

Beyond the Frontier

By RANDALL PARRISH
A Romance of Early Days
in the Middle West

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "The Maid of the Forest," etc.



CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

I clung to his hands, staring back still at the grim outline of the silent fort. I understood his thoughts, his desire to aid his comrades; but for a moment, my mind was a blank. I could not let him go alone to almost certain death. No, nor would I abandon me on such a mission! Was there no other way by which we could serve? Suddenly a thought crept into my mind.

"Monsieur," I asked breathlessly, "where do you suppose those Illini Indians to be?"

"Back from the river, in a glen of caves and rocks."

"How far from here?"

"Four or five miles; there is a trail from the mouth of the creek."

"And you know the way? and there might be many warriors there? they will remember you, and obey your orders?"

He straightened up, aroused as the full meaning of my questioning occurred to him.

"Ay, there is a chance there, if we find them in time, and in force enough to make foray. Secretly I know not why such thought has not come to me before. Could we not fall on those devils from the rear in surprise, even with a third of their number, they would run like cats. *Mon Dieu!* I thank you for the thought!"

We plunged into the forest, no longer endeavoring to advance silently, but inspired with a desire to achieve our goal as soon as possible. At the mouth of a stream entering the river, D'Artigny picked me up in his arms and waded across. On the opposite bank he sought eagerly on hands and knees for the old trace he dimly remembered. At last he stood erect.

"Ay, lass, it's here to be easily followed. What hour do you make it now?"

"About three."

"So I would have said; and 'tis not daylight until after five. We can scarce make it yet we will try."

It was not as dark here away from the gloom of the Rock; the forest was open, and yet I will never know how D'Artigny succeeded in following that dim trail at so rapid a gait. As for me, I could see nothing of a path, and merely followed him blindly, not even certain of the nature of the ground under my feet. Again and again I tripped over some obstacle—a root, a tuft of grass—and continually unnoticed branches snapped against my face. Once I fell prone, yet so noiselessly that Rene passed beyond view before he realized my misfortune, and returned to help me regain my feet. Not until then, I think, did he comprehend the rapidity of his movements.

"Your pardon, dear girl," and his lips brushed my hair, as he held me in his arms. "I forgot all but our comrades yonder. The night is dark to your eyes."

"I can see nothing," I confessed regretfully, "yet you have no difficulty."

"'Tis a woodsman's training. I have followed many a dim trail in dark forest, and this is so plain I could keep to it on a run if necessary. Ah! the fort is awake and vigilant—that was wise!"

I had not only heard the sharp reports but seen the flash of fire clearing the darkness.

"The discharges came from the woods yonder—they were Indian guns, monsieur. See! those two last were from the stockade; I could perceive the logs in the flare."

"Ay, and that is all; the lady will waste no ammunition in the gloom, except to tell the savages they are awake and ready."

"How far have we traveled, monsieur?"

"A mile, perhaps. At the crooked oak yonder we leave the stream. You met with no harm when you fell?"

"No more than a bruise. I can go on now."

We turned to the right, and plunged into the thicket, the way now so black that I grasped his jacket in fear of becoming lost. We were clambering up a slight hill, careless of everything but our footing, when there was a sudden rustling of the low branches on either side our path. D'Artigny stopped, thrusting me back, while at that very instant indistinct forms seemed to leap forth from the covert. It occurred so quickly, so silently, that before I even realized danger, he was struggling madly with the assailants. I heard the crash of blows, an oath of surprise, a mutual exclamation, a cry of pain. Hands groped me angrily; I felt naked bodies, struggled wildly to escape, but was flung helplessly to the ground, a hand grasping my hair. I could see nothing, only a confused mass of legs and arms, but D'Artigny was still on his feet, struggling desperately. From some hand he had grabbed a rifle, and swung it crashing into the faces of those grasping him. Back he came, step by step, fighting like a fiend, until he stood over me. With one wide sweep of his clutched weapon he struck me free, a blow which shattered the gun-stock, and left him armed only with the iron bar. But the battle fury was on him; dimly I could see him towering above me, bareheaded, his clothes torn to rags, the grim barrel poised for a blow.

"St. Ann!" he cried exultantly. "'Tis a good fight so far—would you have more of it?"

"Hold!" broke in a French voice from out the darkness. "What meaneth? Are you of white blood?"

"I have always supposed so."

"A renegade consorting with devils of the Iroquois!"

"*Mon Dieu!* No! An officer of Fort St. Louis."

I could see the white man struck aside the Indian circle, and strike through. His face was invisible, although I was upon my knees now, but he was a short, heavily built fellow.

"Stand back! ay, make room. Saint Giles, we are fighting our own friends. If you are of the garrison, name yourself."

D'Artigny, still clasping his rifle barrel, reached out his other hand, and lifted me to my feet.

"Perchance," he said coolly, "if I were a stickler for etiquette, I might ask you first for some explanation of this attack. However, we have made some heads ring, so I waive that privilege. I am the *Sieur d'Artigny*, a lieutenant of La Salle's."

"*Mon Dieu!*" the other stepped forward, his hand outstretched. "'Tis no unknown name to me, although we have never before met by some chance—I am *Francois de la Forest*."

"La Forest! You were in France three months ago."

"Ay, I was there when *Sieur de la Salle* landed. He told me the whole tale. I was with him when he had audience with Louis. I am here now bearing the orders of the king, commended by La Barre at Quebec, restoring De Tonny to command at Fort St. Louis, and bidding De Baugis and that fool Cassion return to New France."

D'Artigny crushed the man's hand in both his own, dropping the rifle barrel to the ground. His voice trembled as he made answer.

"He was the king's favor? he convinced Louis?"

"No doubt of that—never saw I a greater miracle."

"And *Sieur de la Salle*—has he returned?"

"Nay; he remains in France, to fit out an expedition to sail for the mouth of the great river. He hath special commission from the king. To me was given the honor of bearing his message. Ah! but La Barre raved like a mad bull when I handed him the king's order. I thought he would burst a blood vessel, and give us a new governor. But no such luck. Pah! I stood there, struggling to keep a straight face, for he had no choice but obey. 'Twas a hard dose to swallow, but there was Louis' orders in his own hand, all duly sealed; and a command that I be dispatched hither with the message."

"How made you the journey in so short a time?"

"Overland from Detroit, the same trail you traveled with La Salle; 'tis much the shorter."

"Alone?"

"With two couriers du bois; they are with me now. But what is this, D'Artigny, you have with you—a woman?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Warriors of the Illini.

"Yes, M. de la Forest," I said, stepping forward to save Rene from a question which would embarrass him, "I am the daughter of Captain in Chesnayne, whom the *Sieur d'Artigny* hath taken under his protection."

"La Chesnayne's daughter! Ah! I heard the story told in Quebec—'twas La Barre's aid who gave me the facts with many a chuckle, as though he held it an excellent joke. But why are you here, madame? Is not M. Cassion in the fort yonder?"

"'Tis a long tale, La Forest," broke in D'Artigny, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "and will bide a better time for telling. I am a soldier, and you may trust my word. We are La Salle's men; let it go at that, for there is graver duty fronting us now than the retelling of camp gossip. Madame is my friend, and my hand will defend her reputation. Is that enough, comrade?"

"Ay, enough. My best regards, madame, and he bowed low before me, his words ringing true. 'Whoever *Sieur de la Salle* has learned to trust hath my faith also. You have come from the fort, I take it, D'Artigny? How are matters there?"

"Ill enough, the officers at sword-points, and the men divided into three camps, for where De la Durantaye stands there is no evidence. M. Cassion holds command by virtue of La Barre's commission, and knows no more of Indian war than a Quebec storekeeper. The garrison numbers fifty men, all told; two-thirds soldiers, and a poor lot."

"With ammunition and food?"

"Ample to eat, but *Boucardet* tells me with scarce a dozen rounds per man. The Iroquois are at the gates, and will attack at daylight."

"You know this?"

"The signs are plain. We passed one party clambering up the cliff—no less than fifty warriors, naked and painted for war. *Tuscaroras*, madame said from the words she overheard as they slipped past where we hid. 'Tis not likely they made reconnaissance alone. The fends have been a week in this valley, and 'ave swept all clear of our Indian allies; now they can bring their full force against the fort."

"No doubt you are right."

"'Twas my judgment, at least, and we sought help when we ran into you. What Indians have you?"

"Illini, mostly, with a handful of Miami and Kickapoo. We met them at the crossing, hiding in the hills. They were sadly demoralized, and fled with horror at what they had

seen, yet agreed to return here under my leadership."

"Who is their chief?"

"Old *Sequitah*—you know him?"

"Ay, a real warrior. 'Tis better than I dared hope, for I have been in battle with him before. Do you number a hundred?"

"And fifty more, though indifferently armed."

"And fifty more, though indifferently armed. Never have I seen the Illini in action, D'Artigny; they seem to me a poor lot, so frightened of the wolves as to be valueless."

"So they are if left to themselves, but under white leadership they stiffen. They will fight if given the Indian style. They will never stand in defense, but if we lead them to a surprise, they'll give good account of themselves. That is my plan, La Forest—that we creep up through the woods behind the Iroquois lines. They will expect no attack from the rear, and will have no guard. If we move quickly while it remains dark, we ought to get within a few yards of the red demons without discovery. They will fight desperately, no doubt, for their only hope of escape would be to either plunge down the rocky banks on either side, or cut a way through. You have been at the fort?"

"Twice before."

"Then you know the nature of the ground. 'Tis all woodland until within a few hundred yards of the gates. You recall the great rock beside the trail?"

"Ay, and the view from the top."

"My plan would be to creep up that far, with flanking parties on the slopes below. In front, as you may remember, there is an open space, then a fringe of forest hiding the clearing before the stockade. The Iroquois will be gathered behind that fringe of trees waiting daylight, is my thought right?"

"'Tis the most likely spot."

"Then listen; I have thought this all out. You and I, with *Sequitah*, will take a hundred of your Indians, cross the small river, and advance up the trail. That leaves fifty warriors to creep through the woods on either slope, twenty-five to a side, led by your two couriers du bois. We will wait at the great rock, and give the signal."

La Forest stood silent a moment, thinking; then rested his hand on D'Artigny's shoulder.

"It looks feasible enough, but the flanking parties may not reach their positions in time."

"The one from the west will not have as far to travel as we do. The other does not make so much difference, for if the Iroquois break they will come in this direction—the other side of the trail is sheer rock."

"And what about the lady?"

"I shall go with you, messieurs," I said quietly. "There will be no more danger there than here; besides, you would not leave me alone without a guard, and you will need every fighting man."

I felt the grip of Rene's hand, but it was La Forest's voice that spoke.

"The right ring to that, hey, D'Artigny! Madame answers my last argument. But first let us have word with the chief."

He addressed a word into the crowd of indistinguishable figures, and an Indian came forward. Dim as the light was, I was impressed with the dignity of his carriage, the firm character of his facial outline.

"I am *Sequitah*, chief of the *Mascoutins*," he said gravely, "for whom the white chief sent."

D'Artigny stepped forward, standing as erect as the other.

"*Sequitah* is great chief," he said quietly, "a warrior of many battles, the friend of La Salle. We have smoked the peace-pipe together, and walked side by side on the war-trail. *Sequitah* knows you speaks?"

"The French warrior they call D'Artigny."

"Right; 'tis not the first time you and I have met the Iroquois! The wolves are here again; they have burned the villages of the Illinois, and killed your women and children. The valley is black with smoke, and red



with blood. What says the war chief of the *Mascoutins*—will his warriors fight? Will they strike with us a blow against the beasts?"

The chief swept his hand in wide-circle.

"We are warriors; we have tasted blood. What are the white men's words of wadown?"

Briefly, in quick, ringing sentences, D'Artigny outlined his plan. *Sequitah* listened motionless, his face unexpressive save of emotion. Twice, confused by some French phrase, he asked grave questions, and once a courier du bois spoke up in his own tongue, to make the meaning clear. As D'Artigny ceased the chief stood for a moment silent.

"We leap upon them from cover?" he asked calmly, "and the white men will ally forth to aid us?"

"'Tis so we expect—M. de Tonny is never averse to a fight."

"I believe in the Iron Hand; but 'tis told me others command now. If they fall, we are but few against many."

"They will not fall, *Sequitah*; they are Frenchmen."

The Indian folded his hands across his breast, his eyes on the two men facing him. There was silence, but for the slight rustle of moving bodies in the darkness.

"*Sequitah* hears the voice of his friend," he announced at last, "and his words sound wise. The warriors of the Illini will fight beside the white men."

There was no time lost, although I knew but little of what occurred, being left alone there while La Forest and D'Artigny divided the men, and arranged the plans of advance. The dense night shrouded much of this hasty preparation, for all I could perceive were flitting figures, or the black shadow of warriors being grouped together. I could hear voices, never loud, giving swift orders, or calling to this or that individual through the gloom.

A party tramped by me, and disappeared, twenty or more naked warriors, headed by a black-bearded Frenchman, bearing a long rifle—the detachment, no doubt, dispatched to guard the slope east of the trail, and hurried forth to cover the greater distance. Yet these could have scarcely advanced far through that jungle when the others were also in line, waiting the word.

The very silence in which all this was accomplished, the noiseless bodies, the almost breathless attention, scarcely enabled me to realize the true meaning of it all. These men were going into battle, into a death grapple. They meant to attack five times their own number. This was no boy's play; it was war, savage, relentless war. The stern horror of it seemed to suddenly grip me as with icy fingers. Here was what I had read of, dreamed of, being enacted before my very eyes. I was even a part of it, for I was going with them to the field of blood.

Yet how different everything was from those former pictures of imagination. There was no noise, no excitement, no shrinking—just those silent, motionless men standing in the positions assigned to them, the dim light gleaming on their naked bodies, their ready weapons.

I heard the voices of the white men, speaking quietly, giving last instructions as they passed along the lines. *Sequitah* took his place, not two yards from me, standing like a statue, his face stern and emotionless. Out of the darkness came D'Artigny, pausing an instant before the chief.

"All is well, *Sequitah*?"

"Good—'tis as the white chief wishes."

"Then we move at once; La Forest will guide the rear; you and I will march together. Give your warriors the word."

He turned and took my hand.

"You will walk with me, dear one; you are not afraid?"

"Not of the peril of coming battle," I answered. "'Tis I think I hardly realize what that all means; but the risk you run, Rene! If—if you win, you will be a prisoner condemned to death."

He laughed, and bent low, so I felt his lips brush my cheek.

"You do not understand, dear girl. A moment and I will explain—once we are beyond the stream, now I must see that all move together."

We advanced through the woods down a slight incline, the Indians moving like so many phantoms. Not a branch rattled as they glided silently forward, not a leaf rustled beneath the soft tread of moccasined feet. D'Artigny led me by the hand, leading me to move quietly over the uneven ground, but made no effort to speak. Beside us, not unlike a shadow, strode the chief *Sequitah*, his stern face uplifted, shadowed by his black hair, a rifle gripped in his sinewy arms. We crossed the little river, D'Artigny bearing me easily in his grasp, and, on the opposite shore, waited for the others to follow. They came, a long line of dark, shadowy forms, wading cautiously through the shallow water, and ranged themselves just below the bank, many still standing in the stream. What light there was flickered over naked bodies, and revealed savage eyes gleaming from out masses of black hair.

D'Artigny stepped forward on the exposed root of a tree to where he could see his dusky followers, and La Forest climbed the bank and joined him. A moment the two men conferred, turning about to question *Sequitah*. As they separated I could distinguish D'Artigny's final words.

"Very well, then, if it is your wish I take command. *Sequitah*, a hundred warriors will follow you along the trail—you know it well. Have your best scouts in advance, and circle your graves so as to make attack impossible. Your scouts will not go beyond the great rock except on my order. M. La Forest will accompany them. This is clear!"

The Indian muttered response in his own tongue; then spoke more rapidly, and the mass of warriors below changed formation, the greater number climbing the bank, and grouping themselves in the darker shadow of the woods.

"Who has charge of the others?" asked D'Artigny.

"*Bastien Courtray*," replied La Forest. "'Tis he yonder."

"Then, Courtray, listen: You follow the stream, but do not venture from cover. Post your men below the stockade and wait to intercept fugitives. We will do the fighting above. Are the warriors with you armed?"

"All but ten have rifles, monsieur, but I know not if they be of value."

"You must make the best use of them you can. Above all things, be quiet, and do nothing to alarm the Iroquois. You may go."

I leaned forward, watching them as they waded downstream, and then climbed the bank, disappearing in the undergrowth. *Sequitah* had moved past me, and I heard his voice speaking in Indian dialect. Along the forest stood his warriors gliding by where I stood, noiselessly as shadows. In another moment D'Artigny and I were alone, the black night all about us, and not a sound reaching our ears to tell of those vanished allies. He took my hand, I cared in his touch, a suggestion of pride in his voice.

"The old chief is warrior still," he said "and, unless all signs fail, the Iroquois will long remember this day. Come, *Adelle*, 'twill not do for us to

be far behind, and we have walked this trail before together."

Had I not tested it with my own ears, never would I have believed a hundred men could have made way so noiselessly in the dark, through such thick forest, rock strewn and deeply rutted. Yet not a sound of their stealthy passage was wafted back to us on the wind—no echo of voice, no rasping of foot, no rustle of leaves. Ghosts could not have moved more silently. Somehow the very thought that these grim savages were thus creeping forward to attack and kill, their hearts mad with hate, wild beasts of prey stalking their victims, yielded me



"The Warriors of the Illini Will Fight Beside the White Men."

a strange feeling of horror. I clung to D'Artigny's arm, shrinking from the shadows, my mind filled with nameless fear.

"*Adelle*," he whispered, tenderly, "you will fear for me in this venture?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"There is no need. You heard La Forest say he bore orders of the king to give De Tonny command once more of Fort St. Louis."

"Yes, monsieur; but you have already been tried and condemned. Even if they have not authority to shoot you here, they have power to transport to Quebec."

"There would be battle first. If I know my old comrades well. No, as to that there is no cause to fear. I shall be given fair trial now, and welcome it. My fear has been for you—the vengeance of Cassion, if ever you came within his grasp again. But that also is settled."

"Settled? What is it you would tell me?"

"This, sweetheart; you should know, although I would that some other might tell you. La Forest whispered it to me while we were alone yonder, for he knew not you were estranged from your husband. He bears with him the king's order for the arrest of M. Cassion. Captain de Baugis is commissioned by La Barre to return him safely to Quebec for trial."

"On what charge?"

"Treason to France; the giving of false testimony against a king's officer, and the concealing of official records."

"*Mon Dieu!* Was it the case of my father?"

"Yes; the truth has been made clear. There is, as I understand from what La Forest told me, not sufficient evidence against La Barre to convict, yet 'tis believed the case will cost him his office. But M. Cassion was his agent, and is guilty beyond a doubt."

"But, monsieur, who made the charges? Who brought the matter to the attention of Louis?"

"The *Comte de Frontenac*; he was your father's friend, and won him restoration of his property. Not until La Forest met him in France was he aware of the wrong done Captain le Chesnayne. Later he had conversed with La Salle, a Franciscan once stationed at Montreal, and two officers of the regiment of *Carignan-Salliers* Armed with information thus gained, he made appeal to Louis. 'Tis told me the king was so angry he signed the order of arrest with his own hand, and handed it to La Forest to execute."

"The governor knows?"

"Not yet. La Forest felt it best to keep the secret, fearing he might be detained, or possibly ambushed on the way hither."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Temperance

WISE WORDS.

"No temperance advocate in the world has spoken wiser words than those uttered by the German emperor to the naval cadets," said Secretary of the Navy Daniels, speaking before the national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence union. The words referred to, spoken November 21, 1910, at the dedication of the new naval academy at Annapolis, are in the light of the events of the past two years most significant. We quote part of the address:

"As you will observe in the course of your time on board, the service in my navy has reached a degree of strain which can hardly be surpassed. To be able to endure this enormous pressure in time of peace without wearing out, so that you may be fresh when a serious call comes, is your duty. The next war, the next naval encounter, will require of you sound nerves. These are undermined by alcohol, endangered from youth up, by its use. You will later have opportunity to see the marine targets and the action of modern guns on ships, and will be able, therefore, to infer the conditions in battle. You will see horrible devastation and all kinds of pictures. Then the world will be strong nerves and cool heads. The nation which drinks the least alcohol will be the winner!"

RUSSIA'S PEASANT BANKS.

In 18 months of "water-wagon" life there have been founded 18,000 peasant co-operative banks and 1,000 peasant co-operative supply stations or stores," says Ivan Narodny, secretary of the Russian-American-Asiatic corporation, in the New York Tribune. "These peasant banks are just now forming a central administration, a bank of banks, in Moscow, composed of delegates from provincial banks. The government has not yet been able to grasp the whole extent of these popular institutions of the people, but sporadically and suddenly looming up as something gigantic in national economic life. The cash capital of these peasant banks amounts to 600,000,000 rubles, the value of their accessories, real estate, securities, etc., reaches 1,000,000,000."

Most of the hatred against the Russian Jew, he tells us, originated in the lending of money by Jews to peasants. The peasant banks abolish automatically all Russian Jewish troubles. "If the czar had done nothing but abolish alcohol," says the secretary, "he would loom up in history as one of the great reformers."

A COMPARISON.

In discussion of a report on alcoholism before the Academy of Science in Paris it was stated that after two generations the posterity of alcoholics becomes extinguished. Statistics were given of 24 families chosen at random, 12 temperate and 12 alcoholic, as follows:

	Alcoholic	Temperate
Died in infancy	12	5
Deaf and dumb	2	2
Idiots	8	0
Affected by St. Vitus' dance	2	0
Epileptics	13	0
Deformed	3	2
Dwarfs	5	0
Hereditary drunkards	5	0
Healthy	0	50

PROVING COLD BRICKS.

It is authoritatively stated that beer has fallen to fifth or sixth place among the products of the city of Milwaukee. One of the largest breweries in the city has been offered for sale several times in recent years, with no bidders. Another brewery has sold all its stock to holders in England and Germany. The buyers thought they bought a gold mine, whereas they bought a gold brick. The prohibition sentiment, which has been sweeping the West has made itself felt even in Milwaukee. It is a fact not generally known that one of the largest breweries in that city is using an assumed name. The real owner doesn't want his own name connected with the business.

CURSE FIRST BREWER.

Who first brewed beer prepared a pest for Germans. I have prayed to God that he would destroy the whole brewing industry. I have often pronounced a curse on the first brewer. All Germany could live on the barley that is spoiled by the brewers. Germany would be much richer than she is if so much beer were not drunk.—Martin Luther.

MUST HAVE BOYS.

A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a flouring mill without wheat, or a sawmill without logs. The only question is, whose boys—your boy or mine—our boys or our neighbors'.

POWERFUL ARGUMENT.

In all discussions of the liquor question there is one powerful argument on the side of those who favor the prohibition of the liquor traffic, whether the prohibition is applied to a large area or a small one, namely, that the man who opposes the sale of liquor is asking nothing for himself except relief from injury at the hands of the others, while the man who insists upon the sale of liquor is asking something for himself which cannot be granted without injury to others.—Kentucky White-Ribbon.

EFFECT OF ALCOHOL.

Upon investigating 55,000 school children, Dr. T. Alexander McNicholl, surgeon for Red Cross hospital, found 58 per cent below the standard of intelligence, 17 per cent dullards, 25 per cent deficient and 16 per cent nearly deficient. Fifty-three per cent of the defective children were of drinking parents. Only 10 per cent of the children of abstaining parents were dullards.

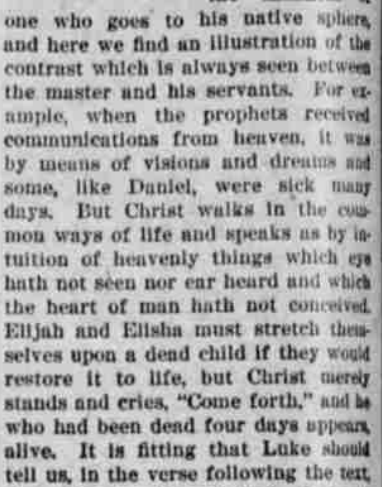
SAVE THE BOY.

"Regulation saves the saloon; prohibition saves the boy."

Departure of Christ

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL
Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—And it came to pass, when he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.—Luke 24:51. While they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And—behold, two men stood by them in white apparel.—Acts 1:9, 10.



Two other men, beside Christ, have entered bodily into the Christian world, viz., Enoch and Elijah. But we read of the departure of Enoch and Elijah with amazement, for it is not natural for men thus to intrude into the unseen. It seems proper that when Elijah went up there was a whirlwind and that fiery chariots and horses appeared. But when Christ ascends it is with the calmness of one who goes to his native sphere, and here we find an illustration of the contrast which is always seen between the master and his servants. For example, when the prophets received communications from heaven, it was by means of visions and dreams and some, like Daniel, were sick many days. But Christ walks in the common ways of life and speaks as by intuition of heavenly things which eyes hath not seen nor ear heard and which the heart of man hath not conceived. Elijah and Elisha must stretch themselves upon a dend child if they would restore it to life, but Christ merely stands and cries, "Come forth," and he who had been dead four days appears alive. It is fitting that Luke should tell us, in the verse following the text, that "they worshipped him." He is the master, others are only servants.

Why God Does Not Stop the War.

Note the attitude in which Christ left the earth—"while he blessed them." Those pierced hands have been extended in blessing ever since, and will be, until this day of grace and salvation ends and the day of the Lord, the day of judgment, dawns. Just here is the key to many of our mysteries. We wonder why God does not interpose to stop the war in Europe. Does he not care? Is he the loving God we have thought him to be? Well, he will interpose in the world's history, some day and there will be an end of oppression and fraud and violence. But there will also be an end of mercy for it will be a day of the Lord's vengeance. So it comes to pass that, while men question the goodness of God, it is his very goodness that stays his hand. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (II Pet. 3:9). Christ's hands are still extended in blessing.

While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

We are told a cloud received him, Many believe this was no other than the Shekinah, or cloud of glory, which had glowed in the holy of holies over the mercy seat. It had not shone in the temple for many years, but, on the night he was born, "the glory of the Lord" shone around about the shepherds; this was the Shekinah come back to earth. Again, on the mount of transfiguration, "a bright cloud" overshadowed them, but Christ passed into it, unafraid; we have no doubt it was the cloud of glory again. So, at the ascension, the symbol of the presence of God is seen, hiding their departing Lord from their sight. Men are awed before God's manifested glory, because of their sin, but the sinless one is at home in the light before which seraphim veil their faces. What blessedness to know he represents us and that we are accepted in the beloved!

Another interesting feature of the ascension is the presence of angels. The record speaks of two men in white apparel and some have thought they were Moses and Elijah, whose departure from the world had been so mysterious. The general opinion, however, is that they were angels. It is to be noted that angels appear at the birth of Christ and during the closing scenes of his history, but not during his ministry. It has been beautifully said that when the sun of righteousness was shining the stars, the angels, could not be seen.

The Finished Work of Christ.

Finally, Mark tells us that when the Lord was received into heaven "he sat at the right hand of God." No creature could sit there. Moreover, when the Son of God took his place there it meant that his work of redemption was complete. Oh, might the full meaning of this vision burst upon some heart which reads these lines! It means that there is nothing more to be done to purchase salvation for sinners. It means that we may put away our fears, for a work has been accomplished for us with which God himself is fully satisfied, so that his son may sit down to rest at his right hand. It means that not a sigh, a tear, a service of any sort, needs be added, on our part, as a condition of acceptance with God. "It is finished," and sinners need only humbly to accept the finished work of Christ. The "right hand" is the place of power and Christ is now exalted at the right hand of God to be a prince and a savior, to give repentance and remission of sins, to the Jew first and also to the Gentile. Hallelujah!

The reason why men succeed who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.—M. Henry.

Poetry is such a precious jewel that I would give anything for it but truth.—M. Henry.