

SERIAL STORY

ELUSIVE ISABEL

By
JACQUES FUTRELLE

Illustrations by M. KETTNER

SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rosini, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomats in the national capital when messenger brings a note directing him to come to the embassy at once. Here a beautiful young woman asks that she be given a ticket to the embassy ball. The ticket is made out in the name of Miss Isabel Thorne, chief Campbell of the secret service, and Mr. Grimm, his head detective, are warned that a plot of the Latin race against the English speaking races is brewing in Washington, and Grimm goes to the state ball for information. In a conservatory his attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, soon disappears. A revolver shot is heard and Campbell and Grimm hasten down the hall to find that Senator Alvarez of the Mexican legation has been shot. A woman did it, and Grimm is assured it was Miss Thorne. He visits her, demanding knowledge of the affair and there arrests a man named Pietro Petronini.

CHAPTER VII.

The original question remains unanswered, remarked Mr. Campbell. "The original question?" repeated Mr. Grimm. "Where is Prince Benedetto d'Abuzzi, the secret envoy?" his chief reminded him. "I wonder," mused the young man. "If the Latin compact is signed in the United States?" "The Latin compact will not be signed in the United States," Mr. Grimm interrupted. And then, after a moment: "Have we received any further reports on Miss Thorne? I mean reports from our foreign agents?"

The chief shook his head. "Inevitably, by some act or word, she will lead us to the prince," declared Mr. Grimm, "and the moment he is known to us everything becomes plain sailing. We know she is a secret agent—I expected a denial, but she was quite frank about it. And I had no intention whatever of placing her under arrest. I knew some one was in the adjoining room because of a slight noise in there, and I knew she knew it. She raised her voice a little, obviously for the benefit of whoever was there. From that point everything I said and did was to compel that person, whoever it was, to show himself."

His chief nodded, understandingly. Mr. Grimm was silent for a little, then went on:

"The last possibility in my mind at that moment," he confessed, "was that the person in there was the man who shot Senator Alvarez. Frankly I had half an idea that—that it might be the prince in person. Suddenly his mood changed: 'And now our lady of mystery may come and go as she likes because I know, even if a dozen of our men have ransacked Washington in vain for the prince, she will inevitably lead us to him. And that reminds me: I should like to borrow Blair, and Hastings, and Johnson. Please plant them so they may keep constant watch on Miss Thorne. Let them report to you, and, wherever I am, I will reach you over the phone.'"

"By the way, what was in that sealed packet that was taken from Senator Alvarez?" Campbell inquired curiously. "It had something to do with some railroad franchises," responded Mr. Grimm as he rose. "I sealed it again and returned it to the senator. Evidently it was not what Signor Petronini expected to find—in fact, he admitted it wasn't what he was looking for."

For a little while the two men gazed thoughtfully, each into the eyes of the other, then Mr. Grimm entered his private office where he sat for an hour with his immaculate boots on his desk, thinking. A world-war—he had been thrust forward by his government to prevent it—subtle blue-gray eyes—his Highness, Prince Benedetto d'Abuzzi—a haunting smile and scarlet lips.

At about the moment he rose to go out, Miss Thorne, closely veiled, left the Venezuelan legation and walked rapidly down the street to a corner, where, without a word, she entered a waiting automobile. The wheels spun and the car leaped forward. For a mile or more it wound aimlessly in and out, occasionally bisecting its own path; finally Miss Thorne leaned forward and touched the chauffeur on the arm.

"Now!" she said. The car straightened out into a street of stately residences and scudded along until the placid bosom of the Potomac came into view; besides that for a few minutes, then over the bridge to the Virginia side, in the dilapidated little city of Alexandria. The car did not slacken its speed, but wound in and out through dingy streets, past tumble-down negro huts, for half an hour before it came to a standstill in front of an old brick mansion.

"This is number ninety-seven," the chauffeur announced. Miss Thorne entered the house with a key and was gone for ten minutes, perhaps. She was readjusting her veil when she came out and stepped into the car silently. Again it moved forward, on to the end of the dingy street, and finally into the open country. Three, four, five miles, perhaps, out the old Baltimore Road, and again the car stopped, this time in front of an ancient colonial farm-house.

Outwardly the place seemed to be deserted. The blinds, battered and stripped of paint by wind and rain, were all closed, and one corner of the small veranda had crumbled away from age and neglect. A narrow path, strewn with pine needles, led tortuously up to the door. In the rear of the house, rising from an old barn, a thin pole with a cup-like attachment at the apex, thrust its point into the open above the dense, odorless pines. It appeared to be a wireless mast. Miss Thorne passed around the house, and entered the barn.

A man came forward and kissed her—a thin, little man of indeterminate age—drying his hands on a piece of cotton waste. His face was pale with the peltor of one who knows little outdoor life, his eyes deep-set and aglitfer with some feverish inward fire, and the thin lips were pressed together in a sharp line. Behind him was a long bench on which were scattered tools of various sorts, fantastically shaped chemical apparatus, two or three electric batteries of odd sizes, and ranged along one end of it, in a row, were a score or more metal spheroids, a shade larger than a one-penny shell. From somewhere in the rear came the clatter of a small gasoline engine, and still farther away was an electric dynamo.

"Is the test arranged, Rosa?" the little man queried eagerly in Italian. "The date is not fixed yet," she replied in the same language. "It will be, I hope, within the next two weeks. And then—"

"Fame and fortune for both of us," he interrupted with quick enthusiasm. "Ah, Rosa, I have worked and waited so long for this, and now it will come, and with it the dominion of the world again by our country. How will I know when the date is fixed? It would not be well to write me here."

My lady of mystery stroked the slender, nervous hand caressingly, and a great affection shone in the blue-gray eyes.

"At eight o'clock on the night of the test," she explained, still speaking Italian, "a single light will appear at the apex of the capitol dome in Washington."

"My Dear Friend: I have been waiting to write you with the hope that I could report Senator Alvarez out of danger, but his condition, I regret to say, remains unchanged. Shall I send an attorney to you? Would you like a book of any kind? Or some delicacy sent in from a restaurant? Can I be of any service to you in any way? If I can please drop me a line."

"Sincerely, 'ISABEL THORNE.'"

At last she rose and standing in the window read the note over, folded it, placed it in an envelope and sealed it. A maid came in answer to her ring, and there at the window, under the watchful eyes of Blair and Hastings—and, perhaps, Johnson—she handed the note to the maid with instructions to mail it immediately. Two minutes later she saw the maid go out along the avenue to a post-box on the corner.

Then she drew back into the shadow of the room, slipped on a dark-colored wrap, and standing away from the window, safe beyond the reach of prying eyes, waited patiently for the postman. He appeared about five o'clock and simultaneously another man turned the corner near the post-box and spoke to him. Then, together, they disappeared from view around the corner.

"So that's Johnson, is it?" mused Miss Thorne, and she smiled a little. "Mr. Grimm certainly pays me the compliment of having me carefully watched."

A few minutes later she dropped into the seat at the desk again. The dark wrap had been thrown aside and Hastings and Blair from their hiding places could see her distinctly. After a while they saw her rise quickly, as an automobile turned into the avenue, and lean toward the window eagerly looking out. The car came to a standstill in front of the legation, and Mr. Cadwallader, an under-secretary of the British embassy, who was alone in the car, raised his cap. She nodded and smiled, then disappeared in the shadow of the room again.

Mr. Cadwallader went to the door, spoke to the servant there, then returned and busied himself about the car. Hastings and Blair watched intently both the door and the window for a long time; finally a closely veiled and muffled figure appeared at the bay-window, and waved a gloved hand at Mr. Cadwallader, who again lifted his cap. A minute later the veiled woman came out of the front door, shook hands with Mr. Cadwallader, and got in the car. He also climbed in, and the car moved slowly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Economy in Smoke Prevention. After remarking that there can be no hope of the general adoption of means to prevent the fouling of the air of great cities with factory smoke unless it can be demonstrated that the adoption of such means will result in the saving of money to the makers of the smoke, Prof. J. A. Switzer of the University of Tennessee records the result of experiments which he has made with smoke consumers based on the principle of injecting with steam jets, fresh air into the furnace when ever fresh fuel is put upon the fires. He finds that the claim that such apparatus increases the efficiency of the boilers by increasing the evaporation of the water is well founded, and that there is a real economy in their use.—Youth's Companion.

Catch Gigantic Sail Fish. Paris.—A huge sail fish, a fish rarely met with in the Atlantic, has been captured by fishermen off Concarneau and towed to that port. The fish measures eight yards long and four yards in circumference and weighs four tons. The fishermen were greatly disturbed over the presence in the vicinity of the fish's female companions, who followed her captured lord throughout the whole of the night he was being towed to port.

Pest of Gophers in Texas. Estimated That There Are 50,000,000 of Little Animals on Spur Ranch in Lone Star State. Spur City, Tex.—Charles D. Moore is engaged in poisoning gophers on the Spur ranch of 450,000 acres, in Dickens, Kent, Garza and Crosby counties. He expresses the belief that there are about 50,000,000 of the little animals. These gophers will cut down and carry away a field of grain in a

night. Their destructive propensities are wonderfully developed. They store their winter supplies in the fall. Allowing from 100 to 200 to the acre, they soon denude the land of grass or any growing vegetable or grain. They disappear like the Indian, buffaloes and antelopes. They can't live where the white man holds sway.

When the hands of the clock are arrested they stop doing time. It's quite different with a man.

the long table and curiously lifted one of the spheroids. It was a sinister looking thing, nicked, glittering. At one end of it was a delicate, vibratory apparatus, not unlike the transmitter of a telephone, and the other end was threaded, as if the spheroid was made as an attachment to some other device.

"With that we control the world!" exclaimed the man triumphantly. "And it's mine, Rosa, mine!"

"It's wonderful!" she mused softly. "Wonderful! And now I must go. I may not see you again until after the test, because I shall be watched and followed wherever I go. If I get an opportunity I shall reach you by telephone, but not even that unless it is necessary. There is always danger, always danger!" she repeated thoughtfully. She was thinking of Mr. Grimm.

"I understand," said the man simply. "And look out for the signal—the light in the apex of the capitol dome," she went on. "I understand the night must be perfectly clear, and you understand that the test is to be made promptly at three o'clock by your chronometer?"

"At three o'clock," he repeated. "For a moment they stood with their arms around each other, then tenderly his visitor kissed him, and went out. He remained looking after her vacantly until the chug-chug of her automobile, as it moved off down the road, was lost in the distance, then turned again to the long work-table.

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Thorne and Not Miss Thorne. From a pleasant, wide-open bay-window of her apartments on the second floor, Miss Thorne looked out upon the avenue with inscrutable eyes. Behind the closely drawn shutters of another bay-window, farther down the avenue, on the corner, she knew a man named Hastings was hiding; she knew that for an hour or more he had been watching her as she wrote. In the other direction, in a house near the corner, another man named Blair was similarly ensconced, and he, too, had been watching her as she wrote. There should be a third man, Johnson, Miss Thorne curiously studied the face of each passer-by, seeking therein something to remember.

She sat at the little mahogany desk and a note with the ink yet wet upon it lay face up before her. It was addressed to Signor Pietro Petronini in the district prison, and read: "My Dear Friend: I have been waiting to write you with the hope that I could report Senator Alvarez out of danger, but his condition, I regret to say, remains unchanged. Shall I send an attorney to you? Would you like a book of any kind? Or some delicacy sent in from a restaurant? Can I be of any service to you in any way? If I can please drop me a line."

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For the Hostess

Amusing Pastime.

At an evening party where the guests were not well acquainted, the hostess did not have any special feature, so she passed to each guest cards bearing these various verses, being careful to give to those she knew could do the stunts well. The first guest had this on hers:

Though riddles do our minds distress,
We'd like two good ones now to guess.
And there were two good conundrums immediately forthcoming.

Each guest read her card aloud before complying with its request. The following are good suggestions:

We'd like to hear you tell today,
Some funny things that children say.
Describe some woman in the town,
Her nose and hair, her dress and gown;
But do not give us her address,
Nor tell her name, and we will guess.

We'd like a story full of fun;
You're gifted, Lyman, tell us one.

Misery likes company, they say;
We'd like to hear you tell today
(Don't hesitate, but now begin)
Of the worst scrape you e'er were in.

Your talent gives us much delight;
We wish that you would please recite.

Your part in this program to help us
Will give us much pleasure; please sing us
a song.

If music hath charms, we wish that today
You'd prove it, and something quite
charming would play.

Tell some joke on yourself, your wife, or
your friend,
But we hope that you'll have it pleasantly
end.

Describe some trip you've taken far,
To Mexico, Europe, or Zanzibar.

Give a tale of old time when settlers were
few,
Of what they had then and what they
did do.

Describe some famous picture,
Whether dark or fair,
Please tell us all about it,
And the artist rare.

Without a bit of gossip sweet,
This program would not be complete.
Be sure that while the seasons roll,
This crowd will never tell a soul.

Moonglight Picnic.

In a few days most all the country houses open and those who haven't places are planning to take baskets and go to the "open" for a day. The properly equipped automobile carries a tea basket, and meals en route are quite the proper thing.

There are many picnics planned and beach parties are popular. What can be more delightful than just the right place, just the right things to eat and a perfect moon; the low murmur of the waves making just the accompaniment necessary.

Given six girls and six men with a couple of guitars or mandolins, cushions and baskets to satisfy the inner man and the result is apt to be bliss personified. Of course, there is always a discreet chaperon or two.

Guessing Contest for Men.

The other night a jolly bunch of young people were at a porch party; it happened that the men present represented many and varied occupations. The hostess said: "I wonder how many of you men would like to know suitable names for your future wives?" Then she propounded the following questions, allowing a few moments between each one: They were first asked to guess the name of a civil engineer's wife (Bridgett), a gambler's (Betty), a humorist's (Sally), a clergyman's (Marie), a shoemaker's (Peggy), a sexton's (Helle), a porter's (Carrie), a dancing-master's (Grace), a milliner's (Hattie), a gardener's (Flora), a judge's (Justine), a pugilist's (Mamie), a pianist's (Octavia), a life-saver's (Caroline), an upholsterer's (Sophy), an astronomer's (Stella), a doctor's (Patience), a fisherman's (Netty), a gasman's (Meta), a marksman's (Amy).

MADAME MERRI.



Window Decoration.

Sometimes a room on which its owner has spent much time and thought may have its tasteful effect decidedly lessened by the fact that it is at the back of the house. The reason for this is that many back windows have not an attractive outlook. This disadvantage has been overcome by a clever girl who can paint. She has decorated the lower sash of the windows in harmony with the room. It requires only a moderate amount of skill in painting, but more artistic taste. The work is done with oil paints and a flower design is used.

A specially effective floor to use for this purpose is the water lily, but, of course, it will have the right effect only when it fits into the decorative scheme of the room. In using this design the glass must be painted with wavy lines of green and greenish blue, to represent the water, with the lilies and their leaves resting on its surface. This is very pretty in a room with green and white decorations. In a yellow room daffodils can be used in this way with strikingly good effect. In a red or pink room poppies will be found a great success. In a blue room it is harder to choose. There are few light blue flowers. Forget-me-nots are the right color and pretty in themselves, but hard to paint and too small to be effective. The best choice for a blue room is apple blossoms, with their pale green leaves and slight touches of pink on the under side of the white petals.

Richie's Fashion.

Sashes are worn a great deal with afternoon gowns.

Some of the new parasols are edged with narrow ostrich feathers and have a big bow of ribbon on the handle, also edged with feathers.

For the cotton gowns the predilection is for colored embroideries. The colors of the embroideries are pink, rose, old blue, light blue, lavender and yellow.

Seeing God's Face

By Reverend Stephen Paulson

TEXT—When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.—Psalm 23:3.

Is it possible that we, sinful, as we know ourselves to be, shall see the face of God?

To see God is to be pure. No step that defileth, nor anything that maketh a lie, can stand in his presence. "Blessed," said Jesus, "are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

To see God is to be at peace. Even as chaos became the ordered course of nature at his word and presence, even as the waves of Galilee lay down in peace at the Master's feet, so here can be no disquietude in his presence, for there the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

To see God is to live in love. There shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and God shall be all in all, and God is Love. In his presence there can be nothing of hatred, or envy or strife, for heaven is the abode of Eternal Love.

To attain these blessings is a height of which, in our present condition, we may well despair. Then why does God say, "Seek ye my face?" Is that simply mockery of our impotency? Does not our innermost soul respond, "Thy face O Lord will I seek?" And has not God, through his Son, made it possible for us to seek him and to see his face?

And is this a promise for the future only? Is it only the happy and victorious dead who see God's face? Is it not allowed us to catch glimpses of his glory? Not fully, for we live in a twilight, and we see as through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Yes, it is possible for us to see God even now; and what quest could be greater? Men give their lives to the search for hidden treasures. The world is still full of mysteries, and many things are left to be discovered. Men explore the earth to its uttermost parts; some spend their lives in the study of the heavens. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Shall we not seek the face of him, who is the Author of all these wonders? Is not he the supreme quest of the human mind and soul?

First, like the palmist of old, we may learn to see the face of God in Nature. Walking through the world with open and loving eyes is one of the best aids to faith. In the spring-time of the year, when the earth is clothing itself in beauty, God in his power and goodness seems nearer to us. Study and love the works of God; they will give you simpler tastes and purer pleasures; in friendless moments they will give you companionship; in troubled moments they will breathe you peace. And the more you know of God's works, the more you will see him everywhere.

Secondly, we may see God in the minds and lives of other men. Never was anything good or true or wise written or spoken without the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit. Books are the great treasuries of God's revelation to human minds in all ages. Above all is the Book of Books, the Bible, which contains depths of wisdom which the human mind has never sounded, and which the ages will never outgrow. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Words shall not pass."

But most clearly do we see God in the face of Jesus Christ. Keep in mind that great sentence of St. Paul (2 Cor. 4:6): "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." When you look into the face of Jesus you see God as a father, loving and tender; who desireth not the death of a sinner but that all men be saved; who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son for its redemption. When you look into the face of Jesus, you see a revelation of love that is infinite and all-embracing.

Many of us are like Philip of Bethsaida: "Philip saith unto Jesus, Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us."

"Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."

Thou, Lord Jesus, art the glory of the Father!

Cause and Effect.

The only thing that opposes man is the negative human law. If this did not obtain man would be restored to his pristine condition as a spiritual ego. Man is not depraved because he wants to be, but because his mind is human, mortal and finite, he has no option than to express a corresponding condition. He is under the law of cause and effect.—Rev. F. E. Mason, Scientist, Boston.

Need of Ideals.

If men did not have ideals what would they think about and what could they live by?—Rev. C. K. Carpenter, Methodist Episcopalian, Chicago.

The Wealthy Ones of Earth.

Taking into account Australia and all of the islands of the tropical sea, the world may have 10,000 millionaires, outside of North America and Europe, Russia included. The United States alone must have more millionaires than the total for continents which contain two-thirds of the people of the world.

Rivulets and the Rivers.

All are to be men of genius in their degree—rivulets or rivers. It does not matter, so that the souls be clear and pure; not dead walls, encompassing dead heaps of things, known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.—Ruskin: The Stones of Venice.

Daily Thought.

If every one did an act of daily kindness to his neighbor, and refused to do any unkindness, half the sorrow of this world would be lifted and disappear.—Ian MacLaren.

Jehovah's Suffering Servant

Sunday School Lesson for July 9, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Isaiah 52:13; 53:12.
MEMORY VERSE.—Isaiah 53:4-5.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isa. 53:6.
This lesson is from the second part of the Book of Isaiah.

Whenever written it belongs to the time of the exile, just before the return. It brought hope, inspiration, instruction, life, and light in the darkest period in the history of Israel.

God's peculiar people were in exile among heathen populations. Their homeland, Palestine, had been devastated. Jerusalem lay in ashes. The temple was a heap of ruins. The nation was like the stump of a mighty tree which had been cut down. The tree had been cut down because it refused to bear the good fruit for which God had planted it. But in captivity the people had been learning their lesson, and the time had come when it was possible for a new shoot to spring up from the barren stump, and a renewed nation to take up its appointed mission. But in order to do this, the nation must be made to see clearly what they must be and do, and the deepest motives toward this end be inspired within them. All this is a parable for the world.

It throws no little light on our lesson to realize its relation to the prophecy as a whole. According to all critics the whole lesson really belongs to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, the fifty-second ending at the twelfth verse. The prophecy consists of 27 chapters, of which the fifty-third is the central one, making the whole prophecy to consist of three sections. First, the first thirteen chapters are a trumpet call to the captive Israelites who have been "hanging their harps on the willows," unable to "sing the songs of Zion," to awake to faith in God, and obedience and loyalty to him, and to be prepared for their deliverance. Second: Chapter 53 presents the means by which the redemption can be accomplished, the heroic service of his people, and the supreme self-sacrificing love of his son. Third: The succeeding thirteen chapters present the results of the redeeming nation, and the redeemed world.

The service of God was a commission to witness and prophecy for God upon earth. "Israel was 'elected not to salvation, but to service,' or rather as in the case of any individual, the nation was elected to salvation that it might be the 'servant' who was to carry out God's purpose of saving the world should be a nation, from the condition of the ancient world. 'Of all possible combinations of men the nation was the only form which in the ancient world stood a chance of surviving in the struggle for existence.' The servant of God was the nation of Israel."

Jesus Christ did God's service for the world's redemption by bearing the sorrows and sins of man. His sufferings were not because he himself had done wrong, but in order that he might save us from them. He bore them on his heart and sympathy. He bore them away by his healing power. He bore them as the martyr and the hero suffers that he may save the oppressed and the wronged and persecuted from their sufferings. He bore them away by transforming them into character. He bore them by giving his life for our sins, so that by removing sin he removed most of the griefs of man. Christianity has been the chief power in removing the griefs and sorrows of mankind.

The prophet foresees these things fulfilled in Jesus Christ. The picture in these verses is almost a photograph of what took place five hundred years later. He was oppressed, his sufferings were unjustly inflicted on him. Read the story of his trial. He opened not his mouth in protest. He submitted to the wrong.

Jesus was put to death with the wicked on the cross, and they thought to bury him in a criminal's grave. They appointed his grave with the wicked, but by a striking providence the same authority gave permission to a rich man, Joseph of Arimathea, who provided him with an honorable burial in his own rock-hewn tomb.

Yet it pleased the Lord because he saw the good to be gained. He shall see his seed, his spiritual descendants, filled with his spirit and carrying out his plans. He shall prolong his days. He rose from the dead, ascended to heaven, and is the everlasting leader and king. Of all things he is the most glorious. Of all kingdoms his is the largest, noblest, best beyond all compare.

This far-off vision of Jesus, and of the redeemed world, is one of the strongest proofs of a revelation from God. Professor Ramsay declares that the Bible is unique among ancient religions in that "to the Hebrew prophets, and to them alone, the better age lay always in future."

"The best is yet to be, The last of life for which the first was made."

We see in this lesson the one source of power for saving man, and transforming the world. The path of unselfishness is the path to power. The business of all followers of Jesus is to be servants of Jehovah, to do as far as in them lies the same kind of service that Jesus did.

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