

SYNOPSIS.

Adèle is Choseny's wife of New France, is forced into marriage with Cassion, a Frenchman of Governor La Barre, who is plotting to oust La Salle and his men from the frontier...

Her only kin dead by a murderer's hand, Adèle feels more alone in the world than ever. Her husband's jealousy and rancor become pronounced, yet she is strangely hopeful of getting away from the man and from her present circumstances in life.

Following the discovery of Chevet, murdered, Cassion accuses D'Artigny of the crime—but not in D'Artigny's presence.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"True, so I did," he said at last. "They were to depart before dawn. The villain is yonder—see! Well off that farthest point, and 'tis too late to overtake him now. Saerel! there is naught for us to do, that I see, but to bury King Chevet and go our way—the King's business cannot wait!"

On the beach all was in readiness for departure, and it was evident enough that Moutin had already spread the news of Chevet's murder among his comrades. Cassion, however, permitted the fellows little time for discussion, for at his shrill orders they took their places in the canoes and pushed off. The priest was obliged to assume Chevet's former position, and I would gladly have accompanied him, but Cassion suddenly gripped me in his arms, and without so much as a word, waded out through the surf, and put me down in his boat, clambering in himself, and shouting his orders to the paddlers.

I think we were all of us glad enough to get away. I know I sat silent and motionless just where he placed me and stared back across the widening water at the desolate, dismal scene. How lonely and heart-breaking it was, those few log houses against the hill, the blackened stumps littering the hillside, and the gloomy forest beyond. The figures of a few men were visible along the beach, and once I saw a black-robed priest emerge from the door of the mission house, and start down the steep path.

The picture slowly faded as we advanced, until finally the last glimpse of the log chapel disappeared in the haze, and we were alone on the mystery of the great lake, girdling along a bare, uninhabited shore. I was aroused by the touch of Cassion's hand on my own as it grasped the side of the canoe.

"Adèle," he said, almost tenderly. "Why should you be so serious? Cannot we be friends?"

My eyes met his in surprise. "Friends, monsieur! Are we not? Why do you address me like that?"

"Because you treat me as though I were a criminal," he said earnestly. "As if I had done you an evil in making you my wife. 'Twas not I who hastened the matter, but La Barre. 'Tis not just to condemn me unheard, yet I have been patient and kind. I thought it might be that you loved another—in truth I imagined that D'Artigny had cast his spell upon you; yet you surely cannot continue to trust that villain—the murderer of your uncle!"

"How know you that to be true?" I asked. "Because there is no other accounting for it," he explained sternly. "The quarrel last evening, the early departure before dawn—"

"At your orders, monsieur." "Ay, but the sergeant tells me the fellow was absent from the camp for two hours during the night; that in



Even D'Artigny Kept Within Sight.

the moonlight he saw him come down the hill. Even if he did not do the deed himself, he must have discovered the body—yet he voiced no alarm. I was silent, and my eyes fell from his face to the green water.

"'Twill be hard to explain," he went on. "But he shall have a chance." "A chance? You will question him; and then—"

He hesitated whether to answer me, but there was a cruel smile on his thin lips.

"Faith, I do not know. 'Tis like to be a court-martial at the Rock. If ever we get into there, though the chances are the fellow will take to the woods when he finds himself suspected. No

BEYOND the FRONTIER A STORY OF EARLY DAYS BY RANDALL PARRISH

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doubt the best thing I can do will be to say nothing until we hold him safe, though 'tis hard to pretend with such a villain." He paused, as if hoping I might speak, and my silence angered him. "Bah, if I had my way the young coxswain would face a file at our first camp. Ay! and it will be for you to decide if he does not."

"What is your meaning, monsieur?" "That I am tired of your play-acting; of your making eyes at this forest dandy behind my back. Sang die! I am done with all this—do you hear?—and I have a grip now which will make you think twice, my dear, before you work any more sly tricks on me. Saerel, you think me easy, hey? I have in my hand so," and he opened and closed his fingers suggestively. "The life of the lad."

I had one glimpse of his face as he leaned forward, and there was a look in it which made me shudder and turn away. His was no idle threat, and whether the man truly loved me or not, his hatred of D'Artigny was sufficient for any cruelty.

I realized the danger, the necessity for compromise, and yet for the moment I lacked power to speak, to question, fearful lest his demands would be greater than I could grant. I had no thought of what I saw, and still that which my eyes rested upon remains pictured on my brain, the sparkle of sun on the water, the distant green of the shore, the soldiers huddled in the canoe, the dark shining bodies of the Indians rearsidly plying the paddles, and beyond us, to the left, another canoe, cleaving the water swiftly, with Pere Allouez' face turned toward us, as though he sought to guess our conversation. I was aroused by the grip of Cassion's hand.

"Well, my beauty," he said harshly. "haven't I waited long enough to learn if it is war or peace between us?" I laughed, yet I doubt if he gained any comfort from the expression of the eyes which met his.

"Why I choose peace of course, monsieur," I answered, assuming a carelessness I was far from feeling. "Am I not your wife? Surely you remind me of it often enough, so I am not likely to forget; but I resent the insult of your words, nor will you ever win favor from me by such methods. I have been friendly with Sieur d'Artigny. It is true, but there is nothing between us. Indeed no word has passed my lips in his presence I would not be willing for you to hear. So there is no cause for you to spare him on my account, or rest his fate on any action of mine."

"You will have naught to do with the fellow?" "There would be small chance if I wished, monsieur; and do you suppose I would seek companionship with one who had killed my uncle?" "Would scarce seem so, yet I know not what you believe."

"Nor do I myself; yet the evidence is all against the man thus far. I confess I should like to hear his defense, but I make you this pledge in all honor—I will have no word with him, on condition that you file no charges until we arrive at Port St. Louis."

"Ah!" suspiciously, "you think he has friends there to hold him innocent?" "Why should I, monsieur? Indeed, why should I care but to have justice done? I do not wish his blood on your hands, or to imagine that he is condemned because of his friendship for me rather than any other crime. I know not what friends the man has at the Rock on the Illinois. He was of La Salle's party, and they are no longer in control. La Barre said that De Baugis commanded that post, and for all I know De Tonty and all his men may have departed."

"'Tis not altogether true, and for that reason we are ordered to join the company. De Baugis has the right of it under commission from La Barre, but does not possess sufficient soldiers to exercise authority. La Salle's men remain loyal to De Tonty, and the Indian tribes look to him for leadership. Men died in that reported in Quebec that 12,000 savages were living about the fort—ay! and D'Artigny said he doubted it not, for the meadows were covered with topees—so De Baugis has small chance to rule until he has force behind him. They say this De Tonty is of a fighting breed—the savages call him the man with the iron hand—and so the two rule between them, the one for La Barre, and the other for La Salle, and we go to give the governor's man more power."

"You have sufficient force?" "Unless the Indians become hostile; besides, there is to be an overland party later to join us in the spring and Sieur de la Durantaye, of the regiment of Carignan-Salliers is at the Chicago portage. This I learned at St. Ignace."

"Then it would seem to me, monsieur, that you could safely wait the trial of D'Artigny until our arrival at the fort. If he does not feel himself suspected, he will make no effort to escape, and I give you the pledge you ask."

It was not altogether graciously that he agreed to this, yet the man could not refuse, and I was glad enough to escape this easily, for it was my fear that he might insist on my yielding much more to preserve D'Artigny from immediate condemnation and death. The fellow had the power, and the inclination, and what good fortune saved me, I can never know. I think he felt a certain fear of me, a doubt of how far he might presume on my good nature.

Certainly I gave him small encouragement to venture further, and yet had he done so I would have been at my wit's end. Twice the words were

upon his lips—a demand that I yield to his mastery—but he must have read in my eyes a defiance he feared to front, for they were not uttered. 'Twas that he might have this very talk that he had found me place alone in his canoe, and I would have respected him more had he dared to carry out his desire. The coward in the man was too apparent, and yet that very cowardice was proof of treachery. What he hesitated to claim boldly he would attain otherwise if he could. I could place no confidence in his word, nor reliance upon his honor.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Break of Storm.

We had no more pleasant weather for days, the skies being overcast and the wind damp and chill. It did not rain, nor were the waves dangerous, although choppy enough to make paddling tiresome and difficult.

A mist obscured the view and compelled us to cling close to the shore so as to prevent becoming lost in the smother, and as we dare not venture to strike out boldly from point to point, we lost much time in creeping along the curves.

The canoes kept closer together, never venturing to become separated, and the men stationed on watch in the bows continually called to each other across the tossing waters in guidance. Even D'Artigny kept within sight, and made camp with us at night, although he made no effort to see me, nor did I once detect that he even glanced in my direction. The studied indifference of the man puzzled me more than it angered, but I believed it was his consciousness of guilt, rather than any dislike which caused his avoidance. In a way I rejoiced at his following this course, as I felt bound by my pledge to Cassion, and had no desire to further arouse the jealousy of the latter, yet I remained a woman, and consequently I felt a measure of regret at being thus neglected and ignored.

I had no knowledge of the date, nor a very clear conception of where we were. The night before we had camped at the mouth of a small stream, the surrounding forest growing down close to the shore, and so thick as to be almost impenetrable. The men had set up my tent so close to the water the waves broke scarcely a foot away, and the fire about which the others clustered for warmth was but a few yards distant.

Wrapped in my blankets I saw D'Artigny emerge from the darkness and approach Cassion, who drew a map from his belt pocket and spread it open on the ground in the glare of the fire. The two men bent over it, tracing the lines with finger tips, evidently determining their course for the morrow. Then D'Artigny made a few notes on a scrap of paper, arose to his feet and disappeared.

They had scarcely exchanged a word, and the feeling of enmity between them was apparent. Cassion sat quiet, the map still open, and stared after the younger man until he vanished in the darkness. The look upon his face was not a pleasant one.

Impelled by a sudden impulse I arose to my feet, the blanket still draped about my shoulders, and crossed the open space to the fire. Cassion, hearing the sound of my approach, glanced around, his frown changing instantly into a smile.

"Ah, quite an adventure this," he said, adopting a tone of pleasantry. "The first time you have left your tent, madame?" "The first time I have felt desire to do so," I returned. "I feel curiosity to examine your map."

"And waited until I was alone; I appreciate the compliment," and he removed his hat in stock gallantry. "There was a time when you would have come earlier."

"Your sarcasm is quite uncalled for. You have my pledge relative to the Sieur d'Artigny, monsieur, which suffices. If you do not care to give me a glimpse of your map, I will retire again."

"Puff! do not be so easily pricked, I spoke in jest. Ay, look at the paper, but the tracing is so poor 'tis no better than a guess where we are. Sit you down, madame, so the fire gives light, and I will show you our position the best I can."

"Did not D'Artigny know?" "He thinks he does, but his memory is not over clear, as he was only over this course the once. 'Tis here he has put the mark, while my guess would be a few leagues beyond."

I bent over, my eyes seeking the points indicated. I had seen the map before, yet it told me little, for I was unaccustomed to such study, and the few points, and streams named had no real meaning to my mind. The only familiar term was Chicago Portage, and I pointed to it with my fingers.

"Is it there we leave the lake, monsieur?" "Ay; the rest will be river work. You see this stream? 'Tis called the Des Plaines, and leads into the Illinois. D'Artigny says it is two miles inland, across a flat country. 'Twas Pere Marquette who passed this way first, but since then many have traversed it. 'Tis like to take us two days to make the portage."

"And way up here is Port des Moris, where we crossed the opening into Green Bay, and we have come since all this distance. Surely 'tis not far along the shore now to the portage?" "Men die, who knows! 'Tis looks but a step on the map, yet 'tis likely the distance has ever been measured."

"What said the Sieur d'Artigny?" "Bob! the Sieur d'Artigny; ever it

is the Sieur d'Artigny. 'Tis little he knows about it, in my judgment. He would have it thirty leagues yet, but I make it we are ten leagues to the south of where he puts us. What, are you going already? Faith, I had hopes you might tarry here a while yet, and hold converse with me."

I paused, in no way tempted, yet unceremonious. "You had some word you wished to say, monsieur?" "There are words enough if you would listen."

"'Tis no fault of yours if I do not. But not now, monsieur. It is late and cold. We take the boats early and I would rest while I can."

He was on his feet, the map gripped in his hand, but made no effort to stop me, as I dropped him a curtsy, and retreated. But he was there still when I glanced back from out the safety of the tent, his forehead creased by a frown. When he finally turned away the map was crushed shapeless in his fingers.

The morning dawned somewhat warmer, but with every promise of a storm, threatening clouds hanging above the water, sullen and menacing, their edges tipped with lightning. The roar of distant thunder came to our ears, yet there was no wind, and Cassion decided that the clouds would drift southward, and leave us safe passage along the shore. His canoe had been wrenched in making landing the evening before, and had taken in considerable water during the night. This was bailed out, but the interior was so wet and uncomfortable that I begged to be given place in another boat, and Cassion consented, after I had exhibited some temper, ordering a soldier in the sergeant's canoe to exchange places with me.

We may have proceeded for half a league, when a fog swept in toward the land enveloping us in its folds, although we were close enough to the shore so as to keep safely together, the word being passed back down the line, and as we drew nearer I became aware that D'Artigny's boat had turned about, and he was endeavoring to induce Cassion to go ashore and make camp before the storm broke.

The latter, however, was obstinate, claiming we were close enough for safety, and finally, in angry voice, insisted upon proceeding on our course.

D'Artigny, evidently feeling argument useless, made no reply, but I noticed he held back his paddles and permitted Cassion's canoe to forge ahead. He must have discovered that I was not with monsieur, for I saw him stare intently at each of the other canoes, as though to make sure of my presence, shading his eyes with one hand, as he peered through the thickening mist. This action evidenced the first intimation I had for days of his continued interest in my welfare, and my heart throbbled with sudden pleasure. Whether or not he felt some premonition of danger, he certainly spoke words of instruction to his Indian paddlers, and so manipulated his craft as to keep not far distant, although slightly farther from shore, than the canoe in which I sat.

Cassion had already vanished in the fog, which swept thicker and thicker along the surface of the water, the nearer bows becoming more indistinct shadows. Even within my own canoe the faces of those about me appeared gray and blurred, as the damp vapor swept over us in dense clouds. It was a ghastly scene, rendered more awe-inspiring by the glare of lightning which seemed to split the vapor, and the sound of thunder reverberating from the surface of the lake.

The water, a ghastly, greenish gray, heaved beneath, giving us little difficulty, yet terrifying in its suggestion of sullen strength, and the shore line was barely discernible to the left as we struggled forward. What obstinacy compelled Cassion to keep us at the task I know not—perchance a dislike to yield to D'Artigny's advice—but the sergeant swore to himself, and turned the prow of our canoe inward, hugging the shore as closely as he dared, his anxious eyes searching every rift in the mist.

Yet, dark and drear as the day was, we had no true warning of the approaching storm, for the vapor clinging to the water concealed from our sight the clouds above. When it came it burst upon us with mad ferocity, the wind whirling to the north and striking us with all the force of three hundred miles of open sea. The mist was swept away with that first fierce gust, and we were struggling for life in a wild turmoil of waters. I had but a glimpse of it—a glimpse of wild, raging sea; of black, scurrying clouds, so close above I could almost reach out and touch them; of dimly revealed canoes hung about like chips, driving before the blast.

Our own was hurled forward like an arrow, the Indian paddlers working like mad to keep stern to the wind, their long hair whipping about. The soldiers crouched in the bottom, clinging grimly to any support, their white faces exhibiting the abasement of fear. The sergeant alone spoke, yelling his orders, as he wielded steering paddle, his hat blown from his head, his face ghastly with sudden terror. It was but the glimpse of an instant; then a paddle broke, the canoe swung sideways, hainned on the crest of a wave and went over.

I was conscious of cries, shrill, instantly smothered, and then I sank, struggling hard to keep above water, yet borne down by the weight of the canoe. I came up again, choking and half-strangled, and sought to grip the boat as it whirled past. My fingers found nothing to cling to, slipping along the wet keel, until I went down again, but this time holding my

breath. My water-soaked garments and heavy shoes made swimming almost impossible, yet I struggled to keep face above water. Two men had reached the canoe, and had somehow found hold. One of these was a Indian, but they were already too far away to aid me, and in another moment had vanished in the white crested waves. Not another of our boat's crew was visible, nor could I be sure of where the shore lay.

Twice I went down, waves breaking over me, and flinging me about like a cork. Yet I was conscious, though strangely dazed and hopeless. I struggled, but more as if in a dream than in reality. Something black, shapeless, seemed to sweep past me through the water; it was borne high on a wave, and I flung up my hands in protection; I felt myself gripped, lifted partially, then the grasp failed, and I dropped back into the churning water. The canoe, or whatever else it was, was gone, swept remorselessly past by the raging wind, but as I came up again to the surface a hand clasped me, drew me close until I had grip on a broad shoulder.

Beyond this I knew nothing; with the coming of help the sense that I was no longer struggling unaided for life in those treacherous waters, all strength and consciousness left me. When I again awoke, dazed, trembling, a strange blur before my eyes, I was lying upon a sandy beach, with a cliff towering above me, its crest

tree-lined, and I could hear the dash of waves breaking not far distant. I endeavored to raise myself to look about, but sank back helpless, faintly struggling for breath. An arm lifted my head from the sand, and I stared into a face bending above me, at first without recollection.

Do you think now that had luck had left Adele, that her husband is gone forever and that her future is to be a matter of her own choosing?



My Fingers Found Nothing to Cling To.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY WE STAND ON ONE LEG

Few Understand That the Involuntary Action is to Rest the Bones of the Hips.

Naturalists have distinguished us from the higher animals by the fact that we stand upright on two legs. But do we? Watch a crowd standing about a street orator, and see how many are really standing on both legs, or try yourself to stand on two legs, and see how soon you are ready to fall from fatigue.

The truth is we have not yet absolutely acquired the upright position ascribed to us by the scientists. Even in the army, where comfort is always sacrificed, to trim appearance, the command, "Stand at ease," which allows the soldiers to throw one leg back and prop themselves upon it, shows how impossible a perfectly upright position is to maintain for any length of time.

As any anatomist will tell us, we are still built very much like the monkeys. Standing perfectly upright can only be done by a very complicated cross-strain, one set of muscles pushing forward, another holding back, with every movement we make a new adjustment of these muscles takes place.

The trouble is all with our hip bones. Therefore, to rest these muscles we place one of them at rest by throwing one leg to one side, allowing the other to do the work. When one leg has rested sufficiently, it takes up the strain and the other takes a spell. Nor does it matter how much we strengthen our leg muscles by walking or other exercises, the perfectly upright position is still a hard one to keep.

Find a Use for Cacti. Since it has been practically demonstrated that valuable gum and varnish can be extracted from the desert cactus of Arizona a refinery for the production of these materials has been erected at Mesa, in Salt River valley. One variety of this plant yields bases for chewing gum and for the manufacture of rubber. Another variety furnishes the principal ingredient for varnish. The crude gums are extracted in the field and carried to the refinery for manufacture. The machines for extracting the gum are moved from place to place, exhausting the supply of cacti in fields severally of 25 miles square.

Good Reason. A woman from the city was spending the summer in a small town, and one day, while doing her marketing, she asked the butcher how he happened to choose his business. He hesitated a moment, and then: "Well, I don't know," he answered, "but I always was fond of animals."

Up to date about 2,500 miles of steam railroad in the United States have been electrified.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. C. BELLETT, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.) (Copyright, 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR SEPT. 3 PAUL, THE HERO.

GOLDEN TEXT—My grace is sufficient for thee: for my power is made perfect in weakness.—II Cor. 12:9.

This letter raises interesting questions for research and discussion, such as: 1. What is the difference between Paul's heroism and that of a soldier? 2. Is war essential to the development of heroism? 3. Which courage is higher, moral or physical?

I. Paul, the Hero (11:21-22). To a man of a sensitive nature, craving perfection, sarcasm stirs up the deepest bitterness of the soul. We do not believe Paul primarily desired to refuse these false charges—they were unworthy of him—but the knowledge of his sufferings for the cause of Christ and the truth of the gospel would augment his power to serve the church. For the sake of those whom he had reclaimed from heathenism he was willing to seem to be boasting. Literally he says: "I speak by way of disparagement (of myself) as though we had been weak," yet he adds: "Whereinsoever any is bold, I am bold also." Paul had as much to boast of as any one of his Jewish opponents (v. 21). "Are they Hebrews? (Of the purest blood, of one nation and language?) So am I." Are they Israelites, worshipping only one God? Are they of the seed of Abraham, inheritors of the ministry of the promise and the Messianic hope and the kingdom of God? Are they ministers of the Messiah, seeking to bring all men into his kingdom? "I speak as a fool. I speak as one beside myself. I am more." In labors he was more abundant; he had occupied a larger field with greater results. In stripes above measure—those inflicted by the heathen were not limited to forty blows—besides other beatings referred to in this list. In prisons oft (Acts 16:23). Frequently exposed to death and to the perils of robbers by land and sea (v. 24). "Five times I received forty stripes, save one, from the Jews" (v. 25). "Thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned" (Acts 14:19). "Thrice I suffered shipwreck," evidently not recorded in Acts, for his shipwreck on the way to Rome was later. "A night and a day in the deep," 'tis not otherwise recorded. "In journeyings often," suffering from the perils of hard travel, often on foot in uncivilized regions. "In perils of water," literally "in rivers." Bridges were rare, and floods sudden and frequent. "In perils of robbers." Every road in Asia Minor then as now was infested with robbers. "In perils of his own countrymen;" "In perils by the Gentiles;" "In perils in the city;" "In perils in the wilderness;" "In perils in the sea" from storms, rocks, pirates; "In perils among false brethren"—Judaising teachers who were self-seeking instead of making the gospel first (Gal. 2:4; II Cor. 11:13). "In weariness and painfulness," literally in labor and travail; "In watchings often;" repeated nights of sleeplessness due to anxiety or pain. "In hunger and thirst, in fastings often," hunger unsatisfied for a long time. "In cold and nakedness;" in the mountain passes badly shod and badly clothed. Besides these things which were without innumerable other trials such as the care of or anxiety over the churches (vv. 32, 33). The story of these sufferings for the sake of saving men from sin and ruin proves Paul to have been one of the greatest heroes in all history. Paul's enemies had little indeed to set up against such a record as this. In contrast, there are those today who assume to have all scholarship and to be entitled to leadership, but who have neither done nor suffered anything worth while in laying a foundation for their pretensions. Their assumptions are baseless and their ignorance of the marks of the Lord Jesus is oft amazing.

II. God's Sustaining Grace (12:1-10). To Paul God gave one of the greatest tasks ever committed to man, viz., the planting of the gospel in heathen lands; founding churches; teaching them the gospel truths of the Lord Jesus. He wrote to these churches two-fifths of the New Testament, thirteen of its twenty-seven books, and this work was accomplished under the greatest difficulty, trials and suffering. To sustain and guide, the Lord gave him "visions and revelations" (v. 1). These revelations came to him from the very beginning of his Christian life and continued in every great crisis. The first was given at his conversion, twenty years before this letter was written, when he saw Jesus in His glory and received his marching orders. Again (vv. 2-4), fourteen years before, or about A. D. 43, when he was in Antioch and first entered upon his foreign missionary work. He obtained his gospel directly from the Lord. Subsequently he had other visions to sustain and guide him. God gives us visions today through his word, his providence and the testimony of his servants. Paul's thorn in the flesh (vv. 7-10) is a matter of conjecture. It was given him, lest he be exalted above measure, and he compares this vexation to the irritation of a thorn. Some think he had ophthalmia, a common disease of the eyes. Professor Ramsey thinks it was chronic malaria fever. It apparently affected the dignity of his outward appearance (II Cor., 10:1, 10). Paul prayed that this thorn might be removed. The answer was to give him grace to bear it, thus making the hindrance a means of blessing. Teachers ought to study this entire section, beginning at chapter 10. Paul says that as an apostle he did not in honor in the fields of others (10:14-15). He was not much concerned by what his enemies might say.

Known, But Not Understood

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFER, Station Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.—Rom. 8:28.

There are things we know but do not understand. This is true in the natural as well as in the spiritual world. We do not understand how we fall asleep nor how we wake up, but we know we do both. On the spiritual plane we do not understand how all the experiences we meet can work together for good, but we know they do. There would be no need of this text if things went always as we desired or if we always understood why they go as they do. But the text gives us a hint what the Christian has before him.



A Certain Prospect.

The prospect is that certain experiences which will be hard to bear will be met with on life's journey. There will be many things which will cut and hurt and which seem altogether unnecessary and as though it were impossible for them to work for good. Think of John the Baptist locked up in prison. He was a man accustomed from his youth to the great outdoors, the mountains and the plains—the rivers and brooks—the broad noonday sky and sparkling starry heavens were natural to him. He had given his life to God and thousands hung on his words. Suddenly he is thrown into prison for his faithfulness to the Lord. But the Lord was at hand. The Lord with power to speak a word and blind eyes saw and deaf ears heard. And even the bars and doors of the grave were broken and opened. Surely such a one with such power could open mere prison doors and set the prisoner free. But though he knew John was in prison because of faithfulness to himself, he gave no sign, nor went to the relief of the imprisoned one. John could not understand, but he could know that this awful experience would work together with all his other experiences for good. Think of Daniel—faithful, true, sincere, a man of prayer and godliness, yet because of the very fact that he was what he was, he must needs go to the lion's den. He, too, could not understand but he could know "that all things work together for good." So in the path of the Christian there lie strange, mysterious experiences that seem to make the soul stagger and the spirit grow faint. There come occurrences which, looked at by sight, seem to be anything but good but seem so evil that they cannot be made to work together for good. They call the Christian to implicit trust in God's purpose and absolute confidence in his ways. In all his experiences he is to walk by faith—not understanding perhaps but knowing that, spite of appearances, all things work together for good. But while the believer has this prospect, he also has

A Certain Promise.

When Peter came to things he did not understand in the dealings of the Lord, he, naturally, wanted to understand. Instead of explaining, the Lord simply said: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt understand hereafter." This promise each Christian may take to himself, knowing that some blessed day all questions will be answered and he will understand how as well as "know that all things work together for good." We cannot think of John the Baptist or Daniel or Stephen or any of the heroes of faith, who have met trying and bitter experiences which they could not understand, even now finding fault and saying to the Lord: "Thou shouldst have done it differently, O Lord." The Christian may not understand in the present time why the Lord permits the hurt but he knows that all things work together for good and that some day he will understand the need for the hard things and how they have worked together for good. And while he faces this prospect and rests in this promise he has

A Certain Provision.

A provision the Lord has made to meet every experience. Irrespective of how deep the hurt he permits or how bitter the cup he presents he makes provision that will keep the heart in perfect peace. The command to the Christian reads: "Be anxious (or worried) for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God and the peace of God which passeth understanding shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus." He cares for us and desires with longing that we should cast all our care upon him. He will comfort, he will sustain, he will uphold, so that in the midst of hard and bitter experiences which cannot be understood, the Christian looks forward to the day when he will understand, while he may enjoy in the meantime the peace that passeth all understanding. The victorious shout of the Christian is: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Life's Real Duties.

Let us live as though we had to live forever; let us not live as though we had to die in order to confine all our cares to this life; think of that life which is eternally reserved for us before God, and for God. Therefore let us henceforth begin to live for him, since it is for him that we must live in eternity. Let us live for him and love him with all our hearts.—Boswell