



The DAY OF DAYS

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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PROLOGUE.

"It breaks the speed limit to smitherens."

That's a candid opinion about this story. There may have been swifter tales, but not recently. It's an aeroplane of a yarn, moving so fast that you lose your breath while you follow it. But you don't need any breath, anyway, because you forget about respiration with your eyes on reading of this kind. Every man has his day of days. Yours may have come and you may be swimming in the full tide of fortune. If so, read how P. Sybarite found his. If your own ship is still in the offing, you will enjoy learning how the little spunky red headed bookkeeper won a fortune and an heiress, foiled all his enemies and had some of the most amazing adventures ever penned—all in less time than it takes the hour hand to round the clock dial twice.

to revenge herself upon the son, and with this outcome—Bayard unharmed, his father dead. With neither hesitation nor a single backward glance at the body of his ancient enemy the little man swung about, walked quietly to the front door and as quietly let himself out. He was of no mind to be recalled as a witness at a possible inquest, and business of far greater import urged him—time pressing—the real business of his life, this—to discover the whereabouts of Marian Blessington with the least avoidable delay. His first act having failed him, he must now try to draw the son and if possible before the latter learned of his father's death. Not until about to re-enter the car did he remember he had neglected to secure Bayard's address from the butler. But he wouldn't turn back. It could be ascertained. Peter Kenny would either know it or know where to get it. To Peter's rooms he must of necessity return first of all, for it would not much longer prove possible to go up and down and to and fro upon Manhattan Island in a black silk evening coat and flaming scarlet small clothes. To change was imperative. "The Monastery," he directed, setting back into his seat. It was now clear daylight. "Wait," he told the driver on alighting at the Monastery. "I'm keeping you." Money passed between them, more than enough to render his wishes inviolable. A dull eyed halibut recognized and let him in, sullenly passing him on to the elevator, but as that last was on the point of taking flight to Peter Kenny's door it hesitated and the operator with his hand on the half closed gate shot it open again instead of shut. A telegraph boy not over forty years tired was being admitted at the street door. The colloquy there was distinctly audible: "Mr. Bayard Shaynon live here?" "Leventh floor. Hurry up—don't keep the elevator waiting." Peter Kenny's rooms were on the twelfth. The telegram, with its sprawling indorsement in ink, "Mr. Bayard Shaynon, Monastery Apartments," was for several minutes within two feet of P. Sybarite's nose. Impossible to conjecture what intimate connection it might have with the disappearance of Marian Blessington, what a flood of light it might not lose upon the dark intrigue. "What door?" demanded the messenger as he left the cage at the eleventh floor. "Right across the hall," he was informed. The gate opened, the cage mounted to the next floor, and P. Sybarite got out, requiring no direction, for Peter Kenny's door was immediately above Bayard Shaynon's. As he touched the bell button for the benefit of the elevator man—but for his own failed to press it home—the rumble of the door bell below could be heard faintly through muffling firebrick walls. The grumble persisted long after the elevator had dropped back to the eleventh floor. And presently the voice of Western Union was lifted in sour expostulation: "Say, whatcha s'pose's th' matta wid dis guy? I been rizin' haffanour!" "That's funny," commented the elevator boy. "He come in only about ten minutes ago."

"Waitin' here all day wou'nt get me nothin'. Here, what's th' matta wid you signin' for?" "Gwan. Sign it yourself 'ad stick unda the door, whydoncha?" "A'right. Guess I will."

Clang of the gate; whine of the descending car; silence. Softly P. Sybarite tiptoed down the stairs. Disappointment, however, lay in ambush for him at his nefarious goal. Evidently the messenger had been punctilious about his duty. Not even so much as the tip of a corner of yellow envelope peeped from under the door. Reckless in exasperation, P. Sybarite first wasted time edging a series of short, sharp barks from the bell—a peculiarly irritating noise, calculated (one would think) to rouse the dead—then tried the door and found it fast; in the end he knelt and bent an ear to the keyhole, listening. Not a sound; silence of the grave; the house deathly still. He could hear his own heart drumming, but from Shaynon's flat nothing.

Or, no? Was that the creak of a board beneath a stealthy footstep? If so, it wasn't repeated. Again, could it be possible his ears did actually detect a sound of human respiration through the keyhole? Could it be Shaynon, just the other side of that inch wide pressed steel barrier, the fireproof door, cowering in throes of some paralyzing fright, afraid to answer the summons? When at length P. Sybarite rose and drew away it was with all stealth. Once more at Peter Kenny's door, his diffident fingers evoked from the bell but a single chirp—a sound that would by no means have gained him admission had Peter not been sitting up in bed reading to while away the ache of his wound. But it was ordered so. Peter was quick to answer the door. "Doe says I'm all right if blood poisoning doesn't set in. What luck?" "The worst. Where are my clothes? I've got to change and run."

Whereupon, while changing his clothing, P. Sybarite delivered himself of an abbreviated summary of what had happened at the hall and after. "But why," he wound up peevishly, "why didn't you tell me Bayard Shaynon lived in the flat below you?" "Didn't occur to me; and if you ask me I don't see why it should interest you now."

"Because," said P. Sybarite quietly, "I'm going down there and break in as soon as I'm dressed fit to go to jail." "In the sacred name of insanity!" "If he's out I'll steal that telegram and find out whether it has any bearing on the case. If it hasn't I'll sift every inch of the room for a suspicion of a leading clew."

"But if he's in—" "I'll take my chances," said P. Sybarite, with grim brevity. "Unarmed?" "Not if I know the nature of the brute." He stood up, fully dressed but for his shoes. "Now, my gud, please."

"Top drawer of the buffet there. How are you going—fire escape?" "Where is it?" P. Sybarite asked as he possessed himself of his weapon. "Half a minute." Peter Kenny held out his hand. "Let's have a look at that gun, will you?" "What for?" "One of those newfangled automatic pistols, isn't it? I've never seen one before."

"But—you've had this here—" "I know, but I didn't pay much attention, thinking of other things—" "But you're delaying me."

"Mean to," said Peter Kenny purposefully. And without giving P. Sybarite the least hint of his intention suddenly imprisoned his wrist, grabbed the weapon by the barrel and took it to himself, with the greater ease since the other didn't understand or attempt resistance. "What in blazes"—he inquired, puzzled, watching Peter turn the weapon over curiously in his hands. "I should think—"

"There," Peter interrupted placidly, withdrawing the magazine clip from its slot in the butt and returning the now harmless mechanism. "Now run along. Fire escape's outside the far window in the bedroom yonder."

"What the deuce! What's the matter with you? Hand over that clip. What good is this without it?" "For your present purpose it's better than if loaded," Peter asserted complacently. "For purposes of intimidation—which is all you want of it—grand! And it can't go off by accident and make you an unintentional murderer."

P. Sybarite's jaw dropped and his eyes opened, but after an instant he nodded in entire agreement. "That's a head you have on your shoulders, boy!" said he. "As for mine, I've a notion that it has never really jellied."

He turned toward the bedroom, but paused. "Only—why not say what you want? Why these roundabout ways to your purpose? Have you by any chance been educated for the bar?" "That's the explanation," laughed Peter. "I'm to be admitted to prac-

rice next year. Meanwhile circumlocution's my specialty." "It is!" said P. Sybarite with conviction. "Well—back in five minutes." (To Be Continued.)

of Cass county at the November election, and if I am re-elected will look after the interests of the people to the best of my ability. C. E. Heebner.

CANDIDATES.

All announcements under this heading are run as political advertising:

For Senator.

My name will appear on the official ballot as the Democratic candidate for state senator, Cass and Otoe counties. I solicit the support of the voters of Cass county, pledging myself if elected to look after your interests at all times. Your support will be appreciated.

JOHN MATTES, JR.

Having received the republican nomination for the office of state senator for the second district composed of Cass and Otoe counties, I will deeply appreciate the efforts and support of my friends in these two counties.

A. F. Sturm, Nehawka, Neb.

For Sheriff.

I am the democratic nominee for the office of County Sheriff, and in keeping with the policy of all candidates, I solicit your support at the November election, and will certainly appreciate the same. If elected, everyone shall receive a square deal.

J. G. WUNDERLICH.

I am the republican nominee for the office of County Sheriff, for re-election, and your support to my success at the November election will be appreciated.

C. D. QUINTON.

For Representative.

My name will appear on the official ballot at the November election as the democratic nominee for Floot Representative of the Eighth district. Your support will be appreciated, and I will, if elected, always look after the best interests of the people.

W. H. PULLS.

I am the republican candidate for floot representative, Eighth district, Otoe and Cass counties. Your support at the November election will be appreciated, and if elected I will look after the best interests of the people, regardless of party.

F. L. NUTZMAN.

You will find my name on ballot as the democratic nominee for Representative, Seventh district, and in soliciting the support of my friends I wish to assure you that your best interests will always be mine and will work to that end.

M. G. KIME.

For County Treasurer.

Being the democratic nominee for the office of County Treasurer, I hereby solicit your support at the November election. "Believing that one good term deserves another," you will favor me with the second term. Your support will be appreciated.

W. KELLY FOX.

I am the republican nominee for the office of County Treasurer, and being in no way contrary to the usual run of candidates, I hereby solicit your support at the November election. The same will be appreciated, and the office will be conducted to the best of my ability.

MAJOR A. HALL.

For County Commissioner.

My name will be found on the official ballot as the democratic candidate for the office of County Commissioner, Third Commissioner district, and in making my candidacy for the election to said office I solicit the support of the voters of Cass county. The same will be appreciated.

HENRY SNOKE.

I am the socialist candidate for the office of County Commissioner, from the Second Commissioner district. I take this method of soliciting the support of all my friends and voters of Cass county. The same will certainly be appreciated.

R. D. STINE.

I am the democratic nominee for the office of County Commissioner, Second Commissioner District. Your support will be appreciated, and if I am elected to the office, the interests of the taxpayers will always be guarded with care, and to the best of my ability.

CHAS. H. SPOHN.

Being the republican candidate for commissioner from the Second commissioner district, I take this method of soliciting the support of the voters

of Cass county at the November election, and if I am re-elected will look after the interests of the people to the best of my ability. C. E. Heebner.

FOR County Clerk.

I am the present County Clerk, by appointment to fill vacancy, and I want to call your attention to the fact that I am the democratic nominee for re-election by the voters of Cass county. In soliciting your support, I want to assure you that I will continue the affairs of the office to best interests of the taxpayers at all times.

FRANK J. LIBERSHAL.

For County Superintendent.

I have been chosen the democratic nominee for the office of County Superintendent of Schools. In asking your support for re-election, I have no hesitancy in placing my record before you during the time I have held this office. I solicit your support and the same will certainly be appreciated.

MARY E. FOSTER.

As candidate of the republican party for the office of county superintendent, I respectfully solicit your support in the November election.

Eda Marquardt.

For County Coroner.

Being a candidate for the office of County Coroner on the democratic ticket, I take this method of soliciting the support of the voters of Cass county at the November election. The duties of the office shall be discharged to the best of my ability, and your support will be appreciated.

DR. J. F. BRENDEL.

Combination Public Sale.

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction at his home at Mynard, Neb., commencing at 1:00 p. m. sharp on Wednesday, October 14, the following described property, to wit:

One mare and colt. One sorrel mare, smooth mouth. One bay mare, eight years old, works single or double. One span of bay horses. One good milk cow, six years old. One fresh milk cow. One Duroc male pig. One sow with seven pigs. Nine good shoats. One dozen thoroughbred Plymouth Rock roosters. One good Overland automobile, four passenger. One top buggy. One farm wagon, three-one-half inch. One spring wagon. One set double work harness. One set single harness. One pump, brass cylinder, 33 feet pipe. One hundred barrel supply tank. One binder. One hog rack. One feed grinder. One gas stove. One ten-barrel galvanized tank. One plush couch. Other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale: All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand; all sums over \$10, a credit of six months will be given, purchaser giving note with approved security bearing eight per cent interest. Property must be settled for before removed from the premises. I am not moving away, only disposing of some surplus property. Dr. Brown, Owner. Wm. R. Young, Auctioneer. W. G. Boedeker, Clerk.

Make Your Wants Known

Advertisements under this heading five cents per line each insertion. Six words will be counted as a line and no advertisement taken for less than ten cents.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.—15 H. P. Case Steam Engine in fine shape. Reeves Corn Sheller, good as new. Will trade for horses or cattle or anything I can use of equal value. Bargain if taken soon. Arnold & Mast, Nehawka, Neb. 10-8-14twkly.

FOR SALE.—Good hand picked Wine-sap Apples. If taken soon, will sell at 75c per bushel. R. R. Nickles. 10-8-2twkly.

FOR SALE.—Madrid (66627) a pure bred imported Perchon stallion. Registered No. 42528. For particulars phone or write F. M. Grove, Eagle, Neb. 10-8-3twkly.

FOR SALE.—Scotch Collie pups. Inquire of A. O. Range, Route 1, Plattsmouth, Neb. 9-10-14wkly.

WANTED.—Girl for general house work. No washing. 4 in family. Inquire of Mrs. George Falter or call Phone No. 394. 9-10-14wkly.

FOR SALE.—Two fine Chester White male hogs. Inquire of James Loughridge. 9-10-14wkly.

FOR SALE.—Rubber tire survey as good as new, cost, \$200. A bargain. T. H. Pollock, Tel. 216, Plattsmouth. 10-5-14-dw

STARVING FOR THE BREAD OF LIFE

"Blessed Are They That Hunger After Righteousness."

THE POWER OF GOD'S WORD

A Famine in the Land—Many Hearts Crying Out For a Living and True God—Faint For Want of Spiritual Food—Table of Divine Provision Well Filled—The Bread and the Water of Life—A Satisfying Portion.



PASTOR RUSSELL

October 11.—Today Pastor Russell chose for his text the words, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord." (Amos 8:11) He spoke in part as follows: Today this prophecy is fulfilled in our midst! Notwithstanding the fact that during the past century Bibles have been printed and circulated amongst the people by the million, and notwithstanding the fact that education has become so general that rich and poor, old and young, have the ability to read the Word of God, nevertheless we are in the midst of the very famine which the Prophet specifies. It seems almost incredible that we should be famishing now with Bibles in our homes, when our saintly forefathers did not famish, although their education was limited. The secret lies in the fact that increasing intelligence on every hand has awakened our reasoning faculties along religious lines, and the result is the gnawing of hunger in our hearts. Both heart and flesh cry out for a living and true God—a God greater than ourselves—more just, more powerful, more loving. Realizing our own impotency, we feel more and more our need of the Friend whose love is closer than a brother's.

Consequently we cannot find in the Scriptures the rest, the refreshment and the comfort which our forefathers derived therefrom. Consequently the young men and the purest of heart in the world are repelled by the religion of the past. They are hungry for the Truth, thirsty for the refreshment which they need. Intellectually, many are looking, wandering, from sea to sea, desiring the Bread of Life.

Scanning the creeds of all denominations, they find these practically alike as respects theories of eternal reprobation and damnation for all except the Elect, the saintly few. They grow faint for want of spiritual food and drink. They even look to the heathen world, and examine the Theosophy of India, the Buddhism of Japan and the Confucianism of China, seeking for some satisfying portion of Truth.

In some respects these are like the prodigal son—far from home. They perceive the stinkish content with the husks of business, money, pleasure and politics; but their spiritual longings cannot be satisfied with the husks which the "swine" eat. Because of their interest in spiritual things they are thought peculiar. They are misunderstood by their best earthly friends. In their wanderings along the highways of science and world-religion they must surely learn that they will get no satisfaction from those sources.

The Table of Divine Provision.

Ho, all ye that hunger for Truth, come ye! There is an abundance for us all in our Heavenly Father's wonderful provision—in the Bible. Deserting all the creeds and traditions of men, let us gather at our Heavenly Father's Board as His family, as His children. Let us prove the truthfulness of His declaration that "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that reverence Him." Let us seek and find the satisfying portion. Let us satisfy our longings at the table of Divine provision. Mark the words of the Lord and consider how truthful they are—"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

It is this Truth-hungry class whom we address. We know their heart-longings; for we have had the same experience. We know the satisfaction which they crave; for we have received it and are therefore doubly glad to hand forth the Bread and the Water of Life to those who desire it. There are many who are ready to serve the appetites of those who long for pleasure—ball games, society fetes, chess, travel, etc. Against these we have not one word to say. It is not our thought that they are en route to eternal torment; hence we do not frantically beset them or annoy them. Let them have their pleasure. Let them wait for the time to come when something may occur in their experiences which will put them into the class of the broken-hearted and contrite of spirit, something which will cause them to feel after God, if haply they might find Him as a satisfying portion.

In harmony with the Master's directions, it is our aim to "bind up the broken-hearted and to comfort those

that mourn," to tell them of the oil of joy which the Lord is willing to bestow for their spirit of heaviness and sorrow for sin. (Isaiah 61:1-3.) As the Master expressed no reproof of those engaged in any sort of moral reform, even asceticism, so it is with us. We desire to oppose no one who is doing any good work, whether or not he follows with us in every particular. There are so many engaged in doing evil works, and so few engaged in doing good, that not one of the latter class can be spared from the ranks of the service of righteousness.

As the Master did not give His time to temperance reform or to social reform or to political reform, but gave it to the instruction of the people in the doctrines of the Word of God, so let us be intent to follow His example in this matter, not "teaching for doctrines the precepts of men," but the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever—expounding to the people the Scriptures and assisting them to see the length and the breadth and height and depth of their meaning.

The Disciple Not Above His Lord. Nevertheless, as the religious teachers of the Master's day hated Jesus and His disciples for their cause, "because they taught the people," and as they persecuted the Master and His followers because they did not walk in the beaten paths of their day, so we may expect that the Scribes, the Pharisees and the Doctors of the Law today will be grieved because the people are taught, because the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ is presented to the people as an incentive to love and obedience, instead of the doctrine of eternal torment.

It matters not that all the educated ministers today well know, and would not for a moment deny, their disbelief in the doctrine of eternal torment, if cross-questioned. Nevertheless, many of them hate us and oppose us because we show the people the true interpretations of the Word of God and lift before the eyes of their understanding a God of Love, just, merciful, righteous altogether, and fully capable both in Wisdom and Power to work out all the glorious designs which He "purposed in Himself before the foundation of the world."

(1) They perceive that the teaching of the doctrines of purgatory and eternal torment has not had a sanctifying influence upon mankind in all the sixteen centuries in which these doctrines have been preached. But they fear that to deny these doctrines now would only make a bad matter worse. They fear that if the Gospel of the Love of God and the fact that the Bible does not teach eternal torment for any were generally made known, the effect upon the world would be to increase its wickedness, to make life and property less secure and to fill the world with blasphemies still more than now.

(2) They fear also that a certain amount of discredit would come to themselves because, knowing that the Bible does not teach eternal torment, according to the Hebrew and Greek original, they secreted the knowledge from the people. They fear that this would forever discredit them with their hearers. Hence they still lend their influence outwardly to the doctrine of eternal torture, which they do not believe, and feel angry towards us because we teach the people the truth upon the subject, which they know will bring to them hundreds of questions difficult to answer or to dodge.

God's Love Constrains Us.

We ask you, dear fellow Christians, were you constrained to become children of God and to render to the Lord the homage and obedience of your lives through fear or through love? We are not asking you whether you never have feared; but what brought you to the point of consecrating your life to God? Surely it was not fear? We are aware, of course, that there is a proper, godly fear, reverence; and that the Scriptures declare it—"The fear [reverence] of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." (Psalm 111:10.) But this is not the fear of eternal torment, which tends to drive out love. How could we love or esteem or truly worship a God who purposed the eternal torment of His creatures from before their creation!

We could give you many proofs of the power of love over the human heart, in contrast with the ungodly fear of the error. God says to us in so many words, "Their fear toward Me is taught by the precept of men." (Isaiah 29:13.) As an illustration: Some years ago at a Bible Students Convention in Ohio a well-dressed gentleman in attendance told me of how his heart had been touched with our presentation of the

"Love Divine, All Love Excelling." He said, "For years I have been a member of the Presbyterian Church without being really a Christian at all. Occasionally I went on sprees, sometimes I gambled and drank, etc. Not until I received a knowledge of the true character of God as set forth in your 'STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES' did my heart ever come to the proper attitude of surrender to the Lord. Then I was glad to give Him my little all, and wished that it was more."

The next day, as I was passing from the hotel to the auditorium to conduct a question meeting, this gentleman put a slip of paper into my hand. Supposing that it contained a question, I thrust it into my coat pocket. On the platform I drew it forth as one of the questions to be answered, and to my astonishment I found it to be a check for one thousand dollars. The man had not been asked to contribute even one cent; but the love of God had captivated his heart and had gotten control—not only of it, but of his pocket-book and all. He wished to show the Lord his appreciation of the Love

Divine, the length, the breadth, the height and the depth of which he now comprehended as never before.

The Power of God's Word.

Another case: Several years ago I met with a Convention of Bible Students in Chattanooga. While there, a gentleman introduced himself, saying that he was from Mississippi and that he had become deeply interested in our presentations of the harmony of the Word of God. He said in substance, "I will not attempt to tell you how wicked a man I was before I got your literature. My dear wife here, an earnest Methodist, said to me, 'John, John, you will surely go to Hell!' I replied to her, 'Mary, I know it! I know it! And, Mary, I am determined to deserve all that I get. I am not going to Hell for nothing.'"

"One of your tracts came to my desk in my store. I read it and perceived that it was different from anything I had ever understood respecting the teachings of the Bible; for it seemed more rational and more God-like. I sent you for various Bible Students' Helps. The result is that the Love of God has constrained me, has conquered me, in a way that the doctrines of devilish torments could not influence me. Now I see the true teaching of the Word of God; I can honor Him, worship Him, and take pleasure in laying down my life in His service. I have made a full consecration of everything I possess."

"For a time I sent you a fifty-dollar check every month; but, Brother Russell, it was in the nature of conscience-money. At that time the most profitable feature of my store trade was the sale of liquor to the Mississippi negroes. As the grace of God more and more filled my heart to overflowing, it brought me to see that I must love my neighbor as myself and do injury to none, and those checks stopped. I ceased to deal in liquor, and have devoted my whole life to the service of God and of my fellow-men."

Three murderers confined in the Ohio State Penitentiary had from childhood been trained in the doctrine of eternal torment by different denominations; and yet these men had committed murder. Under the providence of God, these men received some of our literature—"STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES"—and were cut to the heart when they learned of the Love of God, as expressed in the Divine Plan of the Ages. This knowledge made such a change in the hearts and the lives of these three murderers that the prison-keepers took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus and had learned of Him. By and by they were paroled, and today two of them are preaching the Gospel of the Love of God, seeking to bring their fellow-men out of the condition of darkness and sin into the glorious sunlight of Divine Love and Truth.

Let Us Acknowledge the Truth.

Having tried the Gospel of Fear and Damnation and Torture for the past sixteen centuries, and having seen that under this teaching there are more blasphemy and general wickedness in Christendom than even in the heathen world, should we not decide that it is due time to give the true Bread and Water of Life to the hungry and thirsty ones who, for lack of it, are searching the earth over, and many of whom are falling into Higher Criticism and other delusions peculiar to our day?

With shame of face we must all acknowledge that "we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and there is no health in us." The proper thing for us to do, dear Christian friends, is to get down upon our knees before the Lord and in contrition of heart acknowledge that we have wrought no deliverance in the earth (Isaiah 26:18); that our sectarian differences are our shame; that the ignorance in which we have all been respecting the Word of God is humiliating.

When once the eyes of our understanding are opened, we can comprehend as never before the harmony of God's Message from Genesis to the Revelation. Daily the Word of God becomes more precious to us. More and more we realize that it is our duty to try to the assistance of our dear brethren in Christ and to call upon them to join us in a determined stand for God and His Word of Truth. We must show them that our God has been dishonored by misrepresentations of His character and of the real teachings of His Word. We must point them to the fact that the Bible does not teach that all mankind except the Elect will be consigned to an eternity of torture at the hands of demons.

We must also show them that the Election of the Church during this Gospel Age does not mean injury to the non-elect; but that on the contrary it is the Divine purpose that the elect shall constitute God's Kingdom, which will bind Satan, put down sin, banish ignorance, error and superstition, and bring mankind by resurrection processes to all that was lost in Eden by Adam's disobedience, but secured for him and all his race through the great transaction accomplished on Calvary. All mankind shall yet see that the Divine Purpose shall be accomplished; that the Word which has gone forth out of Jehovah's mouth shall prosper in the thing whereunto He sent it.

In concluding his discourse, the Pastor declared that as the test at the end of the Millennium Age will be loyalty, even so this is the test upon Christian people today. The Lord desires not those who merely fear to do wrong, but those who love to do right and hate to do wrong. He claimed that there is only a little more time in which Christians will have the opportunity to develop character and to stand the test.