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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

—24—

"And then at last it came. I didn't see anything, and I didn't hear anything, but I knew it was there. I still remember how frightened and yet how cool I was in that last moment. I held the gun to my shoulder and waited for it to thrust itself against the blanket. In another moment I am sure I should have fired. But before that moment I heard my name called, and I knew my husband's voice, and I came out of the nightmare."

"Most extraordinary," the coroner repeated, after a silence. "It seems to account for the shooting of Riles, but it leaves us as much as ever—more than ever, I should say—in the dark concerning the disappearance of the money, and the part which has implicated the young man Travers in the affair."

The banker gave his evidence. It was not unusual, he said, for considerable sums in bank notes to be handled among speculators and land buyers, but the amount withdrawn by Harris was so great that it had left him somewhat ill at ease, and as Sergeant Grey had happened his way he had mentioned the matter to him.

During the hearing of the various witnesses Gardiner had attempted an air of impersonal interest, but with no great success. His demeanor, studied though it was, betrayed a certain anxiety and impatience. He was dressed just as he had dismounted from his horse, having removed only his hat. But he smiled confidently when asked for his evidence, and told his story calmly and collectedly.

It is quite true that he was associated with Riles and Mr. Harris in the coal mine investment. He was acting for the owner of the property, but had seen that a large profit was to be made from the turn-over, and had been glad to place the opportunity in the way of two old friends.

"I feel a grave responsibility in this whole matter," Gardiner protested, with some emotion. "I feel that I am, at least indirectly, responsible for the serious loss that has befallen Mr. Harris, and for the injury to his son. But when you have heard the whole circumstances you will agree that the situation was one I could not possibly have foreseen. Let me give them to you in some detail.

"The day before yesterday, in company with Riles, I met Mr. Harris and his son, and found that their money had arrived. The remittance was not as large as they expected, but I believed that I could raise some money privately, and that we would still be able to put the deal through. I advised against losing any time, as I knew that if the owner should meet anyone else interested in a proposition of a similar nature we would find it much harder to make a bargain with him. It was arranged that the two Mr. Harrises were to drive ahead, taking the money with them, and that Riles and I would follow. We were to overtake them at the old building where this unfortunate tragedy occurred. As it happened, I had a sick horse at the ranch, and, as I was delayed in getting some medicine for him, Riles suggested that he would ride out to the ranch—that is, where I live—and wait for me there. Up to that time I had no suspicions, and I agreed to that.

"Well, when I reached the ranch, I could find nothing of Riles, and, on further search, I could find nothing of Travers, who was working for me. Their riding horses were gone, and so were their saddles and bridles. I found that Travers had taken his revolver out of the house. I confess my suspicions were then somewhat aroused, but I found myself with the sick horse on my hands, and I could not very well leave the place. Of course, I never thought of anything so bad as has happened, or I would not have considered the horse, but I admit I was at a loss to understand their conduct. But when I heard, early this morning, what had happened, it was all clear to me."

During the latter part of this evidence Travers had fixed his eyes on Gardiner, but the witness had steadily avoided him. Jim was now convinced that he was the victim, not of a coincidence, but a plot. Of course, he could give his evidence, which would be directly contradictory to that of Gardiner, but he was already under suspicion, and anything he might say would be unconsciously discounted by the jurors. But he began calmly, a quiet smile still playing about his thin lips and clean teeth.

"I am sorry I cannot corroborate all the last witness has said," he commenced. "I did not leave the ranch with Riles; on the contrary, I was fishing down by the river when I saw Riles and Gardiner ride by. Gardiner was talking and I heard him mention Mr. Harris' name. I worked for Mr. Harris not long ago, but I did not know he was in this part of the country. I heard Gardiner say——" Jim colored a little, and stopped.

"Well, what did you hear him say?" said the coroner. "That is what we are anxious to know."

"I heard him say something about Mr. Harris losing all his money that night, in the old shanty up the river road. 'Strange things have happened up there, Riles,' he said. That made me suspicious, and I hurried back to the ranch, determined to follow them. I found that my revolver had been taken. I armed myself as best I could, and set out. When I came near the building which Gardiner had mentioned I dismounted and approached it carefully. It was very dark. Suddenly I was attacked from behind. A sack was thrown over my head, and I was overpowered, and bound. I don't know how long I was kept in that condition, but when at last the sack was removed I was in the presence of Sergeant Grey."

With the progress of Travers' narrative all eyes had turned to Gardiner, but, whatever his inward emotions, he outwardly showed no signs of discomfiture. "This seems to be a day of strange tales," he said to the coroner, "and the last we have heard is stranger than the first. Of course, it is quite absurd on the face of it. The suggestion that I would be a party to robbing Mr. Harris of $20,000, and so balk a transaction in which I stood to make a profit of more than twice that amount, is too ridiculous for discussion. I didn't say so before, because it didn't seem to bear on the case, but I have at home a telegram which I received a few days ago from the New York investors, offering me a personal commission of 20 per cent on the transaction if I was able to get this property for them at the price they had offered. So, from a purely selfish point of view, you see where my interests lay. But there are other reasons for this fine tale which you have just heard. To spare the feelings of some present, I intended to say nothing of them, but if I must tell what I know, why, I must tell what I know. This man Travers was a farm hand working for Harris on his farm back in Manitoba. Harris is—or was—well-to-do, and Travers accordingly mustered up an attachment for his daughter. This the young lady, it seems, was foolish enough to return. They——"

"That'll do, Gardiner," interrupted Travers, in a quiet, vibrant voice. "You are getting away from the subject."

"On the contrary, I'm getting close to the subject—a little too close for your comfort, it seems."

"I am not investigating any family closets," said the coroner. "You will have to show the connection between these matters and the inquiry we are making."

"I will do that in a moment, sir," Gardiner returned. "But I cannot show the connection until I have shown the events that are connected. Travers had trouble with Harris and had a fight with Allan. Then he and



"Have I Got to Die on End, Like a Murderer?"

the young lady ran away. They have both been in this part of the country for some time. But Travers' plan to inherit the Harris property was upset on account of the girl quarreling with her parents, and his ardor seems to have cooled off noticeably. But he was as keen for the property as ever. Riles was a weakling in the hands of a man like Travers, and no doubt he betrayed the fact that Harris was taking his money with him into the hills. Then the two of them framed up the plan which has resulted in the death of one and the arrest of the other."

During these exchanges the sympathies of the jurors seemed to veer from side to side. The theories propounded were so contradictory that opinions wavered with each sentence of evidence. But a new bolt was ready for the shooting.

"Mr. Coroner," said Beulah, rising and pointing at Gardiner, "will you make that man take his gauntlets off?"

There seemed an instant recession of the blood from Gardiner's face. But it was for the instant only. "My hat is off," he said, with a smile. "Is that sufficient?"

"Make him take them off!" Beulah insisted.

"There is no rule against wearing gauntlets in a coroner's court," said the coroner. "I do not see the point of your objection."

"Make him take them off," said Beulah.

"As the young lady insists," said the coroner, turning to Gardiner, "I suggest that you comply with her request."

"I should be glad to," said Gardiner, "but the fact is I have a sore hand. When I was giving the horse medicine the night Travers left me alone the brute nipped me a little, and I have been keeping it covered up since."

"Make him take them off," said Beulah.

"Why should you be so insistent?" said the coroner. "Surely it makes no difference——"

"Only this difference. You have heard my father's evidence of the fight in the old house. The man with whom he fought will have tooth marks in his hand. Make him take them off. Or if you won't—look at these hands." She seized Jim's hands in hers and held them up before the coroner and the jury. "Any tooth marks there? Now make this other man show his."

For a moment all eyes were on Travers' hands. In that moment Gardiner rushed for the open window, and in another instant would have been through it, had not the quick arm of the policeman intercepted.

"Not so fast, my man," said Grey. "Now we will see this horse bite of yours." Gardiner made no further resistance, and he drew the glove from his hand. There was a fresh scar on the right thumb.

The coroner examined it carefully. When he spoke it was in the voice of a judge delivering sentence. "That is not a horse bite," he said. "Those are the marks of human teeth!"

Gardiner smiled a faint smile, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" he said.

"We are going to put you in Travers' place and tender him our apologies," said the coroner.

But Travers had crowded into the center of the circle. "Gardiner," he said, "if you weren't under arrest I'd thrash you here and now. But you can at least do something to square yourself. Where is that money?"

"That's right, Jim. Everyone thinks of what is nearest his heart."

"You scoundrel! You know why it is near my heart. You have robbed Mr. Harris of all that he had spent his whole life for. You will have no chance to use that money yourself. You are sure of your living for the next 20 years. Why not show that you are not all bad—that you have some human sentiments in you? It seems as little as you can do."

"There may be something in what you say," said Gardiner. "I have a slip of paper here with the key to the secret."

He reached with his finger and thumb in his vest pocket and drew out a small folded paper. This he unfolded very slowly and deliberately before the eyes of the onlookers. It contained a small quantity of white powder. Before any hand could reach him he had thrown his head back and swallowed it.

"Too late!" he cried, as Grey snatched the empty paper from his fingers. "Too late! Well, I guess I beat you all out, eh? And, as I said before, what are you going to do about it? Twenty years, eh, Jim? You'll be scrawny and rheumatic by that time, and the beautiful Beulah will be fat and figureless. Twenty years for you, Jim, but 20 minutes for me—and I wouldn't trade with you, damn you! I beg the pardon of the ladies present. One should never forget to be a gentleman, even when—when——"

But Gardiner's breath was beginning to come fast, and he raised his hands to his throat. A choking spell seized him, and he would have fallen had not the policeman and the coroner held him on his feet. "Let me lie down," he said, when he got his breath. "Let me lie down, can't you? Have I got to die on end, like a murderer?"

They led him to the adjoining room, where he fell upon the bed. The muscles of his great arms and neck were working in contortions, and his tongue seemed to fill his mouth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"MAY YOUR NOSE GROW FAT"

Persian Salutation That Has Odd Sound—Graceful Hospitality Extended to Foreigners.

The Persian hospitality to the European is graceful. When you enter the house they tell you that your presence has brought happiness to your slave; or if they are sufficiently Europeanized not to use the oriental hyperbole, still they make you feel that your arrival has brought happiness. If you comment on the sweetness of a child they reply, "She kisses your hand." If you do any service for the poorer people they are likely to say, "May your hand never pain you." And—suggestive, this, of the famine menace: "May your shadow never grow less. May your nose grow fat."

The rich and well to-do-give give you many cups of tea, generally followed by coffee, and the more sugar they put in the more polite they are trying to be. The more you eat the happier they are. Even the poor wish you to drink tea. When at a roadside cafe you buy your tea the cafe keeper serves it to you with the air of a host. The Persians have that truest essence of hospitality, that which makes you feel it has given them pleasure for you to stop beneath their rooftree. They are said to be greedy for money and hard at a bargain, but these traits they never show their guests.

The Fast Age.

"The world never moved so fast before," mused Mr. Simmons. "We have winter ice on the Fourth of July, spring vegetables on Christmas; we buy our straw hats in February and our felt hats in August; we get our Sunday paper on Saturday night, and our magazines a month ahead of time. If we telephone a man in San Francisco from New York, he hears our voice about four hours before we speak; and if some one in Japan sends us a cablegram tomorrow, we get it today."

Poverty and Splendor.

I saw many poor, whom I supposed to live in affluence. Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances; it is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest; they support themselves by temporary expedients and every day is lost in contriving for the morrow.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Paradoxical.

"Her face was fairly blazing."

"Yes, and it was blazing because she was put out."



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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

—25—

"Most extraordinary," said the coroner. "Strychnine, doubtless. We can't do much for him, I'm afraid. We might try some mustard and hot water, Mrs. Arthurs."

"Take your time, Lil," whispered Arthurs. "You may save your country a long board bill." But Lillian Arthurs' abhorrence of Gardiner's perfidy had been overwhelmed in a wave of sympathy for a suffering fellow being. She hurried to the kitchen, while the men of the party filed down the stairs and out into the yard. John Harris was the last to leave the house, and he walked slowly, with bare, bowed head, into the group who were excitedly discussing the amazing utnr events had taken. He took no part in their conversation, but stood a little apart, plunged deep in his own inward struggle.

At last he turned and called his wife in the kitchen door. "Bring Beulah," he said.

The two women joined him. At first Harris stood with face averted, but in a moment he spoke in a clear, quiet voice.

"I haven't played the game fair with you two," he said, "and I want to say so now. Perhaps it would be truer to say that I played the wrong game. Twenty-five years have proved it was the wrong game. Now, without a penny, I can start just where I started 25 years ago. The only difference is that I am an old man instead of a young one. I'm going to take another homestead and start again, at the right game, if Mary will start with me."

She put her hand in his, and her eyes were bright again with the fire of youth. "You know there is only one answer, John," she whispered.

Harris called Travers over from the group of men.

"There's one thing more," he continued. "When I started I had only a wife to keep, and I don't intend to take any bigger responsibility now. Allan will be having a homestead of his own. Jim Travers, I am speaking to you! I owe you an apology for some things and an explanation for some things, but I'm going to square the debt with the only gift I have left."

The light breeze tossed the hair of Beulah's uncovered head, and the light of love and health glowed in her face and thrilled through the fine symmetry of her figure.

"Take her, Jim," he said.

"She is a goodly gift," said the young man reverently.

"You think so now," said her father. "You know nothing about it. In twenty-five years you will know just how great a gift she is—or she will not be worthy of her mother."

Harris and his wife were gazing with unseeing eyes into the mountains when Arthurs handed them a letter. "It came in the mail which the boys brought out this morning," he said, "and I forgot all about it until this minute."

It was from Bradshaw. Harris opened it indifferently, but the first few lines aroused his interest, and he read it eagerly to the end.

"My dear Harris," it ran, "on receipt of your telegram I immediately opened negotiations through my connections looking to the sale of your farm with its crop and equipment, complete as a going concern. I succeeded in getting an offer of the $40,000 you set on it, and had all the papers drawn up, when I discovered that among us we had made a serious omission. You will remember that, a good many years ago, when you were taking on some fresh obligations, you transferred the homestead into your wife's name. I assured the purchaser that there would be no difficulty about getting title from your wife, but as all the buildings are on the homestead quarter he would agree to nothing better than paying $20,000 for the rest of your land, leaving the homestead quarter, with the buildings, stock and implements out of the transaction. As his price seemed a fair one for the balance of the property, and as I assumed your need of the money was urgent, I closed a deal on that basis, cashed the agreement and remitted the proceeds to you at once by wire. I trust my actions in the matter meet with your approval.

"Yours sincerely,

"GEORGE BRADSHAW."

Harris placed the letter in the hands of his wife. She tried to read it, but a great happiness enveloped her as a flood and the typewritten characters seemed to swim before her. "What does it mean, John?" she asked, noting his restrained excitement. "What does it mean?"

"It means that the homestead quarter was not sold—after all—that it is still yours, with the buildings, and machinery, and stock, and this year's crop just ready for cutting."

She raised her eyes to his. "Still ours, John, you mean. Still ours."

In the rapid succession of events everyone seemed to have forgotten, or disregarded, Gardiner. But at this moment the doctor came rushing out of the house.

"Gardiner's gone!" he exclaimed, as he came up to the men.

Some of the party removed their hats.

"Oh, not that way—not that way!" exclaimed the doctor. "I mean he's gone—skipped—beat it, if you understand. Most extraordinary! I was taking his pulse. It was about normal, and he seemed resting easier, so I slipped downstairs for the antidote. When I went back—I was only gone a moment—there wasn't a sight or sound of him."

Sergeant Grey conducted a swift examination, not of Gardiner's room, but of the one in which Allan was lying. He was rewarded by finding the little slip of paper, with a few crystals of powder still clinging to it. The coroner examined the crystals through his magnifying glass; then, somewhat dubiously, raised them on a moistened finger to his tongue, and after a moment's hesitation swallowed in an impressive, scholarly fashion.

"Saccharum album!" he exclaimed. "Common white sugar! Most extraordinary!"

But Sergeant Grey was at the open window. It was only an eight-foot drop to the soft earth, and to the policeman there was no longer any mystery in Gardiner's disappearance. The mock suicide was a carefully-planned ruse to be employed by Gardiner if the worst came to the worst.

"I want all of you men, and a horse for each," said Grey, quickly, turning upon them like a general marshaling his officers. "There are a dozen different trails he may follow, and we must put a man on each. I will give immediate pursuit, in the hope of riding him down before he can throw us off the scent and I will leave it to you, Mr. Arthurs, to organize the posse and scour the whole country until he is located."

Grey knew that the main road, if followed far enough, dwindled into a pack trail, which in turn semed to lose itself in the fastnesses of the mountains, but in reality opened into a pass leading through the range. He gave Gardiner credit for knowing as much and concluded that the fugitive would make a bolt straight through the mountains.

An hour's hard riding brought him into a tremendously rough country where the trail at times was nothing more than a narrow defile or ledge, and sheer walls of rock rose thousands of feet above, their giant edges cutting the blue sky like the teeth of a mighty saw. Far below, a ribbon of green and white, the river rolled in its canyon. Here and there a thin stream of water sprayed down the mountain side, cutting a damp, treacherous belt across the trail. But at one such spot Grey's heart leaped within him, for there, unmistakably clear in the thin soil and soft rock, were the marks of a horse's shoe, not an hour old. A few minutes later he saw Gardiner swinging round a spur of rock half a mile further up the pass.

Suddenly, at a turn in the path, his eye caught a sight which made him throw his horse back on his tracks. A sheer precipice fell away a thousand feet below him, and beetling cliffs cut off the sky above. Across the path trickled a little stream. And there in the stream, so clear they could not be misread, were the marks cut by a horse's feet sliding over the precipice.

The policeman dismounted carefully. There was scarcely room for him to pass his horse on the narrow ledge. Where the stream had worn it it sloped downwards at an uncomfortable angle. He knelt beside it and traced the marks of the shoe-calks with his finger. They led over the edge. Eighteen inches down the mountain side was a fresh scar where steel had struck a projecting corner of rock.

A thousand feet below the green water slid and swirled in the bed of the canyon.

THE END.

GLORY BELONGS TO PIONEER

Man Recognized as the First to Do Things Is Sure of Recognition of Posterity.

Adam's glory was in being the first man, and Eve's in being the first woman. They have been talked of through all the centuries for nothing except that they were the first to live, the first to be tempted and the first to fall.

And so it is with many other persons and events that find their places in history. Always it is the beginnings of things that shed glory on the participants. Christopher Columbus has just been honored again because he was the first to discover America, and the landing of the Pilgrims is celebrated because they were the first to colonize Massachusetts. Harvard rejoices in being the first institution of learning in what is now the United States and having set up the first printing press. The first settlers of any community are always persons of prime interest, and the first man to wear pantaloons or carry an umbrella, if he were living today, could coin money by putting himself on exhibition.

If one wants to be remembered one has only to pick out the spot where a great city is to be built, or connect himself with an industry that is bound to grow, or do something that is bound to become the fashion. He is at once immortalized. Generation after generation will speak his name an
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the
[illegible] this in England corn usually means wheat; in Scotland, oats; in Ireland, barley, while in this country it means maize.

A Calumny.

The lady next door says she supposes Lithuania is the place the lithographs come from.—Dallas Journal.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR MARCH 27

THE LIVING CHRIST.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 28:1-20.

GOLDEN TEXT—I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28:20.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Matt. 27: 51-66; Mark 16:1-18; Luke 23:56; 24:12; John 20:1-18; Phil. 3:8-11.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Easter Story.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Our Ever-Present Friend.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Christ Our Living Leader.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ in the Life of Today.

I. The Empty Sepulcher (vv. 1-7).

1. The earthquake (vv. 1-4). This occurred when the glorious angel descended from heaven to roll the stone away from the tomb. This work of the angel was not to allow Jesus to escape, but to show that the tomb was empty. Christ needed not even the help of a glorious angel, for He was raised up by His own power as the seal upon His atoning work on the cross. The open tomb and the angel sitting upon the stone with calm dignity is a picture of God's triumph over the devil, and the terror of the keepers is a sample of what all of Christ's enemies shall one day experience when He comes in glory to reign as King.

2. The angel's message to the women (vv. 5-7). (1) "Fear not" (v. 5). While the enemies had occasion to fear, these women who loved the Lord received good news from the empty tomb. The Lord will not long leave those who follow Him in love in suspense and dread. The empty tomb puts an end to all doubts and fears. It is the evidence that the question of sin is dealt with, and that God is satisfied and eternal victory is secured. (2) "Come, see" (v. 6). The angel told the women that the Lord had risen and invited them to come and see the place where He lay. The reason He invites them to come in is that He desires them to make sure about the facts. The Lord made special effort to convince the disciples of the reality of His resurrection. He remained with them for 40 days, giving them many infallible proofs. (3) "Go quickly" (v. 7). Having seen for themselves, their responsibility was to go tell the message. While it is important to be convinced of facts, one should not stay too long because there is work to do. Experience is necessary before testimony. They were to go quickly to the disciples with the message, assured that the Lord would go before and meet them.

II. The Risen King Meets the Women (vv. 8-10.)

The women quickly obeyed the command of the angel and were running to bring the disciples word. Jesus met them on the way. Those who have an experimental knowledge of Christ should go speedily to tell others of it. All who go quickly with His message, the Lord will meet on the way. When they saw Jesus, that He was really the Lord, they worshiped Him. They knew that He was the Son of God, therefore entitled to be worshiped.

III. Paying Money to Circulate a Lie (vv. 11-15).

That Jesus arose from the dead could not even be denied by the Sanhedrin. They could see but one way out of the difficulty, that was to bribe the keepers to tell a lie. They had paid money for His betrayal; now they pay much more to circulate a lie about His resurrection. What a wonderful power money has over the lives and consciences of men! It will not only induce people to lie, but it even muzzles the mouths of preachers.

IV. The King's Great Commission (vv. 16-20).

By virtue of His royal authority He issued this great command to the disciples. In order to prepare them to receive this command, He declared unto them that all power in heaven and earth was given unto Him. This is most fundamental. Only as the disciples realize the Lord's power are they likely to go about with the message.

1. "Go, teach all nations." This is the first and primary business of the disciples. The risen and mighty Lord issues this command to all (v. 19).

2. Baptize them in the name of the Triune God. Those who have become disciples of the Lord should receive that rite which signifies that relationship to Him (v. 19).

3. Teach them to observe all Christ's commandments (v. 20). Those who become Christ's disciples should be taught obedience to all His commands. All who thus obey Him shall enjoy His abiding presence. Christ's abiding presence guarantees the success of the enterprise.

Christ's Appreciativeness.

Christ's appreciativeness amounts almost to a rediscovery of mankind. "She has come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying," He said when Judas grumbled that the woman had wasted the precious ointment. The gospel mentions three other women who longed to anoint the Savior. They came to the sepulcher on the third morning to find His body gone. Too late! Mary said, 'I will do it now." Oh, the pity of putting off kind words and loving service until we can only go and wreathe more blooms on the little hillock in God's Acre!

The Big Human Need.

A man without religion is not a man at all. If we do not take the God of the Bible, we inevitably proceed to make a God for ourselves. It is this fact that makes religion the only possible social binder. Just as children in the home find their family unity in the fact of their common parentage, so men in societies are able to live together because and when they achieve a spiritual unity.—Dr. Charles A. Eaton in Leslie's

God as Love and Light

By REV. E. J. PAGE

Director of Missionary Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling.—Ps. 2:11.

"Rejoice with trembling!" What an odd coupling of conflicting emotions!



Fear and joy in the same breast, at the same time, and toward the same object!

But is not the Christian life, yes, all life for that matter, full of paradoxes, seeming contradictions, and mutually exclusive statements of opposites?

The Christian finds life only when he consents to lose his life.

He gets all when he lets go of all.

He is strong only when he is weak.

He ascends to the loftiest heights of moral grandeur only via the valley of humiliation, finding always that the way up leads down.

His widest freedom is achieved only in the depths of servitude to Christ.

He is "sorrowful yet always rejoicing; poor yet making many rich; as having nothing and yet possessing all things" (II Cor. 6:10).

So in our text we are confronted with a paradox of contradictory emotions, both to be held in a balance of poise in our service of Jehovah; we are to "rejoice with trembling."

And do not these paradoxes root back into the paradoxes of God? We read "God is love," and we rejoice; we read also that "God is light," and before that burning we tremble.

"If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?" Here is the light, and the trembling.

"But there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared." Behold here the love, and our consequent rejoicing (Psalm 130:3, 4).

"If Thou Shouldest Mark Iniquity."

"This, then, is the message . . . that God is light and in Him is no darkness at all." He is said to "dwell in the light which no man can approach unto," the pure white light of His awful holiness and truth, burning so bright that no unclean, iniquitous thing can abide it.

We hear little these days about the "wrath of God," and yet the Bible is lurid with the red signals of His warnings. It is still on the pages of Holy Writ that "He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained."

John, the apostle, saw that Man and so bright was the light of His shining that he fell at His feet as one dead. But of that day and its fierce burning we hear little nowadays. We have presumed in our ignorance and hardness of heart upon an imaginary goodness in God, which winks at sin and passes lightly the iniquity of men. We have lost our fathers' reverence for the Book, and have consequently forgotten the "fear of Jehovah."

Who will dare to say that the wave of crime that is now sweeping the whole world is not due to the loss of this trembling before a Holy God? Read that terse searching summary of apostolic logic in the third chapter of Romans, 10 to 18, which is a cluster of burning coals from off the Old Testament altar. It begins with: "There is none righteous; no, not one," and ends by asserting the reason, "There is no fear of God before their eyes."

"God is love," infinite fathomless love, but "God is light," too—awful, burning, searching light. He may be merciful, my friend, but he MUST be just. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," (Heb. 10:31), "for our God is a consuming fire" (Heb. 12:29).

"But There Is Forgiveness With Thee."

Oxygen gas is a terrible engine of destruction. A car of dynamite explodes and a city of a million homes is rocked to its foundations. The explosion was oxygen gas hastening into union with carbon; just concentrated combustion, and yet that gas which is the principal agent of destruction in the "consuming fire" is the most harmless of gases. Submerge the most delicate dye-tints in a bath of oxygen and not the least effect can be discovered, and the flimiest down of a thistle is safe in the wafting of its zephyrs. All animate creatures are dependent upon this gentle, harmless, yet terribly destructive gas.

And so it is with God; He that can consume in the fierceness of His anger is "merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy," and "His goodness leadeth thee to repentance." "Let the wicked forsake his ways and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and unto our God for He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah 55:7). This He can do because "the Lord hath laid on Him (Jesus our Savior) the iniquity of us all."

"On the mount of Crucifixion
Fountains opened deep and wide;
Through the flood-gates of God's mercy
Flowed a vast and glorious tide.
Love and grace like mighty rivers,
Flowed incessant from above;
And God's perfect truth and justice
Kissed a guilty world in love."

—Old Welsh Hymn.

Forward.

The world is what we make it, Forward then, forward, in the power of faith, forward in the power of truth, forward in the power of friendship, forward in the power of freedom, forward in the power of hope, forward in the power of God.—Henry Vincent.

Ideas of God.

What are the laws of science but the ideas of God; those regulation types of thought by which God created, moves and rules the world.—Horace Bushnell.

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