ON THE SCENT;

OR, TRACED BY A DIVINING ROD.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER X. 8

Continued.

"Is it possible?" he replied.

"But what then, did you expect?" she said, moving away and seating herself composedly in one of the sheltered deck chairs.

"Why, I expected a child, a little school girl; but I cannot say that I regret it," said Arthur, quietly. "I must confess to some misgiving as to her behavior, and the extent of my responsibilities."

"But on what grounds did you expect a small child?"

"Your—your father's letter, and also the way he repeatedly spoke of you. He always alluded to you as 'is little girl, his little child. I now e that it may only have been a term f endearment."

"Do you know my father, Monsieur?"

"Yes," answered Arthur. "I met him at my uncle's, Mr. Denstone's, home."

"Mr. Denstone is, then, your uncle?" exclaimed Antoinette. "Indeed, we have, then, both of us, explanations to receive. I am glad you were not the only one to be deceived. You, for instance, in no way resemble the individual I was led to expect. My governess told me that I was to be escorted by one of Mr. Denstone's clerks."

"What did you expect then?" said Arthur, laughing a little. "It is quite true that I am one of my uncle's clerks; or, rather, I am to be one."

"Of course, my governess understood that it would be—in short, somebody very unlike you. Now that I see the mistake, I must ask you to forgive me for the peremptory character of my letter. It was meant for the solemn old clerk, in a snuff-colored suit with blue spectacles, of my imagination. Tell me," said she, suddenly, "how did you think my father was looking? I have not seen him for such a long time—such a very, very long time."

"I can be no judge of his looks," answered Arthur, "for I never saw him before. He does not look ill, but he is nervous somehow. I think he wants somebody to take care of him."

"I thought so," she said quickly. "If he will let me, I will do my very best to make him happy; but I have no knowledge of home life. I spent all my holidays at school; that is not a good preparation," she added, wistfully.

"I don't think any preparation will be necessary, Mademoiselle Rigaud. You will find a father who is old, lonely and in need of you. Your instincts will be all-sufficient."

"Thank you," she said, simply.

Arthur felt deeply interested in his companion. There was something touching, even pathetic in the sound of her voice, which was lower and fuller than most girls' voices are. He could not see what she was like by the fitful harbor lights, even had she taken off her veil; but he fancied that her appearance must be as interesting as her voice. But it was growing late, the sea air was becoming bitterly cold, the motion of the steamer increasing every moment as she danced and bounded, light sheets of spray began to scud over the deck.

"Are you a good sailor?" said Arthur.

"Oh, yes. I do not mind the tossing," she answered. "But all the same, I think I should like to go down stairs. I am not very brave. I would rather not see it. Will you take me?"

She held his arm with both her hands, and, indeed, was clinging to him with all her might before he succeeded in landing her safely in the cabin.

"I had no idea that it would be so difficult to move," she said, laughing a little. "And now, thank you, good-night, sleep well."

Arthur was up and on deck by sunrise the next morning; but early as it was, he found his charge already there. The sea had calmed down, and they were now running fast with the tide, and only plunging very slightly from time to time.

Mademoiselle Rigaud was standing at the head of the cabin stairs when he came on deck, leaning against the doorway.

Arthur offered her his hand to help her to gain one of the deck-seats; she was evidently afraid of venturing alone, though she laughed at her own fears when she found how much easier it was to walk than it had been the night before.

Antoinette had tied a large black Shetland shawl round her head and over her shoulders.

"I must preserve my hat from the spray," she said. "Salt water is very destructive, and if this hat were spoilt it would be long before I should be able to replace it."

"Indeed," said Arthur, who was amused at her naivete, and thought it the most charming thing he had ever encountered in his life. "But I assure you you need not concern yourself about it, your father is very rich."

"You are mistaken," she said, coldly. "Quite mistaken; on the contrary, we are very poor."

Arthur remembered Monsieur Rigaud's strange confidences.

"But," he began hastily—then checked himself. If her father chose to conceal the fact of his great wealth from his daughter, it was scarcely right to thwart his plans, but he felt exceedingly impatitnt of them.

He proposed that they should walk up and down the deck awhile, and she consented with delight.

"I think you are altogether mistaken," she continued. "If you expect to find a carriage and horses to meet me, and a good house and gardens, and plenty of servants, you will be astonished."

"I only care that you should find enough for comfort," said Arthur. "To that at least you are certainly entitled."

"That we will not discuss," answered Antoinette. "I am quite satisfied that my father's mode of life is the only prudent one. It is not new to me," she went on, smiling. "I was five years old when I left home. I can remember a big old house, with wings. I remember quantities of cocks and hens, and an old woman feeding them, whom I called Nanon, and who frightened me by her sobs and weeping when I went away. She was my nurse, and I shall find her there still, I hear. She and her husband are most faithful servants."

"Are any of your mother's family living?" asked Arthur, feeling strangely uneasy at the idea of this delicate, gentle girl going into the hands of such a selfish old miser, and totally without needful protection. He felt that in her sweet, absolute faith in her father she would starve herself, and deprive herself of every needful comfort, and even necessity, to spare him. He felt thankful that he should be close by, at all events, for some weeks, but he would be greatly relieved could he hear of any other relative at hand.

"I have no relatives," said Antoinette, rather sadly. "My mother's name was Aymar—Jacqueline Aymar. She was the daughter of a doctor who lived at Goucy. My grandfather died shortly after her marriage. He had a son, Joseph Aymar. He married, and they both died in an epidemic of cholera when I was a little child; so no one of the name is left, and no one of the blood, excepting myself."

Arthur was looking at her, and as she spoke of her mother's family he saw a strange change pass over her face, a kind of hardness which seemed to petrify the soft flesh and blood, and a peculiar magnetic dreamy stare of the great gray eyes as they looked out to sea, almost as if she was entering a trance.

The look startled him. "Antoinette!" he exclaimed, abruptly, unconscious that he had used her Christian name.

She started and turned round, the look vanished at once, a soft pink color rose in her cheek.

"What is it?" she said, gently.

"Nothing. Forgive me; you looked so strange, so dream-like, as if, somehow, your mind were passing out of my reach, and I wanted it to come back," he said, trying to smile.

"Ah! yes; I understand. It is like that when I think of my mother's people. They have a strange history. Some day I will tell you, but not now," she added, a slight shudder passing over her. "The sun is growing warm, and yonder, in the distance, I fancy I can see the coast of France. Is it not so?"

"Yes; we shall soon be arriving. Are you glad to revisit your native land, Mademoiselle Rigaud?"

"Yes, for some reasons very glad. But I have been in England so long that I have almost forgotten to look upon France as my home."

CHAPTER XI.

The travelers reached St. Maalo without adventure of any kind, drove to the station, and found a train which took them to Lekaus, where they arrived late in the evening. They slept there, and started the next day for Goucy.

It was a cold day. The sun had not appeared; there was a sharp spring frost and a bitter east wind. The third-class carriage into which Antionette got, without a moment's hesitation, was exceedingly comfortless, but Antoinette said not a word of complaint.

As they went on, it struck Arthur that there was something odd, even unnatural, about this. A young and delicately brought up girl is not generally so callous unless she is absorbed by some thought that overrides all other questions, physical or mental; or else is of such a robust physique as to be independent of small miseries. He looked earnestly at his companion; the latter certainly was not the case, it must then be the former.

Arthur fancied that in her attitude, in the fast clasp of her little hands in her lap, there were signs of suffering. He was sympathetic by nature, but toward this lonely, lovely girl his sympathy welled up so irresistibly, that even at the risk of offending her he felt that he must ask her what caused her depression.

"Surely, dear Mademoiselle," he said, gently, "you must have something on your mind, or," he added, smiling, "I hardly think you would be so indifferent to the draught that is passing down the backs of our necks, or to the incessantly rattling door, or the clouds of infamous tobacco and fumes of absinthe which our late fellow-travelers have left behind them."

She gave a slight start. "I am very sorry that you are uncomfortable," she said. "Please do not stay with me. Doubtless your means would enable you to travel in a very different way. I am most selfish to allow it. At the very next station then——"

"Not for worlds!" cried Arthur. "It was only for your sake that I thought of complaining. Please forgive me. I cannot help fearing that something of a sad nature is absorbing your thoughts. Perhaps I ought not to say ' it is presumptuous of me."

"No," ' nette. "You are very good ' quite right. Something i ' thoughts very greatly a ' but I do not know that I can tell it to you; you would perhaps laugh at me."

"Laugh at you? Good Heavens! What do you take me for?" he exclaimed, hurt.

"Have I said or done anything to make you think that I could be so unkind, so unfeeling, and especially toward you, for whom, since the first moment I received you into my charge, I have felt the deepest interest, the utmost——"

He stopped himself, or he might have said too much; but his eager face and earnest manner touched her.

"Then you will not think me very foolish?"

"Try me," he said.

She looked at him doubtfully for one moment. Then she said: "Mr. Denstone, I have known you a very short time, indeed, but I am singularly friendless, and you have been so good to me, it makes me venture on more, perhaps, than I ought."

"Anything in the world that I have, or that I can do, is at your service," he said, quickly.

"Thank you," she answered, a smile of rare beauty lighting up her sweet face. "Then I will tell you the strange, terrible secret that overshadows me not only with its own weight, but with the most dire forebodings." She paused a moment as if to shake off some feeling of oppression, drew a long breath, and went on. "Did you by chance ever hear of Aymar? Jacques Aymar, of Crole?"

"No, I do not think I ever heard of him; but stay, I cannot be quite sure. You do not mean the man who was expert with the divining rod? I remember reading about him once, ages ago. If I remember right, his power had this peculiarity, that in his hands the rod was not only efficacious in the ordinary way of discovering the existence of water in any place, or minerals, but he pretended that it also enabled him to point out those who had committed crimes, and to detect criminals. My father was at one time very much interested in mesmerism and all mysteries of that sort, and he got together curious information respecting Jacques Aymar, who, after all, I believe turned out to be an imposter. Can it be that man you mean?"

"You think he was an imposter?" she asked, very eagerly.

"I cannot say; it is impossible to judge," he said, astonished at her eagerness. "I think mediums, and such people, are sometimes in the position of finding their natural gifts fail them, and then they have recourse to imposture to hide the fact. It may have been so with Aymar."

"I do not believe it was imposture," she said, nervously, twisting her hands together. "But Heaven knows how gladly I would think so if only I could. You are astonished; but perhaps you will better understand my interest in him when I tell you that my mother's name was Jacqueline Aymar, and that in may cases in our family, and I very greatly fear in my own. the faculty has proved hereditary."

"The use of the divining rod?" cried Arthur. "Is it possible that you can really believe such nonsense? Please forgive me for saying so."

"I told you that you would mock me!" she said, sinking back in her seat with so dejected an air that Arthur felt the greatest compunction for having spoken so hastily.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, earnestly. "Indeed, the ea of laughing at you never entered my head for a moment; but, oh! dear Mademoiselle Rigaud, do allow me most strongly to warn you against allowing such an idea to gain possession of your mind; it might prove most dangerous to your whole future happiness and peace."

"It has already proved so," she said, seriously.

"I suppose there is no mistake," said Arthur; "that it is a fact that your mother was descended from Jacques Aymar? It must be difficult to ascertain it really, for, after all, his notoriety was only local, and Crole was an obscure little place."

"There is no proof, but the fact of the similarity of name is singular. Jacques Aymar was from the Midi, my grandfather was Nantais; but—and this is the thing that frightens me—the power has existed more or less in one or two members of the family, and I myself have had singular proof that I possess, at all events in some degree, this hateful power."

To be Continued.

Norway's seaweed, used as fuel, yields a greater revenue than its fisheries.

SURVIVES HUG OF BEAR.

Not for years have bears been so bold in this vicinity as they are this season, writes The Forks (Me.) correspondent of the New York World. The fourth man to be tackled by a bear in the woods near here was Wallace Durgin, who had his adventure near his father's house. Durgin had his rifle close at hand and made short work of despatching the brute, but this was not the luck of Ernest Gubtil, of New Vineyard. Gubtil had been hunting for moose for two weeks. He dropped a fine buck and then placed his rifle against a tree and began the work of dressing the carcass.

The hunter, knife in hand, was at work when suddenly he received a blow on the left side which sent him to the ground half stunned. Gubtil then found himself grappling with a black bear, which, when cold that evening, weighed 460 pounds. By means of rolling and tumbling, kicking at the bear and warding off attempts to grapple Gubtil finally, with the blood streaming from two dozen bad scratches, reached his rifle.

By exerting all his remaining strength Gubtil dropped the muzzle against the bear's breast as the brute rose, and, with the trigger close against his left hip, pulled. The expansion bullet killed the bear almost instantly. At the moment of the discharge the bear was making a blow for Gubtil's face, but the claws dragged against his shoulder. A trapper heard Gubtil's call and took him where he could get medical aid

Her Special Realm

Happy Homes.

Homes would be happier

IF

Married people were as agreeable as in the days of their courting

IF

Each tried to be a real support and comfort to the other.

IF

Household expenses were under and not over the sum given for them.

IF

Married people remembered they were married for worse as well as better.

IF

If people were as polite to each other in private as they are in public, and

IF

Husbands and wives did not make the fatal mistake of drifting into humdrum machines.—Indianapolis News.

Unappreciated Thrift.

Benjamin Franklin was fortunate in possessing a very thrifty wife, but on one occasion her saving ways shocked, instead of pleased her husband. Mrs. Franklin had accumulated her small savings for a long time until she was able to give her husband a fine china cup and silver spoon for his special use at home, says Home Notes.

When Benjamin saw these unaccustomed luxuries, he said reprovingly. "You see how luxury creeps into families in spite of principles." And directly the meal was over he went to his warehouse and wheeled a barrowful of papers home through the streets for fear lest the neighbors might hear of the china cup and say he was getting above his business.

Correct Sitting Position.

If fashion should ever change so the long corsets worn at present would be out of style, woe betide the woman who has relied too much upon them, for, in truth, more than one wearer of the modern stays gives no heed at present to the way she sits or stands, because she is held in such a vise that her muscles are not used much. And it is this fact which will cause her woe later, for once cords become flabby they weaken, and then when the props are removed the flesh, if fat, is usually shapeless.

We may revile and jeer at the olden tales of discipline through which our grandmothers were drilled to make them sit straight, but the fact remains they put us to shame ever when they were at the mature age of sixty. Their spines had been developed so large hips and projecting abdomens were as common as during the last generation.

Indeed, it is literally true that no woman can afford to let her spine grow lax if she wishes to have presence or a graceful carriage. For the spine must be straight and shoulders held back. Let her cultivate the habit of keeping them in this attitude and she will have dignity and poise that may make a younger woman look insignificant beside her.

I know of no easier way of keeping the spine straight than to sit as far back in a chair as the body can be pushed, yet, strange to say, few persons do this. Women, particularly, usually seat themselves so the small of the back is against the chair. Instead of this position, the small of the back must be bowed away from the chair, so the tip of the spine will be against the back. If this attitude is taken the shoulders cannot sag forward, so uncomfortable would be the position, the hips are kept in proper place and the abdomen is not thrown out of plumb.

"Push," I would say to a woman who is about to sit on a chair—"push with the lower part of the spine until you can go no further.' Then let her put her chin up, her shoulders back, and if she has any good looks she will make the most of them.—Margaret Mixter in the Washington Star.

Is County Treasurer.

Miss Gertrude Jordan, of Valentine, Neb., who has just been declared by the State Supreme court to be entitled to the office of treasurer of Cherry county, is the first woman in the United States to hold a position of this kind.

The "State of Cherry," as it is called in Nebraska, is the largest county in the United States. It is ninety miles long and seventy miles wide, and contains 4,000,000 acres. The northern portion borders on the Sioux Indian reservation, where 14,000 uncivilized Sioux live a semi-nomadic life. Cherry is largely a county of cattle ranches, cowboys, round-ups and ranges. It is in the heart of the "sand hill" county and there are still 1,000,000 acres of government wild land within its borders.

It was amid such surroundings and under such conditions that Miss Jordan carried on her campaign. For the most part her mode of travel was horseback, and during her contest for the office she travelled more than nine hundred miles in this manner.

Miss Jordan is twenty-six years of age and for eight years had been deputy treasurer for Cherry. Last year she determined to become a candidate for the higher position, although she is a Republican and the office was filled by a Democrat. So she resigned and sought the nomination. In the primaries she had two opponents and when the votes were counted she had almost as many as the two combined.

Then came the campaign, and it was the most interesting contest Cherry county ever saw. Miss Jordan was just as likely as not to show up at a Democratic "blow out", and she backed her opponent off the platform time after time. Wherever two or more voters were gathered together there Miss Jordan was to be found. She rode over the country time and again, visited almost every ranch house, stopped a few minutes at each bunch of grazing cattle and talked with the herders and was a visitor at all the roundups.

At the election she led the ticket and won without difficulty. But when she went to take possession of the office her opponent refused to vacate for her, alleging that she was not eligible to the office.

Miss Jordan went into court. Seven judges heard the case in the State supreme court. Six of them concurred in an opinion favorable to Miss Jordan. The seventh, dissenting, took the position that unless the line was drawn somewhere women would soon be filling the gubernatorial chair itself.—New York Herald.

For a Fashionable Meal.

To make a dinner table look attractive attention must be given to its decoration. For example, in the middle of the table there should be a pot of flowers of cut blossoms, and radiating from the centre at four corners, there should be candlesticks, glass or silver. About the centre may be laid any large fancy silver spoons as ornaments, and four small dishes, glass or silver. In one dish there should be jelly, in two others, candies and salted nuts, and pickles in the fourth. One of these dishes should be placed between two candlesticks, only farther from the middle. These are left throughout the meal, except that the jelly and pickles are removed when the crumbs are wiped from the cloth; that is, before dessert is served.

No more than three forks are put at one place, nowadays, others being brought in afterward if extra courses require them. A fork and spoon are used with dessert and plates for each person are arranged before being brought from the pantry. A small doily is put on each desert plate and on that is the finger bowl, also in a little plate. The latter should match the bowl. A second doily should be placed between the bowl and its plate. A fork and spoon should be placed on each dessert plate, the silver resting on the margin. The fork should be on the left and the spoon on the right side, the handles pointing toward the person who will use them. When this plate is set on the table the guest removes the fork and spoon, puting one either side of the plate.

She then takes the finger bowl, its plate and the doily under and places

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colors of marine is one of the novelties.

Frill collars vary in width from two or three to four or even five inches in width.

Suede gloves are worn for deep mourning, then glace gloves for the lighter.

Large round or square chantilly veils will be used with the big hats or toques.

The ribbons having the gold embossed effects are popular for making opera bags.

Not for many years has chantilly lace had such a success; it is dyed in every shade.

Very handsome are the cloth of steel slippers. The ornament is a tiny steel lace bow.

Everything points to active demand for linen and pique collars, both embroidered and plain.

White pique seems to be the standard fabric for babies' coats ranging from one to three years of age.

Plain colored taffeta parasols are finished with a wide border of satin or a tape of the taffeta.

A striking traveling coat seen recently is of blue serge, with the collar, revers and pockets of chanticler.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

Money, Men and Prayers: the Three Great Missionary Needs—2 Cor. 8: 1-9; Matt. 9: 35-38.

Prevailing prayer. Acts 12: 5-11.
God's gold. 1 Chron. 29: 14-16.
The call. Isa. 6: 8-10; Matt. 9: 9.
Helpful prayer. 2 Cor. 1: 10, 11.
Gifts from the heart. Ex. 25: 1-8.
Say not, No. Jer. 1: 1-10.

One gift must be made to God before we can make any other; that gift is the heart (2 Cor. 8: 5).

We are to give because we love men, but the prime and fundamental motive for giving is because we love Christ (2 Cor. 8: 9).

Where the harvest is great the work is hard, but the rewards are also great (Matt. 9: 37).

No one can work successfully in Christ's harvest field if he merely goes there of his own will or on the advice of his friends; he must be commissioned by the owner of the field (Matt. 9: 38).

Suggestions.

Money is condensed life. When missions have not enough money it is because they have not enough life interest back of them.

It is idle to reckon whether money, men or prayers are needed the most in missions. The three needs fit together, and all are supplied in proportion as any one is supplied.

It has been well said that the question for each Christian to settle is not, "Should I go to the mission field?" but "Why should I not go?"

Modern missions need not merely men but fit men, trained men, useful and adapted men.

Illustrations.

Western farmers have been known, in their great need of laborers in harvest time, to enter railroad trains bringing students home from college and actually compel the young men to go out into the fields and help gather in the waiting grain.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JUNE 26

The Christian's Victories—2 Cor. 2: 14-17; Rom. 8: 35-37.

2 Cor. 2: 14-17. The immediate cause of Paul's jubilate was the favorable report brought him by Titus, whom he had sent to visit the Corinthian Christians to learn what effect a former letter that he had written them, containing advices upon a particular matter, had produced upon their minds. Upon receiving the gratifying intelligence brought by Titus the great apostle immediately voices a song of thanksgiving to God for a splendid victory. Notice the word "always." Not every general leads a victorious army in carnal warfare, but God, always. Not only so, but the victory God gives us through Christ is complete and involves the utter confusion and complete destruction of the enemy, giving us cause for triumphing in Christ our Mediator, who, having redeemed us, uses his mediatory power, procured by his atonement, with the Father to secure for us triumph over our enemies. Bear in mind that Paul's concern for the reception of his letter was in nowise personal. It was prompted by a deep sense of his obligation to God and an intense desire for the success of his mission to the Corinthians. With this thought in mind we the more readily understand his reference to a figure very familiar to those to whom his letter was addressed.

Rom. 8: 35-37. Reference is here made to the trials and persecutions to which Christians are exposed by reason of their loyalty to Christ. Here, as always, the apostle prefaces his catalogue of the things which may affect us with a statement of the wonderfully complete provision made by God through Christ for our protection from the very things he names. The phraseology of his question is very significant: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" There is not the remotest intimation that anything can separate the love of Christ from us.

WISE WORDS.

Character is better than wealth.—Irish.

Much may be said on both sides.—Fielding.

Build golden bridges for the flying foe.—German.

He who injures you will never forgive you.—French.

The heart will break, yet broken live on.—J. Q. Adams.

Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me.—Tennyson.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.—Shakespeare.

God helps them that help themselves.—Benjamin Franklin.

Invention is to tally independent of the will.—B R. Haydon.

How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!—Young.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless.—Johnson.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.—Shakespeare.

He who is easily satisfied with his work will never achieve greatness.—Goethe.

No man knows so well where the shoe pinches as he who wears it.—Lincoln.

Where there is a mother in the house matters speed well.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The bell never rings of itself; unless some one handles or moves it, it is dumb.—Plautus.

We begin to die as soon as we are born, and the end is linked to the beginning.—Lucretius.

My imagination would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention.—Charles Dickens.

Let us never forget that an act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness. No reward coming after the event can compare with the sweet reward that went with it.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

LOOK IT UP.

"The professor says I am verecund."

"Is that a compliment?"

"I'm going for the dictionary now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 26.

Subject: The Parable of the Tares, Matt. 13:24-30, 36-43—Commit Verses 37, 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Matt. 13:43.

TIME.—Autumn, A. D. 28.

PLACE.—By the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

EXPOSITION.—I. Two Sowers, 24, 25. Here, as in the preceding lesson, Jesus appears as a sower of good seed; but in the preceding parable "the seed is the Word of God;" in this parable "the good seed are the sons of the kingdom" (v. 38). But the sons of the kingdom are themselves the product of the Word of God (Jas. 1:18; I Pet. 1:23); so that there is a close connection between the two parables and the two sowings. It is by sowing "the Word of God" that the Son of man sows "sons of the kingdom." There are in this world "sons of the kingdom" only because Jesus had sown them. The world is "His field." He has purchased it by His blood; the devil has forfeited it by his unfaithfulness. But the devil does not like to relinquish the world of which he was once the prince (Jno. 12:31). But the world belongs to Christ, "the sons of the evil one" are sown in it, but they don't belong in it, and when the harvest comes they will be gathered out and sent to their own place. There is deep significance in two words in verse 25, "His enemy." The devil is our enemy, but he is primarily Christ's enemy. There is no one whom he hates as he hates the Son of God. Christ receives what the devil aspired to, the worship of the universe (Heb. 1:6; Rev. 5:11-13; comp. Matt. 4:9; Ez. 28:16, 17). The devil seeks to caricature and thwart Christ's work at every step. Christ sows good seed in His field, the devil comes by stealth and sows tares. The parable brings out very clearly the personality of the devil, the certainty of his existence, the malignity of his heart, the activity of his movements, the cunning of his operations, the subtlety of his methods. If there is not a personal devil, the enemy of Christ, this parable is meaningless. There is absolutely no necessity in the drapery of the parable to bring him in. He is in the parable because he exists in fact. The tares in the world are his work. Christ sows "sons of the kingdom" by sowing good seed, "the Word of God;" the devil sows "sons of the evil one" by sowing bad seed, doubts and questions and error (Gen. 3:1, 4; 2 Thess. 2:9, 10). The devil did his work "while men slept." He always acts under cover and while men are off guard. He does much of his work to-day while Christians and ministers are dozing. He brings in the subtleties of disguised infidelity ("higher criticism," etc.) and masked pantheism while we are nodding, and some day we wake up to find the "tares" springing up everywhere among the wheat. When the devil had done his work he "went away." He got out of sight. He always does. He even stirs up some to argue that "there isn't any devil anyway."

II. Two Crops Growing Together, 26-29. There are just two classes of men: "Sons of the kingdom" or "children of God," and "sons of the evil one" (v. 38, R. V.), or "children of the devil" (1 John, 3:10). The two classes are not always distinguishable or separable at the outset (vs. 29, 30), but they will be distinguished and separated when they are ripe, the one for heaven and the other for hell. But it will, fortunately, be the angels and not men who do the separating (v. 41). History furnishes countless instances of the devil's sowing tares among Christ's wheat (e. g., Jno. 13:2; Acts 5:3; 20:29). Both history and the Word of God warn us against deciding that all that appears "among the wheat" must itself be wheat. While the tares were not distinguishable from the wheat until they began to grow, they were tares from the very first. There were those who wished to root up the tares at once, but the time was not ripe, nor were they competent to do the task. There are those who in haste long to extirpate "the sons of the evil one" at once from the world, but the Master says, "let them both grow together until the harvest." Premature separation, by religious persecution, would mean injury to wheat as well as destruction to tares. This history has abundantly proven. This parable does not forbid church discipline. "The field is"—not the church, but "the world" (v. 38). Church discipline is positively commanded in the Bible (1 Cor. 5:3-5, 11; Rom. 16:17; 2 Thess, 3:6, 14). In the delay in separating the chaff from the wheat we have another illustration of God's long-suffering (cf. 2 Pet. 3:9).

III. Two Harvests, 30, 35, 36-41. Separation comes at last. It is "in the end of the age" (v. 39, R. V. Marg.). "The reapers are the angels." They are to be the ministers of God's boundless grace towards "the sons of the kingdom" and the executioners of His wrath towards "the sons of the evil one." The tares are to be "gathered" and the wheat is to be "gathered;" but the one for burning in "the furnace of fire," where there is inconsolable grief and impotent rage (v. 42), the other into God's storehouse, "the kingdom of their Father," where "they shall shine forth as the sun." Is the fire literal? It is in the interpretation of the parable as well as in the parable itself. Evil is not to gradually disappear from the world, but to grow side by side with the wheat "until the harvest."

More Than Knowledge.

Good nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, to the persons who possess it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Seattle is reducing its steep hills. When the work planned is completed 34,000,000 cubic yards of material will have been removed. Hydraulic sluicing is the method employed

It is said that Professor Karl Harries, of the University of Kiel, has produced a synthetic rubber. Attempts such as this have been made time and again, but with no commercial success.

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