

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Have you traveled far?" asked Clarence.

"Shipmate, this old hulk is about on her last cruise," said a feeble, husky voice.

"It is Ralston—Glum Ralston!" roared Gid. "Where ye been, Glum? Tell me where ye been!"

"I am sick—starving—dying!" the ex-sailor moaned.

Clarence hurried him to his house, where a warm supper was hastily prepared for him.

"Have you seen Paul Miller or heard from him since you came upon us in the pass?" was one of the first questions propounded by Clarence.

"Yes," he answered. "Last I saw of him he was on an iceberg sailin' out t' sea, and his only fellow-passenger was a polar bear."

It will be essential at this point to return to Paul Miller, whom we left on an iceberg floating out to sea. The swelling flood and tossing cakes of ice between the drifting floe and shore made it utterly impossible for him to reach land. The sharp growl of the monster above indicated that a crisis was coming, which would determine the rights of ownership to the mountain of ice.

Through all his misfortunes Paul had managed to retain his presence of mind and his rifle. He executed a skillful flank movement, and, scaling a shelf, was several feet above the bear and not over twenty paces away, prepared for an assault. With nerves as steady as if engaging in the most ordinary sport, he leveled his rifle at the side of the monster's head. When sure of his aim he pulled the trigger. There followed a sharp report and the bear dropped on his haunches, his nose in the air.

Paul cocked his rifle and fired a second shot at the bear's head. It fell on the ice and after a few spasmodic kicks lay still. He sent a third into the back of its head, but it was wholly unnecessary, for the other bullets had done the work.

With his knife he removed the skin from the animal, and, climbing as high as he dared, hung it upon one of those spires of ice, in the hope some sealing schooner or whaling ship might see it and send a boat to his relief. When night came he lay down on the snow and ice, and, notwithstanding his perilous situation, actually slept.

He was awakened soon after dawn by the sound of voices near.

"What say ye now?" one seemed to say to another.

"I say nowt," was the answer. "If he be there find him."

"Sure, man, ye canna say as a bear will peel his own skin from his back."

"Weel, there's a stiffener," returned another voice.

Paul rose and mechanically laid his hand on the rifle at his side. Only a few hours before he was wishing he had not shot the bear, and that it had destroyed him instead of his shooting it, but now that his life might probably be in danger, it grew suddenly very sweet.

He raised his head a trifle higher and listened intently at the voices.

"Push alongside and let a lad go ashore," said another voice.

Then he plainly heard the splashing of paddles in the water. He crept along on hand and knees, holding his rifle in one hand and a cocked revolver in the other.

Then he raised his head just a little and saw a large canoe in which were half a score of dark-skinned Indians. Surprise and curiosity overcame any fear he might entertain of his visitors, and he arose and gazed about on the sea and shore. The glance filled him with wonder and surprise. The shore was lined with green trees, and afar off he saw a mountain towering so high its peak pierced the light blue clouds.

He saw chimneys to houses from which the pale blue smoke was issuing, mingling with the atmosphere. It was a brisk little village with men, women and children in it, but what brought peace to his troubled mind and relieved all fear was the little white church, with its spire, on the hillside.

"There he is! There he is!" cried a young man in the canoe, pointing at Paul. "Ho, my brother, you ride on a strange boat!"

"Who are you?" asked Paul.

"The Metlakatla," was the answer. He tried to think where he had heard the name before, but was unable to recollect it. He was asked to come down to their canoe. They tossed a rope to him, which he made fast to one of the great cakes of ice, and slid down to the boat. The tall chief stood up to catch him, and as he dropped into his arms said:

"My brother, you are safe. You have had a very dangerous ride."

"It is not so weel, that boot ye ride upon," put in another Indian, with a strong Scotch accent. The men with the paddles at once propelled the canoe away from the ice floe, and it glided out into the bay, straight for the village of Metlakatla. The island was given by the United States to a scanty tribe of British American Indians whom an old Scotch missionary had converted from utter savagery into a civilized and God-fearing people.

When the canoe touched the shore Paul saw an elderly white man in the

thru. He was dressed in the garb of civilization, and his long, white hair and beard gave him a patriarchal appearance. His face was grave and kind.

"My son, a kind Providence has wonderfully preserved you. We will go to church to return thanks for your great deliverance, and then we will hear your story."

After songs and prayers Paul was taken to the home of the patriarch, where he fared sumptuously, after which he narrated his strange adventures to the good old missionary.

"So you are another, my son, who has come to dig gold from the earth in the frozen north." Then, taking the arm of the youth, he led him from the house, and, pointing to that great old mountain, which, grim and gray, towered into the skies, and with his eyes wildly dilating, said:

"In mockery, at the grim gateway of Alaska, towers that mountain of gold upon which no white man dares lay his finger."

Paul gazed at him in amazement, and began to wonder if he had not got among a race of madmen.

"How was the gold discovered?" he asked.

"It's not discovered save by the Indians and perhaps one other than yourself. But come in and I will tell you what other white man than yourself knows of the island and the mountain of gold."

When they were seated in the cozy parsonage the old missionary proceeded to tell Paul the story, but they were interrupted by the arrival of some Indians with a prisoner. The story told by Father Duncan we have heard before from the lips of Clum Ralston. No sooner did Father Duncan see the captive than he said:

"It is one of the two sailors who did away with the poor captain."

When Paul saw the prisoner he exclaimed:

"Great Heaven! It is one of the men who captured the old hermit in the cavern!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Laura's Departure.

While the many stirring events were transpiring in Alaska, poor Laura Bush was living a life of doubt, mingled with hope and despair, at Fresno, California. Not a line had she received from Paul since the letter came that he was robbed and wounded. Was he dead or was he still alive, struggling to regain what he had lost? It began to be whispered over the town that Laura Bush was losing her reason. Theodore Lackland was shocked and grieved at the thought, for in his selfish way he loved her madly. He would have given worlds to possess this matchless beauty, who had wholly captivated his soul.

At this time a most remarkable event transpired—an event that was more a surprise to Laura than any one else. A bachelor uncle living in Wyoming died and left her twelve thousand dollars—all he possessed.

"This will enable me to procure an outfit and go in search of Paul," said Laura to Mrs. Miller. The widow unfolded her in her arms and begged her to abandon such a mad design.

In vain she wept, prayed and plead with her. Laura was so impressed with the conviction that she must go. She had her way. Buying her outfit and securing the service of a faithful, trusty man who had worked for her father, she prepared for the journey.

She had made her last trip to San Francisco and returned late one day, a short time before her departure. On reaching Fresno she started from the depot to walk home. It was so late the sun had set, and the shadows of evening began to creep over the landscape. She heard footsteps at her side and Lackland's voice said:

"Miss Bush, I have heard a rumor that you are going to start for Alaska."

"I shall."

He walked on in silence for a moment, while his pale face wore a pensive, sad expression, and his eyes were upon the ground. His determination to conquer made him selfish and scheming. At last he said:

"Laura, you do not understand me. I am a true friend to you; you may not believe it, but I am. That other time my passion was hot. I was wrong, perhaps, in denouncing the man you loved, but surely you will forgive me."

She answered that she was taught she must forgive in order to be forgiven. As a drowning man clutches at a straw, he grasped at something in her words, and was encouraged to add:

"Laura, if you would let me sympathize with you in this loss, I would freely mingle my tears with yours. Oh, if you would only let me be a brother—more than a brother—"

"Silence, Mr. Lackland," she quickly interrupted. "I will hear no more from you. Here I am at home; good-night."

She darted into the house, quickly closing the door after her and leaving him standing out in the cold, dark street. For a moment he stood gazing upon the door which had closed upon the being he loved, and then turned slowly about, his thin, white lips compressed, and his fingers closed firmly as if he had the lockjaw.

As he boarded the midnight train for San Francisco he murmured, half audibly:

"Something desperate must be done. I shall now play my last trump card."

Meanwhile Laura was completing arrangements for an early departure. Ben Holton, her father's faithful domestic, was the only person she engaged to go with her. A party was forming at Seattle, and thither she went with all her supplies. Mrs. Miller accompanied her that far.

Here they found another brave woman—Kate Willis—ready to brave the dangers of the Klondyke. She was

forty years of age, large, strong, and had determined to go to Juneau or Dawson City to start a laundry.

The vessel pushed off, and Mrs. Miller stood on the dock waving her handkerchief at the brave girl until distance mingled her form with the others, and then burst into tears.

Theodore Lackland was a deep schemer, and when he separated from Laura Kean he had by no means abandoned hope of winning her.

While on his way to San Francisco he was continually saying:

"So she is going herself to search for her lover! Is Paul dead—really dead? May it not be only a mistake after all? He is missing, that is sure, but the young fellow has more lives than a cat. I wish to Heaven I knew that he was—"

He started, and, shuddering, began to think how degenerated he had grown.

Then he leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes, while the great train, like a flying vulcan, rushed on in the darkness until the city of Oakland was reached. He went aboard the ferry, and was transferred to San Francisco, and, leaping into a carriage, was driven to a certain hotel, where he secured a room.

It was nearly daylight by this time, but notwithstanding he had slept none during the night, he summoned a messenger, wrote a note, and, sealing it, dispatched the boy.

Two hours had passed, and the sun was shining through the window, when there came a light tap at his door, and he opened it.

Before him stood a smooth-shaved man with hair that was once sandy, but so bleached with gray it was a ruin. His nose and eyes were prominent, and his face narrow, cheeks red and steel-gray eyes twinkled with something deep and devilish. The newcomer was a peculiarly nervous man who had a strange habit of craning his neck and bowing his head like an eccentric burlesque comedian.

After assuring himself he was not being watched, he closed the door softly and in a voice that was softness itself asked:

"You sent for me," and craned his neck like a choked rooster trying to swallow a morsel too large for its throat.

"Yes, Capt. Fairweather, I want to talk with you. When does another ship sail for Juneau?"

The captain, who was well up in marine intelligence, said:

"There is the 'President' sails from Seattle in three weeks, and the 'Occident' leaves here a few days sooner."

"Will they both arrive about the same time?"

"Yes, the 'Occident' a little ahead of the 'President,' as she is the fastest boat."

"That is just as I want it. Now, captain, you secured men for me before to do some work in the Klondyke—"

Again the captain craned his neck, choked and bowed, then cautiously glanced about the room to see if he was observed before answering:

"They got in trouble there."

"How do you know that?"

"Morris wrote that Belcher was shot and in the hands of the miners, who might lynch him," and Capt. Fairweather placed his hands about his neck, as if the very thought gave him pain.

"Has he given away anything?" asked Lackland, with some little uneasiness.

"No. He will die before he does that."

"Very well. Fairweather, have you heard of the fate of this young fellow who is causing so much trouble?"

"No."

"The girl says he lives."

"Bah!"

"Well, the impression is so strong that she has determined to set out for Alaska to find him, and sails in the 'President' for Seattle."

"It will be a fool's journey, I know full well; he can't be alive."

"Well, I have made up my mind to go to Alaska myself."

(To be continued.)

UNIQUE ACTION OF THE TIDE

Reversible Waterfall at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

We have reversible vests, reversible windmills, and all sorts of reversible nowadays, but St. John, in New Brunswick, Canada, has the only reversible waterfall in the world. In the morning there is a fall downstream of 15 feet, but in the afternoon the water runs upstream and falls over the other way. This phenomenon is caused by the strength of the wonderful tides of the Bay of Fundy, which meet and overcome the water from a river 450 miles long, which empties into the harbor of St. John through a narrow gorge less than 500 feet wide. There is a suspension bridge over the gorge where this daily marvel occurs, and hundreds of people go to see it. At half-tide the water is smooth over the dam and vessels go up and down in safety. The tides of the bay of Fundy are the heaviest in the world. If you are ever in New Brunswick and it's time for the tide to come in you want to make for the bluffs if you are not fond of the water.

Vessels come into St. John harbor and when the tide goes out the water runs clear out from under them and they settle down upon the gravel bottom of the slips. Wagons are then driven alongside and cargo is transferred direct. It is an odd spectacle to see schooners sitting up high and dry, with no water near them, looking as though the only way for them to get to sea would be to fly. Some writer has remarked that water makes an astonishing difference in the appearance of a river, and it certainly does make a big change in the looks of the St. John water front.

ACCEPTING THE ISSUE

DEMOCRATS ARE ASKED TO DEFINE IT CLEARLY.

They Have No Trust Remedy to Propose Outside of the Worthless and Destructive One of Smashing Protection in Order to Smash the Cum-bines.

The Boston Herald recently began an editorial with the following words:

"It may be claimed as an open question as to whether the Republican party really accepts the trust issue as before the American people in the election contests of the present year."

Now the Boston Herald is one of our very contemporaries, having the ability to analyze and expose nonsense when it so desires, and to state its conclusions—the sentence quoted to the contrary notwithstanding—in clear and vigorous American, and so in order to start the subject, as they say in debating societies, we respectfully ask our contemporary to state what is the "trust issue?" We ask in good faith, for we do not know.

Now we hope that our contemporary will not be flippant and evade the question with the remark that the trust issue is "the removal of the protective duties under which trusts thrive," because it knows as well as we do that the tariff has nothing to do with trusts. Many Democrats do not know that, but the Boston Herald does because it is an able journal. It desires the removal of protective duties, and, like many other political journals sometimes condescends to play upon popular prejudice to promote what it deems a beneficent end. But in a heart-to-heart talk it would disdain such foolishness and ask us to state the real trust issue—confessing that we cannot ourselves do it—because we are sure that if the thing can be done anywhere it is in the office of the Boston Herald. Now, to help matters along, we will ourselves be as definite as we can by saying that by "the trusts" we all mean the consolidation of industries, financial and commercial enterprises which is going on throughout the world, in free trade and protected countries alike, and upon the high seas, out of the reach of any tariff. Any movement in opposition to this consolidation must be either to prevent or break up these consolidations or to regulate and control them. If it is proposed to "smash the trusts," how does the Herald propose to proceed? If it is proposed not to prevent or abolish, but to regulate, what are the things now being done by trusts which should be prevented, and how, under the national and state constitutions, can it be done? We do not care to hear about the "publicity" remedy. Doubtless we must have light to see our work, but the work will still remain to be done.

An "issue" would be raised by a proposal that Congress shall enact a constitutional law which shall abolish or restrain the trusts without injuring general business. Any one can propose such a law. Have the Democrats proposed any? If so, there may be an "issue" which we do not know of. If it is not believed that under the constitution congress can pass any effective law an issue could be raised by proposing a constitutional amendment. The Republicans have done that and every Democrat voted against it and defeated it. It must therefore be assumed that the Democrats oppose giving congress unquestioned authority. If that be the case, the only national issue which can be made is in respect to some law either forbidding consolidation or prohibiting consolidated management from doing certain things. Will the Herald kindly inform us what the Democratic party proposes and the Republicans oppose, so that we may understand what the trust issue is?—San Francisco Chronicle.

Export Prices.

Let us take up this export price question calmly, fairly and honestly, with a sincere purpose to get at the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Let us ascertain if foreign prices of American goods are lower than the domestic, and if so how much lower and what proportion of our exports are sold at a lower price abroad than at home; what the reasons are for this practice, and how it affects the American consumer and the American wage-earner employed in the manufacture of the goods exported.

In the first place there need be no dispute over the contention that goods are sold abroad at a lower price than at home. That is, some goods—about 1 per cent of our exports of manufactures, which are less than 3 per cent of our total output. So that this great Democratic free trade bugaboo consists of less than three one-hundredths of one per cent of our total manufactures. It is shown clearly as follows:

Total annual value of manufactures	\$15,000,000,000
Exports of manufactures	400,000,000
Value of exports at lower prices abroad	4,000,000

To this extent it is claimed and conceded that our manufacturers resort to the practice of cutting foreign prices—a practice resorted to at times by the manufacturers of every country regardless of high tariff, low tariff or no tariff. It is resorted to in different parts of the same country and every manufacturer or merchant or seller of goods of any description will at times resort to a reduction in price to get rid of certain merchandise for certain reasons. The reasons are many and should be most carefully analyzed. This will be done in a series of articles and every possible phase

of the question will be thoroughly examined. It is our desire and purpose to place before the voters of the United States the one per cent of truth and the 99 per cent of falsehood concerning export prices.

Times for Tariff Changes.

The New York Times, commenting on the reasons given by the American Economist for opposing tariff revision, says:

"And so it goes. Any time is suitable to increase the tariff. There is none suitable to reduce it or to correct its absurdities and wrongs."

A reversal of the above would fit the Democratic attitude any time in the last hundred years. As a matter of fact the statement as quoted is not true of the Republicans. They reduced the tariff in 1867, in 1883, and in details at other times. Indeed, from 1867 onward all the tendencies were toward reduction. Even the much maligned McKinley act of 1890 did some reducing, while other things were advanced because experience had shown that the reductions of 1883 had been injurious to the country.

The Dingley act was forced upon the country by the Democrats, for it was the necessary follower of the Wilson-Gorman act, as necessary as reconstruction after a disastrous conflagration.

Nebraska and Her Senators.

Senator Dietrich of Nebraska, in a long interview, submits evidence to show that the relations between the Republican state committee and the two senators, instead of being cool and strained, as has been reported, were entirely cordial and co-operative. He explains and defends the irrigation bill, and claims that he was in hearty accord with the sentiment of his state while willing to act in any practicable way for the benefit of Cuba that the president and a majority of senators could agree upon.

Scientific Kite Flying.



What Went With It.

Yes, the tariff did "go!" With it went the prosperity of the American people. Panicky and hard times came upon the country. Factories were closed. Farmers fell into debt and distress. Exchange and money became dear. Sheep and wool were ruinously depreciated. Business of all kinds became paralyzed. The poor suffered in body and spirit. The government was obliged to borrow money of foreign peoples, at a high rate of interest; and this, too, in times of profound peace! What an impeachment of so-called "Democratic principles!" — Napa (Cal.) Reflector.

Dangerous as Ever.

The people should remember that Democratic tariff views, if carried into practice, will be just as dangerous now if not more so than in 1893. Let business men, workmen and everybody else remember the Democratic tariff campaign of 1892 and the hard times that began in 1893 as a result of Democratic success and which did not end until the Republicans were successful in 1896, when they re-enacted the protective tariff law, which to-day is giving us the great blessings of prosperity which we all enjoy.—Schenectady Union.

Keeping Up With the Times.

"We stand by the historic policy of the Republican party," declares the Iowa Republican platform of this year, "in giving protection to home industries." At the same time, declares this platform, "we favor such changes in the tariff from time to time as becomes advisable through the progress of our industries and their changing relations to the commerce of the world." The Republican party of the country will be wise in accepting its counsel.—Sioux City Journal.

Chaotic Harmony.

Cleveland wants tariff reform; Bryan wants free silver; neither recognizes the wish of the other. Cleveland voted against Bryan, and the latter would vote against the former if he had the chance. This is Democracy for the present. Chaotic harmony, if you please.—Norwalk (Ohio) Reflector.

Cannot Be True.

The American people can't stand prosperity. They have had so much of it since 1896 that they are aching for a dose of adversity just to see how it feels to be hard up.—Heppner (Ore.) Gazette.

Women Lawyers in Italy.

It is interesting to know that six women have taken degrees in law in Italy during the last two years. They are not allowed to practice, but it is said the feeling on the subject is growing so strong that this legal disability will be removed in the not distant future.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII. SEPT. 21; DEUTERONOMY 34:1-12.

Golden Text—"The Lord Spoke Unto Moses Face to Face"—Ex. 33:11—Joshua the New Hope—Men Die, but God's Work Goes On.

The wonderful series of discourses which makes up the greater part of Deuteronomy closes with two marvelous poems, the Song of Moses (Deut. 32) and Moses' Blessing of the Nation. In both of these poems the final note is hope.

I. Moses on Pisgah. Visions of Hope.—Vs. 1-3. 1. "And Moses went up from the plains of Moab." Here the Israelites were encamped. "Unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah." "And the land of Gilead." "Unto Dan."

2. "And a Naphtali. And the land of Ephraim and Manasse." An extensive region, the center of Palestine, stretching from Jordan to Mediterranean. "And all the land of Judah." "Unto the utmost (margin: western) sea." The Mediterranean.

3. "And the south." The Negeb, or southern part of Judah. "And the plain of the valley of Jericho. The city of palm trees." Jericho, though its site is now barren, was a lovely spot in ancient times, and especially renowned for its palm groves. "Unto Zoar."

The Story of Balaam (Num. 22, 23, 24) affords a striking contrast here, since Pisgah was one of the heights from which the unwilling heathen seer uttered his favorable prophecies.

Our Pisgahs. 1. Men often wish that God would set before them a map of their future as plainly defined as the view Moses saw from Mount Pisgah. But that would be mistaken kindness. Our sorrows would then grieve us for years before they need, and our joys would lose all the delight of surprise.

2. But nevertheless God does set before us Pisgah views as inspiring as those of Moses. They are the promises of the Bible, the examples of happy lives, the certainty of immortality, the assurance of God's presence, the gleaming towers of heaven.

II. The Death and Burial of Moses.—Vs. 4-6. 4. "This is the land." etc. See Gen. 12:7; Ex. 33:1. "But thou shalt not go over thither." The reason is given in Deut. 32:51: "Because ye trespassed at the waters of Meribah; because ye sanctified me not." Moses' sin is not plainly stated, but it seems to have consisted in the impatient wrath wherewith he smote the rock when God had told him merely to speak to it, and especially in the haughty petulance with which he spoke.

5. "So Moses the servant of the Lord." Make a list of the many titles Moses deserves—Conqueror, Lawgiver, Historian, etc. But this title is noblest of all. "Died there in the land of Moab." "According to the word of the Lord," and not because his vital powers were exhausted.

6. "And he buried him." And, as old Thomas Fuller quaintly says, "Buried also his grief." "Over against Beth-peor." "But no man knoweth of his sepulchre." Why was the grave hidden? (1) Because it might have become the object of superstitious idolatry. It is well, for this reason, that the grave of Christ is unknown. (2) Moses, some think, was speedily taken to heaven in the same way as Enoch and Elijah.

III. Moses, the Man of God. A Summary.—Vs. 7, 8, 10-12. 7. "And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died."

8. "And the children of Israel wept for Moses . . . thirty days." "Seven days, the usual time of mourning, was extended for great or official persons."—Biblical Museum.

9. "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses." There was no need. God never repeats his great men, because all that is noblest in them still lives on. "Whom the Lord knew face to face." With whom he held familiar conversation.

10. "In all the signs and wonders." Miracles, such as Moses wrought, were seldom needed in conquering Canaan, and so were seldom vouchsafed. "Which the Lord sent him to do." Moses was a God-sent man, and his work was of a God-sent nature.

11. "And in all that mighty hand. This is an element in Moses' greatness—his power. It sprang from his obedience to God's laws, and in this also we may successfully imitate him. "Which Moses shewed in the sight of all Israel." We cannot imitate him here, for God gave him unexampled opportunities to influence men. Yet even the humblest life is lived in full view of God, the angels, and "the great majority."

12. "The Pre-Eminent Greatness of Moses. One name alone among the sons of men rivals that of Moses—the name of Paul. As a religious teacher, Moses was the first to see and clearly present the true nature of God and His relation to mankind. As a lawgiver, Moses laid down a marvelous code of laws, just to all, merciful, enlightened, inspiring. As a man, Moses exhibited a most exalted personal character—courageous yet patient and meek, resourceful, trusted, true to the loftiest ideals, deeply reverent, thoroughly human, yet most majestic and awe-inspiring.

These make up the spectrum of a sublime life. What lesson shall we draw from it? The lesson of hope. If Moses in a desert, with slaves for tools, could accomplish so much, more than three thousand years ago, how nobly should we live in the full light of this twentieth century!

IV. Joshua, the New Hope of the Nation.—V. 9. "And Joshua the son of Nun." Conqueror of the Amalekites at Rephidim, and one of the two courageous spies. "Was full of the spirit of wisdom." Practical, executive ability is meant.

Illustrations. Eleazar took up Aaron's work; Samuel took up Eli's; Elisha took up Elijah's; Stephen died, but Saul became Paul.

Inscription on the Wesley memorial in Westminster Abbey: "God buries the worker, but carries on the work." "For Moses had laid his hands upon him." "In token of imparting his spirit to him."—Biblical Museum. "The children of Israel hearkened unto him." They obeyed him, and did not vex him with the mutinies that had so troubled Moses. "And did as the Lord commanded Moses." And so, notwithstanding the introduction of Joshua, it goes back to Moses, and back of him to the Lord. All who are servants of God, as Moses was, set in motion waves of influence which will forever be traceable to their obedient lives.

Entirely to God.

Are we willing to give ourselves entirely to God, to let Him do with us whatever He pleases, to follow anywhere at His bidding, to renounce anything at His call, asking only in return that He will give us Himself, with all His infinite love, to be ours from this time forever? If we are thus willing, let us kneel down at this moment and tell Him so. Alone with God, let us give Him ourselves, all we have and are and shall be, to be unreservedly His.—W. R. Huntington.