

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"It's our only chance, certainly!" instantly agreed the last comer. "If we silly-shally over the doing of it much longer, we shall die like rats in a hole, as the guard says!"

"Then we'd better tear these obstinate fools off the engine and man it ourselves!" suggested a frantic passenger. "We can rush it through somehow!"

"Not so!" was the calm answer. "Our only chance in rushing the danger is the speed. Now, if I and you, all amateurs, man the engine and bungle the thing, the chance is we should roast before we get quite through the flames."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen"—he turned courteously to the passengers surging round—"I must ask you to trust your bodies to me, and your souls—well, according to your several creeds!"

With a strangely harsh, empty laugh, the stranger ascended the engine, turning his dark face to say peremptorily: "Take your places aboard the train instantly, every man, woman and child!"

"Now, my friends, I'll tackle you!" He faced round to the engine men.

So near was the train to the fire that the heat was insufferable—the faces of the men were almost skinned.

"Warm work, my hearties, this!" the stranger said, almost cheerfully, as he beat the hot air slowly with waving hands, and pressed his face closer to the scorched visages on the engine.

"You get off this engine, mister!" furiously began the driver. "I'll brain any man who tries to boss—"

The wrathful words ended in a sudden sigh, and the driver's arms fell softly at his sides as the invader of the engine turned to the stoker, a powerfully built man.

"You heard what my mate said, didn't yer?" struck in the man. "You get off, or I'll—I'll—!" There was the same singular collapse, the same lamb-like attitude. Both grimy men stood motionless and meek facing the intruder.

"Just so," observed the last equably. Then, leaning over, his strident voice changed harshly along the snow shed: "Every soul aboard? Keep all windows and doors fast for your lives!"

"What is it, Gervis? Are we safe yet?" faintly whispered Gladly. The girl, who had only seemed to shake off her curious attack of insensibility within the last few minutes, was staring vaguely round the car.

She wondered idly why most of the women were on their knees, and why the little children were clasped so frantically to their mothers. Surely the tiny creatures would be smothered in such embraces.

And why was Gervis, her husband, breathing in that curiously labored fashion, as if he had been running hard?

Then she became aware, as he laid his cheeks against her own, that his face was wet and cold, clammy perspiration.

"Gervis!" she cried, a vague alarm awakening her at last, "speak to me!" "Can't you pray, Gladly?" whispered Gervis, and the clasp of his arms tightened round his wife.

"Pray, Gervis? What do you mean?" wonderingly said Gladly. And Gervis drew his brows together.

And yet was it not better that she should know, poor little Gladly in her newly wedded happiness?

Outside the cars, now tightly closed, the men on the engine, who were going to fight the flames doggedly, were grimly and rapidly making ready.

The heat had become intolerable, and redly glowing sparks were showering down the blazing roof. The peril was already so deadly that there was no choice. A dash for dear life must be made!

Suddenly a great tongue of flame darted along the roof with a hissing sound. The haggard, white faces in the cars could distinguish every timber in the shed's wooden walls in the new glare. The fire was gaining with a deadly sureness.

"Quick, men! We are taking our lives in our hands! Here, reach me that bale of waterproofing! We must divide it between us to cover as much of our persons as we can!"

It was a sharp, vibrating voice, with a note of command, that had ordered. Then came the hoarse order for which the cowed engine men were meekly waiting.

"Ready? Then go! Top speed!" The long train, with its large cars, creaked and groaned; the tongues of flame darted upward hissing; the burning rafters crackled and snapped; the smoke rolled along in heavy clouds that choked all who rode on the ill-fated train.

"God in His mercy, help us! We're off!" The train was cutting its way through the sheet of flame that had walled it in.

CHAPTER IV.

It was over—this daring venture—and over safely!

Outside in the open, in the clear cold air of the starless night, the long train drew up under the softly falling flakes of feathery snow.

Half-paralyzed men and fainting women in the cars knew they were safe, and there was a brief hush, while sobbing thanksgivings broke from lips

that seldom pray. Then there was a rush to examine the cars, which had, providentially, not caught fire.

"So far as we know, we are all saved," was the thankful chorus that went round, as the passengers stood about on the snow stamping their feet.

"How on earth did we get our here, mate?" was the hoarse whisper from one of the blackened, smoked figures wrapped in waterproof on the engine.

"I don't know!" was the answer. "I thought we were bound to roast in the fire, but here we are! Beats all!"

"That's so; but we're safe; that's good enough for me, anyhow!" "The sooner you people get aboard the cars again the better."

It was a courteous, almost conciliatory voice, but it was the same that a short time before had given the word of command that saved the trainful of human beings. Instantly the speaker was surrounded and a torrent of thanks assailed his ears.

"Pray, don't overwhelm me!" He raised his long, lean hands deprecatingly. "What have I done? Merely suggested a way out of the difficulty."

But his modesty was overruled. The overwrought passengers found an outlet for their agitation in demanding the name of their preserver, in order, they said, "to add it to our prayers, and teach it to our little ones."

"My name is Paul Ansdell," politely said the stranger. Then he added hurriedly, as if to choke off any further questions: "I am a scientist by profession, and am at present traveling for material regarding a subject suggested by the society to which I have the honor to belong. I hope I have explained to your satisfaction, ladies and gentlemen."

Under the courteous tones there was a distinct element of mockery, which served to chill the warm gratitude of the passengers. In twos and threes they dispersed, some to get aboard the train into the shelter and comfort and warmth; others to stand in the snow and watch with awe the roaring flames now mercifully behind them.

"The weather tonight is so dry-cold, even for the time o' year, that the fire has got a firm hold. The whole shed's doomed," said the guard. "It's bin a wonderful deliverance from an awful death, gentlemen. We've need to thank God on our knees."

The man looked round on the groups huddled together on the snow, which the roaring fire lighted up around them.

And, indeed, the delivered passengers were, each in his or her own way, thanking God.

Here a young mother, her soft arms round a little child, knelt in the snow murmuring. Near her a clergyman was, with lips rapidly moving, thanking God for his safety.

Here, again, an iron gray-haired man stood bowed for a few seconds to offer up his thanks for the frail invalid wife, the love of his youth, whom he had just lifted back into the car.

It was indeed a solemn sight, the little thanksgiving service out on the snowy plains, upon which the grim mountains frowned down through the small, dry flakes of falling snow.

"Now it strikes me we should do well to be getting ahead. The night is upon us, and I can tell you it will take us all we can to stand the colds of midnight and early morning."

It was the voice of Paul Ansdell that broke the spell. He was standing with arms folded on the rear platform of the cars, looking down with half-shut eyes upon the reverently bowed heads of his fellow travelers. No meaning for him had this communing with the Divine Creator, who had stretched out a helping hand in the grave peril.

Had any cry broken from his lips to ascend on high it would have been the exceeding bitter one of the Psalmist: "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? Why hidest Thou Thy face from me?"

But it was many a year since this man had abandoned prayer. He was not an unbeliever in one sense, for no man knew better than Paul Ansdell that there exists an over-ruling Power, who moves and shapes humanity at His will. Otherwise it would have been the worse for his fellow men, seeing that Paul Ansdell held certain ill-gotten secrets that would have endowed himself with an illimitable dominion over the lives and the fortunes of others. But as it was he gnashed his teeth over the checkmates that blocked his wicked way and protected his victims. So far the man had faith in his larger and bolder flights.

The two aims he lived for were to win a colossal fortune, and to preserve his life as long as possible. To die, to crumble into dust, was to him a hideous prospect, and he had no other—his creed forbade all such. To save himself more than his companions he had put forth his utmost strength of will. He had succeeded strangely, even marvelously. Paul Ansdell smiled contentedly as he leaned, strangely exhausted for a man who had simply lifted his voice, not his hands, to the rescue. He was congratulating himself that his will power was increasing enormously. Then he heard a hurried voice at his ear.

"Mr. Ansdell, I've brought my wife to thank you for your splendid bravery in saving the whole lot of us," Gervis Templeton was saying earnestly, and his hand was pressing the shoulder of Paul, who wheeled sharply around, to glance for one swift second at the lit-

tle shrinking figure behind Gervis. Then his eyes turned away to the flame-reddened snow.

"Come, Gladly, this is the hero of the hour. Haven't you a word to give him?"

Gladly must have heard her husband's urgent whisper, and yet she spoke not a syllable. Silently and wistfully the girlish bride was gazing up into the dark face of Paul Ansdell. It was as though her soul was dumbly questioning that of the man who had saved her life.

"Dear, say something!" In the lowered voice of Gervis there was a peremptory note. He was annoyed at his wife's extraordinary awkwardness as much as he was puzzled. What could the man think of her? The thought crossed his mind as he took Gladly's cold, small fingers in his to encourage her. But Paul's attention as well as Paul's eyes were being given to the outside world.

"I fear we're going to have a night of it, perhaps another chapter of accidents—who knows?—for the snow will be tremendously deep at certain curves I know of ahead," he said. And, under cover of his words, Gladly drew her hand from that of her husband, and slipped back into the drawing-room car. She was the only one of the passengers who had failed to offer thanks to the rescuer of the train. The cars were moving off on their journey once again, and the men were chatting to one another.

"Not so bad for the first move in the game!"

The triumphant words whispering from the lips of Paul Ansdell as he sat alone in the smoking compartment, leaning back in his chair, his dark, baleful eyes watching the smoke wreaths lazily rising over his head.

CHAPTER V.

Paul Ansdell was right in his surmises. The scientist, as a rule, was right somehow. The fine, feathery snow resolved itself into a perfect blizzard a few hours later, and the train, after plunging through deep drifts, cutting its way gallantly, was brought to a standstill.

Fortunately they were close to a prairie station when the stoppage took place.

"We must make the best of it," cheerfully agreed the passengers. "There's plenty to eat and drink aboard the train, thank goodness, and we can get out and stretch our legs without any danger of being lost in the snow, for it's hard as iron."

"Will you come out and take a turn with me?" pleasantly asked Paul Ansdell, coming over to Gervis Templeton, who was staring disconsolately out of the window.

Gladly had chosen to remain in her berth for breakfast, and showed as yet no inclination to leave it.

"I should like it above all things!" the young Englishman eagerly said. And presently the two men, wrapped up to the eyes, were tramping over the shining, snowy expanse beyond the little station.

"Are you going to make any stay at Montreal?" asked Paul carelessly.

"Not over a few days, to see the place," was the answer. "I am taking my wife to England to spend Christmas in the old home, so our time is limited. Otherwise there's nothing I should like better than to winter in the Dominion. It's a glorious land, and Gladly, my wife, would have revelled in the ice carnival and all the other delights of a Montreal winter. But it can't be helped. My people are eager to see and know her. We have not been long married, you see," he added, a little lamely.

"I know," curtly said Paul Ansdell. "I was in 'Prisco when your wedding took place; and I knew old Hiram Fairweather, your wife's father—personally, I mean. A sharp, astute old chap, that. Made his pile, eh?"

(To be continued.)

SOME ARE ODD.

Geographical Names Out in Arkansas.

A commercial traveler recently returned from a trip through Arkansas was speaking the other day of the nomenclature of the towns and counties of that state. "As a township name," said he, "nothing seems so popular as a name ending in 'creek.' There are Beech, Mill, Barren, Dutch, Long, Big, Peter, Clear, Pierre, Flat, Crooked, Sugar and Day creeks scattered through the state as townships. There are Eagle and War Eagle townships, and one is named after Grover Cleveland. Yell is both a township and county name, but the people are not particularly noisy in those places, in spite of the name. Many names are reminders of the old French occupation, such as Petit Jean, Terre Noir, Fayette, Lagree, De Bastrop and St. Francis, names of townships. Sugarloaf seems to be a popular name for towns in Arkansas, why, I do not know; and one community calls itself by the intensely prosaic name of Railroad. Colonel Bowie, he of the celebrated rifle, has his name perpetuated by a township name, and so has Daniel Boone and Bryan. The population of Arkansas is now ninety times what it was when the first census was taken of it, in 1820, but the increase has been slow in the last decade compared with previous ones. The population has increased in the last ten years only 16 1/2 per cent, while in the ten years before the increase was over 40 1/2 per cent."

Precious Woods Wasted.

Rosewood and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that some of the copper mines there are timbered with rosewood, while mahogany is used as fuel for the engines.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SOME LESSONS IN CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Encouraging Words for Those Engaged in the Battles of Life—God's Soldiers Never Turn Backward—Divine Promise.

(Copyright, 1900, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

In this discourse Dr. Talmage follows Joshua on his triumphal march and speaks encouraging words to all who are engaged in the battle of this life; text, Joshua 1, 5. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried, only one person at the funeral, the same one who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness until he has some one ready to replace him. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place.

Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet, the next with a stone wall, the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards and the next battling against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last against the king of terrors, death—five great victories.

As a rule when the general of an army starts out in a war he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his own courage up and rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts, but the first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the assault of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank, and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha, they cannot disturb us until the freshets fall! It is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water, and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What is the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among those troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chief, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan. One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than, by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank 30 or 40 feet high, and having gained the other bank they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage.

No Going Backward.

As the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—they rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have staid parted? Because perhaps we may want to go back. O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through now swung shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. Victory ahead, but water 30 feet deep behind, surging to death and darkness and woe. But you say, "Why did not these Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance, standing on the top of the bank 20 or 40 feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise, and he was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city with arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to

buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey and once by Herod the Great and once again by the Mohammedans, but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken, and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude, rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—one day for six days—and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the ram's horns on the seventh day the perforation of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

Victory Follows Defeat.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day and score a failure. No so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall, not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "did I not tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it. Joshua has been spoiled. He thinks because he has overthrown and conquered the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Do you not see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It is not philosophic." And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand arguing it all out and showing that it was not possible that such a cause could produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have received many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city and again a failure. The third day and a failure, the fourth day and a failure, fifth day and a failure, sixth day and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around one, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure. There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as never was heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." All together the troops shout: "Down, Jericho! Down Jericho!" And the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash go the walls and temples, the towers, the palaces, the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the walls, hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

The Savior's Deliverance.

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw the red cord they knew it was the divine indication that they should not disturb the premises, making us think of the divine cord of a Savior's deliverance, the red cord of a Savior's kindness, the red cord of a Savior's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God, and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment day and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones and ribs of nature shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow
And heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below
Thou, undismayed, shall o'er the ruins smile
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai. It must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you. It is going to be a very easy job. You must stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer. The northern troops at Bull Run

did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. You who go out in the battles of God with only half a force instead of your taking the men of Ai the men of Ai will take you. Look at the church of God on the retreat. The Bornean cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people. "Fall back, O church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Do you not see the Bornean cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say: "Fall back, O church of God! Do you not see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say: "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosiac account of the creation. Fall back!"

God's Soldiers Must Advance.

But friends of God never have had any right to fall back. Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to wince, and he says, "O Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hands of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan. For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth." I am very glad Joshua said that. Before it seemed as if he were a supernatural being and therefore could not be an example to us, but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust. God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says, "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai. Let us go up right away." They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends comparatively small regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back, and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of these scattered, or seemingly scattered, regiments, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down, and the flying Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

No Place to Stop.

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word: "There are five kings after us. They are going to destroy us. Send troops quick. Send us help right away." Joshua has a three day's march, more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say: "That is Joshua. That is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone walls of Jericho and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." They sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, while the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens, with bullets of iron, pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon. "Oh," says Joshua, "this is surely a victory!" "But do you not see the sun is going down?"

Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon!" They halted. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian Scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What?" say you. "Not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and their sun sets at noon.