

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

Lady Arline's Secret.

This assurance on the part of the powerful baron was as balm to Charlie's troubled soul.

He believed Capt. Brand must speedily find himself in hot water. The conversation took several turns.

Indeed, Charlie found the baron so congenial that he was easily led into relating many reminiscences connected with his past, so that, eventually, Peterhoff had a pretty good knowledge of the young man's character.

At last they separated. "You can depend on me. At the same time keep your wits about you when dealing with this Brand. Something will presently drop," said the baron.

When Charlie drew near the hotel, after visiting his own room and improving his appearance to some extent, he was conscious of a nervous condition of mind such as was entirely new to him.

And he was obliged to confess that it had gone pretty far when the prospect of an interview with a young woman could have such an influence upon him.

The next thing on the program was to find a chance for a quiet talk, where the captain could not intrude.

So he asked again for Lady Arline, and she presently came down to the same boudoir parlor, rosy and smiling.

Charlie had heard the voice of Capt. Brand somewhere about the hotel, and he was more or less concerned lest that worthy come in upon them ere he could make his arrangements. Hence he speedily opened the subject.

"I have much of importance to tell you, and we must be where Capt. Brand may not intrude. Suppose I get a nice vehicle with a quiet animal and we can go to take a look at the suburbs of Antwerp."

Arline did not hesitate. She knew that she could trust this frank-faced gentleman with her very life if he need be.

So she quickly agreed to his plan. "In fifteen minutes, then; and be sure you wrap up well," said Charlie, hastening away to secure just the outfit that would suit his idea as to the right thing.

True to his promise, he was back in good time.

Near the parlor Charlie ran across Brand, who greeted him rather effusively, he thought, and would have detained him, only that the young man refused to be held up, and laughingly pleaded an engagement with Lady Arline, and the impatience of his noble charger outside.

Thus it came about that, after running the gauntlet in this way, Charlie was at length given the proud pleasure of driving away with the fair girl.

Charlie knew it was only proper for him to open the ball with an account of the strange things that had befallen him since last he said good night.

One thing he intended keeping to himself for the present, and this was the name of the young fellow who had been his companion in the dungeon. At least there was no necessity of bringing it forward until he had heard what she wished to tell him, and discovered if his suspicions were confirmed.

"Now that there is no longer a chance of our being overheard, I'm going to make an awful confession to you, Lady Arline," he said.

She turned a startled face toward him, and, immediately seeing the quizzical smile, felt relieved.

"I shall fortify myself to hear it. Pray proceed."

"Where do you think I passed the night?"

She believed she could account for a fair portion of it, but confessed her ignorance as to the remainder.

"In the lockup," he said calmly. "Do you mean the jail?" breathlessly.

"Yes. Please don't draw away from me, or imagine I was engaged in any street brawl. It all came to me because I chanced to make your acquaintance yesterday morning."

"Why, Mr. Stuart?"

"Because, forsooth, you chance to have a carriage like a queen; and besides, possess the most charming of golden hair and blue eyes."

She blushed crimson and still surveyed him with puzzled as well as startled eyes.

"I confess I do not understand you at all. You will have to explain further."

"Pardon me. When I assisted you into the carriage at the Steen I was observed by Baron Peterhoff. He believed you were the Countess Isolda Brabant, because in several ways at a little distance one might be deceived. My interest in the baron's plans induced me to loiter about the hotel last night when he was making his wholesale arrests, and by accident they caught me in the dragnet."

"Then she—that wonderful woman—has been arrested?"

When he nodded in the affirmative, strangely enough Arline gave a little sigh of relief, as though some unexplainable burden were removed from her heart, but Charlie was too obtuse to understand that the first little fire of jealousy had been kindled in that gentle breast, because she knew the reputation Isolda Brabant had as a sorceress among men.

The ice having now been broken, he started in to tell his strange story. Arline listened eagerly.

Indeed, Othello, relating his astonishing adventures to Desdemona, could not have had a more deeply interested listener than this fair English girl proved to be.

When he described his companion in misery he was careful not to say too much, lest he betray that which he wished to keep a secret a little longer.

The story was done. Arline had hung on his words eagerly, and his assurance that Baron Peterhoff would take care of Capt. Brand, discovering the truth with regard to his claims, and relieve her of his presence—if, as Charlie suspected, the other proved to be an arrant impostor—was comforting to her troubled heart.

Still Lady Arline showed no signs of nervousness.

"Perhaps I may shock you, Mr. Stuart—perhaps you have such strict notions of honesty and a name upon which there has never been a stain, that you will hardly be as pleased to look upon me in the light of a sister when I confess that I have a relative in whom I am deeply concerned, and who has broken the law of his native land—who took what was not his own and fled. In plain language, Mr. Stuart, my cousin betrayed a trust and stole money."

She was scarlet with shame as she turned her blue eyes appealingly toward him.

"Let me tell you as briefly as I can. I knew him quite well. He was younger, and a son of my father's only brother, now long since dead. We were good friends up to the time he took this false step, and I was the last one he saw before he fled from England. Poor boy, if he had only confided in me, I could have easily settled the matter, which I did soon afterward, at any rate.

"I have been searching since last October; at times the trail would grow warm, and then I lost sight of him completely.

"By mere accident a friend wrote me that she believed she had seen him in Antwerp, though he had not answered her smile and nod. I could very well understand why, since he believed the officers from London were looking for him.

"That is why I came here—to find this boy, to reclaim and make a man of him."

"And I shall endeavor to assist you in your search for this Alexander Brand," said Charlie eagerly. "As it chanced I have some knowledge of the young chap. In truth, I have seen him face to face."

"Here—in Antwerp?" eagerly.

"In this city."

"And you can take me to him? You will, Mr. Stuart?" laying a hand upon his arm.

"If you so desire; but that will necessitate a long journey—across the sea, in fact."

"Then he has returned to England?"

"No; to America—New York."

"How very strangely it all came about!" she mused.

"Almost incredible! Indeed, I should have been loth to believe such things could be possible if I had not gone through the experience myself."

Everything had now been told, so that there was no more secrets.

The rest of the ride was occupied in enjoying the features of the scenery, in so far as these points could be discovered from a vehicle.

And Charlie's mind was made up ere they returned to the Hotel de la Paix that, God willing, he would serve and win this peerless girl.

The curiosity of Artemus had been whetted to a degree that demanded satisfaction, else his peace of mind was forever gone.

He asked many questions regarding Aleck.

Evidently the young fellow had aroused the strongest interest in his mind, for he saw in him the elements of a strong character that must attract attention from the public.

"Where is he bound—Hong Kong, Nagasaki, Singapore, Cape Town? I'm ready to go to the uttermost parts of the earth to interview him!"

"Try something easier—something nearer home."

"New York?" with a little, almost inarticulate shriek.

"Exactly. I have a sort of engagement with him at the Windsor Hotel in your city."

"But that is not me."

"Well, you can make one of the party. Arline—that is, Miss Brand, or rather, Lady Arline—is bound to find Aleck. She is possessed of an idea that since fortune was so bountiful as to heap favors in her lap, she should respond by taking care of this half-brother, or cousin, who seems balancing between a bright career and going to the devil."

"Circumstances drive us sometimes, don't they, Charlie? But there's one party I rather guess you've overlooked."

"Who's that?"

"Her father," chuckling.

"Capt. Brand, you mean. I believe I have arranged a berth for him."

"Where—on the steamer?"

"Rather in the place where I spent part of last night."

"Oh, ah! then he's a fraud, sure enough?"

"I have every reason so to believe. At any rate, my friend, the baron, has promised to look after him."

"I've no doubt Peterhoff's intentions are good; but there's a prospect of his being fully occupied in another quarter," Artemus said, sagely.

"Meaning the Countess Isolda."

"Well, she has seldom missed her game—the most wonderful woman outside of Thackeray's Becky Sharpe I ever heard of. You're lucky to have just missed her, my boy. Men jeer

at her powers and boast about their invulnerable qualities; yet no sooner do they come in touch with this modern Circe than their knees grow weak, and one glance from her bewitching eyes charms them even as the rattle snake does its prey."

"Your advice is good. I had intended depending on my own ability to checkmate this old reprobate; and, on the whole, it may be best for me to keep my hand at the plow."

"And I'll stand by, ready to give what aid I may. Don't hesitate to call on Artemus Barnaby if you are bent upon some dark and desperate business that stands for the right. You know I have some sort of a claim upon this affair, seeing that only for my pertinacity in dragging you on that wild goose chase in search of the new man in the Iron Mask, of whom old wives in Antwerp gossip, you would never have gone there to the dungeons of the Steen, and ergo, would never have had the pleasure of saving Lady Arline from her distressing position."

The words of his companion aroused within Charlie a sense of the great debt he owed Artemus, who had been an instrument in the hands of Fate to bring about the result upon which his whole future now seemed to hinge.

So he seized his hand and squeezed it with fraternal zeal—squeezed it until the owner was fain to appeal for mercy.

"Yes, I owe you everything, my dear fellow; and if I can at any time do you a favor, try me. There are few things I could refuse you."

After that there was the fullest confidence between these two. Charlie confided to Artemus his plans for routing the enemy, and was glad to adopt some very bright and sagacious ideas advanced by the latter.

Everything seemed as usual. Yet under the calm exterior forces were working that threatened a speedy upward, at any rate.

Capt. Brand had taken the alarm. Keen-eyed man of the world that this great traveler was, he read the writing on the wall, and it plainly declared his reign had neared its end.

Hence he detested Charlie with a venom such as could only be compared with the enraged cobra, seeking to bury its poisoned fangs in the object of its hatred.

In brief, this fine old plotter began to cast about him for some method by means of which he could get rid of Mr. Charlie Stuart, either temporarily or for all time.

He was not alone in his scheming. Other harpies there were who hoped to share in the glorious plunder—men whose past lives no doubt could possibly show almost as great a variety of adventure and bold schemes as his own.

Accordingly these precious worthies laid their heads together in order to devise some brilliant scheme whereby the obnoxious interloper—this young Lochinvar who had come out of the west—might be defeated ere he could carry the girl off on his fleet steed.

And when the conference was adjourned, it had all been arranged just how Charlie was to be dropped out of sight.

However, these worthies in planning so neat a campaign failed to take into consideration several elements which had a positive bearing upon the ultimate outcome.

There was the baron, for example. Besides—there was Artemus.

No doubt this latter individual, with his peculiar notions and his apparently inoffensive appearance, would have been looked upon by the hoary old fortune-hunter as very much in the line of a freak, and must be brushed aside without ceremony.

But they made a mistake. Under that simple exterior beat a bold heart and a keen brain.

For Artemus had taken a room next to Capt. Brand's, and during that celebrated conference his eye and ear did noble duty at the keyhole of a connecting door.

(To be continued.)

WHERE DEATH REIGNS HIGHEST

France, Though Favored by Nature Has Heavy Mortality Record.

M. Papillon has lately printed a striking array of statistics on the relation between public hygiene and mortality, from which the following instances and remarks are taken.

France (he says) is favored by climate and in other respects. Why is its birth-rate the smallest in Europe, its death-rate among the greatest? The cause is not in nature, but in institutions. From the 38,000,000 inhabitants of France 150,000 deaths from tuberculosis annually occur, while there are but 60,000 among the 41,000,000 of Great Britain, but 90,000 among the 56,000,000 of Germany.

In every nation of Europe save France the mortality from tuberculosis has diminished, and, at the same time, the consumption of alcohol has retrograded. The results are that in France, between one census and the next, the mortality from tuberculosis has increased 68, while in Germany it diminishes 109 in every 100,000 inhabitants. The difference is 77 per 100,000—or in the total population 68,000 lives were lost during the last census period in France that might have been—and ought to have been—saved.

Hydrophobia is stamped out in England, and is still common in France. The case is similar for other diseases.

Typhoid Fever Kills Soldiers.

During the months of January and February there were 800 deaths from typhoid fever in the British army. Notwithstanding the regulations regarding boiled water the soldiers continue to drink out of brooks and rivers.

RAISING SNAILS FOR FOOD

Snail raising for profit is the unique occupation of a California man, and his snail ranch at Los Angeles is supposed to be the only place in the United States where snails are bred and raised as an article of food. This odd industry is little more than a fad in this country, but in France the succulent escargot is in high favor with the gourmet, 800 tons of them being consumed last year in the city of Paris alone.

A few years ago Mr. A. V. Pernot of Los Angeles, a native of France, imported two dozen of the variety known as "escargot Bourgogne," and attempted to found a colony of the slimy and repulsive appearing creatures. He knew their food value, and he also knew that "sirup d'escargots" is es-



Snails Feeding on Cabbage Leaf.

teemed of benefit in the treatment of throat and lung affections. The variety imported is carnivorous and they lived but a short time on the vegetable diet to which they were subjected.

Later Mr. Pernot received a consignment of the variety "escargot Bordelaise," which is herbivorous, and the success of his experiment has been phenomenal. The colony has increased so rapidly that in breeding season the services of one man are required constantly in the care of the thousands of snails that crowd the confines of their pens.

Snail raising is beset with few difficulties. All that is needed is a small enclosure in a moist place, so protected that the crawling gastropod cannot stray away with its shell house on its back.

In the Los Angeles snailery the pens are built under a large windmill tank, where water is plentiful. Several long boxes, two feet wide and one and one-half feet in height, are arranged about an open space, and the tops are covered with wire netting fitted with hinges. Inside the boxes are numerous lengths of drain tile, in and upon which the snails cling in great numbers and in all stages of development.

The eggs of the snail, tiny in size and whitish gray in color, are laid in May or June, when large numbers of the creatures gather in sunny places. When about to lay the snail burrows into the damp soil, sheltered from the sun's rays, and deposits from thirty to fifty eggs that look like small pills. Three or four similar deposits are made and abandoned in a season.

Ordinarily the young snails gnaw its way out of the shell and to the surface within twenty or thirty days, but instances have been noted of eggs that have been dried and kept for many years and then returned to a moist place, where they hatched in the usual period.

The snails are liveliest in the early morning. This is their feeding time, and they come out in myriads to receive a shower bath from a garden hose and to feast on the cabbage, lettuce and other greens.

Acres of Foliage.

The beauty of the Cryptomeria as seen in Japan has often been described by travelers both when seen wild, forming large forests on the mountain sides, and also under cultivation, the Japanese having used it to a great extent for avenues along the sides of the public roads, says the Garden. One of the finest of these avenues is recorded as leading from the town of Namada to Nikko, a distance of fifty miles, every tree being a perfect specimen, quite straight, averaging from 130 feet to 150 feet in height and 12 feet to 15 feet in circumference. In this country it has proved, on the whole, a disappointing tree, fine specimens being extremely rare. The species, or one of its numerous varieties, is said to have been first introduced into England by Fortune in 1844, who sent it from Shanghai. Although usually spoken of as a Japanese tree, it is also found widely distributed in many of the mountainous parts of China.

U. S. Area 3,690,822 Miles.

The area of the United States, according to the twelfth census, is 3,690,822 square miles, including the "outlying districts" of Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam and Samoa.

Of the total area just given, 2,970,230 square miles lies within "continental United States" and the balance in the sections named, which range from 590,884 for Alaska to 201 for Samoa, and 81 for the Isle of Pines, not mentioned separately above.

The areas for continental United States include land surface, only, but for the outlying districts they include both land and water surface.

How Ralph Connor Got His Name.

Literary pseudonyms come into existence in curious ways, as is once more illustrated by the case of "Ralph Connor." He is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, a young man occupying a Presbyterian pulpit in Winnipeg. When he first began to write that part of the world he sought a nom de guerre. He took two syllables, "Can" and "Nor," from the name of the Canadian Northwest Missionary society, with which he was connected. However, the editor under whose eye this signature came read it for "Connor," and thought it would sound better if "Ralph" were added as a Christian name.

Gifted President of Harvard.

Thirty-three years ago Charles William Elliot, then a young and comparatively inexperienced professor of chemistry, was elected president of Harvard college. Now, nearly 70 years old, he can look back to an administration longest in the history of the university, conspicuously most successful financially and materially and the most active and revolutionary from an intellectual point of view.

Nearly every man actually believes that other men are interested in his troubles.

light brown hue. As the snail crawls on a log all that can be seen is the square head, bearing two long and two short horns with a muscular base tapering behind. Extending under the surface of the body is a tough corrugated disk on which the animal creeps. This is the last part of the body to be drawn into the shell, and to it is attached a horny valve that just fits the opening, completely covering it when the snail is inside.

In preparing the creatures for food they are kept for about four weeks in wine-soaked bran, where they fatten rapidly and are freed from all extraneous and slimy matter. When this preparation is not possible the snails are taken from their shells and washed many times in salt and water or vinegar and salt. Then they are placed in a steppan and cooked in salt and water or boiled in milk. Another method is to place them in a vessel, shells and all, and to boil them with herbs, cloves and whole peppers until they fall from the shells. Then the tails are clipped off, the shells scrubbed, and a paste made of parsley, butter, bread crumbs and white wine. The meat is replaced in the shells with this paste, and then the mass is placed in a baking dish and browned in a hot oven.

Ordinarily they are fried in a pan with the shells on, and they taste not unlike a clam or mussel, although they lack the fishy flavor of the bivalve. Like the oyster, they are best in the month of which the letter "r" appears.

Forty or fifty snails constitute a meal for a hearty eater.

In addition to the food value snails are thought to be efficacious in the treatment of pulmonary troubles, and the water that comes from the creatures by distillation is considered an effective "beauty wash." The belles of two centuries ago ascribed beautifying properties to "eau d'escargots," claiming it made their complexions white and fresh.



BORDELAISE SNAIL.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, JUNE 22: ROMANS 13: 8-14—TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Golden Text—"Let Us, Therefore, Cast Off the Work of Darkness, and Let Us Put on the Armor of Light"—Rom. 13:12—Evils of Intemperance.

I. Love Keeps the Commandments. Intemperance Tends to Break Them.—Vs. 8, 9. "Owe no man any thing." "This does not forbid contracts to pay at a future time, but a violation of the contract, or the violation of any obligation to pay when justly due. We must avail ourselves of no technicality of law to avoid what is equitably due."—Whedon. "But to love one another." "The believer should keep no other debt in his life than that which a man can never discharge, the debt which is renewed and grows in proportion as it is discharged—that of loving. In fact, the task of love is infinite. The more active love is, the more it seeks its task to enlarge; for, inventive as it is, it is ever discovering new objects for its activity."—Gode. "The way that is not discharged, except 'the undying debt of love' (Bengel), 'which you must always owe, because this alone holds the debtor even after it has been discharged.'—Augustine. "He loves not truly who loves for the purpose of ceasing from loving."—Phillips. "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law." The law expresses in words what is the natural fruit of true love in the heart. Perfect love would prompt exactly those actions which the law commands.

2. "For this cause, and if there be any other commandment," etc. "If I love my friend, will I steal from him? No. Why not? Simply because I love him, and love forbids me to do so evil a thing. If I love him, will I envy him his good fortune? No. I will rather be glad that he is so prosperous, and will wish that he may go on in the same line. Love will lead me to rejoice with him when he rejoices, and not indulge in the spirit of envy. Envy implies dislike, or even hatred, which are the opposite of love. If I love my friend, will I run him down in my conversation about him with others? No; for that would harm him, and as love never harms, it would forbid me to talk in that way about him.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself." In measure, not as he always does, but as he ought to. In manner, after the same manner, freely, deeply, sincerely, tenderly, constantly, wisely, without end. The heart of love is a fountain of living waters, and the commandments are the channels through which the streams flow out. The commandments are the fences by the roadside which show love the way in which it should go.

Intemperance, on the other hand, tends to make men break all the commandments. It dulls the conscience. It intensifies the passions. It destroys self-control. It distorts the vision.

II. Love works no ill. Intemperance works Perpetual Ills.—V. 10. "Love worketh no ill," etc. The ill which intemperance works are without limit and without number.

III. Awake, Awake. Intemperance puts the Mortal Nature to Sleep.—Vs. 11, 12. "And that, knowing the time, that the day of the Lord is at hand." "The nature and character of the period in which we now live."—Hodge. This is interpreted by the clause, "for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." They themselves were nearer the goal, nearer to Christ, nearer to their immortal inheritance than when they first became Christians; and their cause was nearer its triumph; the kingdom of God had made great progress. It was a time of warfare, a time of hope, when the goal and the crown in sight, a time for great zeal in the Lord's work, a time when every gift and every labor told on the result, a time of crisis and turning points. It is high time to awake out of sleep. Sleep is the condition of the soul, of unconsciousness of these great opportunities and inspirations. The sleeper does not know what is going on in the great world of realities, but is either dead to all these things, or has a dream world of his own in which he lives for the time. So Jonah was asleep and dreaming while the storm was raging about him.

12. "The night," of past ignorance, of sin, of the kingdom of darkness, "is far spent, the day is at hand," the day of the kingdom of God is rising upon the world, the dawn of redemption is for the world. Its rays tinge the clouds of the morning, and touch the mountain tops. The view "on the whole, to be preferred, is that which refers 'the night' to the season of pagan ignorance, 'immoralities, and wretchedness, in which the Romans had formerly been living; and 'the day' to the season of Christian knowledge, purity, and happiness, which had begun to dawn upon them, and which was destined to grow brighter and brighter. We must remember that they were living in the transition period, when the light of Christianity was struggling successfully with the darkness of pagan idolatry."—A. N. Arnold, D. D.

IV. The Armor of Light versus the Deeds of Darkness.—Vs. 12-14. "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness," such as are described in the next verse, all the deeds of evil which hate the light, which are ashamed of their own faces in the light of righteousness, which darken the world wherever they rule, whose end is eternal darkness and despair. "And let us put on the armor of light."

The separate pieces of this armor are truth, righteousness, zeal, but not passionate witness, faith which concerns the whole personality, hope which exalts, and God's Word. The first three pieces betoken the garments, the next two the defensive armor, the last the one only weapon of offense and attack adapted only for single-handed and close combat, which belongs to the Christian warrior, to the Christian assailed by the Evil One, and yet courageous and assured of victory. No one piece can be undervalued or neglected; each one requires the other; they together form one whole.—Lange.

13. "Let us walk (live) 'soberly,' becomingly, in a manner worthy of our vocation." "As in the day," in an open way which we are willing all should see and know, with nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to hide.

Workers for temperance need the armor of light, with no defense for the back, for they cannot turn their backs to the foe. Especially must all strife and envying be avoided, but self be lost in the great cause.

Intemperance puts off Christ and his character, and employs itself in making provision for the lusts of the flesh.

The power that will overcome it is that of Christ. Temperance workers will succeed by putting on Christ, having his character, his teachings, his power.