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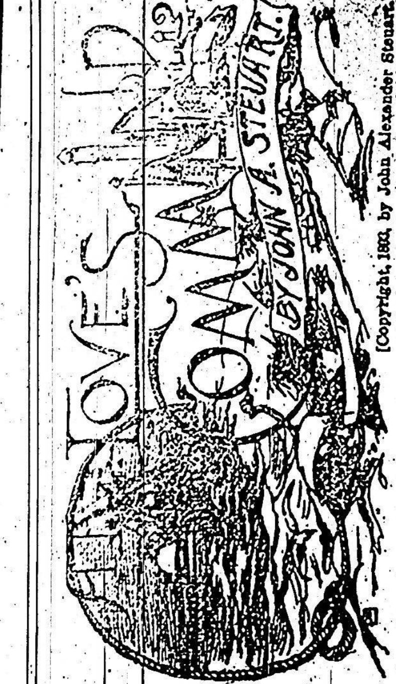


[Copyright, 1893, by John Alexander Steuart.]

[illegible]... with wonder for the rest of ... Nor did I calculate amiss. ... on the reign she mended ... with an apparent ease and ... that made my heart beat ... out of joy. It was short ... ever. I had forgotten we ... of where horses are swift ... where every hack might be ... against an English racer. ... too, were splendidly ... instead of abandoning ... came on with a double fury ... the odds heavily to their ...

... knowing what I did, I drove ... in my mare's flanks. ... up a reproachful eye and ... nostril, as if to say she ... doing her utmost. Neverthe... bounded on; her neck a ... strained, her ears a little ... perfect forging out a little. Whatever horse could do. That was the sentiment.

... I tingled with joy to ... of her heavy burden ... her own. How ... maintain that terrific ... crucial question, for the ... lot behind as ever. ... of my eye I could ... rearing like greyhounds ... heads low, their nozzles ... and the black faces of ... themselves thrust forward ... of vultures. On, on, ... in her arrowy flight, as ... the terrible need that was ... close in her track came ... like beagles on the trail ...

... time I turned to note their ... was horrified to see they ... upon us. There could ... slightest doubt about it. My ... together at the discovery, ... must have shrunk to half my ... What was to be done? ... surrender was to be ripped ... spot, for I was hampered, ... pursuers were merciless. There ... for it but continued flight, ... also there seemed small ... could doubtless save myself, ... impossible to abandon Tabal, ... especially that, having re... he was now beg... to be taken away from ... crimson lances. Could ... both? That again was ... of questions.

... I looked about me ... were to the left, and ... a single horseman, hard ... by two Bedouins, companions, ... of those who were chasing ... was almost on his ... and his spurred heels ... fast to its frothing flanks. ... pursuers kept their distance ... there was a chance that ... might get off; but, finding ... one of the Bedouins, unslung his musket, took aim. There ... crack, a puff of white ... the man in front ... his horse's head. ... more of him but a ... that mingled with the ... told all too plainly of ...

... bounded on with empty ... in our direction ... an inspiration came ... so wild that ... blind. The ... I have indicated, ... and was ranging ... I to our ... catch him and, out ... That was the fear ... the blood buzzing ... Swerving slightly ... horse as men do in ... the prairie, ... with all my might ... It was cruel, ... she was already doing ... a last chance, and a ... A man will be ex... his life. ... with a flash of the ... as red as her nostril, ... of spume from her ...

... who were appallingly ... perceived my intention ... from a strong bow ... the runaway horse, while ... straight upon me. A ... the issue of this life ... should be decided. ... myself so as to put all my ... stroke I drove the rowels ... My poor mare groaned ... of it and leaped like a ... Two or three more such ... For God's sake, ... utmost, or we are lost! ... Arabian spurs, which are ... in the crisis of dis... into her again and ... again and again she gave ... and that desperate ...

... company, particularly ... have been trained to mili... To my consternation, I ... away make for the two ... next instant he was ... and then, each leaning ... at the trailing bridle, ... as I expected to see ... haunches. But either ... frightened him into an ... or they were clumsy, ... jaunty jump and a wild ... mane, he rushed clear, ... careering on alone, ... sensation of hope and ... turned and made at him. ... my rein to Tabal, I got ... the stirrups, and crouch... of the saddle prepared ... on came the runaway ... In another moment he ... but too far off. Tabal ... and the two animals ... Then with a gasp as ... headlong into water, ... from my perch, clutch... at the strange horse, ... I fell short, just manag... the pommel with my left ...

... was perilously slender, but ... fingers caught they ... than the strength of ... my grip quietly for ... I get my breath, I was ... of pulling myself up ... of gymnasts in or... to the saddle, when a ... whistling through the air, ... horse somewhere in the ... Wild before, the sting ... I made him fairly frantic. ... leap that nearly cast ... he turned and bolted ... direction, I dangling helpless ... stunned by his side.

... to girth and pommel with ... nerve and muscle, indeed with ... sense and faculty and power of ... mind and will, bumped and ... so that the wind was often ... clean out of me and the world ... whirling away into utter chaos, ... dragged along at the speed of ... To hold on for many minutes ... that condition was impossible, ... go meant instant destruction. ... Had I been able to get my toes ... on the earth for half a second, ... have sprung astride the flying ... but at that fearful velocity ... thing was beyond a tiger's agility. ... if something could not be done, ... done quickly, I felt it would be ... to breathe a prayer and let the ... end.

Small things are momentous in de... moments, and sometimes weakness is salvation. As the quivering grew relaxed I gradually sank lower and lower, till half my length trailed on the ground.

Two or three more little slips and my enemies could work their will. The darkness and dizziness of death were already upon me when my knee struck some protuberance so that with the mighty speed I bounded like a ball. It gave me my opportunity. Finding myself well in the air, I concentrated all my strength, drawing fiercely with the left hand. The lax muscles turned to steel in the moment of supreme need. I rose on that terrific pull. Then quicker than thought the girth was let go and the right hand shot across the saddle. The hooked fingers caught something, and the next moment, wriggling, and nearly blind from excitement and exhaustion, I lay half across the horse's back. Then, with such an effort as a man makes for his life, I wriggled farther up, and before I knew it was in the saddle and reaching for the rein. As I got it a yell of rage went up close behind, and another spear, less true in aim than the first, whizzed past and buried itself in the sand.

For the next five minutes I flew in instant expectation of death. Crouching, with the long spurs deep in my horse's sides, and my heart afraid to beat, I pelted on. It was bound for bound of pursued and pursuers, a race as of hounds panting at the heels of a stag that just managed to keep a tongue's length in front. But woe betide the quarry in case of mishap or mistake. Had anything gone wrong with me, had my girth broken, or my horse stumbled or slipped or slackened pace for so much as the tenth part of a second, my blood had been poured out in the desert.

Whether I was going, or whether there were many or few about, I could not tell. I saw nothing but a jumbled, feverish vision of the low-craned head of the horse, a flying mane, and a pair of reaching forefeet, that never seemed to touch the ground, but in my ears was a noise that told me death was riding hard at my back.

The spume flakes flew up from my horse's mouth, wetting my face, and I could feel the increasing heave of his flanks. Now and then, too, I had a glimpse of a red eye and a nostril like "a pit full of blood." It was sheer cruelty to goad him on. But what were considerations of cruelty to one with three fiends stretching within three yards for his life? I was cruel as quick could be, plying the long, sharp spurs as fast and as hard as heel could drive them, in spite of the groanings and shakings of my victim.

So great was the strain of terror that it may well be imagined no fresh alarm could affect me. Yet when a vicious cry went up, as it appeared, at my very ear, betokening, as I fancied, the triumph of the Bedouins, I shut my eyes, with a creeping, shuddering horror that made me give a little scream. I rode in darkness for what seemed an endless time, momentarily expecting the thrust of cold steel in the small of the back. As it did not come I ventured to open my eyes, but nothing could have induced me to look behind.

It was now high noon, and the sun an incandescent globe overhead. There may have been clouds in the sky, but assuredly there was neither shadow nor breath of moving air on the earth. I stewed in my soaked clothes, as if dissolving over a slow fire, and gasped and wheezed like an asthmatic, shut up in an oven, for the quivering, simmering heat not only broiled the body, but was as a stinging acid in the eyes and nostrils, and as burning fumes in the lungs.

All at once there came a sharp puff of wind, not sweet and refreshing, but charged with more poisons than ever chemist dreamed of. Looking upward, I saw a great glare in the sky, as it were the reflection of some vast conflagration, and even as I looked, the glare swiftly deepened, till it appeared the heavens themselves were on fire. Then the fiery redness was suddenly overcast, and a dull, coppery hue took its place, this yielding in turn, and very quickly, to a deep purple, and that again to an ominous black. All the while the wind came in puffs of even greater force and longer duration. I was wondering what all this might mean, when there burst upon my ear a great, prolonged roar, as of a mighty flood lashed to fury, and turning to the right-hand quarter, I saw a portentous black cloud rushing toward me with inconceivable velocity. The look showed me too that I was riding alone. The Bedouins had abandoned the chase and were now tearing off in another direction altogether.

I had not taken in the situation when I was enveloped in darkness and gasping as if a bottle of volatile salts had been pressed to my nose. At the same time the wind nearly tore me from my seat, and though I could see nothing, I felt that my horse had turned tail to the blast and was drifting like a ship in a gale, or cattle in a driving Highland snowstorm. I hugged his neck, and my mantle flew over my head. Well for me it did, for this was the dreaded simoon, before which all Arabia falls down and covers its face as close as cloth will roll. I lay unable to breathe and in exquisite torture, my horse scudding before the tempest. He stumbled often, and would have lain down but that I kept the spurs to him. Had he had his will, in less than half a minute we should both have been buried beneath a sheet of sand, to lie there until the winds came again to unearth our bleaching skeletons.

The storm passed on like a solid wall, and as if by magic the atmosphere cleared, though I could still see the black line of the whirlwind far ahead. I looked eagerly about for company, but found myself completely alone. No Bedouins in pursuit, no Bedouins in sight, nor indeed any living thing. The simoon had given me my life, but it left me desolate.

Dismounting and looping the bridle over my arm, I walked a little bit, shaking leads of sand from the folds of my dress. My right leg, however, was so sore and stiff that I was soon compelled to sit down, though it was a long time before I had any heart for surgery. When at length I got sufficient command of my nerves to examine the wound, I found myself with an ugly gash in the right thigh, from the depths of which blood still oozed. The clotted outer edges were fast hardening and stiffening, so that the pain grew cruelly intense.

Perhaps it was because attention was directed to my hurt that it became all at once so sensitive, but the smallest movement now caused a pang that cut the breath like a stab. Besides, I was in a raging fever of thirst. A water-skin dangled from my saddle-bow, and I reached for it in hope of relief. It was already cracking and shriveling in the furnace-like heat, but there was a chance that some of the precious contents might still remain. Not that the idea of it came to me, my whole being called out vehemently for a mouthful of water as the sole hope of life. Nothing else could save me.

Eagerly pushing the dented sides of the skin apart, I looked in. The dazzled eyes saw only a vacant blackness. Merciful heaven, it could not be that the skin was empty. I peered deeper and deeper. My vision must be at fault, for if I did not see water I certainly smelled it. Thrusting in my hand I brought out a handful of mud, the refuse of some well trampled into foulness by struggling, perishing men and beasts. The skin dropped from my nerveless fingers, and the oozy sediment came dribbling out. Before I knew what I was about, I was sucking it for dear life, but it stank so poisonously that I had to spit it out immediately. Yet moisture of any sort was too precious to be wasted, so I emptied the trickling mire upon my baking wound, rubbing it in with my finger as a smearer rubs his tar into the divided fleece of a sheep.

I cannot say that the application in the least assuaged the pain. And the disappointment of finding the skin empty gave an added poignancy to the throbbing of my inflamed throat and lips. Oh! for a single drop, just one drop of clear, cool water to ease that fiery torture. Worlds upon worlds would I have given for so much liquid as lies on the petal of a daisy at dawn, and worlds upon worlds could not have purchased it there.

I bandaged the wound—that is to say, I bound it roughly with a rag torn from my long Arab shirt. But what mattered it whether it was attended to or not? Why defer paying a debt that is exacted of all men? Would it not be best to let death distrain at once, and have done with "this fever called living?" Utterly worn out with fatigue and fright and excitement, I was tired of being the sport of destiny. To think of triumphing over her was a fool's thought. No man had done it. No man would or could do it. Why should I prolong a bootless strife? The cry of the sick heart was the cry of the ancient Celt: "How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch the night when he was brought forth! Sorrows without end and no deliverance from his burden." No deliverance from his burden! That was the sentence of old; it was the sentence still. A galling struggle tragically relieved the momentary illusions of hope and happiness, endless humiliations, crushing defeat and at least inevitable death. Yet it was hard to die; hard to think calmly of one's own bones being picked by those vultures which were already hovering above me in anticipation of a corpse to feed on. I was not yet philosopher enough for that.

Crouching on the sand, my head sank deep between my knees in an agony of despair. The sun beat down as if the heavens were a vault of fire, and millions of quivering arrows seemed to dart along my spine. It was rapidly driving me crazy. I was going mad with the consciousness of the calamity full upon me. Merciful God, I was to die a raving maniac in the burning wilderness! The thought thrilled for an instant in the brain, making me shiver as with a sudden chill, and then came a strange calm. That at least could be prevented. Drawing my sword, I felt its edge, thinking of Saul and his armour-bearer. The blade was of Damascus steel and as keen as a razor. A moment's courage and all would be over; so sharp an instrument could cause little pain, nothing to what I was already suffering.

I learned then that a man may take his own life smiling. I turned the edge inward toward the throat, glad that I had found such easy means of escape. A moment's courage, I kept saying to myself—no more; then everlasting relief. The edge touched the bare skin, and I leaped to my feet screaming with unutterable horror. No, no, I could not do that; the canon of the Almighty was clean against self-slaughter. Shaking like a leaf in the gale, I fell prostrate on my face, and prayed for strength and pardon.

CHAPTER XXI.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

Getting back to my crouching posture, I threw my mantle over my head as a kind of a screen, but while it mitigated the blaze of the sun it smothered me. Casting it off, I rose, still trembling violently, and looked about vaguely, I think, expecting aid. Not a living thing was in sight or sound. Illimitably to every point spread the gray waste of burning sand, hot as the marl that scorched the feet of Satan in his defiant and impious journey. Above was a ball of living fire, below an arid, lifeless plain radiating a blinding, choking heat like an unimaginable limekiln, might else to be seen, except far away to the west dim, pale streaks that might be the thin veil of dissolving clouds.

I tried to walk by way of diversion, but reeled and staggered so that I was fain to sit down again. Perceiving that my horse now cast a shadow, I crept into it and huddled there with drooping head and an aching heart, thought bitterly of what might have been but for my own perversity.

At that moment the heather about Kilgour was in full bloom, making the air a distilled essence of honey, and the bees, with the drowsy song that had so often been a soothing lullaby in my ears, were thriftily preparing for winter, and shepherds were whistling and calling from the braes, their voices blending in a far-off music with the barking of dogs and the bleating of sheep, and sparkling streams were leaping down green and purple hillsides, and everything was a soft blue sky with masses of cool white clouds.

How vividly it all rose before the eye of imagination! Many and many a time in the languorous summer days I have laved my bare limbs in the pellucid waters and watched the flashing of silvery fin and scale as the trout darted under bank or stone, and lain on my back in some shady place looking up at snowy fleets, touched with pink and rose, sailing on an inverted ocean. And to think of all that now! It was as the vision of Dives when, raising his eyes from his place of torment, he beheld the felicity of Lazarus. Peace brooded like a guardian spirit over Kilgour and The Elms, amid their quiet, encircling hills, and the affectionate souls there were the blither because they thought I was happy and prosperous. Would no sympathetic spirit tell them of my condition? But their ignorance was part of my punishment. I had once been in paradise, too, and fell by rebellion. As we made our beds, so must we lie.

In the midst of my dream I remembered that my pipes and some other things I cherished were with Tabal and my mare. But luckily all the relics of past happiness were not lost. Undoing the folds of my dress, I drew forth my mother's Bible, and with it the two white roses (now sadly withered and crushed) that Isabel had given me. The roses I put carefully back with as tender a caress as if they were sentient beings capable of feeling affection.

When I should have ceased from troubling, they would be found next my heart, evidence of at least one faith kept to the bitter end; and, who knew, some good angel might whisper to Isabel, in a dream, that far off and in his last dire extremity somebody's thoughts had gone forth to her. And sometimes in the pensive gloaming, when the mind roams, she might think, in spite of the grandeur and happiness that were sure to be her lot, of one whose lonely grave she could never know, and whose love was no more than a guess to her. Futile and boyish, yet strangely comforting reflections.

The Bible I opened at random and, lo! there lay before me the wondrous story of Job:—

And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of affliction have taken hold upon me.

So my dim eyes read. But I knew the moving drama by heart; long ago, amid happy domestic scenes, it had been learned by my mother's side. And I thrilled eerily at the thought that it was in this scorched land where I was now lying, under these very skies that were burning my life out, that Job had groaned in bitterness of spirit.

All mankind are one in distress; the Jew and the Gentile, the civilized, and the barbarian. Immediately there was established a mystic brotherhood between me and the man of Uz. Uncounted ages had rolled by since he had suffered. In the interval things of vast and vital moment had come and gone, and been forgotten, but the tragedy of the race went on. With a trifling outward difference, a mere matter of time and circumstance, Job's case was mine. Well his affliction were over long ago; mine also would soon end. And so, moralizing and turning the leaves, I came to the gracious promise:—

"There shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat and for a place of refuge and for a covert from storm and rain."

And again:—

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert.

And yet again:—

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

And once more:—

The Lord will be a refuge in the time of trouble.

He shall call upon me and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him and honour him. I will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

It was surely enough. A prayer, doubting heart, and courage, even now!

The courage was urgently needed and sorely tried not less by physical than by mental ills. Every inch of my body was a burning ache. My wound pained me more and more. My head throbbed like a steam boiler, and lips and tongue were as if flayed and laid on smouldering ashes. Not so much as the tiniest amount of a spittle was left to moisten them. I opened my mouth, and a breath of blistering air went down my throat, searching my lungs to their roots. I closed it, and the dry flesh cracked so that the blood spurted out. Let the man who would feel fat his revenge have his enemy sent out and baked alive under an Arabian sun in the full blaze. The Inquisition never invented a torture half so cruel as that slow process of broiling by the illimitable heavens.

My poor horse was like wise in a far gone condition. The foam was crusted hard about his mouth and flanks, his nostrils were wide, dry, and fevered, his head hung, and his black swollen tongue protruded. Yet he remained as steady as a rock, sheltering me in his shadow. At intervals he turned and looked at me, and once he whinnied softly as if out of pure pity and companionship.

By and by there came a change. The flaming sky was overcast, the shimmering sand turned gray, and after awhile dark clouds began to gather in the south. Then a tepid, relaxing wind blew from the same quarter, bringing an electric sultriness in place of the white heat. After a little the wind ceased and a dead calm fell.

The atmosphere seemed to have suddenly grown solid, and to be weighing upon the world like a canopy of molten lead. Breathing had been a difficulty before—it was a positive pain now. My horse grew restive, snorting, pawing the ground, and sniffing at the far darkness, now fast spreading and deepening.

All at once out of the deathly stillness came a little blast of wind that tossed the sand spitefully in my face and passed on with a weird, uncanny wail. Another and another followed with a low, hopeless moan as of incurable sorrow, then silence again so deep that to my beating senses it was audible. It was as if a great, invisible host were treading the loose earth and filling the air, an endless procession passing on into the iron... And let me tell you that the awesome sound of unshod silence is a thing to make the hair rise on the head and the flesh creep off the bones. I spoke to my horse for the sake of company, and my words were ghostly gibber. I was startled at the sound of my own voice.

The darkness was soon an inky blackness. The sullen heavens were descending, and impenetrable clouds were marshalling in forbidding ramparts along the skyline of the south. Then a lambent fire began to flicker about the outer edges of the dense masses, and presently there was borne to my ears the long roll of incipient thunder. A few minutes later big drops of rain began to patter on the sand, sending up volumes of dusty steam.

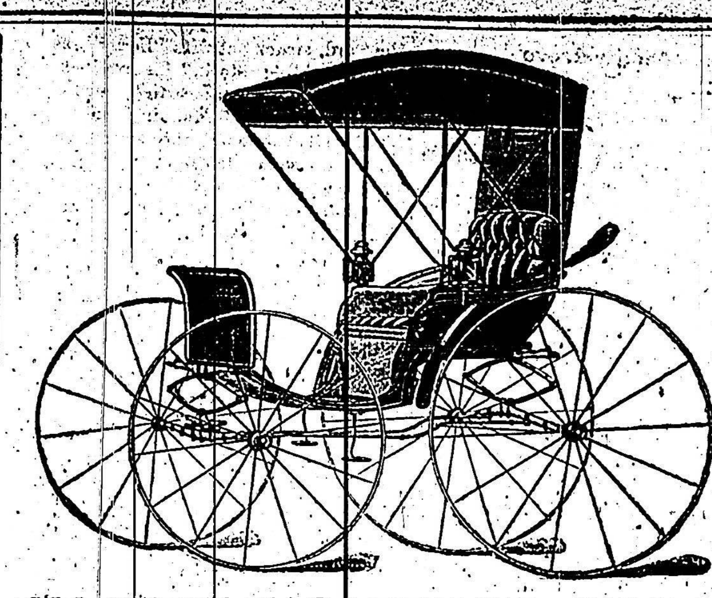
I got to my feet with joy unspeakable. Praise be to Heaven, my cry for help had been heard and answered! I was saved, saved from the vultures and the heaping sands. Man is an insignificant atom in the scale of the universe, yet easily believes himself the object of a special providence. Here were the streams of water in the desert sent for me and for me alone. I wept with awe and gratitude.

The rain came thicker and faster, first a shower and then a deluge. The sun was eclipsed, and the dome overhead seemed to be cracking and rending as at the blast of the last trump. And indeed to me it was little less than a resurrection. Here was water, and water was life. The thunder roared ever nearer and louder till worlds of wrecked matter seemed to be crashing over my head. My ears were stunned by the exploding bolts, and on my face I felt the hot smack of the forked lightning that made the wilderness as a sea of fire. But through it all the beneficent rain came down in sheets, drenching me not merely to the skin, but to the very marrow. With upturned face and open mouth I slaked my baking throat, and as I drank with ten times the greediness of the fevered drunkard, I could see my horse with his nozzle turned to the pouring skies, as if he, too, were having a saving draught.

Far into the night the storm boomed and poured. While it lasted I lay stretched full length on the soaking sands, slowly turning over and over so that the blessed flood might enter at every pore. It was impossible to have too much of that. Heaven's gift and I would not miss a drop of it. Now while revelling in the shower bath did I forget to fill my water-skin against future needs.

Now and again I had glimpses of crouching forms, with eyes that matched the lightning, ready to pounce upon me, but somehow they ...

(To be continued.)



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THE WORK OF TO-DAY.

We Should Always Live for Our Own Time and Generation.

Practical Ways and Means of Serving the Human Race—God's Part Has Been Done, It Is Our Turn to Act—The Day and the Deed.

Washington, Sept. 4.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage changes our lifetime from a meaningless generality to practical helpfulness to the people now living; text, Acts xiii, 36, "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die—a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger, and fighter and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served—that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer, and there was perhaps only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least 180 generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could; not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted. I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven, and no more needed her prayers, and, looking up into her mother's face, said: "Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out! Let me say thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers."

The Coming Generations.

But the 180 generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased. We shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in nowise affect the 180 generations gone or the 180 generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down, and rejoice at our victories or as we may, by our behavior, start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat. And, mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at 24 miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the 180 generations past and will not see the 180 generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off, and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work, or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "After he had served his own generation by the will of God he fell on sleep."

Well, now let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheatfields and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times for the building of forts and towers the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were compelled to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half-fed populations of the earth—millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring class feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco or go into the drinking saloons for what the rumsellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum.

Some Practical Methods.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an armchair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No, no! By finding out who in this city has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes have not enough to eat and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities. So far from helping appease the world's hunger are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone while some one was turning it round and round and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax from being round and dull got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner—his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out, "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?"

It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us, and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends. Suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations. I have read that the battlefield on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battlefield of Leipsic—160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwartzenberg. No, no! The greatest and most terrible battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the battle for bread. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the king rode through and they shouted: "Bread! Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy, of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families are pleading for bread.

A Look Around Us.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks upon the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and he has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not [illegible] apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet and a good shawl and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations, adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting.

But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have [illegible] them. The fact is there [illegible] to what a redistribution [illegible] violence. If [illegible], it would rend and [illegible] of threefourths of the world [illegible] poorly attired, four-fourths would be [illegible]. I will tell you how the redistribution will take place. By [illegible] on the part of those who have a surplus, and increased industry on the part of those suffering from [illegible]. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are the result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear.

God has done his part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories, rattling all the way from Chattahoochee to the Merrimac, shall have spun and woven it. In white letters of snowy fleece God has been writing for 1,000 years his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff or no tariff at all on wool you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the suffering or seek out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the season. Gospel of shoes! Gospel of hats! Gospel of clothes for the naked!

The Dividing Line.

Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the fight when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death; on the south side is victory; on the north side Panama and poverty; on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose, for yourselves. For my part, I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one his troops followed, and finally his whole army.

The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death; on the other side of it are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side, and your family will cross with you, and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If you are not saved, we will never save any one else.

How to get saved! By willing to accept Christ and then accept him instantaneously and forever. Get on the rock first, and then you will [illegible] help others upon the same rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. [illegible] Without a prayer? Yes. What! [illegible] time to deliberately think it over? Yes. What! Without a tear? Yes. [illegible] that is all. Believe what? That [illegible] to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you? Do you? You have [illegible] makes me think you have. [illegible] has come into your countenance [illegible] Welcome! Hail! Hail! [illegible] how are you to save others [illegible]

For [illegible]

I confess to you [illegible] and wish is to serve this generation [illegible] to antagonize it, not to [illegible] it, but to serve it. I would [illegible] do something toward helping [illegible] its load, to stop its tears, to [illegible] its wounds and to induce it to put [illegible] the upward road that has at its [illegible] acclamation, raptures and palms [illegible] and garlands amaranthine and [illegible] rainbowed and dominions [illegible] and coroneted, for I cannot forget that syllable in the closing words of [illegible] David, after he had served his [illegible] generation by the will of God, fell [illegible]. What a lovely sleep it was! [illegible] Absalom did not trouble it. [illegible] did not worry it. [illegible] not harrow it. Exile [illegible] with nightmare. Stilled [illegible] boy, amid his father's flocks at [illegible] not had such a good sleep [illegible] years of age he laid down to [illegible] had many a troubled sleep, [illegible] caverns of Adullam or in the [illegible] his enemies were [illegible] but this was a peaceful [illegible] a calm sleep, a restful sleep [illegible] After he had served his generation by the will of God he fell on sleep.

Oh, what a [illegible] sleep after a hard day's work [illegible] all the aching out of the head [illegible] weariness out of the limbs and [illegible] out of the eyes. [illegible] the morning, and it is a new [illegible] If we, like David, serve our [illegible] we will at life's close have [illegible] and refreshing sleep. [illegible] fatigue of [illegible] mind, our [illegible] To the Christian's body [illegible] loves, [illegible] must by sheer [illegible] blankets, it will be the [illegible] those who are thin blooded, and [illegible] agues it will be the warm [illegible] those who, because of [illegible] were terrified with [illegible] it will to the dreamless [illegible] and mothers who [illegible] every hour [illegible] to whom they ministered [illegible] when they watched it [illegible] sleep. To those who [illegible] till late at night and [illegible] in the morning [illegible] it will be the long [illegible].

A way with all [illegible] departing [illegible] if we have served our generation [illegible] putting out into the light with [illegible] It will be going to sleep. [illegible] from Illinois [illegible] President of [illegible] North Carolina, after a [illegible] life, found his last day on [illegible] happiest day, and that in [illegible] seemed to be personally [illegible] with Christ, as friend with friend. [illegible] how delightful it is [illegible] would be with me when the [illegible] and I know it would be as [illegible] The fact was he had served his [illegible] ministry, and by [illegible] God he fell asleep. With [illegible] Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Livingstone and found him on his knees. He stepped back [illegible] to disturb him in prayer and [illegible] time after went in and found [illegible] the same posture and stepped back [illegible] after awhile went in and touched him, and lo, the great traveler had [illegible] last journey, and he had [illegible] the grandest and mightiest [illegible] taken—on his knees! [illegible] his generation by unrolling [illegible] continent, and by the will of God fell on sleep. In the mausoleum of [illegible], England, there is a [illegible] that was found in the A[illegible] and the relics of Sir John [illegible], who had perished amid the [illegible] and the leaf of that [illegible] was turned down at the words [illegible] thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." Having [illegible] generation in the cause of [illegible] discovery, by the will of God he fell on sleep.

A Glorious Awakening.

Why will you [illegible] nervous talking about that [illegible] only a dormitory and a [illegible] tapestried by angels' wings [illegible] transporting sleep! And what [illegible] awakening! You and I have [illegible] been thoroughly bewildered [illegible] long and fatiguing journey [illegible] stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete [illegible] we have opened our eyes [illegible] risen sun full in our faces [illegible] before we could fully collect our [illegible] have said: "Where am I? Whose house is this and whose are these [illegible]" And then it has flashed upon us [illegible] reality.

And I [illegible] after we have served our [illegible], by the will of God [illegible] sleep, the deep sleep, [illegible] we should awaken in [illegible] and for a little while [illegible] What palace is this? Why, this looks like heaven! It is, it is. Why, here is a building grander than all the castles of earth, heaved into [illegible] splendor—that must be the palace [illegible] And look there at those walks [illegible] with foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before and see those who are walking down those aisles of [illegible] From what I have heard of them [illegible] arm and arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Gibeon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty.

Never More to Part.

"But I must not [illegible] any longer at those gardens of [illegible] examine this building in which I [illegible] just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that and up and down [illegible] find it is a mansion of [illegible] which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the 'house of many mansions' in which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! Whose are those voices? Whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and [illegible] they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are [illegible] All well again, all young again, all of us together again, and as we embrace each other with the cry: 'Never more to part! Never more to part!' the arches, the alcoves, the hallways, echo and re-echo the words: 'Never more to part! Never more to part!' Then our [illegible] tribute say, 'Come out with us and see heaven.' And some of them [illegible] ahead of us and some of them [illegible] and we start down the ivory [illegible] And we meet, coming up, one of the kings of ancient Israel [illegible] of stature, but having a [illegible] with a thousand victories [illegible] making [illegible] of heaven [illegible] comes: 'This is [illegible] of all the kings, [illegible] served his generation [illegible] will of God fell on sleep.'"

Why People Don't Go to Church.

"So you are not going to church this morning, my son?"

"Ah, yes! I see. [illegible] not good; that's what you go to church for, to hear the music. And the less we pay the better music we demand!"

"And the pews are not comfortable." That's too bad—the boys we do the [illegible] the week, the more [illegible] on Sunday.

"The church is so far away; it is too far to walk, and you [illegible] a street car, and they [illegible] Sunday. [illegible] sometimes [illegible] there are [illegible] I wonder how some of us are going to get there."

"And the sermons [illegible] always [illegible]" All these things are [illegible] I would [illegible] joy [illegible] would [illegible] [illegible] of whisky, beer and [illegible] by your [illegible] the [illegible] fifty cents [illegible] [illegible] intervals of [illegible] music [illegible] come home [illegible] into a [illegible] darkest [illegible] ground."

"Ah, my [illegible] away from [illegible] [illegible] reasons [illegible] gives [illegible] ing. [illegible] you [illegible]"

[illegible]

The Big [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of Good Roads.

[illegible] to Have [illegible] to the Ladies [illegible] each [illegible] Improvement [illegible] all have a [illegible] automobile [illegible] and [illegible] county [illegible] supervisors [illegible] to attend. At these [illegible] its practical [illegible] in maintaining [illegible] roads. Competent men [illegible] can be secured [illegible] ties, for the United States Department of Agriculture has a Road Bureau, and this bureau will always supply a competent instructor to tell [illegible] just exactly what they need, and how to do the work as it should be done. [illegible] also urges that school children [illegible] in the work and [illegible] of road building and road [illegible]."

A Short Sermon.

The shortest sermon ever preached was perhaps the sermon which Dr. Whewell was fond of repeating from the text, "Man is born into trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

The sermon was [illegible] a minute in delivery, the following being a verbatim report:

"I shall divide this discourse into three heads: 1, man's ingress into the world; 2, his progress through the world; 3, his egress out of the world.

"Firstly his ingress into the world is naked and bare. Secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care. Thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where. To conclude, If we live well here, we shall live well there, and I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year."

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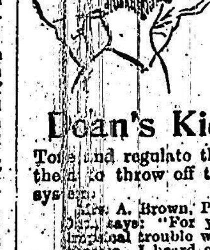

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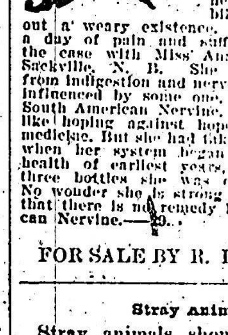

PERHAPS he was a cynic, but some one has said that in this age there are no healthy women. The age has many women, strong and noble physically, as they are mentally and morally; but it is true nevertheless, that a large percentage of the women of the country suffer from nervousness and general debility. They drag out a weary existence, and each day is a day of pain and suffering. This was the case with Miss Anabel Patterson, of Sackville, N. B. She suffered terribly from indigestion and nervousness. She was influenced by some one, somehow, to try South American Nervine. Of course, it was like hoping against hope—another patent medicine. But she had taken only one bottle when her system began to take on the health of earliest years, and after using three bottles she was completely cured. No wonder she is strong in her conviction that there is no remedy like South American Nervine.—29.

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