed to save the world. He made provision for the salvation of the world, but only those that accept the salvation actually saved. Jesus is the Saviour of all men, but many are not saved (1 Tim. 4:10). By His death He made propitiation for the whole world (1 John 2:2, R. V.). He provided the ground upon which God could deal in mercy and does deal in mercy with every member of the human race, but He is especially the Saviour of those who believe. They alone appropriate to themselves and therefore enjoy in full the salvation which Jesus purchased by His blood (Rom. 3:25, 26). The condemnation that comes on the one who does not believe is just and inevitable. He has chosen darkness rather than light. The only begotten Son came, the incarnation of all the perfect attributes of God, and he would not have Him; what a man does with Jesus shows what the man is at heart. What a man chooses always shows what a man is. If we choose truth, then we are true. If we choose falsehood, then we are false.

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