

THE MAN SHE LOVED

By EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS.

CHAPTER XXXI. 20
Continued.

The story was so painful, so horrible altogether, that Gervais could not bear to think that he might be brought in contact with any portion of it again, and immediately following the quiet funeral he went abroad, as the world thought truly, "to help distract his mind from his overwhelming grief."

Enid and Lady Derriman had lived for a year and a half in London and Scotland, and then, yielding to the earnest entreaties of the county, they came back to the Manor and made it their home.

Enid could scarcely have described that constituted her happiness in the five peaceful years that followed, but that she was happy none could doubt; all loved her, and to Lady Derriman she was as dear as her own child. During those long years Gervais, Earl of Derriman, never returned to England once; but, though absent, he was well acquainted with all that went on at home, for his mother wrote regularly and cheerfully—more cheerfully, indeed, than her heart prompted, but she was not selfish in her love.

Dare Broughton had been down several times to Bromley, and Lady Derriman always chronicled the fact to her son, adding, that she would never be surprised if a romance were to spring from these visits; and something that passage always left an unpleasant sensation in Gervais' breast.

"Simmonds says that Cousin Grace is not well enough to get out to-day, so I think I will walk over, unless you want me, dear, at home."

"You are a great nuisance, and I shall be glad to be rid of you," was Lady Derriman's answer.

Enid laughed and kissed her, and then they chatted of other things.

By and by, when Enid was equipped in her pretty, dark blue velvet dress and cap, that set off her glorious red brown hair and coloring to perfection, and was walking toward Knebwell Hall, she looked very thoughtful.

"Mother is brave," she said to herself; "but she's pining for him all the same. I—I wish he would come home. Six years and a half—it is almost a lifetime!"

She sighed a little, and then, as her path lay past the church yard, she unconsciously turned in and walked on till she reached the Derriman vault.

"Poor Dorothy!" she thought, sadly, tears rising to her eyes as she passed the grave; "if only she had trusted me, had asked me to help her, perhaps that secret would never have been so terrible, and she would have been spared."

"Hallo! Miss Enid, moralizing in a graveyard. Come, this will never do!"

It was Dr. Waters who spoke. He was riding past in the lane below, and pulled up his horse. He looked hale and hearty.

"I was thinking of Dorothy," Enid said, as she rose and went toward him.

"Ah! sad thing! Beautiful creature! The last one in the world one would have imagined to end as she did! I warned her myself that night of the dinner. Do you remember?"

Would Enid ever forget?

"She was drinking then," Dr. Waters went on, "brandy, and such like. It will always be a mystery to me why a high born woman, with everything to make her happy, should have had such depraved tastes."

Enid made no answer. She felt that poor Dorothy had flown to this fatal habit from desperation and fear; but that could never be told.

"And when is the earl coming back?—you don't know?"

Dr. Waters shook his head.

"Don't sit there any longer—it is too cold; move on, my dear." And, suiting the action to the word, he touched up his horse and rode sharply away.

Enid roused herself with a sigh from her sad thoughts, and walked on to the hall.

Her visit paid to both her cousins and Mrs. Cullam, she commenced to retrace her steps.

It was growing dark, and she had a long way to go, so she called up all her energies and started briskly.

"A week only to Christmas!" she said to herself, as she hurried on; "I must begin my small presents for the children next week. I shall give these pink flannels to—Oh!"

She came to a standstill after this sudden exclamation, and then her heart began to beat wildly. There—right in front of her—was a tall man's figure, which even in the dim light she knew could only belong to one man.

"Have I frightened you, Enid?" asked Gervais, eagerly, as he grasped her hands.

"You—you surprised me!" she answered, then shaking off her nervousness. "Have you fallen from the clouds?"

"No! I arrived an hour and a half ago in a village fly; there is nothing supernatural about me. I nearly frightened my mother out of her wits; and then I must needs come to meet you, and do the same thing!"

"I am not frightened," Enid said, tremulously, "only very, very glad!" her heart whispered.

all, Enid," Gervais observed, after awhile.

"Yes," she answered. "I have been selfish," he went on, "forgetting that my mother is no longer young and needs me."

"She will be happy, I know," the girl murmured.

"And you, are you glad?"

"Yes," she said, simply, "I am glad."

Gervais hesitated; the lights of Bromley were twinkling in the distance.

"Enid," he said in a low, uncertain way, "I have no right to ask you the question, but I want to hear the truth from your lips. When—when are you and Dare to be married?"

Enid started and then trembled.

"You are—are mistaken," she managed to get out. "I am not—"

"You are not vexed with me?" he exclaimed, quickly.

"I am not going to marry Mr. Broughton," she cried, in desperation.

"What!" Gervais stopped and looked at her. "Enid, is this true?"

She only nodded her head.

"Why are you not going to marry Dare?"

Enid turned away.

"Because I—I do not think it wise."

"Is it because you love some one else? Oh, Enid, forgive me!"

"There is nothing to forgive," she murmured, faintly.

Gervais said no more, only drew her hand through his arm, and then, as if urged by some strong emotion, he released it again.

"No," he said, almost to himself. "I must know. Enid, be gentle with me. You are not going to marry Dare. Is it because you love some one else—it is—oh, my darling, is it because you love me?"

She breathed a word so low he had to stoop to catch it.

"Yes."

With an eager cry of joy he clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

"Enid, I should have been home nearly two years ago, but I thought that Dare and you were—"

"Hush!" she said, faintly, yet so happily. "Why, Gervais, I have loved you from the first—the very first day I saw you."

He softly touched the sweet lips with his own.

"And out of my sorrow has grown my great love for you, Enid. I think it must have been there all the time. Cling closer to me, my darling, and deal gently with me, for I have suffered so much!"

Her answer was to wrap her arms around him and pillow her head on his breast.

"Oh, my dear, dear love!" she said brokenly. "If I had only dared let you know all I felt for you!"

"I did know it, Enid," he said, "and even in that awful past the knowledge comforted me. Enid, have come upon you so suddenly, perhaps I have started your confession from you; if so, I will be patient and wait till you have thought it all over my dearest, and—"

"I want no thought, Gervais. I know my own heart too well. I have always loved you."

He stood silent for a moment, hardly comprehending the fullness of his joy at first; then a fleeting, dark memory came.

"But the past, Enid!" he said, justifying his hold. "I—I must tell you all now."

"Tell me nothing," she lifted her pure, lovely face to his. "Let her secret be buried with her, poor creature!"

Gervais murmured the last two words after her.

"It was one terrible mistake," he said, sadly. "But it is over; and henceforth, my darling, our lives, by heaven's blessing, shall run smoothly to the end. Kiss me again, Enid, my own dear one, my wife!"

PHOTOGRAPHING THE WAVES OF LIFE.

An Amazing Discovery by a Parisian Searcher After the Psychic.

Many interesting articles have been written of late about the spirit-world, but assuredly Vance Thompson, in his vivid contribution, "On the Trail of the Ghost," has found some things, new and startling, which surpass all previous magazine contributions. This remarkable work appears in *Hampshire's Magazine*. Speaking, for instance, of Dr. Baraduc, the well-known inventor of a system of radio-photography, Mr. Thompson says:

Dr. Baraduc's son, Andre, a youth of twenty, died last year of consumption. Radio-photography showed a deep ulceration of the lungs. It showed more—even the shudder of his entire being as death took him. The third day, eighty hours after death, while the body lay in the coffin, a curious photograph was taken. In it could be seen the dispersal of the fluids—to keep to the doctor's phrase—of the bodily envelope. In billowy waves they rolled through the chamber of the dead, beating against the living flesh of those who watched there. The shock of these waves as they spread through the room was felt by the watchers—the Abbe H—, Madame Julie and Dr. Baraduc himself. What radio-photography did not record in this case was the Mental Ball.

Three months later Madame Baraduc died very quietly. She had never recovered from the loss of her son. Death took her at two o'clock on an October afternoon. Twenty minutes later the first photograph was made, showing three fluidic clouds drifting away from her body; and, as well, the curious serpentine filament, or lien. More significant was the death photograph itself, which showed the formation of the Mental Ball, at the moment of her death. The lien, coiled on itself, had the shape of a figure 8. In a little while it passed away. The mysterious globe—call it what you will—had gone elsewhere. At one moment the eyes of the sensitive might see it, the film take a record of it; then it was not—as the lightning flash which passes, leaving darkness.

Spherical, gyratory, luminous; in these words Dr. Baraduc describes the Boule Mentale. And this description is the result of long investigation, in many lands, among many races of men.

"It is in Scotland," Dr. Baraduc says, "that this globe is most readily discerned—there, and in Indo-China. The most interesting one of which I have a record is that of W. T. Stead, the English publicist. In his Mental Ball there is distinctly traceable the beginning of a star formation."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A fool uttereth all his mind.—Bible.

No lock avails against a hatchet.—French.

Courtesy is the bond of all society.—Italian.

He who swears distrusts his own words.—Latin.

When it thunders the thief becomes honest.—Dutch.

To borrow on usury brings sudden beggary.—Dutch.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.—Dutch.

He that comes unbidden will sit down unasked.—Irish.

Patience is a bitter seed, but it yields sweet fruit.—German.

Many a lout is wealthy and a clever man hard put to.—Spanish.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools can be taught no other.—Latin.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.—French.

Religion is not a department of human life. Religion is a spirit pervading all departments of human life.—Mary Emily Case.

There are moments when the pale and modest star, kindled by God in simple hearts, which men call conscience, illumines our path with truer light than the flaming comet of genius on its magnificent course.—Mazzini.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Standing without you see no glory nor can possibly imagine any. Standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.—Hawthorne.

I am the Lord that comforts you in time of trial. Come unto Me when 'tis not well with you. This is that most of all stands in the way of heavenly comfort—that you come so slowly to your prayers. For before you ask Me earnestly, in the meantime you look for many a solace.—Thomas a Kempis.

A psalm which cultivates the spirit of gratitude is a psalm which we ought often to read. If we were more grateful, both our joys and our strength would be increased. Gratitude is born in hearts which take the time to count up past mercies.—Charles E. Jefferson.

Outgrow religion? No, faith will become stronger as it is enlightened and re-enforced by knowledge, or as we learn more of the wise, safe, friendly order in which disorder is held as the ocean holds its eddies and ruffles; for that order will shine around and within us like a revelation.—Charles G. Ames.

Bit of Advice From Missouri

Don't go into a newspaper office and ask the editor to roast somebody. You don't know how it looks or you wouldn't do it. Here's a parallel case: You step up to a friend and say, "Bill, I wish you'd go over there and give that fellow a good cussing for me. I'm a little afraid to do it myself."—Lamar Democrat.

Luckily For the Captain.

Captain (spinning a yarn)—"I was for eight days a prisoner among the cannibals. Lady—And how was it they didn't eat you?" Captain (calmly)—"Well, the truth was the chief's wife had mislaid her cook-book."

BITTER WAR ON INTEMPERANCE

SOLDIERS FIGHTING THIS CURSE GREATLY OBEREED.

Wine Drinking Continues.

A very significant indication of the antagonism of the people of the wine-growing and other parts of Europe to the use of wine and other intoxicants was shown at the Anti-Alcoholic Congress held in Stockholm, Sweden, last August. In a room devoted to an exhibition of the vast literature of anti-alcoholism, where, not counting books, tracts, leaflets, reprints, etc., over twelve hundred distinct periodicals pointing out the danger of drink and advocating abstinence were shown. Only two hundred of these were printed in English; the others were chiefly in the languages of continental Europe, and most of them emanated from the wine-producing countries.

This tells the story. The greater agitation against drink among these more conservative people but shows how much greater has been the suffering from the vice than was known to the world at large. They indicate, as nothing else could, how terrible must have been the scourge of the popular poison in those countries supposed to be free from the evil effects of intemperance.

Over fifteen hundred delegates from all parts of the world, including nearly a hundred physicians, were present at the great convention. Governments sent representatives, and the almost universal cry was "prohibition."

From the Journal of Mental Pathology we learn that the French, Italian, Swiss, Russian and German nations are keenly alive to the danger of alcoholic intemperance.

The marked sensitiveness on this subject is not the result of fanaticism, but of acts brought to light by clinical observation. These investigations show that mental, moral and physical deterioration among these people is due to intemperance more than any other cause, alcoholism of the parent producing degeneracy of the offspring.

For this reason the governments of these countries have been actively concerned in the propaganda of popular temperance. Russia is trying to suppress the distilleries by opening soup and tea houses for the poor. France is fighting her anti-alcoholic battles with lectures. Germany is attempting the same reform by drastic legal enactment. Sweden and Norway, after years of governmental control of the sale of liquor, and with good results, are now agitating for its complete abolition; and Finland, by an overbearing majority, decided to prevent the manufacture of alcoholic beverages within its borders, and prohibits its importation from other countries. The Socialist party in Germany, at its recent National Congress at Essen, placed itself on record against the use of alcohol in any form.—From "The Truth About Wine-Drinking Countries," by Matthew Woods, M. D., in *The Sunday School Times*.

Saloon Man Votes "Dry."

A Chicago young man who is traveling in the South, writes home to his father of a conversation he had with a Memphis saloonkeeper, the proprietor of one of the largest and finest saloons in that city, which, under the new State law, is to become "dry" on the first day of next July.

The young Chicagoan incidentally fell into conversation with the man at the hotel breakfast table, and asked him what about the new prohibitory law.

"Well, sir, when that law goes into effect I will be a ruined man financially," he said. "Everything I've got will go and I will have to start all over again in some new business."

Being asked if he didn't feel rather sore about it, he replied:

"No, sir, I don't. I am a whiskey man; have sold it all my life, and I know that it is the root of all evil. It ruins more lives than any other thing. It is the curse of this country. Though I am not a married man and have no family, yet when I go to the polls I vote for prohibition."

His new acquaintance seemed surprised at this, and he went on:

"I have sisters and brothers who are married and have children. Do you think I am going to vote for a thing that may ruin the lives of those children and drag them down to destruction? No, sir; I've seen too much misery caused by alcoholic liquors to do a thing like that."

This saloonkeeper predicted that in ten years we would have nation-wide prohibition.—Illinois Issue.

An Honest Judge.

Judge Steere, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., evidently has the courage of his convictions. Five proprietors of saloons, who had been convicted of having violated the State liquor law, were before him. After imposing upon them fines and costs for the offense, he said:

"I find that the larger portion of criminal cases which come before me in some manner traceable to you liquor men. Your places are the haunting places of crooks, gamblers and loose women. It is just such violations as yours here which are responsible for the Prohibition movement now prevalent in parts of the country."

"One might as well talk to Canada thistles as to try to talk morals to you fellows. I will let you off with a fine for this, it being your first offense. If you come before me again you will take an enforced vacation from your business."

Bank Deposits Increased.

Under prohibition during the past year the bank deposits at Hurley, S. D., increased from \$213,015 to \$251,070; bank assets increased \$23,000; loans increased \$10,000. Heretofore to April last had two saloons.

Not a Criminal.

Fifty counties in prohibition Kansas did not furnish a single criminal to the penitentiary in 1907. That would seem to indicate that prohibition does something if it "doesn't prohibit."

Methodist Church Right.

Maybe the Methodist Church was not absurd in its resolutions, after all. Its declaration concerning candidates who refuse to put themselves in an attitude of hostility to the liquor traffic debarred "Christian men" from supporting them, and placed no restriction whatever on "church members."

Holland has been agitating the question of local option and straw votes have been taken in certain communities for the purpose of securing an expression of opinion.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ED. M. PARROTT, JR.

Theme: Friendliness.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Edward M. Parrott, Jr., of Lake George, N. Y., occupied the pulpit in Holy Trinity P. E. Church, Sunday morning. The subject of his discourse was "Friendliness," and for a text he took the passage of Scripture, Deuteronomy 23:27: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." He said:

There is an instinct in humanity, which may almost be called universal, toward friendliness. We have a tendency from our earliest recollection to make friends with something or somebody; offences with things. It may be a doll, a toy, a post by the wayside, or a chicken coop. We find in that thing a certain kind of homeliness. There is a tendency all the time in us toward becoming friendly with our surroundings that answers to a yearning in our hearts and which makes us feel that the world in which we live is lovable, and for us a home; and it is one of the evidences of the world which God has meant us to attain here. He has meant us to feel that friendly feeling toward our surroundings; to have it as a part of our education and part of our preparation for whatever of life there may be in store for us when we have passed into the more glorious radiance of knowledge of God. As this is true of things, it is even more true of facing and people. For the faces we see, although we know but little of the personality behind them, we get to have a certain friendliness; and when we have gone by—say, the same apple woman—often, and seen the face, we have acquired a sort of affectionate interest in the welfare of this and that person; and it is only when some change comes that we realize how strong has been the influence of the personalities of whom we know very little.

Again, as this is true of things and persons whom we do not know, it is all the more true of God, of whom, though we think we know a great deal, we know little, and with whom we may have had sweet intercourse, but yet have not attained to anything like intimacy, and as this God of things and people and of God, it is surely to be part of that life which we are to live forever, and the eternal God is showing us a path by which we may attain immeasurable love.

The problem before us is whether we can carry this friendliness all through life. We know what it is, but to many the past is only a memory, and to-day we are not being as friendly as we would like to be. The universe now is such a big place. Our childhood world, when this feeling of friendliness became strong, was a large world, but by and by we outgrew the toy and the chicken coop and there comes the difficult problem of how to become friendly with things and people after that. It is not so easy to become friendly with the office desk, and, moreover, the population of the country is constantly bringing to us a greater difficulty in understanding what it is to love mankind. When we are young among our friends, we come to understand what God means by "love all men"; but when we see all classes of people coming here and loading us and pushing us, it is harder for us to realize that we are to keep upon a friendly relationship with all, and we have not fathomed the meaning of the brotherhood of man. But when we do realize the greatness of the demand of human sympathy, we see that, as Brierly tells us, the universe is much vaster than our fathers thought it. We find that the sun and moon and the light were not appointed for our sole benefit. We have discovered that we are an infinitesimal speck in the universe amidst vast constellations, and that our sun is only one of many and our planet a tiny one in the immensity of space. We have learned that the way to discover the distance of distant stars is to measure the time which it takes for the light to travel. We move 180,000,000 of miles between January and June, but the stars do not change their position to us by a hair's breadth, and so we see how small we are in the whole heavens. When the microscope has brought us a great realization of the life about us, of the vast interests conveying all around us.

When we discover these things we see that this universe is far greater than men of a generation ago ever dreamed.

We are, then, less friendly? Have we moved God afar off, and cannot think of Him as sitting intent upon us and our prayers, but as all the time doing something to carry out and maintain these magnificent powers and forces all around us? Are we less friendly when we think of the vastness of our surroundings? Think if we go along certain lines of thought, we shall not lose our friendliness.

Let us try to maintain the open heart of childhood and keep in ourselves that friendliness that may be in danger of escaping. The first thing is this: that friendly relationship does not consist of anything intrinsic. It consists in the first place in the human heart. We are friendly because God made us friendly, and if that is so, what do things matter? If things pass away as long as we have the spring in ourselves the water will bubble forth.

The thing is to look to the thing inside ourselves and not to the thing outside.

As that is so it is true also that this friendliness can never disappear really as long as man lives, and if we have lost any of it, it is because, to some extent, we have ceased to live. It is possible to have some part of us die—the things behind us, and yet have them revive. It is quite possible for us to feel that there is beyond us something which we can bring back to ourselves if we are persistent enough in our search.

The relation between us and the things we have learned to be friendly to is based, not upon knowledge, but upon feeling.

We cannot increase knowledge too much if only we keep growing with our knowledge.

There is another thing: we have still direct and vital connection with things, though our life does change and the things change. Though some things be destroyed, we have still direct access to the things that do not change. Does it matter that there have been a dozen years before this one? This year is to us a source of joy and glory because this year unfolds again the marvelous way that God brings the spring to life. Does it matter that it is the same star that shone on Moses? It is the same star.



WORK AND REST.

O Father, while I live, I pray That I may work from day to day— With work strong hand and willing mind At little tasks that help mankind.

And Father, when I die, I pray That, as I rise to greet the day, I be not cursed with idle rest, But with some heavenly work be blest. —John Haynes Holmes, in *Isles of Shoals Hymn Book*.

Undeveloped Forces in the Average Christian.

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Exodus 14:15. When the command of this text was spoken by Moses to the Israelites they were shut in completely. High mountains on either side, before them the great deep sea, behind them an embittered, cruel, determined foe. Calmly Moses is bidden by God to speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.

You remember how that sea became a safe pathway to freedom and a fuller knowledge of a divine providence and grace. So God's forward call to-day to the undeveloped forces within us, if obeyed in as firm a faith, will be crowned with as marvellous results.

In putting into service these undeveloped forces of Christian manhood and womanhood remember that the years of preparation or of slow progress in attaining our ideals or of apparent bitter defeat and failure are not lost to us. Much is accomplished in these struggles of the soul, which none but God and the individual really know. We may judge ourselves as only doing the little things, the hidden things, yet, if these be well done, like towers of strength we will rise and be enabled to do greater things afterward for God.

Remember, too, that God's call for the undeveloped forces of Christian manhood and womanhood bespeaks the exalted purpose of real life, viz., to remove obstacles. The ignorant and the indolent may hinder by standing in the way of God's plans and purposes for the betterment of humanity, but the office of a true man is to use all his accumulated knowledge in making the pathway of life pleasant, peaceful and prosperous, even as Jesus Himself sought to make it for every man.

We may use our knowledge upon the undeveloped forces of nature and find profit therefrom, but when we have used our acquisitions in benefiting the bodies and souls of our fellow beings, so that afterward they rise up and declare that we helped them, we have achieved the most exalted of all services.

These things will aid in going forward in spite of difficulties. The stronger faith in the word of our Master. To live well is no easy task, but to attempt to live without the sincerest faith in the living Christ, within us and above us, is to curtail life of its powers and to draw the curtain of destiny. Another inspiration is more earnest conviction of personal duty. Christ speaks to us and asks for our service in behalf of a world. Love for Christ and for humanity is another inspiration.

The poor, the neglected, the sore in heart, the helpless ought to find in us their truest friend, as we seek for opportunity to overcome in the difficult places of life. Such strong men and women God is continually calling into His service and blessing their work. Such too, the world applauds and honors. The great one who ever trod this earth declared of Himself, "I am among you as one that serveth"; "I do always those things which please Him." When you and I have pleased God with our lives, when we have done what He would have us do, we have emphasized the fact that the Christian life is only worth the living when it is lived well. Andrew Hageman, Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, in *The New York Herald*.

Christian Charity.

Jesus is the incarnation of true charity, and He ever denounced wrongs with greater energy than He. He exposed the shallow pretensions and denounced the insincerity of the Pharisees with an energy and zeal which burned with a white heat.

He was the uncompromising enemy of all sham and the fast friend of truth and honest conviction, and yet no one ever entered so fully into sympathy with the erring and penitent children of men as did Jesus. Pierce and unrelenting in His opposition to strongly fortified wickedness, He is tenderness itself when dealing with the broken in spirit, or when looking upon the bruised reed and the smoking flax. His example, in this respect, is worthy of imitation, and is the pattern by which we should shape our lives.

God Our Home.

God is our home; and in that home life all His gifts are freely bestowed upon us. We can use and enjoy them; nay, we ought to do so. The marvellous endowments of our human nature—of the mind, of the senses, of love and of beauty; all the marvels of this universe in which we live, which man half receives and half creates; these we are meant to know, to use, to enjoy. It is the very privilege of man to be able in some degree to share God's rapture in His creation. To see and know that it is "very good."

The Church.

We speak of attending church as a duty; more deeply is it a privilege and benefit. The union of the soul with its God is the meaning and purpose of religion; the church is a means to that end.—Rev. C. A. Martin (Roman Catholic).

Patience.

Patience is as a case of armor around the heart, which deadens the blows inflicted upon it.—Rev. J. B. Gowansnyder.

Big Fish Drowns Boy.

At Detroit, Mich., Harold Gibbons, eight years old, was pulled into the river by a catfish. He was a powerful fish while he was fishing from the dock at the foot of Field avenue. He went down in about fourteen feet of water, and being unable to swim, drowned before the eyes of his brother John.

Sioux Settlement in Nicaragua.

Little Bison, a Sioux Indian chief, returned to New Orleans after making arrangements with President Zelaya to