

# The GREEN PEA PIRATES

By PETER B. KYNE

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Author of  
"WEBSTER-MAN'S  
MAN,"  
"THE VALLEY  
of the  
GIANTS,"  
Etc.

## REAL MONEY.

Synopsis.—Captain Phineas P. Scraggs has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer, risen to the ownership of the steamer Maggie. Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Scraggs naturally has some difficulty in securing a crew. When the story opens Adelbert P. Gibney, likable, but erratic, a man whom nobody but Scraggs would hire, is the skipper, Neils Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the fore-castle hands, and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room. With this motley crew and his ancient vessel, Captain Scraggs is engaged in freighting garden trucks from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco. The inevitable happens; the Maggie goes ashore in a fog. A passing vessel hailing the wreck, Mr. Gibney gets word to a towing company in San Francisco that the ship ashore is the Yankee Prince, with promise of a rich salvage. Two tugs succeed in pulling the Maggie into deep water, and she slips her tow lines and gets away in the fog. Furious at the deception practiced on them, Captains Hicks and Flaherty, commanding the two tugboats, ascertain the identity of the "Yankee Prince" and, fearing ridicule should the facts become known along the waterfront, determine on personal vengeance. Their hostile visit to the Maggie results in Captain Scraggs promising to get a new boiler and make needed repairs to the steamer. Scraggs refuses to fulfill his promises and Gibney and McGuffey "strike." With marvelous luck, Scraggs ships a fresh crew. At the end of a few days of wild conviviality Gibney and McGuffey are stranded and seek their old positions on the Maggie. They are hostilely received, but remain. On their way to San Francisco they sight a derelict and Gibney and McGuffey swim to it. The derelict proves to be the Chesapeake, richly laden, its entire crew stricken with scurvy. Scraggs attempts to tow her in, but the Maggie is unequal to the task and Gibney and McGuffey, alone, undertake to sail the ship to San Francisco.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

The ship lay in the wind, shivering. Mr. Gibney was here, there, everywhere. One minute he was dashing along the deck with a leading line, the next he was laying out aloft. He ordered himself to do a thing and then, with the pent-up energy of a thousand devils, he did it. The years of degradation as navigating officer of the Maggie fell away from him, as he sprang, agile and half-naked, into the shrouds; a great, hairy demigod or sea-goblin he lay out along the yards and sprang from place to place with the old exultant thrill of youth and joy in his work. A word, a gesture, from Mr. Gibney, and McGuffey would pounce on a rope like a bull-dog. With the fore-royal set, Mr. Gibney ran back to the wheel and put it hard over. There being no after sail set the bark swung off readily on her course, slipping through the water at a nice eight-knot speed. Ten miles off the coast, Mr. Gibney hung her up in the wind again, braced his yards with the aid of the winch and McGuffey, came about and headed north. At three o'clock she cleared the lightship and wore around to come in over the bar, steering east by south, half-south, for Point Bonita. She drew the full advantage of the wind now and over the bar she came, rampling full through the Gate with her yards squared, on the last of the flood tide.

As they passed Lime point, Mr. Gibney prepared to shorten sail and like a clarion blast his voice rang through the ship. "Clew up them royals." He lashed the wheel and they brought the clewlines again to the winch head. The ship was falling off a little before the fore-royal was clewed up, so Mr. Gibney ran back to the wheel and put her on her course again while McGuffey brought the main-royal clewlines to the winch. Again Gibney clewed the wheel fast and helped McGuffey clew up the main-royal; again he set her on her course while McGuffey, following instructions, made ready to clew up the fore-to-gallant-sail. They were abreast Black Point before this latter sail was clewed up, and then they smothered the lower top-sails; the bark was slipping lazily through the water and McGuffey took the wheel.

"Starboard a little! Steady-y-y! Keep her as she heads," Gibney warned and cast off the jib halyards. The jibs slid down the stays, hanging as they fell. They were well up toward Melgus wharf now and it devolved upon Mr. Gibney to bring his prize in on the quarantine ground and let go his port anchor. Fortunately, the anchor was already cock-billed. Mr. Gibney sprang to the fore-top-sail halyards and let them go and the fore-top-sail came down by the run.

"Hard-a-starboard! Make her fast, Bart, an' come up here an' help me with the anchor. Let go the main-top-sail halyards as you come by an' stand by the compressor on the windlass." The Chesapeake swung slowly, broadside to the first of the ebb and with the wind on her port beam, Mr. Gibney knecomed to the stopper with his trusty hammer and away went

the rusty chain, slaging through the hawsseple. "Snub her gently, Mac, snub her gently, an' give her the thirty-fathom shackje to the water's edge," he warned McGuffey.

The bark swung until her bows were straightened to the ebb tide and with a wild, triumphant yell Mr. Gibney clasped the honest McGuffey to his perspiring bosom. The deed was done!

It was dark, however, before they had all the sails snugged up shipshape, although in the meantime the quarantine launch had hove alongside, investigated, and removed those of the crew who still lived. Shortly thereafter the coroner came and removed the dead, after which Gibney and McGuffey hosed down the deck, located some hard tack and coffee, supped and turned in in the officers' quarters. In the morning, Scab Johnny arrived in a launch with their other clothes (Mr. Gibney having thoughtfully sent him ten dollars on account of their old board bill, together with a request for the clothes), and when the agents of the Chesapeake sent a watchman to relieve them they went ashore and had breakfast. After breakfast, they called at the office of the agents, where they were complimented on their daring seamanship and received a check for one thousand dollars each.

"Well, now," McGuffey declared, after they had cashed their checks, "See-in' as how I've become independent-ly wealthy by following your lead, Adelbert, all I got to say is that I'm a-goin' to stick to you like a limpet to a rock. What'll we do with our money?"

For the first time in his checkered career Mr. Gibney had a sane, sensible, and serious thought. "Has it ever occurred to you, Mac, how much nicer it is to have a few dollars in the bank, good clothes on your back, an' a credit with your friends? Me, all my life I been a come-easy, go-easy, come-Sunday, God'll-send-Monday sort o' feller, until in my forty-second year I'm little better'n a beachcomber. So now, when you ask me what I'm goin' to do with my money, I'll tell you, I'm going to save it, after I first payin' up about seventy-five bucks I owe here an' there along the Front. I'm through drinkin' an' raisin' h—ll. Me for a savings bank, Bart."

## CHAPTER VII.

When Captain Scraggs, after abandoning all hope of salvaging the bark Chesapeake, returned to the Maggie, the little craft reminded him of nothing so much as the ward for the incorrigible of an insane asylum. Due to Captain Scraggs' stupidity and the general inefficiency of the Maggie, the new navigating officer was of the opinion that he had been swindled out of his share of the salvage, while the new engineer, furious at having been engaged to baby such a ruin as the Maggie's boiler turned out to be, blamed Scraggs' parsimony for the loss of his share of the salvage. Therefore, both men aired with the utmost frankness their opinion of their employer. One word borrowed another until diplomatic relations were severed and, in the language of the classic, they "mixed it." They were fairly well matched, and, to the credit of Captain Scraggs be it said, whenever he believed himself to have a fighting chance Scraggs would fight and fight well, under the Tom-cat rules of fistfights.

Following a bloody battle in the pilot house, he subdued the mate; following his victory he was still war mad, so he went to the engine-room hatch and abused the engineer. As a result of the day's events, both men quit when the Maggie was tied up at Jackson street wharf and once more Captain Scraggs was helpless. In his extremity, he wished he hadn't been so hard on Mr. Gibney and McGuffey, for he realized he could never hope to get them back until their salvage money should be spent.

Godless and wholly irreclaimable as Mr. Gibney and Mr. McGuffey might have been and doubtless were, each possessed in bounteous measure the sweetest of human attributes, to-wit: a soft, kind heart and a forgiving spirit. Creatures of impulse both, they found it absolutely impossible to nourish a grudge against Captain Scraggs, when, upon returning to Scab Johnny's boarding house, their host handed them a grubby note from their enemy. It was short and sweet and sounded quite sincere; Mr. Gibney read it aloud:

"On Board the Maggie, Saturday night, "Dear Friends:

I am sorry. You hurt me awful with your kiddin when you took the Chesapeake away from me. To er is human but to forgive is divine. After what I done I don't expect you two to come back to work ever but for God's sake don't give me the dead face when we meet agin. Remember we been shipmates once.

"P. P. Scraggs."

"Why, the pore ol' son of a horse thief," Mr. Gibney murmured, much moved at this profound abasement. "Of course we forgive him. It ain't manly to hold a grouch after the culprit has paid his fair price for his sins. By an' large, I got a hunch, Bart, that old Scraggsy's had his lesson for once."

"If you can forgive him, I can, Gib." "Well, he's certainly cleaned himself handsome, Bart. Telephone for a messenger boy," and Mr. Gibney sat down and wrote:

"Scraggsy, old fanciful, we're square. Forget it and come to breakfast with us at seven tomorrow at the Marigold cafe. I'll order deviled lam kidneys for three. It's alright with Bart also.

"Yours, "Gib."

This note, delivered to Captain Scraggs by the messenger boy, lifted the gloom from the latter's miserable soul and sent him home with a light heart and seat him with a light touch to observe that both Gibney and McGuffey showed up arrayed in dungarees, wherefore Scraggs knew his late enemies purposed proceeding to the Maggie immediately after breakfast and working in the engine room all day Sunday. Such action, when he knew both gentlemen to be the possessors of wealth far beyond the dreams of avarice, bordered so closely on the miraculous that Scraggs made a mental resolve to play fair in the future—at least as fair as the limits of his cross-grained nature would permit. He was so cheerful and happy that McGuffey, taking advantage of the situation, argued him into some minor repairs to the engine.

About nine o'clock, as Mr. Gibney was on his way to the Marigold Cafe for breakfast, he was mildly interested, while passing the Embarcadero warehouse, to note the presence of fully a dozen seely-looking gentlemen of undoubted Hebraic antecedents, congregated in a circle just outside the warehouse door. There was an air of suppressed excitement about this group of Jews that aroused Mr. Gibney's curiosity; so he decided to cross over and investigate, being of the opinion that possibly one of their number had fallen in a fit. He had once had an epileptic shipmate and was peculiarly expert in the handling of such cases.

Now, if the greater portion of Mr. Gibney's eventful career had not been spent at sea, he would have known, by the red flag that floated over the door,



"Hard-a-Starboard! Make Her Fast, Bart."

that a public auction was about to take place, and that the group of Hebrew gentlemen constituted an organization known as the Forty Thieves, whose business it was to dominate the bidding at all auctions, frighten off, or buy off, or outbid all competitors, and eventually gather unto themselves, at their own figures, all goods offered for sale.

In the center of the group Mr. Gibney noticed a tall, lanky individual, evidently the leader, who was issuing instructions in a low voice to his henchmen. This individual, though Mr. Gibney did not know it, was the King of the Forty Thieves. As Mr. Gibney luffed into view the king eyed him with suspicion. Observing this, Mr. Gibney threw out his magnificent chest, scowled at the king, and stepped into the warehouse for all the world as if he owned it.

An oldish man with glasses—the auctioneer—was seated on a box making figures in a notebook. Him Mr. Gibney addressed.

"What's all this here?" he inquired, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at the group.

"It's an old horse sale," replied the auctioneer, without looking up.

Mr. Gibney brightened. He glanced around for the stock in trade, but observing none concluded that the old horses would be led in, one at a time, through a small door in the rear of the warehouse. Like most sailors, Mr. Gibney had a passion for horseback riding, and in a spirit of adventure he resolved to acquaint himself with the ins and outs of an old horse sale.

"How much might a man have to give for one of the critters?" he asked.

"And are they worth a whoop after you get them?"

"Twenty-five cents up," was the answer. "You go it blind at an old horse sale, as a rule. Perhaps you get something that's worthless, and then again you may get something that has heaps of value, and perhaps you only pay half a dollar for it. It all depends on the bidding. I once sold an old horse to a chap and he took it home and opened it up, and what d'ye suppose he found inside?"

"Bots," replied Mr. Gibney, who prided himself on being something of a veterinarian, having spent a few months of his youth around a fivery stable.

"A million dollars in Confederate greenbacks," replied the auctioneer. "Of course they didn't have any value, but just suppose they'd been U. S.?" "That's right," agreed Mr. Gibney. "I suppose the swab that owned the horse starved it until the poor animal figured that all's grass that's green. As the feller says, 'Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.' If you throw in a saddle and bridle cheap, I might be induced to invest in one of your old horses, shipmate."

The auctioneer glanced quickly at Mr. Gibney, but noticing that worthy's face free from guile, he burst out laughing.

"My sea-faring friend," he said presently, "when we use the term 'old horse,' we use it figuratively. See all this freight stored here? Well, that's never been called for by the consignees, and after it's in the warehouse a year and isn't called for, we have an old horse sale and auction it off to the highest bidder. Savey?"

Mr. Gibney took refuge in a lie. "Of course, I do, I was just kiddin' you, my hearty." (Here Mr. Gibney's glance rested on two long heavy sugar-pine boxes, or shipping cases. Their joints at all four corners were cunningly dove-tailed and wire-strapped.) "I was a bit interested in them two boxes, an' seen 'as this is a free country, I thought I'd just step in an' make a bid on them," and with the words, Mr. Gibney walked over and busied himself in an inspection of the two crates in question.

The fact of the matter was that so embarrassed was Mr. Gibney at the exposition of his ignorance that he desired to hide the confusion evident in his sun-tanned face. So he stooped over the crates and pretended to be exceedingly interested in them, hauling and pushing them about and reading the address of the consignee who had failed to call for his goods. The crates were both consigned to the Gin Seng company, 714 Dupont street, San Francisco. There were several Chinese characters scrawled on the top of each crate, together with the words, in English: "Oriental Goods."

As he ceased from his fable inspection of the two boxes, the King of the Forty Thieves approached and surveyed the sailor with an even greater amount of distrust and suspicion than ever. Mr. Gibney was annoyed. He disliked being stared at, so he said: "Hello, Blumenthal, my bully boy. What's aggravatin' you?"

Blumenthal (since Mr. Gibney, in the sheer riot of his imagination elected to christen him Blumenthal, the name will probably suit him as well as any other) came close to Mr. Gibney and drew him aside. In a hoarse whisper he desired to know if Mr. Gibney attended the auction with the expectation of bidding on any of the packages offered for sale. Seeking to justify his presence, Mr. Gibney advised that it was his intention to bid on everything in sight; whereupon Blumenthal proceeded to explain to Mr. Gibney how impossible it would be for him, arrayed against the Forty Thieves, to buy any article at a reasonable price. Further: Blumenthal desired to inform Mr. Gibney that his (Mr. Gibney's) efforts to buy in the "old horses" would merely result in his running the prices up, for no beneficial purpose, since it was ever the practice of the Forty Thieves to permit no man to outbid them. Perhaps Mr. Gibney would be satisfied with a fair day's profit without troubling himself to hamper the Forty Thieves and with the words, the king surreptitiously slipped Mr. Gibney a fifty-dollar greenback.

Mr. Gibney's great fist closed over the treasure, he having first, by a coy glance, satisfied himself that it was really fifty dollars. He shook hands with the king. He said:

"Blumenthal, you're a smart man. I am quite content with this fifty to keep off your course and give you a wide berth to starboard. I'm sensible enough to know when I'm licked, an' a fight without profit ain't in my line. I didn't make my money that way, Blumenthal. I'll cast off my lines and haul away from the dock," and suiting the action to the figure, Mr. Gibney departed.

He went first to the Seaboard drug store, where he quizzed the druggist for five minutes, after which he continued his cruise. Upon reaching the Maggie, he proceeded to relate in detail, and with additional details supplied by his own imagination, the story of his morning adventure.

"Gib," said McGuffey enviously, "you're a fool for luck."

"Luck," said Mr. Gibney, beginning to expand, "is what the feller calls a relative proposition—"

"You're wrong, Gib," interposed Captain Scraggs. "Relatives is unlucky an' expensive. Take, for instance, Mrs. Scraggs' mother—"

"I mean, you funkhead," said Mr. Gibney, "that luck is found where brains grow. No brain, no luck. No luck, no brains. Lemme illustrate. A thievin' land shark makes me a present o' fifty dollars not to butt in on them two boxes I'm tellin' you about. Him an' his gang wants them two boxes,

Fair crazy to get 'em. Now, don't stand to reason that them fellers knows what's in them boxes, or they wouldn't give me fifty dollars to haul ship? Of course, it does. However, in order to earn that fifty dollars, I got to back water. It wouldn't be playin' fair if I didn't. But that don't prevent me from puttin' two dear friends o' mine (here Mr. Gibney en-circled Scraggs and McGuffey with an arm each) next to the secret which I discover, an' if there's money in it for old Hooky that buys me off, it stands to reason that there's money in it for us three. What's to prevent you an' McGuffey from goin' up to this old horse sale an' biddin' in them two boxes for the use and benefit of Gibney, Scraggs an' McGuffey, all share an' share alike? You can bid as high as a hundred dollars, if necessary, an' still come out a thousand dollars to the good. I'm tellin' you this because I know what's in them two boxes."

McGuffey was staring fascinated at Mr. Gibney. Captain Scraggs clutched his mate's arm in a frenzied clasp. "What?" they both interrogated.

"You two boys," continued Mr. Gibney with aggravating deliberation, "ain't what nobody would call dummies. You're smart men. But the trouble with both o' you boys is you ain't got no imagination. Without imagination nobody gets nowhere, unless it's out th' small end o' th' horn. Maybe you boys ain't noticed it, but my imagination is all that keeps me from goin' to jail. Now, if you two had read the address on them two boxes, it wouldn't 'a' meant nothin' to you. Absolutely nothin'. But with me it's different. I'm blessed with imagination enough to see right through them Chinaman tricks. Them two boxes is marked 'Oriental Goods' an' consigned (here Mr. Gibney raised a grumpy forefinger, and Scraggs and McGuffey eyed it very much as if they expected it to go off at any moment)—them two boxes is consigned to the Gin Seng company, 714 Dupont street, San Francisco."

"Well, that's up in Chinatown, all right," admitted Captain Scraggs, "but how about what's inside the two crates?"

"Oriental goods, of course," said McGuffey. "They are consigned to a Chinaman, an' besides, that's what it says on the cases, don't it, Gib? Oriental goods, Scraggs, is silks an' satins, rice, chop suey, punk, an' idols an' fan tlay-outs."

"If there ain't Swiss cheese movements in that head block of yours, Mac, you and Scraggsy can divide my share o' these two boxes o' ginseng root between you. Do you get it, you cluckheaded son of a Irish potato? Gin Seng, 714 Dupont street. Ginseng—a root or a herb that medicine is made out of. The dictionary says it's a Chinese panacea for exhaustion, an' I happen to know that it's worth five dollars a pound an' that them two crates weighs a hundred and fifty pounds each if they weighs an ounce."

His auditors stared at Mr. Gibney much as might a pair of baseball fans at the hero of a home run with two strikes and the bases full.

"Gawd!" muttered McGuffey.

"Great grief, Gib! Can this be possible?" gasped Captain Scraggs.

For answer Mr. Gibney took out his fifty-dollar bill and handed it to—McGuffey. He never trusted Captain Scraggs with anything more valuable than a pipeful of tobacco.

"Scraggsy," he said solemnly, "I'm willin' to back my imagination with my cash. You an' McGuffey hurry right over to the warehouse an' butt in on the sale when they come to them two boxes. The sale is just about startin' now. Go as high as you th— you can in order to get the ginseng at a profitable figger, an' pay the auctioneer fifty dollars down to hold the sale; that will give you boys time to rush around to dig up the balance o' the money. Tack right along now, lads, while I go down the street an' get me some breakfast. I don't want Blumenthal to see me around that sale. He might get suspicious. After I eat I'll meet you here aboard th' Maggie, an' we'll divide the loot."

With a fervent handshake all around, the three shipmates parted.

After disposing of a hearty breakfast of deviled lamb's kidneys and coffee, Mr. Gibney invested in a ten-cent Sailor's Delight and strolled down to the Maggie. Neils Halvorsen, the lone deckhand, was aboard, and the moment Mr. Gibney trod the Maggie's deck once more as mate, he exercised his prerogative to order Neils ashore for the remainder of the day. Since Halvorsen was not in on the ginseng deal, Mr. Gibney concluded that it would be just as well to have him out o' the way should Scraggs and McGuffey appear unexpectedly with the two cases of ginseng.

"We'll open her up and inspect the swag."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## One Order Stewed Beans.

Stuart Dean, pump manufacturer, is a member of the Indianapolis Country club. Recently Mr. Dean telephoned the club to arrange for a dinner. One of the Filipino servants answered the call.

"This is Mr. Dean—Stuart Dean," the club man said to the servant.

"I not understand good," the servant said.

"I am Mr. Dean—Stuart Dean."

"Oh, yes, yes, now I understand yes, yes."

The Filipino hung up the receiver, hurried to the kitchen and said to the chef:

"One order stewed beans!"—Indianapolis News.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

# Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZPATRICK, D. D.,  
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Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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## LESSON FOR JANUARY 22

### ELIJAH'S FLIGHT AND RETURN.

LESSON TEXT—1 Kings 19:1-21.  
GOLDEN TEXT—I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.—Ps. 40:1.  
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Ezek. 21:2; Acts 16:16; 18:1-11.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—God Sends an Angel to Help Elijah.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—God Strengthens Elijah.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jehovah's Champion Encouraged.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Finding and Finishing Our Task.

This lesson story proves Elijah to have been a man of like passions as we are (Jas. 5:17).

1. Elijah's Flight (vv. 1-14). Upon Ahab's return from the excitement on Mount Carmel, he told his wife all that Elijah had done—that even all her prophets had been hewn to pieces by the sword. This so enraged her that she sent a message of death to Elijah, who seems to have been waiting at the gate (vv. 1, 2). This was clearly a bluff on Jezebel's part. Though Elijah had courageously stood before the king and the priests of Baal, he now cowered before this woman and fled for his life. He seems to have failed at his strongest point.

1. Elijah under the juniper tree (vv. 3-7). The juniper tree was a shrub of the desert which afforded shelter and protection to travelers from the burning sun by day and the cold wind by night. (1) His request (v. 4). This was that he might die. This was, no doubt, a foolish thing for him to say, but let us be as considerate toward him as was God. The discouragement, and even despondency, of Elijah was due to the nervous strain of about four years of unusual service for God, which culminated on Mount Carmel. Such nervous reaction is to be expected. (2) God's tender treatment (vv. 5-7). (a) He gave him sleep (v. 5). "He giveth His beloved sleep" (Psa. 127:2). (b) He sent an angel to cook Elijah's meal (vv. 6, 7). The angel of the Lord is usually understood to be the second member of the Holy Trinity. If this be correct, then we see Jehovah-Jesus preparing food for His servant Elijah, as He afterward did for His discouraged disciples by Galilee (John 21:19). God again gave him sleep, and at the proper time again gave him food. Though Elijah wanted to die, God had something better for him, for in a later day He met him with the "chariot of the Lord" and took him to heaven untouched by death.

2. Elijah at Horeb (vv. 8-14). (1) God's interview with Elijah in the cave (vv. 9, 10). (a) God's question (v. 9). "What doest thou here, Elijah?" This was a stinging rebuke, though most kindly given. It implied that His appointed messenger was now far away from the field of duty. Elijah was not where God wanted him, but God sought him where he was. How blessed to know that "A God-forsaking saint is not a God-forsaken saint!" (b) Elijah's answer (v. 10). Elijah tried to vindicate himself by asserting his jealous loyalty to God—that in spite of all this the people had not only rejected his message and dishonored God, but had sought to destroy him. (2) God's interview with Elijah on the Mount (vv. 11-14). While standing before the Lord on the mount, God caused a mighty demonstration of wind, earthquake and fire to pass before him to show unto him the nature of the work which he had been doing for God, and to show him what was lacking in his work for the fullest attainment of success. Elijah had about him much of the whirlwind, earthquake and fire. His work had been terrifying and alarming, but it lacked in gentleness and love.

3. Elijah's Return (vv. 15-18). Though Elijah had erred, God brought him again into His service. How comforting to know that God does not reject His servants because of their failures in times of despondency! He deals with them after the motive of their hearts. Elijah was nourished and instructed by the Lord and then sent on a high mission. God is a fine psychologist. He took Elijah out of himself by giving him a new commission. The most healing ministry is that of work. Many bereaved ones have been lifted out of themselves by active ministry to others. Before God would come in His chariot to take Elijah home, He set him upon a threefold ministry:

1. To anoint Hazael king over Syria (v. 15).
2. To anoint Jehu king over Israel (v. 16).
3. To anoint Elisha as his own successor (vv. 19-21).

### Time Rightly Employed.

Never talk with any man, or undertake any trifling employment, merely to pass the time away; for every day well spent may become a "day of salvation," and time rightly employed is an "acceptable time." And remember that the time thou triftest away was given thee to repent in, to pray for pardon of sins, to work out thy salvation, to do the work of grace, to lay up against the day of judgment a treasure of good works, that thy time may be crowned with eternity.—Jeremy Taylor.