

THE HOUSE ON THE ISLAND

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER IV. Continued.

Jacqueline slept badly that night. Through the hours of darkness wild dreams pursued her. She awoke early, made her toilet, and drew back the curtains of the window. The ocean was blotted out in swirling mists. The surf pounded on the rocks. Dismal furies of rain lashed the pane. Jacqueline felt a thrill of dismay. She knew enough of her surroundings to understand that she could not leave the island in such weather. Yet her very soul revolted at the thought of an enforced stay there. She felt certain that Philip Trevor was not ill. Would he see her to-day? How could she gain access to him, if he persisted in refusing to meet her? He was on his own ground. He might elude her indefinitely. She leaned her handsome head against the window, and looked forlornly out into the thick drift of mist.

Perhaps she had better remained at the Wingate's, and married Teddy Craven. And at the thought of poor Teddy she could hardly suppress an hysterical inclination to laughter. He had warned her not to come to Deadman's Island. A rap at the door. Breakfast was waiting. Again the table was spread for one person only, and again Vic attended her.

"Will the stoop go to Watchhaven to-day, Vic?" she asked.

"Goodness, no, miss—not with this sea running," answered Vic. "It never goes in any weather, unless Mr. Trevor sends it. Skipper Joe takes orders from none but him. You know, I told you in storms we're cut off from the mainland for days, and even weeks at a time."

"A dubious prospect for me," she said.

As she arose from the table she saw a man standing behind her chair—the smooth-shaven, cross-eyed Peter.

"Mr. Trevor is waiting for you in his library, miss," he said.

At last! Jacqueline's heart gave a bound. With a firm step she crossed the hall, and Peter flung open the library door.

"Miss Hatton, sir," he announced, and Jacqueline swept bravely into the room, and was face to face with Philip Trevor.

"He arose from a table at which he had been sitting—a man of five-and-forty, elegant in dress and bearing, with a pale, smiling face, a brown Vandike beard, and dark, narrow eyes that flashed over Jacqueline with feverish swiftness. His whole appearance was that of a fastidious, high-bred gentleman. He held out a white, well-kept hand, on which a single diamond blazed like an angry eye.

"I am charmed to see you, Miss Hatton," he began, cordially.

"I hardly expected you to say that," she answered, quietly ignoring the hand.

"And why, my dear child? Anybody by the name of Hatton must command a welcome in this house. Pray pardon me for declining to receive you on your arrival. A sudden attack of vertigo disabled me for several hours. I trust my servants have cared for you properly in the mean time?"

She made an assenting bow. He drew a step nearer to her, as if fascinated.

"Let me look at you closer," he said. "Yes, that is the same Jacqueline that I used to pet in the Hatton nursery, and, I may add, the woman has entirely fulfilled the promise of the child."

His attempt at gallantry fell flat. Jacqueline stood up, tall and grand, her eyes fixed steadily upon him. His lips twitched—his uneasy look shifted.

"Your—mother?" he stammered.

"She died five years ago—of a broken heart."

"Ah, how sad! And the other daughter—your sister?"

"She is a frail, delicate girl, living, much against her inclination, on the charity of friends."

He stroked his pointed beard.

"I hear that some boor from Watchaven brought you over from the mainland yesterday and dropped you on the pier before any objection could be raised by my servants. You see, we do not encourage visitors at Deadman's. As you have sought me under such difficulties, I must infer that you still keep a corner in your heart for your father's old friend."

"Mr. Trevor, I leave you judge of the place to which you are entitled in the heart of my father's daughter."

A dull red tint suffused his face for a moment.

"Sit down!" he commanded sternly. "Do you come to me of your own accord, or has another person sent you?"

"I come of my own accord and against the advice of my best friends."

"Ha! As a child you were always willful. It is plain I do not owe this visit to any whim—you have some strong motive behind it. Be quite frank with me—that is always the best. What motive brings you to Deadman's Island?"

"She did not take the seat to which he motioned her, but remained erect, uncompromising, her fine eyes never wavering from his face.

"I came," she answered, "to ask you to restore the money which you stole five years ago from my father. We have reduced his children to absolute want. Doris and I are in need. I am here to tell you this, and to entreat you to make restitution."

A preparation of four-and-twenty hours enabled him to bear his first thrust without flinching—he even smiled.

"You speak frankly—you do not

mince your words, Miss Hatton! These are grave accusations. Are you sure they are true?—sure you are not laboring under some mistake?"

Her lips curled.

"Am I sure that my father died ruined and a suicide?—that my sister and I are homeless and penniless? Oh, yes, Philip Trevor, I am very sure!"

She was, indeed, a girl of spirit. The fact that she was far from friends and helpless, alone in this man's house, on an isolated island, of which he was sole owner and ruler, could not daunt Jacqueline.

"My father trusted you, and you destroyed him!" she said. "You are hiding in a strange, wild place, Philip Trevor. Does John Hatton's money never intrude here?—his ghost never walk? Is Deadman's Island far enough to hold him at bay? For years you have kept your booty—the fortune of two girls, whom you made orphans. The law could not touch you, and no one cared to follow you to your lair and denounce you as a thief and a murderer. But now you will no longer remain undisturbed. While I live you shall know no more peace."

She had not meant to begin the interview with an open declaration of war; but her natural impetuosity carried her beyond the bounds of prudence. A disdain of half measures overmastered her—led her to define her position recklessly. The words were not out, however, when she thought of Doris, and tears rushed to her eyes.

"I have no diplomacy," she said, in a deeply chagrined tone. "My sister is not like me—she is so gentle and forbearing. For Doris' sake, give up my father's money!"

His face had grown absolutely livid. He raised one hand involuntarily to his head.

"Great Heaven! who has provoked a return of my vertigo! Miss Hatton, your father was as dear to me as a brother; but you accuse me of robbing and murdering him, and so force me to make counter charges, which you will not like to hear. If you ask why I have not told the truth before, I shall answer—because John Hatton persuaded me long ago to swear silence. And to shield him, I am still living an exile, a hermit, my name disgraced, all sorts of approbrium heaped upon me!" He paused and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"Explain your words!" said Jacqueline, coldly.

"I will. Your father was a born gambler. His passion for play amounted to a mania. To gratify it he not only ruined himself but me also. When Hatton lost heavily at the gaming table, my purse supplied his needs. He borrowed of me till my private resources were badly crippled. I alone knew his secret—even your mother never guessed it. His indulgence of the vice was concealed even from his nearest and dearest. As I could not reclaim him, I did the next best thing—held my tongue."

He stopped to cough nervously. Jacqueline's eyes seemed piercing him like swords.

"Of course," she commanded.

"Go on!" she commanded.

"Go on!" she commanded.

Then Hatton's conscience awoke. He bade me take the money and securities that remained to us and leave him to make a full public confession, and face the situation alone. It was my weak hour. I was madly in love with a charming woman, who fully returned my affection. Unfortunately for my good name, I yielded to your father's importunities. But he was a coward at heart. He found death easier than confession. Upon my departure he quite lost his head—accused me of robbing him, blamed me for all that had happened, and then ended everything with a pistol shot. His death, needless to say, sealed my ruin. After that event who would believe in my innocence? Moreover, I scorned to bring charges against a dead man—to say, 'John Hatton's fortune was not stolen, but spent by himself at the gaming table.' No, I remembered our long friendship, and preferred to suffer rather than drag his name in the dirt. Ah, my poor child, not only am I guiltless of defrauding your father, but he died deeply in debt to me!"

It was a long speech. He looked anxiously at Jacqueline, as though fearing its effect upon her. A spot of indignation leaped into her eyes.

"My father a gambler!" she cried. "Do not believe your story, sir—I cannot!"

"Your incredulity does you credit! It is difficult for a daughter to comprehend a father's sins."

"By what proofs do you support your statements?"

"Proofs!" he echoed, irritably. "Oh, I might know that a girl of your stamp would demand proofs! Well, they shall be forthcoming as soon as I have time to search my private papers. Meanwhile, let us understand each other. Miss Hatton, what do you expect me to do?"

"I have already told you. Restore to John Hatton's money to John Hatton's daughters."

"Great Heaven! will you not believe me, when I say you were made poor by your father's vices—not by me—never by me?"

"Fardon—I will believe you when your word is sustained by unimpeachable evidence. It is always easy to defame the dead."

His brows contracted in an ugly frown.

"This is dreadful! You are an extraordinary girl!" He sprang nimbly to the table. "But, for your father's sake, I cannot refuse to help

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. JOSEPH A. BENNETT

Theme: Kingship of Jesus.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday morning the Rev. Joseph A. Bennett, of Newark, Ohio, preached in the Greene Avenue Baptist Church. His subject was "The Kingship of Jesus." The text was from John 19:14, "Behold your King."

Mr. Bennett said: The world has had many kings, all of whom have been more or less failures. But it has had only one who could truthfully be called King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Time and time again the world has trembled, to know what conception its sovereigns had of their sovereignty, for their conceptions inevitably shaped their policies and determined their actions. But never in all the history of the world was it so important for the children of men to know what conception their sovereigns had of their sovereignty, as at the time of the Christ had of His kingship. And that is the subject of this sermon.

He dropped the pen which he had taken. For a moment he looked as though he was about to rush upon her.

"That insult again! Well, you are my guest, and I must bear with you. Heaven give me patience! See! the storm is increasing. You cannot leave the island to-day. Mrs. Trevor will meet you at lunch. When I set up my Lares and Penates on this rock she came with me—her love is my solace here—it makes my desert to blossom like the rose. I am practically an outcast from the world and my fellow-men, yet I find life still desirable, because it is shared by the sweetest and loveliest of women."

Jacqueline felt a thrill of astonishment. Philip Trevor, in the character of a lover, bewitched her. He waved her smilingly toward the door. The interview was over. Had she accomplished anything by it? She fled to her own room, and sat down there to think. She was still thinking when the lunch bell rang. An unbidden and unwilling guest, she descended to the room where the table was spread. Philip Trevor was standing on the hearth in the light of a driftwood fire, conversing with a lady.

The entrance of Jacqueline cut short the conversation. He turned toward her with a sprightly air.

"Let me," he said, "present you to Mrs. Trevor, who desires to make your acquaintance."

Mrs. Trevor bowed. Her hand just touched Jacqueline's, and dropped away—nervous, cold as snow. She was a slender woman, white as alabaster, with ash and gold hair and melancholy gray eyes. Her features were as regular as a cameo, but thin, almost to sharpness. Her dress of rich, severe black, accentuated her extreme pallor. Whatever her feelings may have been, she certainly evinced no pleasure at meeting Jacqueline—on the contrary, her manner was distant—even forbidding.

"The woman that I saw at the window as I came up from the pier!" said Jacqueline to herself.

The three sat down to a table glittering with French porcelain, cut glass and massive silver. Peter of the cross eyes passed the dishes and did the honors. Jacqueline might easily have fancied herself in a Beacon Hill house, instead of on a lonely, hostile island far out in the wild sea.

Both Trevor and his wife had their drawing-room manners on, and certainly they had managed to preserve them intact during their long exile. Their conversation was brilliant and witty. Trevor maintained a tender, ever adoring attitude toward the alabaster woman. He deferred to her in everything—hung on her words, looked unutterable things, whenever his smiling eyes sought hers. This devotion she seemed to accept as a matter of course. She had been educated abroad—had wintered in Egypt and summered in Norway, and seemed familiar with most of the civilized globe. She asked a few laudatory questions concerning places once visited, but hardly appeared to listen to Jacqueline's replies. Her appetite was like a bird's—she barely tasted the food which the man Peter pressed upon her; and once, when he chanced to touch her shoulder, she started nervously, and a look of un-speakable horror and aversion swept over her cold face. It was gone in a breath, but not before Jacqueline had seen and interpreted it.

"She detests Peter!" was our heroine's inward comment.

Jacqueline responded briefly to such scraps of conversation as were addressed to herself. She was upon her unknown ground, and it behooved her to be on her guard. Presently a long, lamentable blast of wind shook the stone house, rattled the casement, shrieked in the chimney. Mrs. Trevor threw up her head like a startled deer.

To be Continued.

Dodging the Water Wagon.

"I don't know what's to become of the old man if they keep on votin' the States dry," said the old lady. "It didn't do so much for him to go to Chattanooga, but as Tennessee will be as dry as a bone in July, that'll take him a step further, an' he jest can't afford the money. Of course, he kin blind-tiger it in Georgy, but it's no longer safe for him to do so, se'en that he kin no more river up his tracks, for ever' time he tries it they ketch up with him, an' haul him up afore meetin', an' he's gittin' too el' now ter risk bein' turned out the church, fer Satan might ketch him on the outside an' sweep him afore he has a chance to git back ag'in. But the States dryin' up, one after another, an' I kin see him buyin' a railroad ticket as fur as Kalamazoo—an' I believe that country would be dry fore he hit it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Rockefeller and Dr. Harper.

My first meeting with Dr. Harper was at Vassar College, where one of my daughters was a student. He used to come, as the guest of Dr. James M. Taylor, the president, to lecture on Sundays; and as I frequently spent week-ends there, I saw and talked much with the young professor, then of Yale, and caught in some degree the contagion of his enthusiasm.—World's Work.

The intense cold caused the cote d'Azur express to break down near Dijon, France, recently. The water in the tender was frozen hard. The passengers had to pass the night in the village.

According to Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, the famous Asiatic River, Brahmaputra, rises from an enormous glacier. In the northernmost Himalaya Mountains.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR NOVEMBER 14.

Subject: Paul a Prisoner—In Rome, Acts 23:11-31—Golden Text: Rom. 1:16—Commit Verses 30, 31—Commentary on the Lesson.

TIME.—A. D. 61-63. PLACE.—Rome.

EXPOSITION.—I. From Malta to Rome, 11-15. No man ever craved human fellowship and sympathy more than Paul and no man appreciated it more when he had it (v. 15; cf. Acts 17:15; 18:5; 2 Cor. 7:6; 1 Thess. 3:1, 2; 2 Tim. 4:21). Paul was an intensely human man.

II. Paul in Council with the Leading Jews in Rome, 16-22. Paul is at Rome at last, and is there to preach the Gospel as he had longed to do so many times over. He loved his people, and he loved his country, but he hated them. He got them together as soon as he could that he might preach Jesus to them. He sought to conciliate them. He has no charge to bring against them. It is not pleasant to be bound with a chain, but it is a great privilege and honor to be bound with a chain in a good cause. It was through Jewish malice that Paul was now in chains, but because of loyalty to the great hope of the Jewish nation that he had indignantly rejected Jewish enmity. "The hope of Israel" was two fold; the hope of a resurrection (Acts 23:6; 24:15; 26:6-8) and the hope of a Messiah in whom they and all the nations of the earth should be blessed (Acts 3:22-24; Luke 1:69, 70; Rom. 15:8; Gal. 3:14, 16-18). In Paul's preaching the two hopes were blended, because the Messiah he preached was a Messiah risen from the dead, the first fruits and guarantee of the resurrection (Acts 13:22, 33, 38). In Paul's day Christianity was everywhere spoken, yet it was to conquer the world and save it from moral ruin. Man's judgments are not God's, and the sect that is "everywhere spoken against" may be the sect God has chosen (cf. Jer. 15:16-21, 24).

III. Paul Preaching the Kingdom of God and Persuading Men Concerning the Resurrection, 23-31. How all the schemes of the enemies of Paul and Christ had turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel (cf. Phil. 1:12). They had brought Paul to Rome at the expense of the state, they had given Paul a great audience of leading Jews, but further than this they had given Paul an audience of Roman soldiers. These soldiers would never have come to a service conducted by a Jew, but as they had to guard Paul they had to hear what he had to say. Many were thus converted (Phil. 1:13, R. V.), and as the Roman soldier went everywhere they became most efficient missionaries in Gaul, Germany and Britain and elsewhere. Paul opened to the Jews the Old Testament scriptures concerning the death and resurrection and reign of the Christ (comp. ch. 23, 26:22, 23) showing how all this was fulfilled in Jesus. He was witness to the kingdom of God—that is, to the reign of God on earth in the coming Messianic kingdom. All his exposition and testimony centered in Jesus. It was no abstract reign of God in an improved state of society, but a definite reign in a definite person, Jesus. Paul proved his points "both from the law of Moses and from the prophets, from the text of the evening." If Paul had been like so many modern so-called "Bible teachers" he would have spent the day discussing whether or no the law really was Mosaic, and whether the portions of Isaiah expounded were by Isaiah himself or the deuterio-Isaiah or some other Isaiah. The method Paul employed, going through the Scripture and showing Jesus everywhere and showing himself followed (Lk. 24:27). Even apostolic preaching will not convert every body. But under true preaching of the word of God in the power of the Holy Spirit "some" will believe. The preaching of the Gospel always causes division; those who are ordained to eternal life believe (comp. ch. 13:48), and the rest reject (comp. ch. 13:48-50; 14:4; 17:4; 18:6-8; 19:8). Those who believe are saved; those who believe not are lost (Mark 16:15, 16). But the unbelief of some does not make the faithfulness of God of non-effect (Rom. 3:3, R. V.). Paul was not at all shaken in his own faith, because so many, including scholars, had not believed. No, rather he was confirmed in his faith; for was not this a fulfillment of prophecy? But note how plainly Paul points to those rejecters as equal plainness of speech. Paul told them that what lay at the root of their unbelief was: gross hearts, dull ears, closed eyes. Their eyes were closed because they themselves had closed them (comp. 2 Thess. 1:7, 9). Though they refused the salvation, it was none the less "of God." If they would not have it, others would (v. 23). The rejection of the Gospel by the Jew meant salvation for us (Rom. 11:11). Paul had two years of uninterrupted service in Rome and here the story closes.

The Old Theology.

We have outgrown the old theology. It is as obsolete as the outworn shell on the beach on the great sea.—Rev. E. L. Powell.

Immortality.

No man can believe in the Fatherhood of God and doubt immortality.—Rev. Dr. Waters.

Yale's Financial Resources.

At New Haven, Conn., Lee McClung, who is to become United States Treasurer, made his final report as treasurer of Yale University. The general statement of funds and assets of the University shows an increase for the year from \$5,640,343 to \$10,835,673, endowment funds increasing from \$5,250,804 to \$6,119,320. The greatest increase in form of investments is in realty bonds and mortgages, which rise from \$2,833,629 to \$3,737,747.

Dies in Fall From Window.

At Margate, England, Charles A. Guff Miller, Agent-General of New Brunswick in London since 1896, jumped or fell from a window and was killed. He had been staying at a sanitarium because of a nervous trouble. An attendant was constantly in charge, but Mr. Miller succeeded in eluding him and making his way to the window. He was born in Ontario in 1856.

Great Commerce Record.

Commerce for August on the great lakes broke all records.

Bitter War on Intemperance

SOLDIERS FIGHTING THIS CURSE GREATLY CHEERED.

Why Do Men Drink?
BY JOHN C. EARL.

"O God, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! To be wretchedly mangled by a fool, and presently a beast!"—Shakespeare.

To me there is no more interesting problem in psychology!

Come to think of it this whole question of alcoholism is one of the most astounding puzzles in moral inconsistency and intellectual perversity that has ever come before the intelligent world for solution.

Why should we tolerate this accursed stuff among us, with the evidence of its cruelly destructive nature confronting us at every turn, is a question that should scare us as to our own personal sanity!

In its initial stages, alcoholism is the birthplace of moral and physical degeneracy, later on the pathway of honor, dishonesty and disloyalty; and, at the last, the sad burial ground of wrecked hopes, of ruined careers, of lost souls and all that might be; for it, have been so beautiful and good and true.

Why do men drink? It is the dew that moistens the roadway to hell! Yet we nurture the germs of our future hopes and fears in its foul pollution, we suckle in its innocent babe, and prefer it to one another at the most sacred rites of our religious beliefs! Why do we do it?

"Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments."—Addison.

Why do men drink? Ask the "total abstainer" who smilingly offers it to his guests.

Ask the "moderate drunkard," who, sneering at his more involved brother, wickedly boasts that he can "take it or let it alone."

Ask the "convivialist," who, swearing love and loyalty to the companions of his debauch, takes to the tall timber at the first sign of trouble.

Ask the "dipsomaniac," who periodically kisses death in a perfect Niagara of the vile stuff of abstinence, and who has "drunk" into inebriation, who has "marked time" in the morass of alcoholic bilge till the reaper gathers him in.

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? They that tary at the wine. It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—The Bible.

Why do men drink? Of what use is medical science if this question cannot be answered? We are given reasons why men should not drink, but no one seems ever to have sounded the depths of human perversity for one good and sufficient reason why men do drink!

The fact of the matter is that, with few exceptions, everyone who comes within the alcoholic atmosphere falls under its control—they become obsessed with a moral obliquity, or what may be perhaps more correctly termed "intellectual strabismus"—the axis of their mental vision has become deranged by alcoholic hypnosis, and their logical instinct a non-responsive blur.

Nature has supplied an antidote for all her ills—is there no immunity from the infatuation of this mirage? No redemption for those who have fallen? No hope for the lost?

"Drunkenness is nothing else than a voluntary madness."—Seneca.

Let us be truthful—we do not want to escape it! Our fathers pledged their friends in it, and our mothers wet our lips with it on the tips of their rosy fingers. What was good enough for them is good enough for us! Our mental process will not, or can not, travel farther.

We have been unfairly dealt with by the countless generations who have traveled ahead of us. Even his helpless childhood, the fine clockwork of our mental balance has been tampered with, and thrown awry by alcoholic stimulants; and now, we have ears that hear not, and eyes that see not. We welcome bestiality with an innate smile, and extend the glad hand to shame and ruin!

"Oh, wasd some power the gifte ge' us, To see oursel's as thers see us!"

Is there absolutely nothing in all this wine, wide world that can free us of our asses' ears?"

"Soon as the potion works, their human countenance, Th' express resemblance of the gods is changed. And they, so perfect in their misery, Not see, perceive their foul disfigurement."—Milton.

Practical Results of Sobriety.

A marvelous change has taken place in the drink habit in the past century. In the United States for instance, it is true that the consumption of drink has reached a high per capita mark, despite the vigorous temperance work, including education, through the population and the energy of the liquor traffic are understood. There is, nevertheless, a tremendous increase, universally admitted, in the sobriety of the people as a whole.

It may be truthfully said, for example, that the growing demands of business for sober or completely abstaining employes have followed education of youth in the facts showing how drink tends to impair efficiency and reliability. A generation of employes has been reared who not only have an idea as to what their fathers that drink makes a poor workman, but taught by the facts of science, they know the definite risk.

Alcohol and Pneumonia.

Dr. Moorehead, a great physician of Edinburgh, said of alcohol in pneumonia: "If I can get a patient who has had no alcohol, I have very seldom any doubt as to the result of that attack of pneumonia, and that it is never necessary to give alcohol in these cases at all; in fact, the patients do far better without it."

No Constitutional Clock.

The alcoholic drink trade is not protected by our National Constitution.

Michigan Scares Rummies.

Cincinnati wholesale liquor dealers announce that their losses from the going dry of Michigan counties will not be less than \$2,000,000 per year. The recent going dry of nineteen counties of Michigan starts a cry among the pro-liquor papers of Michigan for a law which shall require three-fourths vote to carry no-license.

Always Wrong.

If it was wrong to vote for license when the per capita consumption of liquor was fifteen gallons, it is still wrong when the per capita consumption is twenty-three gallons.

ROYAL HELPS

Gathered for the QUIET HOUR

"HOPE THOU IN GOD."

(Ps. 42:5, 11.)

"Hope thou in God!" "The bliss sweet My very inmost soul hath stirred; And so I pass it on to you, That you may learn likewise to do, Hope thou in God!"

"Hope thou in God!" This lesson learn. "Even when His will you can't discern. His purposes of love are sure; His mercy shall for aye endure, Hope thou in God!"

"Hope thou in God!" Do not despair. Although unanswered seems thy prayer. It has ascended to His throne; Thy need to Him is fully known, Hope thou in God!"

"Hope thou in God!" Though all around The world be darkness dull and bound, He reigns above, He rules on high, "No evil shall to thee come nigh, Hope thou in God!"

"Hope thou in God!" Oh, may I be A message to Himself to thee! Be not cast down, be not dismayed, Still cling to Him, mid light or shade. Hope thou in God!"

—F. B., in London Christian.

The Holy Spirit and the Word.

It requires the enlightening, emphasizing presence of the Holy Spirit to enable us to comprehend and appropriate the teaching of the Word. The following incident illustrates this:

In Altoona, Pa., some years ago, a man was seeking the Lord. He had been at the altar a number of evenings in succession, and seemed on the way to getting deeper into gloom, doubt and despair, but he was an honest inquirer.

One evening, right in the middle of the altar services, he got up, took his hat, and left the house, calling that there was no salvation for him. He went home, and on entering his house his eye caught a Bible lying on the table. He sat down and began to read, thinking that perhaps he could find something there that would relieve his mind. He happened upon the passage, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. He was astonished. The Holy Spirit emphasized the truth. His faith took hold, and soon he was happily praising God aloud for salvation.

The next evening in the meeting he said to his pastor: "I gave up hope last night, and went home, but fortunately my eye caught the Bible as I went into my house. I sat down and began to read, and I soon found Scripture enough to convert all the men in Altoona."

The Holy Spirit enlightened his eyes, because he was an honest, pious inquirer, and it did "guide him into all truth"—into a knowledge of all the truth essential to his salvation. And so it will do for every honest inquirer. If the "higher critics" of to-day would study their Bibles on their knees, they would find much more to believe and much less to criticize than they do. Let the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit that illumines the truth to the mind of the honest reader of God's Word, but upon the minds of those who, trusting in their own wisdom, read its sacred pages only to criticize and find fault, it sheds no such illumination.—Religious Telescope.

Cleansing His Conscience.

There was once in Boston an old codfish dealer, a very earnest and sincere man, who lived prayerfully every day. One of the great joys of his life was the family worship hour. One year two other merchants persuaded him to go into a deal with them, by which they could control all the codfish in the market, and greatly increase the price.

The plan was succeeding well, when this good old man learned that many poor persons in Boston were suffering because of the great advance in the price of codfish. It troubled him so that he broke down in trying to pray at the family altar, and went straight to the man who had led him into the plot, and told them he could not go on with it.

Said the old man: "I can't afford to do anything which interferes with my family prayers. And this morning when I got down on my knees and tried to pray, there was a mountain of codfish before me, high enough to shut out the throne of God, and I could not pray. I tried my best to get around it, or get over it, but every time I started to pray that codfish loomed up before me and my God. I wouldn't have my family prayers spoiled for all the codfish in the Atlantic Ocean, and I shall have nothing more to do with it, or with any money made out of it."—Home Herald.

"Faith is the Substance of Things Hoped For."

I hear men praying everywhere for more faith, but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real