

BEYOND the FRONTIER A STORY OF EARLY DAYS by RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

All I could do was pray, and wait. Perhaps no word would be given me—the escape might already be accomplished, and I left here to my fate.

Mon Dieu! that was a noise overhead! I could see nothing, yet, as I leaned farther out, a cord touched my face. I grasped it, and drew the dangling end in. It was wreathed with a bit of wood. A single coal glowed in the fireplace, and from this I ignited a splinter, barely yielding me light enough to decipher the few words traced on the white surface: "Safe so far; have you any word?"

My veins throbbled; I could have screamed in delight, or sobbed in sudden joy and relief. I fairly crept to the open window on hands and knees, animated now with but one thought, one hope—the desire not to be left there behind, alone. I lunged far out, my face upturned, staring into the darkness. The distance was not great, only a few feet to the roof above, yet so black was the night that the edge above me blended imperceptibly against the sky. I could perceive no movement, no outline. Could they have already gone? Was it possible that they merely dropped this brief message, and instantly vanished? No, the cord still dangled; somewhere in that dense gloom the two men perched over the roof edge, waiting my response.

"Monsieur," I called up softly, unable to restrain my eagerness. "Yes, madame," it was D'Artigny's voice, although a mere whisper. "You have some word for me?"

"Ay, listen; is there any way by which I can join you?" "Join me—here?" astonishment at my request made him incoherent. "Why, madame, the risk is great—"

"Never mind that; my reason is worthy, nor have we time now to discuss the matter. Monsieur Boissardet, is there a way?" I heard them speak to each other, a mere murmur of sound; then another voice reached my ears clearly.

"We have a strong grass rope, madame, which will safely bear your weight. The risk will not be great. I have made a noose, and will lower it."

I reached it with my hand, but felt a doubt as my fingers clasped it. "This is very small, monsieur."

"But strong enough for double your weight as 'twas Indian women. Put foot in the noose, and hold tight. There are two of us holding it above."

The memory of the depth below frightened me, yet I crept forth on the taut rope, until I felt my foot safely pressed into the noose, which tightened firmly about it.

"Now," I said, barely able to make my lips speak. "I am ready." "Then swing clear, madame; we'll hold you safe."

I doubt if it was a full minute in which I swung over that gulf amid the black night. My heart seemed to stop beating, and I retained no sense other than to cling desperately to the swaying cord which alone held me from being dashed to death on the jagged rocks below. Inch by inch they drew me up, the continuous jerks yielding a sickening sensation, but the distance was so short I could scarcely realize the fall danger, before D'Artigny grasped me with his hands, and drew me in beside him on the roof. I stood upon my feet, trembling from excitement, yet encouraged in my purpose by his first words of welcome.

"Adele," he exclaimed, forgetful of the presence of his comrade. "Surely you had serious cause for joining us here."

"Am I welcome, monsieur?" "Can you doubt? Yet surely it was not merely to say farewell that you assumed such risk?"

"No, monsieur. It was not to say farewell. I would accompany you in your flight. Do not start like that at my words; I cannot see your face—perhaps if I could I should lose courage. I have made my choice, monsieur. I will not remain the slave of M. Cassion. Whether for good or evil, I give you my faith."

"You—you," his hands grasped mine. "You mean you will go with me into exile, into the woods?" "Yes, monsieur."

"But do you realize what it all means? I am a fugitive, a hunted man; never again can I venture within French civilization. I must live among savages. No, no, Adele, the sacrifice is too great. I cannot accept of it."

"Do you love me, monsieur?" "Mon Dieu—yes." "Then there is no sacrifice. My heart would break here. God! Would you doom me to live out my life with that brute—that murderer? I am a young woman, a mere girl, and this is my one chance to save myself from hell. I am not afraid of the woods, of exile, of anything, so I am with you. I would rather die than go to him—to confess him husband."

"The lady is right, Rene," Boissardet said earnestly. "You must think of her as well as yourself." "Think of her! Mon Dieu, of whom else do I think? Adele, do you mean your words? Would you give up all for me?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Do you know what your choice is? Do you know what your choice is?"

I stood before him, brave in the darkness. "Monsieur, I have faced it all. I know; the choice is made—will you take me?"

Then I was in his strong arms, and for the first time, his lips met mine.

CHAPTER XXII.

We Reach the River.

It was the voice of Boissardet which recalled us to a sense of danger. "It is late, and we must not linger here," he insisted, touching D'Artigny's sleeve. "The guard may discover your absence, Rene, before we get beyond the stockade. Yet how can we get madame safely over the logs?"

"She must venture the same as we. Follow me closely, and tread with care."

So dark was the night I was obliged to trust entirely to D'Artigny's guidance, but it was evident that both men were familiar with the way, and had thoroughly considered the best method of escape. No doubt De Tonty and his young lieutenant had arranged all details, so as to assure success. We traversed the flat roofs of the chain of log houses along the west side of the stockade until we came to the end.

The only light visible was a dull glow of embers before the guardhouse near the center of the parade, which revealed a group of soldiers on duty. The stockade extended some distance beyond where we halted, crouched low on the flat roof to escape being seen. There would be armed men along that wall, especially near the gates, guarding against attack, but the darkness gave us no glimpse. There was no firing, no movement to be perceived. The two men crept to the edge, and looked cautiously over, and I clung close to D'Artigny, nervous from the silence, and afraid to become separated.

Below us was the dense blackness of the gorge. "This is the spot," whispered D'Artigny, "and no alarm yet. How far to the rocks?"

"De Tonty figured the distance at forty feet below the stockade; we have fifty feet of rope here. The rock shelf is narrow, and the great risk will be not to stop off in the darkness. There should be an iron ring here somewhere—ay, here it is; help me draw the knot taut, Rene."

"Do we—do we go down here, monsieur?" I questioned, my voice faltering. "Here, or not at all; there are guards posted yonder every two yards. This is our only chance to escape unseen."

Boissardet tested the rope, letting it slip slowly through his hands down into the darkness below, until it hung at full length. "It does not touch," he said, "yet it cannot lack more than a foot or two. Faith! We must take the risk. I go first—hush! 'tis best so—the lady would prefer that you remain, while I test the passage. The devil himself may be waiting there."

He gazed down, balancing himself on the edge, the cord gripped in his hands. "Now mind my word; once on the rock below, I will signal with three jerks on the cord. Haul up then slowly, so as to make no noise; make a noose for the lady's foot, and lower her with care. You have the strength?"

"Ay, for twice her weight." "Good; there will be naught to fear, madame, for I will be below to aid your footing. When I give the signal again Rene will descend and join us."

"The rope is to be left dangling?" "Only until I return. Once I leave you safe beyond the Iroquois, 'tis my part to climb this rope again. Some task that, cheerfully, 'twill be Tonty's duty to best that no evidence connect us with this escape. What make you the hour?"

"Between one and two." "Which will give me time before day dawn; so here, I chance it."

He swung himself over the edge, and slipped silently down into the black mystery. We leaned over to watch.

"Am I welcome, monsieur?" "Can you doubt? Yet surely it was not merely to say farewell that you assumed such risk?"

"No, monsieur. It was not to say farewell. I would accompany you in your flight. Do not start like that at my words; I cannot see your face—perhaps if I could I should lose courage. I have made my choice, monsieur. I will not remain the slave of M. Cassion. Whether for good or evil, I give you my faith."

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he said solemnly. "It is my love which makes me dread lest you regret."

"That will never be, monsieur; I am of the frontier, and do not fear the woods. Ah! he has reached the rock safely—'tis the signal!"

D'Artigny drew up the cord, testing it to make sure the strands held firm, and made careful noose, into which he slipped my foot.

"Now, Adele, you are ready?" "Yes, sweetheart; kiss me first." "You have no fear?"

"Not with your strong hands to support, but do not keep me waiting long below."

Ay, but I was frightened as I swung off into the black void, clinging desperately to that slight rope, steadily sinking downward. My body rubbed against the rough logs, and then against rock. Once a jagged edge wounded me, yet I dare not release my grip, or utter a sound. I sank down, down, the strain ever greater on my nerves. I retained no knowledge of distance, but grew apprehensive of what awaited me below.

Would the rope reach to the rock? Would I swing clear? Even as these thoughts began to horrify, I felt a hand grip me, and Boissardet's whisper gave cheerful greeting.

"It is all right, madame; release your foot, and trust me. Good, now do not venture to move, until Rene joins us. Faith, he wastes little time; he is coming now."

I could see nothing, not even the outlines of my companion, who stood holding the cord taut. I could feel the jagged face of the rock, against which I stood, and ventured, by reaching out with one foot, to explore my immediate surroundings. The groping toe touched the edge of the narrow shelf, and I drew back startled at thought of another sheer drop into the black depths.

My heart was still pounding when D'Artigny found foothold beside me. As he swung free from the cord, his fingers touched my dress. "A fine test of courage that, Adele," he whispered, "but with Francois here below there was small peril. Now what next?"

"A ticklish passage for a few yards. Stand close until I get by; now cling to the wall, and follow me. Once off this shelf we can plan our journey. Madame, take hold of my jacket, Rene, you have walked this path before."

"Ay, years since, but I recall its peril." We crept forward, so cautiously it seemed we scarcely moved, the rock shelf we traversed so narrow in places that I could scarce find space in which to plant my feet firmly. Suddenly we clambered on to a flat rock, crossed it, and came to the edge of a wood, with a murmur of water not far away. Here Boissardet paused, and we came close about him. There seemed to be more light here, although the tree shadows were grim, and the night rested about us in impressive silence.

"Here is where the river trail comes down," said Boissardet made motion to the left. "You should remember that well, Rene."

"It was first to pass over it; it leads to the water edge." "Yes; not so easily followed in the night, yet you are woodsman enough to make it. So far as we know from above the Iroquois, have not discovered there is a passage here. Listen, Rene; I leave you now, for those were De Tonty's orders. He said that from now on you would be safe alone. Of course he knew nothing of madame's purpose."

"Monsieur shall not find me a burden," I interrupted. "I am sure of that," he said gallantly, "and so think it best to return while the night conceals my movements. There will be hot words when M. Cassion discovers your escape, and my chief may need my sword beside him. If it comes to blows, is my decision to return right, Rene?"

"Ay, right; would that I might be with you. But what plan did M. de Tonty outline for me to follow?" "Twas what I started to tell. At the edge of the water, but concealed from the river by rocks, is a small hut where we keep hidden a canoe ready fitted for any secret service. 'Twas Sieur de la Salle's thought that it might prove of great use in time of siege. No doubt it is there now, just as we left it, undiscovered of the Iroquois. This will bear you down the river until daylight, when you can hide along shore."

"There is a rifle?" "Two of them, with powder and ball." He laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "There is nothing more to say, and time is of value. Farewell, my friend."

"Farewell," their fingers clasped. "There will be other days, Francois; my gratitude to M. de Tonty." Boissardet stepped back, and, hat in hand, bowed to me.

"Adieu, madame; a pleasant journey." "A moment, monsieur," I said, a falter in my voice. "You are M. d'Artigny's friend, an officer of France, and a Catholic."

"Yes, madame." "And you think that I am right in my choice—that I am doing naught unworthy of my womanhood?"

Even in the darkness I saw him make the symbol of the cross, before he bent forward and kissed my hand. "Madame," he said gravely, "I am but a plain soldier, with all my service on the frontier. I leave to the priests the discussion of doctrines, and to God my punishment and reward. I can only answer you as D'Artigny's friend, and an officer of France. I give you honor and respect, and deem your love and trust far more holy than your marriage. My faith, and my sword are yours, madame."

"With every throb of my heart,"

I felt his lips upon my hand, yet knew not he had gone. I stood there, my eyes blinded with tears at his gallant words, only becoming conscious of his disappearance when D'Artigny drew me to him, his cheek pressed against my hair.

"He has gone! We are alone!" "Yes, dear one; but I thank God for those last words. They have given me courage and faith. So my old comrades believe us right the criticism of others does not move me. You love me, Adele? You do not regret?"

"My arms found way about his neck; my lips uplifted to his. "Monsieur, I shall never regret; I trust God and you."

How he ever found his way along that dim trail I shall never know. Some memory of its windings, together with the instinct of a woodsman, must have given guidance, while no doubt his feet, clad in soft Indian moccasins, enabled him to feel the faint track, imperceptible in the darkness. It led along a steep bank, through low, tangled bushes, and about great trees, with here and there a rock thrust across the path, compelling detour. The branches scratched my face and tore my dress, confusing me so that had I not clung to his arm, I should have been instantly lost in the gloom.

Our advance was slow and cautious, every step taken in silence. Snakes could never have moved with less noise, and the precaution was well taken. Suddenly D'Artigny stopped, gripping me in warning. For a moment there was no sound except the distant murmur of waters, and the chatter of some night bird. Yet some instinct of the woods held the man motionless, listening. A twig cracked to our left, and then a voice spoke, low and rumbling. It sounded so close at hand the fellow could scarcely have been five yards away. Another voice answered, and we were aware of bodies, stealing along through the wood; there was a faint rustling of dead leaves, and the occasional swish of a branch. We crouched low in the trail, fairly holding our breath, every nerve tense. There was no sound from below, but in the other direction one warrior—I could see the dim outline of his naked figure—passed within easy reach of my outstretched hands.

Assured that all had passed beyond bearing D'Artigny rose to his feet, and assisted me to rise, his hand still grasping mine.

"Iroquois, by the look of that warrior," he whispered, "and enough of them to mean mischief."

"'Twas the tongue of the Tuscaroras," I answered. "My father taught me a little of it years ago. The first words spoken were a warning to be still; the other answered that the white men are all asleep."

"And I am not sure but that is true. If De Tonty was in command the walls would be well guarded, but De Baugis and Cassion know nothing of Indian war."

"You believe it to be an assault?" "It hath the look; 'tis not Indian nature to gather thus at this night hour, without a purpose. But, pouf, there is little they can do against that stockade of logs for all their numbers. It is our duty to be well away by daylight."

The remaining distance to the water's edge was not far—a direct descent amid a litter of rocks, shadowed by great trees. Nothing opposed our passage, nor did we hear any sound from the savages concealed in the forest above. D'Artigny led the way along the shore until we reached the log hut. Its door stood open; the canoe was gone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

We Meet Surprise.

Not until we had felt carefully from wall to wall did we admit our disappointment. There were no overshadowing trees here, and what small glimmers of light came from the dull skies found reflection on river and rocks, so that we could perceive each other, and gain dim view of our surroundings.

Of the canoe there was absolutely no trace, and, if arms had been hidden there also, they had likewise disappeared. The very fact that the door stood wide open, its wooden lock broken, told the story clearly. I remained silent, staring about through the semi-darkness of the interior, rendered speechless by a feeling of utter helplessness. D'Artigny, after an utterance of disappointment, felt his way along the walls; as he came back to the open door our eyes met, and he must have read despair in mine, for he smiled encouragingly.

"Sweet bare, little girl," he said, "Not so much as an ounce of powder left. The savages got here before us, it seems. Never mind; we shall have to travel a ways on woodcraft, and it will not be the first wilderness journey I have made without arms. Did De Tonty mention to you where he believed the Iroquois were hiding?"

"No, monsieur—are they Indians?" "Yes; the river tribes, the most loyal of all to La Salle. It was one of their villages we saw on the bank of the stream as we approached the fort from the west. I told Boissardet that if it stood there deserted, but not destroyed, and it was our judgment the inhabitants were hiding among the river bluffs. Without canoes they could not travel far, and are probably concealed out yonder. If we can find them our greatest peril is past."

"They are friendly?" "Ay, and have never shed white blood. I know them well, and with leadership they would be a match even for the Iroquois. De Tonty led them once against these same warriors, and they fought like fiends. Come, we will follow the stream, and see if we cannot find trace of their covert."

It was but a cluster of rocks where the hut stood, and a few yards below we found the forest creeping down to the very bank of the river. The sky had lightened above us, the obscuring clouds opening to let the silver gleam of stars through, and we paused a moment gazing back and upward at the vast rock on which perched the beleaguered fort. We could dimly perceive the vague outline of it silhouetted against the lighter arch of sky. In massive gloom and silence it seemed to dominate the night, the grim forest sweeping up to its very walls. Not a gleam of light appeared; not a sound reached us. I felt D'Artigny's about me.

"I would that I really knew what was going on yonder 'neath the screen of trees," he said gravely. "Some Indian trick, perchance, which it might be in my power to circumvent—at least bear to the lady far warning."

"You would risk life for that?" "Ay, my own readily. That is a lesson of the wilderness; the duty of a comrade. But for your presence I should be climbing the hill, seeking to learn the purpose of those savages—else I were no true soldier of France."

"What think you their purpose is, monsieur?" "An attack in force at dawn. Those who passed us were heavily armed, and crept forward stealthily, stripped and painted for war. There were other parties, no doubt, creeping up through the woods from all sides. 'Tis my thought the hour has struck for them to make their great effort. They have scattered the friendly Indians, killed them, or driven them in terror down the river. Their villages have been destroyed. Now all the warriors who have been at that business have returned, filled with blood lust, and eager to strike at the French."

"But they cannot win? Surely they cannot capture the fort, monsieur? Why, it is all rock?" "On three sides—yes; but to the south there is ample space for attack in force. Those woods yonder would conceal a thousand savages within a few hundred yards of the fort gates.



"We Are Alone Now—Are You Sorry?"

and what of the defense? Opposing them is one hundred and fifty feet of stockade, protected at best by fifty rifles. There are no more in the fort, officers, Indians, and all; and Boissardet says scarcely a dozen rounds of powder and ball to a man. If the Iroquois know this—and why should they not?—'twill be no great feat of arms to batter their way in. I would do that which is right, Adele, if I saw clearly."

SOME FACTS ABOUT MERCURY

Astronomers Have Been Studying the Planet and Published the Conclusions Arrived At.

The planet Mercury is the smallest of the major planets and the nearest to the sun, which it circles in a little less than three months. It reaches its greatest distance from the sun at periods about sixty days apart. During the year Mercury is morning star three times and evening star three times. Owing to its nearness to the sun, it is never visible for more than a period of about two hours after sunset or the same length of time before sunrise.

The eccentricity of its orbit is greater than that of any other major planet; its greatest and its least distance from the sun differ by nearly 15,000,000 miles. According to A. W. McCurdy of the Royal Astronomical society of Canada, the most remarkable characteristic in the motion of Mercury is that when it is nearest to the sun it travels faster than it should if it moved by the solar system. Astronomers have long sought an explanation of the accelerated motion. Some believe that there are other planets at present unknown between Mercury and the sun—bodies that although numerous are too small to be seen. The movements of Mercury indicate an influence that might be accounted for by the presence of another planet revolving within its orbit. If such a planet really exists, there should come a time when it will appear as a dark spot moving across the face of the sun. Another way to detect the presence of new planets in the vicinity of the sun is to take observations during a total eclipse. If there are no clouds at such a time, the stars become visible as the sun disappears. During the total eclipse of the sun in 1878 one observer saw an object that he thought might be the long-sought planet; but no other astronomer has been able to confirm the discovery and many now believe that the hidden source of the unusual movement of Mercury must be looked for elsewhere than in the orbit of the planet.—Youth's Companion.

Dianna. "What's the trouble?" asked the friend. "You seem to have something on your mind."

"I have," replied the conscientious citizen. "I'm trying to figure out a proper course of action. If I neglect to apply for enlistment my wife will say I don't love my country. And if I display a willingness to leave home and march away to the wars, she'll say I don't love her."

Bound to Have Change. In the absence of her husband the fascinating young married woman went bounding with an old admirer.

"Ah," sighed the old admirer. "If only you had married me instead of Wilkinson."

"When I should have been with Mr. Wilkinson at this moment instead of you, I should have been with you, and you would have been with me, and we would have been together, and we would have been happily married."

Whether it is the fault of the age or not, very little counts for much with the ordinary person unless it is connected somehow with a thrill. The contemplative, the quiet, the mystical, do not appeal to men as they did once. The religion of the day must be a religion of enthusiasm. With quite a small minority the consideration of Christianity, as presenting a system of things to be relieved, has consideration; with another company the consideration of Christianity as presenting a fine code of ethics, something to be done, satisfied; but a larger company is interested in Christianity as presenting that which stirs the soul, which sets it quivering. Our Christian religion is a religion of enthusiasm. It calls for songs, for musical instruments, for the shout of victory, for the clapping of hands, for the triumphal entry with its natural accompaniments. Christianity is not a dead thing. It is alive, and one of the reasons why it has not accomplished what might be expected is because it has been propagated by too many in a cold and listless way, humanly speaking.

The Natural Body Must Die, But— The thrill of Christianity does not come in connection with the considerations that belong to the body of man; indeed the opposite effect would naturally follow, as there are few promises to the body. Unless the preacher of the Gospel is unfair he does not conceal the fact that Christianity, properly confessed, means poverty, obscurity, privation and perils of many kinds, even death itself. Its founder met all these things and the servant cannot be above his Lord. If the Son of Man had not chosen to lay his head, his disciple cannot ask for better fare. Notwithstanding this, the person in his full personality may be filled with joy, may be really hilarious and ecstatic, and should be able to make the world stare with astonishment and possibly criticize. Why is this? Because the spirit of man is that which naturally thrills him with pleasure, just as the body may have that which depresses him.

Some Things That Thrill the Spirit. 1. The Christian's family connections are of the finest. He is a member of the family of God. This is not a theological dogma, it is fact clearly presented in the word of God. Born children are the children of God, born children partaking of the nature of God. They are not the natural human offspring of God about which Paul spoke to the Athenians, but spiritually born children of God.

2. A Christian has a peculiar relationship to Jesus Christ, not simply in a potential, but real sense. Jesus Christ is his Savior, Redeemer and coming glorious King, but he is something quite aside from this. He has a personal relationship to the Christian that cannot be gained. He is a shepherd with a true shepherd's thought of provision for need, the guarding from danger. He is a brother-closer than any earthly brother; he is a friend in the most loyal sense. Taking that relationship to Jesus Christ it can be truly said that he is "all the world" to the Christian, and that is by realization here and now, an Emmaus experience continued in the individual life.

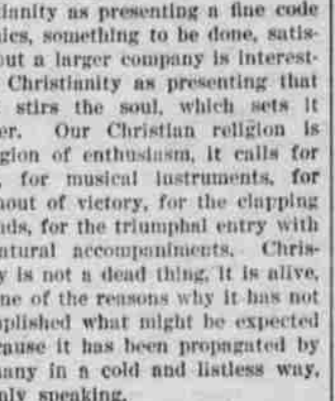
3. The Christian not only fears nothing of the future, but he anticipates the future with the greatest joy. While recognizing the body as the temple of the Holy Ghost, he sees another body beyond this mortal body. He sees this body to be the subject of physical corruption, but he knows that after the worms destroy this skin, in his flesh shall he see God. He knows that incorruption, honor, power, glory and spiritually await him; indeed he longs for a day that he will be delivered from this body of clay. However the body may be defective here—lame, deformed, weak with disease or age, he knows that he is to have a body that will be beautiful, possessing power and eternal youth. With such an anticipation he cannot but clasp his hands and shout with triumph.

Enthusiasms of Christianity

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D.D. Secretary of Correspondence Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—O clap your hands, all ye people; about unto God with the voice of triumph.—Ps. 47:1.

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2. A Christian has a peculiar relationship to Jesus Christ, not simply in a potential, but real sense. Jesus Christ is his Savior, Redeemer and coming glorious King, but he is something quite aside from this. He has a personal relationship to the Christian that cannot be gained. He is a shepherd with a true shepherd's thought of provision for need, the guarding from danger. He is a brother-closer than any earthly brother; he is a friend in the most loyal sense. Taking that relationship to Jesus Christ it can be truly said that he is "all the world" to the Christian, and that is by realization here and now, an Emmaus experience continued in the individual life.

3. The Christian not only fears nothing of the future, but he anticipates the future with the greatest joy. While recognizing the body as the temple of the Holy Ghost, he sees another body beyond this mortal body. He sees this body to be the subject of physical corruption, but he knows that after the worms destroy this skin, in his flesh shall he see God. He knows that incorruption, honor, power, glory and spiritually await him; indeed he longs for a day that he will be delivered from this body of clay. However the body may be defective here—lame, deformed, weak with disease or age, he knows that he is to have a body that will be beautiful, possessing power and eternal youth. With such an anticipation he cannot but clasp his hands and shout with triumph.

4. The Christian is thrilled with the glorious conditions of this earth that are coming. They will not be the realization of the Utopian pictures of the poet and the visionary, but of Isaiah II and 35. When ravenous beasts, destroying storms, floods and fires, will not be known; when pestilence will not waste the land, and wars will cease. He knows his King is coming to put his enemies under his feet and reign in righteousness. The Christian cannot be a pessimist as far as this world, sin-cursed though it be, is concerned. He knows that there will be a new heaven and a new earth.

Wisdom in Cheerfulness. The way of cheerfulness is the way of wisdom. Every physician understands its healing and health-giving power. If he can carry cheerfulness into the sickroom, if he can arouse it in his patient, it is better than a medicine. Anxiety, on the other hand, breeds illness. It weakens the arm and shatters the nerves. The habit of anticipating evil is one of the most common of evils and sources of hurt. As Christ said, "What is the use of being anxious? You cannot add a cubit to your stature, or a day to your life by being anxious!"

Worries Bring Aches Life today brings many worries and worrying brings on kidney troubles, so the doctors say. Kidney weakness reveals itself in backache, pains when stooping or lifting, dizzy headaches and urinary disorders. Be cheerful. Stop worrying. And, to strengthen weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the kidney remedy that is used and recommended the world over.

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