

# THE HOUSE ON THE ISLAND

By ETTA W. PIERCE

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CHAPTER X. 13

Continued.

"See here—I must have a word with Miss Hatton—she's in the cave with you. I know. Mr. Trevor bids me to say that she must return to the house with me. He's ready to settle the business between them to her full satisfaction. I'm to tell her also that the skipper has repaired the sloop, and she can sail for the mainland in the morning."

While speaking, Peter was pressing nearer and nearer the door of the cave. Vic blocked the opening, but over her shoulder he could see Jacqueline, tall and beautiful in the light of the fire and the candle.

"Stand off, Peter, my friend!" warned Vic. "If this is your errand, why did you bring Joe Raby along? One man's enough to carry such a message. I'll take it on myself to answer that Miss Hatton will not go back with you to the stone house—not on your precious life, Peter!"

Peter set his teeth together with a sharp click, whereat Joe Raby stalked forward to join his comrade. His villainous face was surly and lowering.

"Vic, ye know I love ye true," he began, "and I've asked ye more'n once to marry me, though I ain't of the marrying kind. I consorted along o' Peter to help him persuade ye to come out o' that woodchuck hole—it ain't nowise safe for girls like ye to stay here o' nights. Ye've got to go back with us to the house—Mr. Trevor and his wife want ye—we all want ye."

"Do you, now?" cried Vic, in derision. "You precious pair of scoundrels! Not a foot will Miss Hatton and I go in your company. The like of you ain't fit to look at us—much less bring us such a message at this hour of night."

"Vic, I tell ye, I love ye true! I'll take good care o' ye, my dear. Mrs. Trevor and the Portuguese cook are crying their eyes out to see ye again."

"Mrs. Trevor!" echoed Vic, her wrath bubbling in her voice. "Like enough ye've killed the poor lady by this time. Keep off, Joe Raby! If you try to get in here, you lying thief, I'll make you rue it."

But the two men were not to be intimidated by a girl's threat.

"You'll go with us willing," shouted the skipper, "or we'll take ye unwilling."

And the next moment the pair had hurled down the piece of driftwood mast like a wisp of straw, and leaped into the cave. Raby was foremost. But swift as he was, Vic was swifter. She snatched from the fire the kettle of boiling water, and dashed it full in the skipper's swarthy face. With a howl of pain, Raby staggered back.

Meanwhile, Peter of the cross-eyes made a rush for Jacqueline. Her pale, haughty look went through him like a sword, but his wicked hands grasped and held her fast.

"My beauty!" he said, with his odious face close to hers, his breath on her cheek.

She tried to hurl him back. A scream of fear escaped her. Vic was absorbed in belaboring Joe Raby over the head with the tin kettle. Yet Jacqueline's cry for help was not left unanswered. The blankets on the floor heaved suddenly upward.

A ghastly figure, with a white face swathed in something like grave clothes, and eyes wild and bright as lightning, leaped up in the midst of the commotion, seized the piece of mast that had rolled toward him in the struggle, and brought it down with a fearful crack on the arm that Peter had thrown around Miss Hatton. The offending member, fractured and helpless, fell as if a thunderbolt had smitten it. St. George, pale and terrible, swung his clumsy weapon aloft for a second blow, but Peter, yelling in fear and agony, and with hair rising on his head, made a desperate plunge for the cave door. The skipper followed. Both had recognized the victim of the earless boat.

They fled in wild haste, stumbling headlong over the rocks, and in his ignominious retreat, Joe Raby poured forth a volume of extraordinary oaths, which the wind wafted back to the ears of Vic and Miss Hatton.

Jacqueline listened only a moment, then she ran to St. George. The driftwood had dropped from his hand. His sudden strength was spent. He reeled and the two girls laid him gently back on the blankets.

"Queer," whispered Vic in an awestruck tone, "how he understood, miss."

"Yes," answered Jacqueline, and her handsome face was like chalk.

Through all his delirium, her cry of need had reached him—dispelled for an instant the stupor that held his senses, and nerved him to rise and strike for her. It was St. George who had saved the situation and routed the enemy.

"I've brought medicines from the chest at the stone house," said Vic. "The vials are labeled, and maybe you'll know how to use 'em. I got in through a pantry window. I saw nobody, though I heard the Portuguese cook among her pots and pans. Where Mrs. Trevor is I can't tell. Oh, but my heart's broke about the oars! I found 'em at Joe's hut, and was making off with 'em on my shoulder when Peter gave chase. Joe will be a sight to-morrow. I let the scalding water drive full in his eyes. And Peter's arm hangs as limp as a dead eel! The two will have to lay up awhile for repairs. And Vic leaned against the rock wall and shook with silent laughter.

But Jacqueline could not laugh.

"We shall not see Watchaven to-night," she sighed. "We are prisoners in this place, Vic, and our enemies, though discomfited, are still strong."

"We must not be too sure. Some things have occurred here that cannot be forgotten or forgiven."

"Er—what—sir?"

"I shall never be permitted to leave the island if Philip Trevor and his servants can prevent it."

Jacqueline held her breath.

"I think you are right," she acknowledged; "they will now do their utmost to destroy you."

"Yes; you had better have left me in the boat," he said, whimsically. "My presence here is most unfortunate—for you. It doubles your danger."

"What!" flashed Jacqueline, "would you have us think of that at a time like the present?"

"I would!" he answered earnestly. "Left to yourselves, Trevor would doubtless send you to the mainland; but in my company you will meet with no consideration—you will be treated as hostiles. God knows I would give half my earthly goods for this moment for a boat that would take you two to Watchaven."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Vic, "would we go and leave you, sir, to those island pirates?—after we'd brought you around so slick, too? Much you know about us!"

But he was looking only at Jacqueline. She made her voice very cool and steady as she said:

"Since your fortune has been cast with ours in this place, let us all abide the issues together. Do not belittle your own importance, for already you have been our salvation here."

"And you do not wish me away at this crisis?"

"No—oh, no."

Something flashed into his blond face—a light that never was on land or sea. Jacqueline's dark eyes held before his gray-eyes. His hand touched hers for a moment; then he remembered himself and withdrew quickly; but the electric spark had passed from one to the other—the two were no longer strangers, or acquaintances, or even friends.

He was stalwart and sound and he made superhuman exertions to recover his strength. A few hours later he was on his feet, walking about the cave. His nurses feigned alarm, but secretly they were overjoyed. The situation demanded masculine guidance. It was an unspeakable relief to find an active male partner in their difficulties.

"The tide does not ebb till a late hour," said St. George, as he assumed the direction of affairs, "so I think we must pass another night in the cave. Every hour, I find, adds to my strength, and by morning I shall be able to go with you to the main island and look for the boat which I hired in Watchaven."

"You will meet Philip Trevor," replied Jacqueline, unable to conceal her disquietude, "not as man to man, but as one to three, and that one-embodied by a very recent illness."

"But now my strength will be as the strength of ten," he answered, in a low, eloquent voice, "for I have your wrongs to remember, as well as my own." And after a pause he added in a changed tone: "Then, too, the fate of Mrs. Trevor is still a mystery, which, in duty to my little son, I must unravel."

He declared that he would assume the watch in the cave this last night, but his nurses strenuously objected. He must husband his powers for the morrow, they said—the safety of the whole party depended upon him; they would call him at the first approach of peril. So, at last, he rolled himself in a blanket and lay down to sleep in the farthest corner of the place. Jacqueline sat by the fire and fed its flame with dry twigs; drive away darkness and damp. Vic had something on her mind and as the tide ebbed from the channel she drew nigh to her companion and whispered: "The food is out, miss—there's not a bite left for morning—nothing for him. An empty stomach makes a weak hand. It's not good for a man just out of delirium to fast. He's got the grit, but he must have strength to keep on his feet. I'm as hungry as a wolf myself, and I'm going over to Deadman's to get provisions."

"Oh, Vic!"

"Hush! Don't wake him—he needs sleep. He was staggering with weakness when he lay down. If he's set on meeting the island men to-morrow, he must be provided with something more than food," said Vic, darkly. "Don't try to hold me, but just sit here patient till I come back."

"It is almost midnight."

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**Mice on the Pillow.**

"I'm not so much afraid of mice as some women," said she, "but I don't like them in my hair. The other night I finished a biscuit I was eating after I went to bed and naturally left some crumbs about, not meaning to, never think of the mice."

"Well, about the middle of the night I heard scampering, and there were the mice all over my hair, trying to get at those crumbs."

"I tell you, I gave one shriek, sprang up, lighted all the gas in the room and sat up the rest of the night watching that pillow!"—New York Press.

**An Alibi.**

The milkman stood before her, nervously twirling his hat in his hands.

"So," she said, sternly, "you have come at last?"

"Yes, madam. You sent for me, I believe," he replied.

"I wished to tell you that I found a minnow in the milk yesterday morning."

"I am sorry, madam, but if the cows will drink from the brook instead of from the trough I cannot help it."—Harper's Weekly.

**Trees Purify the Air.**

It is a fact that trees along highways, trees in towns and cities and trees in groves amid agricultural regions render the atmosphere purer. They by their foliage absorb harmful gases, which would otherwise be breathed by the inhabitants of the densely populated cities, thereby modifying diseases, lessening the dangers of epidemics and in many ways improving the healthfulness of communities.—New York Farmer.

## THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. ROBERT RODGERS.

Theme: Consciousness of God.

Brooklyn, N. Y. — The Rev. Dr. Robert Rogers, rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, preached Sunday on "The Consciousness of God." The text was from Ephesians 4:20: "Ye Have Not So Learned Christ."

Dr. Rogers said:

The thought with which I am impressed, and with which I would impress you—is that Christ—the God-man—stands facing the world of men and women as the greatest and most important factor in human life. Everything we do should be done in a consciousness of His presence; everything we do will be judged by Him, and His judgment will be visited upon us and be felt by us. This we have learned of Christ, if we have heard Him and been taught by Him.

When I speak of Christ I mean to express the thought that comes into our hearts and minds when we speak of God.

This is the most important message that can be delivered to a man—if he can be assured of its truth and made to live under its inspirations. When I open my Bible, its first words tell the great story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and earth," and as man has learned the knowledge of the heavens and earth, of the mighty force, the beauty, the bounty in supplying all that is needful for the millions of mankind, the laws, which are so wonderful, man comes more and more to enter into this knowledge of nature, he speaks of God with adoration and reverence. The infinite God—the God of power, infinite wisdom, infinite goodness is our only explanation.

The greatest power of the mighty human intellect sinks into insignificance before the ultimate analysis of a drop of water or a grain of sand when the scientist intimatedly what is involved in its creation. I think, we can understand the cry of Brown if I climb up into heaven. There are David and from David to the last thoughtful student in the earth's book, has come this feeling of nearness to God, and happiness and comfort in being nestled in the everlasting arms.

The thought that I am trying to convey is not so much that our minds shall rest on the wonders of nature but that the mind shall advance through these things to a consciousness of God—the supremacy of the Infinite, the Fatherhood of God to be able to say with Ruskin, "I am quite certain it is all done for us and for our perpetual pleasure." How near into the presence of the Infinite God these men have come who have been able to enter into the wonders and beauties of nature. From Job to David, and from David to the last thoughtful student in the earth's book, has come this feeling of nearness to God, and happiness and comfort in being nestled in the everlasting arms.

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## OUR TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE AGAINST RUM.

One Divorce in Five Due to Drink.

One of the most striking arguments for temperance reform, says Mr. L. A. Brady, is to be found in certain cold, dispassionate statistics issued by the United States Census Bureau. These figures show that intemperance, as either a direct or a contributing cause, was responsible for more than nineteen per cent.—practically one-fifth—of all divorces granted in the United States during the twenty years between 1887-1906 inclusive. Since the present rate at least every twelfth marriage ends in divorce, we get a proportion of one home in every sixty-one wrecked by drink. Moreover, the census authorities themselves, according to Mr. Brady, admit that these figures represent only the most flagrant and palpable instances on the part which intemperance plays in divorce, and that greater percentage nearer the truth. The detailed figures as set forth in the census bulletin are as follows:

"Drunkenness was the sole cause of divorce in 25,516 cases, or 3.9 per cent. of the total number of divorces (1887 to 1906). There was a cause in combination with some other cause in 17,765 cases, or 2.9 per cent. of the total number. Therefore, it was a direct cause, either alone or in combination with other causes, in 54,281 cases, or 5.7 per cent. of the total. Of divorces granted to the wife the percentage for drunkenness either alone or in combination with other causes was 7.9; of those granted to the husband, the corresponding percentage, 1.4."

"The attempt was made to ascertain also the number of cases in which drunkenness or intemperance, although not a direct ground for the divorce, was an indirect or contributory cause. The number of such cases was returned as 130,287, representing 13.8 per cent. of the total number of divorces. Probably this number includes those cases in which the fact of intemperance was alleged on the bill of complaint or established by the evidence, although not specified among the grounds for which the divorce was granted."

"The remaining cases are those in which there was no reference to intemperance, or no evidence that intemperance existed as a contributory cause. In some of these cases the record was so meager that the absence of any mention of intemperance did not justify no conclusions. But in the majority of instances it would create a strong presumption that intemperance did not exist or was not a contributory cause."—Literary Digest.

**Beer and Babies.**

Beer is bad for babies. Beer is neither a food nor a stimulant. Alcohol is poison; beer is diluted alcohol.

The most that has ever been claimed for alcohol as food is that it is capable of being converted into heat and fat. But it is worthy of note that these claims have been made by chemists and physicians paid for their opinion by the manufacturers of alcoholic beverages. And even they have had to admit that but a very limited quantity of alcohol could be appropriated by the system.

Besides alcohol there is nothing of value in beer.

There is more food value in a teaspoonful of milk than there is in a gallon of beer. There is no poison in milk. There is enough poison in a gallon of beer to kill fifty-one infants.

Beer contains from three to five per cent. of alcohol, or from two to three teaspoonfuls of alcohol in each glass of beer.

Three drops of alcohol, which is equivalent to one teaspoonful of beer, or six to eight drops of whisky or brandy, will make a week old infant drunk. That is why some mothers and nurses give crying babies whisky or brandy. It seems to cure the colic. But it only makes them so drunk they go into a stupid sleep.

What mother would like to see her son brought home from the corner saloon, or her daughter from the dance hall, in a drunken stupor? Yet how often will a mother deliberately make the infant at her breast drunk to prevent it from crying?

Are not beer and other alcoholics in moderation stimulants? That is an exploded theory. Does not alcohol stimulate the heart to quicker beats? No. It irritates it to a more rapid action in the system's effort to eliminate the poison. Does it not stimulate the stomach and congest the liver. Does it not stimulate the mind? No. It makes the intellect stupid and dull.

**A Substitute.**

"An effective substitute for the saloon would be public casinos, supported by public taxation as schools are, which should be as universally distributed almost as saloons, open as long as saloons, and provide a resort for the men and women of the neighborhood where they can meet to read and enjoy all the liberty which is found to-day in the saloons, excepting intoxicating liquors, but where wholesome refreshments might be purchased. These casinos might be made self-supporting from the sale of refreshments—that is one of the special movements which is being championed by Temperance, New Brunswick, N. J., the monthly journal of the Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church. Such a plan as this ought to prove most successful where prohibition has recently gone into effect.

**Foundation of Life.**

When you assist womanhood you assist the nation. She is the foundation of our lives, she is the intermediary between man and all divinity.—Rev. S. Parkes Cadman.

**Moral Influence.**

The measure of moral influence is precisely the quality of moral character. One clear lapse from goodness and that authority expires.—Rev. H. T. Henson.

**Social Hygiene For Chicago Schools.**

With a view to combating physical and moral degeneration social hygiene is placed in the curriculum of Chicago high schools. This study is well known, comments the Alliance News, that ninety per cent. of these cases have their origin in the drinking habits of the parents.

"Ninety-five per cent. of the trouble in the police department, and at least ninety-eight per cent. of the discharges in the fire department of Chicago, are due to the use of intoxicants," declares Howard O. Spaulding, chief of the Civil Service Commission, in his annual report.

## RELIGIOUS READING FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEP-ETH."

This is not death! 'Tis but a struggle ended; A ransomed soul in bonds refused to keep; An unseen angel to its aid descended; And now God giveth His beloved sleep.

If tears will flow, not hopeless, is our sorrow; Our dear one rests among Christ's folded sleep; Just for a night; but God will, on the morrow, Awaken His beloved from their sleep.

Safe in their rest! No harm shall e'er befall them— No fears disturb their slumbers, calm and deep; And, through the night, till in the morn' He call them, God guards His own beloved while they sleep.

Though summer shall still shine bright above them, And 'er their graves winter's wild storms shall sweep, He who hath loved is He who still doth love them— They eye remain His children, though they sleep.

Then, darling, rest! Nay, nevermore shall I grieve thee— The hills they make earth's children sigh and weep; And, till the day dawn, with thy Lord we leave thee, For so He giveth His beloved sleep.—John D. Linell, in London Christian.

**The Great Law of Love.**

And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.—Revelation, 22:2.

The vision of the prophets, while often pessimistic of present conditions, has always culminated in the hope of a final peace on earth and good will to men. It has looked forward through difficulty and discouragement to the time when the jealousies, the rivalries, the selfishness of individuals and nations should pass away and mankind should live in one common bond of brotherhood and peace together.

St. John, in the record of the beatific vision given him, foreshadows the reign of a final peace on earth and good will to men. He speaks of a common conscious communion with God in the life beyond. The fruit of the tree of life is to be won through labor and service. Man's effort for self-development is to result in his finding of the larger life. In his finding of the larger life for himself he is to bring it to the whole family of mankind. The leaves of the "tree" are for the healing of the nations, or the bringing of peace on earth and good will to men through the removal of their sin and selfishness.

Christianity as a religious force has given the principles of reaching outward and of seeking contact with other men. It has inspired the courage for discovery and exploration and the impetus to treat for a mutual understanding. None but the nations professing Christianity, and the nations in every age, have had an appreciable share in bringing the ends of the earth together or in creating what is known as the "family of nations," where an international law instead of brute force has found field for operation.

We are celebrating now the anniversary of two great discoverers. On our shores are gathered representatives of every clime to do honor to Hudson and Pilton and to cement the friendships of an international peace. In this we are acknowledging that there is a common bond between us all and our meeting together now is a fact that goes to make that bond stronger. Discovery has located the far lands, invention has brought them closer together in time and distance; travel and intercourse, and the possible acquaintance and the spirit of Christianity, which has created the conditions of life favorable for these achievements, if we are willing to live it, will carry us further—to the realization of that peaceful understanding to which all men look with eager longing.

Co-operation is the outcome of the great law of love. Christ died to win for every clime a victory which means a consideration for the true welfare of one another. Your life and my life banded together in this spirit means an uplift for the lives of all other men. Let us foster this spirit, under the inspiration of Jesus, in all our personal relationships, substituting kindness for strife, helpfulness for ruthless struggle, service for selfishness, and the spirit of brotherhood at the expense of our fellow men means but a repetition of the old and oft repeated ruin of civilization, through misery and sin. We rise to a height only to be cast down. But progress through the refusal to benefit at the expense of one another means an achievement that holds for the generations to come. Making working as a whole, without unthoughtful personal dissensions, giving itself instead of combatively trying to save itself, must achieve victories to stagger the imagination. To such striving the tree of life shall yield her leaves for the healing of the nations and bring the balm of a peace, the forerunner of the peace of the life eternal.—Andrew F. Underhill, Church of the Ascension, New York, in Sunday Herald.

**The Wondrous Love.**

However rich we may once have been in earthly love, and however poor we may be to-day, we may be many times richer if only the heart is open for the entrance of the Infinite and Living Love. No alienation, no estrangement, no bereavement, can leave us poor, if we but know "the love of Christ that passeth knowledge."

**Confirms an Oil Monopoly.**

Frank Pierce, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, it was announced in Guthrie, Okla., has refused to grant a right of way to the proposed Oklahoma Pipe Line Company, holding that the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, a Standard Oil branch, is already in Oklahoma and should handle Oklahoma oil. Oklahoma has denied permission to the Prairie Oil and Gas Company to build a pipe line because it is not a domestic corporation.

**Secretary MacVeagh to Wear Red Tie.**

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh says he thinks a red cravat is very becoming to gray hair. This explodes the story that the Cabinet has decided to appear uniformly in purple or black cravats. Mr. MacVeagh made this important announcement after Mrs. MacVeagh had left Washington, D. C., for Chicago.

**Rabbits at \$50 and \$25.**

At Shamokin, Pa., John Socusk and Frank Carpenter, while hunting, each killed a rabbit. One Justice fined the former \$25, while another fined Carpenter \$50.

## The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JANUARY 2.

Subject: John, the Forerunner of Jesus. Matt. 3:1-12—Commandments Verses 2, 3.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness. Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make His paths straight." Matt. 3:3.

**TIMER.**—A. D. 27. PLACE.—The Wilderness of Judea.

**EXPOSITION.**—"I repent ye, For the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand." 1-6. John's message is very like that of the last prophet of the old days (comp. Mal. 3:1-5; 4:1-3). He had received his training for the work in none of the rabbinical schools of the day, but largely in solitude and communion with God in the wilderness (Luke 1:80). As he had received his message directly from God (Jno. 1:33; Luke 3:2) he waited for no call or ordination by man before delivering it. He sought not the synagogue, but the open air, for the delivery of his message. His was a startling cry, "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The average Jew looked at himself as the unfortunate victim of other men's hostility to the Lord, John said to them, You are yourself a sinner against God. Your great need is not deliverance from Roman domination, but repentance from your own sins. The one cry of the prophets of God unto man is, "repent." John's reason for immediate repentance was new. Newer still was his announcement that the King was right at hand, and the character of the King's work. The Kingdom of heaven was near them, because the King was about to appear. He was about to set up His kingdom in the hearts of those who would receive Him. Furthermore, He would have set up His Kingdom on earth if He had been accepted by His people. More than seven centuries had passed since Isaiah (Isa. 40:3-5) had uttered his prophetic of a coming of the Lord, and of the forerunner who should precede Him. He had come at last. God's word had been fulfilled to the letter, as it always will be sooner or later, though the fulfillment may wait for centuries as in this case. John came in the spirit and the appearance of Elijah of old (comp. 2 K. 1:8; Matt. 17:12, 13). His whole manner of life was a protest against the prevailing "worldliness" and "self-indulgence" of the Jews, and he followed through the removal of their sin and selfishness.

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However rich we may once have been in earthly love, and however poor we may be to-day, we may be many times richer if only the heart is open for the entrance of the Infinite and Living Love. No alienation, no estrangement, no bereavement, can leave us poor, if we but know "the love of Christ that passeth knowledge."

**Confirms an Oil Monopoly.**

Frank Pierce, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, it was announced in Guthrie, Okla., has refused to grant a right of way to the proposed Oklahoma Pipe Line Company, holding that the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, a Standard Oil branch, is already in Oklahoma and should handle Oklahoma oil. Oklahoma has denied permission to the Prairie Oil and Gas Company to build a pipe line because it is not a domestic corporation.

**Secretary MacVeagh to Wear Red Tie.**

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh says he thinks a red cravat is very becoming to gray hair. This explodes the story that the Cabinet has decided to appear uniformly in purple or black cravats. Mr. MacVeagh made this important announcement after Mrs. MacVeagh had left Washington, D. C., for Chicago.

**Rabbits at \$50 and \$25.**

At Shamokin, Pa., John Socusk and Frank Carpenter, while hunting, each killed a rabbit. One Justice fined the former \$25, while another fined Carpenter \$50.