



MISS M.E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XX—(Continued.)

He had taunted her as an adventuress and a husband hunter. This right-minded, resolute creature, who had refused the utmost promotion to which a girl in her position could aspire, a rich, indolent husband, high-placed, famous, having all qualities calculated to charm woman, except youth. Why had she so flung away high fortune, why refused such a helpmate? Simply because she did not love him. Was her young heart blank, then, or was there anyone else? Yet who else could there be for her who had lived like a bird in a cage—who had never since his brother's death been in the society of any man of refinement except Nestorius and old Verne? There could be no one else, her heart must be still unawakened to the mystery of woman's love.

"You are very merciful, in your silence," he said, after a long pause, returning to the front of the fireplace where Nestorius was standing. "But no upbraiding you could bestow upon me could intensify my sense of my brutal folly. I was like a child destroying a butterfly in wanton rage at its beauty. If she were here I would ask her pardon on my knees. I have been miserable from the hour of her flight—the subject slave of remorse. All kinds of honors have presented themselves to my mind, even the idea of suicide, that she might have rushed down to the river and flung herself in."

"No, no," interrupted Nestorius, quickly. "I have no fear of such suicidal folly. Her mind is too well balanced and she has that inner consciousness of genius which is almost as an armor against the arrows of fate. Her dominant idea was that she would be able to support herself by literature, to pour out her wealth of thought and fancy in fiction. She had her dream of a cottage near the Avon, with an old nurse of hers for housekeeper and companion. She had a scheme for the future, and in leaving this house you may be sure she went with the intention of working out her own destiny in that manner. I am not afraid of any folly on her part. My only fear is for the dangers to which her absolute inexperience of the world might expose her."

"She was penniless," said Lashmar. "Unless as Lady Carminow suggested—she had borrowed money from you." "Did Lady Carminow make that suggestion? How like Lady Carminow! No, she had no money from me, poor child!" "You say she has literary aspirations," said Lashmar; "and you imply that she has talent for writing?" "She has more than talent, Lashmar. She has genius—original genius, rarest gift in these days of imitative art. She has genius as original and as unique as that of Charlotte Brontë, the unimitated child of those lonely Yorkshire moors you and I know so well. But I will not ask you to believe this upon my assertion. You shall judge for yourself, if you will allow me to ask for my letters back."

Lashmar rang the bell and Mr. Nestorius's letters were brought, among them a packet of printed proofs, which Nestorius opened, unrolled and arranged in sequence with the deftness of hands accustomed to dealing with proofs. "Read for yourself!" he said, "when you have an hour's leisure. That is the beginning of Stella's story. I read the whole of it in manuscript."

"What can she write about, she who has seen nothing of the world?" "Blind John Milton had never seen hell and John Keats had never seen a Titan, and yet they contrived to write about such things with very fair effect," answered Nestorius. "It seems to me that she confided all her plans and aspirations to you—her manuscripts even. You were privileged in receiving so much of her confidence."

"I am her tutor's old friend, and she knew that I sympathized with her. Those two facts brought us at once in rapport. Well, now, Lashmar, what have you done towards finding her?" Lord Lashmar gave a detailed account of his efforts in Brumm.

CHAPTER XXI. Nestorius mused somewhat sadly upon his interview with Lashmar, as he walked across the park in the blustery autumn morning. What a fitful, selfish, masterful spirit young love seemed to the man of mature years, who loved with an unselfish tenderness and capacity of self-sacrifice unknown to youth. And so it was love, after all—dominant, unquerable love—which had impelled Lashmar to bitter speeches and affected sorrow. He, too, had felt the strange witchery of that bright creature's personality, had been conquered and had struggled against the victor.

"Did she care for him all the time?" Nestorius asked himself. "Was it for his sake she refused me—was it for love of him she was cold and deaf to my prayers? I pressed her hard, tried to fathom the depth of her heart and mind, but could discover no secret passion there. Womanly pride is so close an armor."

"Yes, she loves him. It was that which made the sting of his insolence so sharp. She loves him—caught by that young grace of his, the darkly handsome face, with its strong lines and eagle glance, the pride of youth and strength, and unflinching power; the radiance of a young spirit that has never known fate's reverses. Yes, she loves him. It was his image that kept her young heart sealed against me. He stands at the door and keeps me out. Middle age has no charms. She would reverence gray hairs—perhaps deem it an act of duty and devotion to give her life to an old man; but I, the hard, active man of the world, can have no claim on her affection, no spell for her imagination. I stand without the pale."

He found Gabriel Verne with an open letter before him, brought by that morning's post.

"Publishers' readers are sometimes wrong; three or four of the tribe rejected Miss Brontë's 'Jane Eyre' and it is said that 'Vanity Fair' went a begging; but this gentleman was very positive. 'Take my word for it, this book will go,' he said. 'It has all the fire and freshness of youth, and the grace of a highly cultivated style. The writer must have had her fancy with the very finest order of intellectual food. There is no taint of garbage from the first page to the last.' Knowing how Stella had been trained by your brother and poor old Verne, I thought this criticism accorded some power of judgment on the part of the publisher's readers."

"Yes, she has been fed on the best food. I have laughed at seeing her poring over Homer or Virgil. My mother told me that girl knew Milton better than any one she had ever met, except John Bright, and that she had Shelley and Keats interwoven in her memory. She has an extraordinary power of memory, my mother says, and a fine ear for melodious combinations of words. Perhaps she has something to thank her ladyship for in her two years' drudgery as a reader. My mother never cared for inferior writers, and the mill in which Stella worked ground only the finest corn."

"Fate weaves in a loom whose mechanism we know not," answered Nestorius gravely. "The education of submission may have been the best education for genius; but it was not a joyous experience."

"No, she has been badly treated. Do you think that I shall deny that after my free confession this morning?" asked Lashmar bitterly.

"I think you are full of generous instincts—stirred by perverted pride," answered Nestorius, with his unflinching air. "I think you have treated that girl abominably; I think you have made her suffer; and that by way of revenge she will make you the noblest of an English gentleman need ever hope to win for himself."

"You think she will ever be brought to forgive me?" faltered Lashmar excitedly. "I think you are both passionately in love with each other, and that it needs but one look and one word from you to heal every wound you ever inflicted upon that pure and generous heart."

"Oh! it is you who are generous. It is only you who are noble," cried Lashmar. "I have lived twenty years longer than you, and I have learned one of the lessons that time teaches." "I have learned the wisdom of generosity. Not another word, Lashmar. I am too old for sentiment!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Lashmar found his mother sitting by the fire in her morning room, with her book table and reading lamp beside her, but with no appearance of having been reading. She was seated in a despondent attitude, gazing dreamily into the fire. She started at her son's entrance.

"Well, have you heard of her?" she said at once. "Not a word. She has disappeared utterly. Both Nestorius and I have hunted for her all through Brumm. The police can do nothing to help us."

"Then I suppose we must resign ourselves to the idea that she has gone forever," said her ladyship. "She has been very ungrateful."

"Oh, mother, what cause had she for gratitudo—except to my brother? What kindness have you or I ever shown her?" "We have given her such a home as she could have had nowhere else. We have given her the opportunity to educate herself to the highest point. But for our kindness she would have had to earn her bread by the sweat of her brow. She must have been a domestic servant or a factory girl."

"She would never have remained a servant or a factory girl. She is a genius, mother."

And then Lord Lashmar told his mother about the proofs that he had read and of Nestorius' and the publisher's praise.

"What then?" asked her ladyship. "That book is the fruit of refined surroundings, of years of elegant leisure. Do you suppose that in service, her genius—if you please to term it genius—could ever have been developed? Do you think there are no girls strangled and blighted by adverse circumstances—no great intellects among servants and factory girls? I tell you she had the strongest reasons for gratitude—and yet knowing herself useful, almost invaluable to me—to me, a sick woman—she leaves me without compensation, without a word of regret."

"Then you do miss her, mother; you are fond of her," exclaimed Lashmar, with flushed cheeks and brightening eyes. The dowager looked up from the fire for the first time and scrutinized her son keenly.

TESTIMONY OF ROCKS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE GEOLOGY OF THE BIBLE.

A Sermon of Interest to All, Showing that Geology Confirms the Truth of the Word of God—The Rock of Ages—Never Yet Upset.

Our Washington Pulpit. The throngs coming to Dr. Talmage's preaching services at the First Presbyterian Church in Washington are all the more increasing and far beyond the capacity of his church to hold. In this sermon he discusses a subject interesting to all—viz., "The Geology of the Bible; or, God among the Rocks." The text is H. S. 1:1, 2, 3: "And when they came to Jordan's threshing floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and he smote him there for his error, and there he died by the ark of God."

A band of music is coming down the road, cornets blown, timbrels struck, harps thrummed and cymbals clapped, all led on by Davy, who was himself a musician. They are ahead of a wagon on which is the sacred box called the ark. The yoke of oxen drawing the wagon is splintered. Some critics say that the oxen, being struck with the driver's sword, but my knowledge of oxen leads me to say that it on a hot day they see a shadow of a tree or wall, they are apt to suddenly shy off to get the coolness of the shadow. I think these oxen so suddenly turned that the sacred box seemed about to upset and be thrown to the ground. Uzzah rushed forward and laid hold of the ark to keep it upright. But he had no right to do so. A special command had been given by the Lord that no man save the priest under any circumstances should touch that box. Nervous and excited and reverent, Uzzah dismounted when he took hold of the ark, and he died as a consequence. In all ages, there are good people all the time afraid that the Holy Bible, which is the sacred ark of our time, will be upset, and they have been a long while afraid that science, and especially geology, would overthrow it.

While we are not forbidden to touch the holy book and, on the contrary, are urged to fondle and study it, any one who is afraid of the overthrow of the book is greatly offending the Lord with his unbelief. The oxen have not yet been yoked which can upset that ark of the world's salvation. Written by the Lord Almighty, he is going to protect it until its mission is fulfilled and there shall be no more need of a Bible because all its prophecies will have been fulfilled and the human race will have exchanged worlds. A trumpet and a violin are very different instruments, but they may be played in perfect accord. So the Bible account of the creation of the world and the geological account are different—some story written on parchment and the other on the rocks and yet it perfect and eternal accord. The word "day," repeated in the first chapter of Genesis, has thrown into paroxysms of criticism many expositors. The Hebrew word "yom" of the Bible means sometimes what we call a day, and sometimes it means ages. It may mean 24 hours or 100,000,000 years. The order of creation as written in the book of Genesis is the order of creation discovered by geologists' spadebar. So many Uzzahs have been nervously rushing about for fear the strong arm of scientific discovery would upset the Bible that I went somewhat apprehensively to look into the matter, when I found that the Bible and geology agree in saying that first were built the rocks, then the plants greened the earth, then marine creatures were created from slush to whale, then the winged and feathered fowls, and the land animals were created and tamed, and the quadrupeds began to bleat and bellow and neigh.

Now, it requires no stretch of imagination to realize that God could have taken millions of years for the bringing of the rocks and the timbers of this world together, yet only one week more to make it habitable and to furnish it for human residence. Remember also that all up and down the Bible the language of the times was used—common parlance—and it was not always to be taken literally. Just as we say every day that the world is round when it is not round. It is spherical—flattened at the poles and protuberant at the equator. Prof. Snell, with his chain of triangles, and Prof. Varin, with the shortened pendulum of his clock, found it was not round. But we do not become critical of any one who says the world is round. Let us deal as fairly with Moses or Job as we do with each other.

Everlasting Right. But for years good people feared geology, and without any implication on their part apprehended that the rocks and mountains would fall on them until Hugh Miller, the elder of St. John's Presbyterian church in Edinburgh and parishioner of Dr. Guthrie, came forth and told the world that there was no contradiction between the mountains and the church, and he became brigadier general, dying at Beaufort, S. C., during our civil war, took the platform and spread his map of the strata of rock in the presence of great audiences, and Prof. Alexander Winchell of Michigan University and Prof. Taylor Lewis of Union College showed that the "without form and void" of the first chapter of Genesis was the very chaos out of which the world was formulated, the hands of God packing together the land and tossing up the mountains into great heights and flinging down the seas into their great depths. Before God gets through with this world there will hardly be a book of the Bible that will not find confirmation either in archaeology or geology. Exhumed Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, Tyre and Egyptian hieroglyphs are cringing out in the ears of the world. "The Bible is right! All right! Everlastingly right!" Geology is saying the same thing, not only confirming the truth about the original creation, but confirming so many passages of the Scripture that I can only slightly refer to them.

But you do not really believe that story of the deluge and the sinking of the mountains under the wave? Tell us something we can believe. "Believe that," says geology, "for how do you account for those seashells and seaweeds and skeletons of sea animals found on the top of some of the highest mountains? If the waters did not sometimes rise about the mountains, how did those seashells and seaweeds and skeletons of sea animals get there? Did you put them there?"

But, now, you do not really believe that story about the storm of fire and brimstone, whirling Sodom and Gomorrah, and enveloping Lot's wife in such saline incrustations that she halted, a sack of salt? For the confirmation of that story the geologist goes to that region, and after trying in vain to take a swim in the lake, so thick with salt he cannot swim it—the lake beneath which Sodom and Gomorrah lie buried, one drop of the water so full of sulphur and brimstone that it stings your tongue, and for hours you cannot get rid of the nauseating drip—the scientist then digging down and finding sulphur on top of sulphur, brimstone on top of brimstone, while all round there are jets and crags and peaks of salt, and if one of them did not become the sarcophagus of Lot's wife, they show you how a human being might in that tempest have been halted and packed into a white monument that would defy the ages.

But, now, you do not really believe that New Testament story about the earthquake at the time Christ was crucified? Geology digs down into Mount Calvary and finds the rocks ruptured and ashen, showing the work of an "special earthquake for that mountain, and an earthquake which did not touch the surrounding region. Go and look for yourself, and see there a dip and cleavage of rocks as nowhere else on the planet, geology thus announcing an especial earthquake for the greatest tragedy of all the centuries—the assassination of the Son of God.

The God of the Rocks.

The geology of the Bible shows that our religion is not a namby pamby, nerveless, diletantish religion. It was projected and has been protected by the God of the rocks. Religion a balm? Oh, yes. Religion a soothing power? Oh, yes. Religion a beautiful sentiment? Oh, yes. But we must have a God of the rocks, a mighty God to defend, an omnipotent God to achieve, a force able to overcome all other forces in the universe. Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley is he, combination of all gentleness and tenderness and sweetness? Oh, yes. But if the mighty forces now arrayed for the destruction of the nations are to be met and conquered, we must have a God of the rocks. The "Lion of Judah's tribe," as well as the "Lamb who was slain." One hundred and thirty times does the Bible speak of the rock as defense, as an armor, as a refuge, as an overpowering strength. David, the psalmist, lived among the rocks, and he ejaculated, "The Lord liveth, blessed be my rock." "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." And then, as if his prayer had been answered, he feels the strength come into his soul, and he cries out, "The Lord is my rock." "He shall set me up upon a rock."

How much the rocks have had to do with the cause of God in all ages! In the wilderness God's Israel were fed with honey out of the rock. How the rock of Horeb paid Moses back in gushing, rippling, sparkling water for the two stonestrokes with which he struck it! And there stands the rock with name—I guess the longest word in the Bible—sela-hammakleoth, and it was worthy of a resounding, sesquipedalian nomenclature, for at that rock Saul was compelled to quit his pursuit of David and go home and look after the Philistines, who were making a flank movement. There were the rocks of Bozer and Seesh, between which Jonathan climbed up and sent flying in retreat the garrison of the uncircumcised. And yonder see David and his men hidden in the rock of Odullam and Kizel.

Confirmed by Geology.

But you do not really believe that story of the burning of our world at the last day? Geology digs down and finds that the world is already on fire and that the center of this globe is incandescent, molten, volcanic, a burning coal, burning out toward the surface, and the internal fires have so far reached the outside rim that I do not see how the world is to keep from complete conflagration until the prophecies concerning it are fulfilled. The lava poured forth from the mouths of Vesuvius, Mount Etna and Cotopaxi and Kilimanjaro, Mount Etna and Cotopaxi and Kilimanjaro, thousands of miles deep. There are mines in Pennsylvania and in several parts of the world that have been on fire for many years. These coal mines burning down and the internal fires of the earth burning up, after awhile these two fires, the descending and the ascending, will meet, and then will occur the universal conflagration of which the Bible speaks when it says, "The elements shall melt with fervent heat the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

Instead of disbelieving the Bible story about the final conflagration, since I have looked a little into geology, finding that its explorations are all in the line of confirmation of that prophecy, I wonder how this old craft of a world can keep sailing on much longer. It is like a ship on fire at sea, the fact that the hatches are kept down the only reason that it does not become one complete blaze—musts on fire, rattles on fire, everything from entrance to raffal on fire. After geology has told us how near the internal fires have already burned their way toward the surface, it ought not to be a surprise to us at any time to hear the ringing of the fire bells of a universal conflagration. Oh, I am so glad that geology has been born. Thank God for the testimony of the rocks. I this day proclaim the horns of a marriage between geology and theology, the rugged bridegroom and the fairest of brides. Let them join their hands, and "whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Never Yet Upset.

If anything in the history or condition of the earth seems for the time contradictory of anything in geology, you must remember that geology is all the time correcting itself and more and more coming to harmonization with the great book. In the last century the French Scientific Association printed a list of eighty theories of geology which had been adopted and afterward rejected. Lyell, the scientist, announced fifty theories of geology that had been believed in and afterward thrown overboard. Meanwhile the story of the Bible has not changed at all, and if geology has cast out from 190 and 200 theories which it once considered established we can afford to wait until the last theory of geology antagonizing divine revelation shall have been given up.

Now, in this discourse upon the geology of the Bible, or God among the rocks, I charge all agitated and afflicted Uzzahs to calm their pulses about the upsetting of the Scriptures. Let me see! For several hundred years the oxen have been jerking the ark this way and that and pulling it over rough places and trying to stick it in the mud of derision and kicking with all the power of their hoofs against the sharp goads and trying to pull it into the cool shade away from the heats of retribution from a God "who will by no means clear the guilty." Yet have you not noticed that the book has never been upset? The only changes made in it were by its learned friends in the revision of the Scriptures. The book of Genesis has been thundered against by the mightiest batteries, yet you cannot to-day find in all the earth a copy of the Bible which has not the fifty chapters of the first copy of the book of Genesis ever printed, starting with the words "In the beginning God" and closing with Joseph's coffin. Every attack on the book of Exodus has been made because they said it was cruel to drown Pharaoh and the story of Mount Sinai was improbable. But the book of Exodus remains intact, and not one of us, considering the cruelties which he would have continued among the brick kilns of Egypt, would have thrown Pharaoh a plank if we had seen him drowning. And Mount Sinai is to-day a pile of tossed and tumbled basalt, recalling the cataclysm of that mountain when the law was given. And, as to those Ten Commandments, all Roman law, all German law, all English law, all American law worth anything are squarely founded on them. So mighty assault for centuries has been made on the book of Joshua, it was said that the story of the detained sun and moon is an insult to modern astronomy, but that book of Joshua may be found to-day in the chapel of every university in America, in defiance of any telescope projected from the roof of that university. The book of Jonah has been the target of ridicule for the small wit of ages, but there it stands, with its four chapters inviolate, while geology puts up in its museums remains of sea monsters capable of doing more than the one which swallowed the recreant prophet. There stand the 1,080 chapters of the Bible notwithstanding all the attacks of ages, and there they will stand until they shivel up in the final fire, which geologists say are already kindled and grow hotter than the furnaces of an ocean steamer as they pass

out from New York Narrows for Hamburg or Southampton.

The geology of the Bible shows that our religion is not a namby pamby, nerveless, diletantish religion. It was projected and has been protected by the God of the rocks. Religion a balm? Oh, yes. Religion a soothing power? Oh, yes. Religion a beautiful sentiment? Oh, yes. But we must have a God of the rocks, a mighty God to defend, an omnipotent God to achieve, a force able to overcome all other forces in the universe. Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley is he, combination of all gentleness and tenderness and sweetness? Oh, yes. But if the mighty forces now arrayed for the destruction of the nations are to be met and conquered, we must have a God of the rocks. The "Lion of Judah's tribe," as well as the "Lamb who was slain." One hundred and thirty times does the Bible speak of the rock as defense, as an armor, as a refuge, as an overpowering strength. David, the psalmist, lived among the rocks, and he ejaculated, "The Lord liveth, blessed be my rock." "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." And then, as if his prayer had been answered, he feels the strength come into his soul, and he cries out, "The Lord is my rock." "He shall set me up upon a rock."

How much the rocks have had to do with the cause of God in all ages! In the wilderness God's Israel were fed with honey out of the rock. How the rock of Horeb paid Moses back in gushing, rippling, sparkling water for the two stonestrokes with which he struck it! And there stands the rock with name—I guess the longest word in the Bible—sela-hammakleoth, and it was worthy of a resounding, sesquipedalian nomenclature, for at that rock Saul was compelled to quit his pursuit of David and go home and look after the Philistines, who were making a flank movement. There were the rocks of Bozer and Seesh, between which Jonathan climbed up and sent flying in retreat the garrison of the uncircumcised. And yonder see David and his men hidden in the rock of Odullam and Kizel.

Divine Deliberation.

But while I go on with my study of the geology of the Bible, or God among the rocks, I get a more intelligent and helpful idea of divine deliberation. These rocks, the growth of thousands of years, and geology says, of millions of years, ought to show the prolongation of God's plans and cure our impatience because things are not done in short order. Men without seeing it become critical of the Almighty and think, Why does he not do this and do that and do it right away? We feel sometimes as if we could not wait. Well, I guess we will have to wait. God is never in a hurry except about two things. His plans, sweeping through eternity, are beyond our comprehension. They have such wide circles, such vastness of revolution, such infinitude that we cannot compass them. Indeed he would not be much of a God whom we could thoroughly understand. That would not be much of a father who had no thoughts or plans larger than his babe of 1 year could compass. If God takes millions of years to make one rock, do not let us become critical if he takes twenty years or a century or several centuries to do that which we would like to have done immediately. Do not repeat the folly of those who conclude there is no God or that he is not in sympathy with the right and the good because he does not do certain things in the time we set apart for their performance. Do not let us hold up our little watch, with its tiny hour hand and minute hand, and by it try to correct the clock of the universe, its pendulum taking 500 years to swing this way and 500 years to swing that way. Do not let us set up our little spinning wheel beside the loom in which God weaves, sunrises and sunsets and auroras. We have the best of authority for saying that "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." Do not expect that Uzzah's oxen, even if they do not shy off, but go straight ahead, can keep up with the fire-shod lightning.

Truth of the Omnipotent.

But concerning all the vast things of God's government of the universe be patient with the carrying out of plans beyond our measurement. O man! O woman! So far as your earthly existence is concerned, only the insect of an hour, be not impatient with the workings of the Omnipotent and the Eternal!"

And now, for your solace and your safety, I ask you to come under the shelter, and into the deep clefts, and the almighty defense of a rock that is higher than you, higher than any Gibraltar higher than the Himalayas—the Rock of Ages—that will shelter you from the storm; that will hide you from your enemies; that will stand when the earthquakes of the last day get their pry under the mountains and hurl them into sea-boding with the fires which are already burning their way out from red-hot centers toward the surfaces which are already here and there spouting with fire amid the quaking of the mountains under the look and touch of him of whom it is said in the sublimest sentence ever written: "He looketh upon the mountains, and they tremble. He toucheth the hills, and they smoke."

He you one and all to the Rock of Ages. And now as before this sermon on the rocks I gave out the significant and appropriate hymn, "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord" I will give out yet this sermon on the rocks the significant and appropriate hymn:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Copyright, 1877.

Short Sermons.

Church Unity.—Unity does not mean conformity to the same thought. This would mean the stagnation of the religious world. No body of men can ever formulate a creed that the world will accept. There will be "many men of many minds" as long as there is thought. Unity should not mean the obliteration or suppression of individual thought, but the harmony of the thinkers.—Rev. U. S. Millburn, Universalist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Character.—We describe men by the offices they hold, the reputation they have, the money they can command, but these are but the merest accidents. The man is not what he has or what men say of him, but what he is. The chief fact about a man is the man himself. There is somewhat inside the circle of circumstances, underneath his words, behind his deeds, and that something is character.—Rev. C. W. Gullett, Methodist, Cincinnati, Ohio.