

THE SPLENDID SPUR

OR

THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

There was a whole town burning below. And the streets men were fighting, as could be told by their shouts and the rattle and blaze of musketry.

Now, the town was Marlboro and the attacking force a body of royal troops sent from Oxford to oust the garrison of the Parliament, which they did this same night with great slaughter, driving the rebels out of the place and back on the road to Bristol. Had we guessed this much ill-luck had been spared us, but we knew nought of it, nor whether friends or foes were getting the better. So (Della being by this time recovered a little) we determined to pass the night in the woods, and on the morrow to give the place a wide berth.

Retreating, then, to the hollow (that lay on the lee side of the ridge, away from the north wind). I gathered a pile of great stones and spread my cloak thereover for Della. To sleep was impossible, even with the will for it. For the tumult and fighting went on and only died out about an hour before dawn, and once or twice we were troubled to hear the sound of people running on the ridge above. So we sat and talked in low voices till dawn, and grew more desperately languid than ever.

With the chill of daybreak we started, meaning to get quit of the neighborhood before any spies us, and fetched a compass to the south without another look at Marlboro.

But before an hour had passed by we were captured by a troop of rebels and taken to Bristol, where I was searched and my letter to the King taken from me by Colonel Essex.

You are now to be asked to pass over the next four weeks in as many minutes: as would I had done at the time! For I spent them in a bitter cold cell in the main tower of Bristol keep, with a chair and a pallet of straw for all my furniture, and nothing to stay my fast but the bread and water which the jailer—a sour man, if ever there were one—brought me twice a day.

What concerned me most was the cold that gnaw'd me continually these winter nights as I lay thinking of Della (whom I had not seen since our capture), or gazing on the patch of frosty heaven that was all my view. 'Twas thus I heard Bristol bells ringing for Christmas in the town below.

Colonel Essex had been thrice to visit me, and always offered many excuses for my treatment; but when he came to question me, why, of course, I had nothing to tell, so that each visit but served to vex him more. Clearly I was suspected to know a great deal beyond what appeared in the letter; and no doubt poor Anthony Killigrew had received some verbal message from His Majesty which he lived not long enough to transmit to me. As 'twas, I kept silence; and the Colonel in return would tell me nothing of what befell Della.

One fine, frosty morning, then, when I had lain in this distress just four weeks, the door of my cell opened, and there appeared a young woman, not uncomely, bringing in my bread and water. She was the jailer's daughter, and wore a heavy bunch of keys at her girdle.

"Oh, good morning!" said I, for till now her father had visited me, and this was a welcome change.

Instead of answering cheerfully (as I look'd for), she gave a little nod of the head, rather sorrowful, and answer'd:

"Father's a-bed with the ague."

"Now, you cannot expect me to be sorry."

"Nay," she said, and I caught her looking at me with something like compassion in her blue eyes, which mov'd me to cry out suddenly:

"I think you are woman enough to like a pair of lovers."

"Oh, ay; but where's t'other half of the pair?"

"You're right. The young gentleman that was brought hither with me—I know not if she loves me; but this I do know—I would give my hand to learn her whereabouts and how she fares."

"Better eat thy loaf," put in the girl very suddenly, setting down the plate and pitcher.

"'Twas odd, but I seem'd to hear a sob in her voice. However, her back was toward me as I glanced up. And next moment she was gone, locking the iron door behind her.

I turn'd from my breakfast with a sigh, having for the moment tasted the hope to hear something of Della. But in a while, feeling hungry, I pick'd up the loaf beside me, and broke it in two.

To my amazement, out dropp'd something that jingled on the stone floor.

'Twas a small file; and, examining the loaf again, I found a clasp-knife also, and a strip of paper, neatly folded, hidden in the bread.

"Dear Jack:

"Colonel Essex, finding no good come of his interrogatories, hath set me at large; tho' I continue under his eye, to wit, with a dowager of his acquaintance, a Mistress Finch. We dwell in a private house midway down St. Thomas street, in Red-lie; and she hath put a dismal dress upon me (black, 'tis hideous), otherwise sees me not. But take care of thyself, my dear friend; for tho' the Colonel be a gentleman, he is press'd by them about him, and at last interview I noted a mischief in his eye. Canst use this file—(but take care! all the gates I saw guarded with troops to-day.) This by one who hath been my friend; for whose sake take the paper up. And believe your cordial, loving comrade, D. K."

After reading this a dozen times, till I had it by heart, I tore the letter into small pieces and hid them in my pocket. This done I felt lighter-hearted than for many a day, and gather'd for employment than with any

further view) began lazily to rub away at my window bar. The file work'd well. By noon the bar was half sever'd, and I broke off to whistle a tune. 'Twas:

"Vive le tout cas,
C'est le grand soulas—"

and I broke off to hear the key turning in my lock.

The jailer's daughter enter'd with my second meal. Her eyes were red with weeping.

Said I, "Does your father beat you?"

"He has, before now," she replied; "but not to-day."

"Then why do you weep?"

"Not for that."

"For what then?"

"For you—oh, dear, dear! How shall I tell it? They are going to—to—"

She sat down on the chair, and sobb'd in her apron.

"What is't they are going to do?"

"To—to—h—hang you."

"The devil! When?"

"Tut-tut—to-morrow no-horning!"

I went suddenly very cold all over. There was silence for a moment, and then I heard the noise of some one dropping a plank in the courtyard below.

"What's that?"

"The gurg-gurg—"

"Gallows?"

She nodded.

"You are but a weak girl," said I meditating.

"Aye; but there's a dozen troopers on the landing below."

"Then, my dear, you must lock me up."

I decided gloomily, and fell to whistling:

"Vive le tout cas,
C'est le grand soulas—"

A workman's hammer in the court below chim'd in, beating out the tune, and driving the moral home. I heard a low sob behind me. The jailer's daughter was going.

"Lend me your bodkin, my dear, for a memento."

She pull'd it out and gave it to me.

"Thank you, and now good-bye! Stop; here's a kiss to take to my dear mistress. They shan't hang me, my dear."

The girl went out, sobbing, and lock'd the door after her.

I sat down for a while, feeling doleful. For I found myself extremely young to be hanged. But soon the whang-whang! of the hammer below rous'd me. "Come," I thought, "I'll see what that rascal is doing, at any rate," and pulling the file from my pocket, began to attack the window bar with a will. I had no need for silence, at this great height above the ground; and, besides, the hammering continued lustily.

Daylight was closing as I finished my task, and pulling the two pieces of the bar aside, thrust my head out at the window.

Directly under me, and about twenty feet from the ground, I saw a beam projecting, about six feet long, over a sort of doorway in the wall. Under this beam was a ladder, and a great coil of rope rested by the ladder's foot.

Now up to this moment I had but one idea of avoiding my fate, and that was to kill myself. 'Twas to this end I had borrowed the bodkin of the maid. Afterward I had a notion of flinging myself from the window as they came for me. But now, as I looked down on that coil of rope lying directly below, a prettier scheme struck me. I sat down on the floor of my cell and pulled off my boots and stockings.

'Twas such a pretty plan that I got into a fever of impatience. Drawing off a stocking and picking out the end of the yarn, I began to unravel the knitting for dear life, until the whole lay, a heap of thread, on the floor. I then served the other in the same way; and at the end had two lines, each pretty near four hundred yards in length, which now I divided into eight lines of about a hundred yards each.

With these I set to work, and by the end of twenty minutes had plaited a rope—if rope, indeed, it could be called—weak to be sure, but long enough to reach the ground with plenty to spare. Then, having bent my bodkin to the form of a hook, I tied it to the end of the cord, weighted it with a crown from my pocket, and clambered up to the window. I was going to angle for the hangman's rope.

'Twas near dark by this, but I could just distinguish it on the paving stones below, and looking about the court, saw that no one was astray. I wriggled first my head, then my shoulder, through the opening, and let the line run gently through my hand. There were still many yards left that could be paid out, when I heard my coin tinkle softly on the pavement.

Then began my difficulty. A dozen times I pulled my hook across the coil before it hitched, and then a full three-score of times the rope slipped away before I had raised it a dozen yards. My elbow was raw, almost with leaning on the sill, and I began to lose heart and head, when, to my delight, the bodkin caught and held. It had fastened on a kink in the rope not far from the end. I began to pull up hand over hand, trembling all the while like a leaf.

At last I caught it, and, slipping back into the room, pulled it after me yard after yard. My heart went loud and fast. There was nothing to fasten it to but an iron staple in the door; that meant losing the width of my cell, some six feet.

This, however, must be risked, and I made the end fast, lowered the other out of the window again, and, climbing to a sitting posture on the window sill, thrust out my legs over the gulf.

Thankful was I that darkness had fallen before this and hidden the giddy depths below me. I gripped the rope and pushed myself inch by inch through the window, and out over the ledge. For a moment I dangled, without courage to move a hand. Then,

wreath'd my legs around the rope. I loos'd my left hand and caught with it again some six inches lower. And so down I went.

Minute followed minute and left me still descending, six inches at a time, and looking neither above nor below, but always at the gray wall that seemed sliding up in front of me. The first dizziness was over, but a horrible aching of the arms had taken the place of it. 'Twas growing intolerable, when suddenly my legs, that sought to close round the rope, found space only. I had come to the end.

I looked down. A yard below my feet the beam of the gallows gleam'd palely out of the darkness. Here was my chance. I left my hands slip down the last foot or so of rope, hung for a moment, then dropped for the beam.

My feet missed it, as I intended they should; but I flung both arms out and caught it, bringing myself up with a jerk. While yet I hung clawing, I heard a footstep coming through the gateway between the two wards.

Here was a fix. With all speed and silence I drew myself up to the beam, found a hold with one knee upon it, not astride and lay down at length, flattening my body down against the timber. Yet all the while I felt sure I must have been heard.

The footsteps drew nearer and passed almost under the gallows. 'Twas an officer, for, as he passed, he called out:

"Sergeant Downs! Sergeant Downs!"

A voice from the guardroom in the barbacan answered him through the darkness.

"Why is not the watch set?"

"In a minute, sir; it wants a minute to six."

"I thought the Colonel ordered it at half past five?"

In the silence that followed the barbacan clock began to strike, and half a dozen troopers tumbled out from the guardroom, some laughing, some grumbling at the coldness of the night. The officer returned to the inner ward as they dispersed to their posts; and soon there was silence again, save for the tramp-tramp of a sentry crossing and recrossing the pavement below me.

All this while I lay flattened along the beam, scarce daring to breathe. But at length, when the man had passed below for the sixth time, I found heart to wiggle myself toward the doorway over which the gallows protruded. By slow degrees, and pausing whenever the fellow drew near, I crept close up to the wall, then, waiting the proper moment, cast my legs over, dangled for a second or two swinging myself toward the sill, flung myself off, and, touching the ledge with one toe, pitched forward in the room.

The effect of this was to give me a sound crack as I struck the flooring, which lay about a foot below the level of the sill. I picked myself up and listen'd. Outside the regular tramp of the sentry prov'd he had not heard me, and I drew a long breath, for I knew that without a lantern he would never spy, in the darkness, the telltale rope dangling from the tower.

In the room where I stood all was right. But the flooring was uneven to the foot, and scar'd with small pieces of masonry. 'Twas one of the many chambers in the castle that had dropp'd into disrepair. Groping my way with both hands, and barking my shins on the loose stones, I found a low vaulted passage that led me into a second chamber, empty as the first. To my delight, the door to this was ajar, with a glimmer of light slanting through the crack. I made straight toward it, and pull'd the door softly. It open'd, and show'd a lantern dimly burning, and the staircase of the Keep winding past me, up into darkness.

My chance was, of course, to descend, which I did on tiptoe, hearing no sound. The stairs twisted down and down, and ended by a stout door with another lamp shining above it. After listening a moment I decided to be bold, and lifted the latch. A faint cry saluted me.

I stood face to face with the jailer's daughter.

The room was a small one, well lit, and lind' about the walls with cups and bottles. 'Twas as I guess'd, a taproom for the soldiers, and the girl had been scouring one of the pewter mugs when my entrance startled her. She stood up, white as if painted, and gasp'd:

"Quick—quick! Down here behind the counter for your life!"

(To be continued.)

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN INTERESTING DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DONALD SACE MACKAY.

Subject: "The Value of a Day"—We Should Not Waste Effort In Talking 'Till Sunrise About the Shortness of Time—Let Us Be Up and Doing.

New YORK CITY.—A sermon preached Sunday evening by the Rev. Dr. Donald S. Mackay, in Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth street, had for its subject "The Value of a Day." The text was from John xix: "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" Dr. Mackay said:

"My text this evening is Christ's definition of a day: 'Are there not twelve hours in the day?' And what of it? You say, 'This much is true. The day is a great deal longer than some people seem to imagine. It is indeed one of the dearest, as it is one of the oldest of moral reflections, which forever dwells upon the shortness of time and the swiftness of its flight. More mournful eloquence and delicate poetry have been inspired by that one theme than by any other in the catalogue of human thought. Of course, it is not a new thought. It is in the Bible. There are not twelve hours in the day? To each man sufficient time has been given to do the task assigned to him. That is the solemn practical truth emphasized by our text. It is one that perhaps hardly ever think of; not the shortness of time, but its sufficiency for the tasks of life. Are there not twelve hours in the day? That is our subject, and the duties which must be done, to bear the burdens which must be borne, to face the trials which God sends.

At the outset I want to see how these words of Christ rebuke two very opposite, but very common, tempers which men assume toward time and its opportunities. On the one hand, Christ rebukes here that morbid spirit which in hopeless impotence is forever bewailing the loss of time, lost opportunities in the past and its smallness of opportunities in the present. 'O, if I had only done so and so twenty years ago, how much better off I had been to-day,' one man exclaims, and he sits down in a sort of sentimental fatalism, bewailing his unhappy lot, making no real effort to better it. To such a man Christ says in effect, 'Never mind the past; it is gone; you cannot recall it; but there is yet time to do better. Do it with this day and its precious hours.' Vain regrets for the past are the worst kind of dissipation of the present.

But, on the other hand, these words rebuke less strongly relate to the opposite spirit, which, because life seems to stretch through a long vista of seventy or eighty years, is prodigal of its time, thinks that the duties of the present can well enough be mortgaged on the opportunities of the future. 'I will give twenty years in sowing his wild oats,' Nature is generous. You can bank on her resources. A few years of mis-spent time—well, it won't matter twenty years after this. So he goes on, and he goes on. So they stake life and immortality on the chances of the future. And to that temper Christ says: 'Are there not twelve hours in the day?' Only twelve! Steal ten of them for sin to-day, and you give twenty-two of them for God to-morrow. Only twelve hours! Sufficient to do life's duties in, but not sufficient to serve God and the devil in. Twelve hours! Abundance of time, but not a moment too much, not a second too long in the day? It was Jesus Christ who asked that question. Have you never been struck with what I must call the fragility of Christ, when he has seen a man who simply does not care for his life, but who is not worried about the world's necessities. What we want is this sense of urgency. Time is short, and we must do something that will abide when we have passed away. That is the first thing that prayer brings to the twelve hours of the day.

The second sense is a sense of calmness, a sense of serenity. How often we fret and worry beneath the pressure of life! The friction of care reduces the effectiveness of our energy. Many men are wearing themselves out by their own fretting and fussing. Frugal, not parsimonious, He realized the value of the little things in life.

So, too, in this matter of time, from over-lusting to everlasting He is God. Before we have time to do anything, and all the ages. And yet He counts life by its hours, twelve hours in the day, while we, the frail, helpless children of a day, presume to measure life by its years. How many of us are young men, and all the exuberance of his vitality counts life by its years, and replies: 'Twenty, thirty years old.' 'How old art thou?' said Pharaoh to the aged Jacob. And the patriarch, who had counted his life by its days, and Jacob said unto Pharaoh: 'Few and evil have the days of the years of my pilgrimage been.' It was by its days that the old man reckoned his life.

So, too, you remember the prayer of Moses: 'So teach us to number, not our years, but our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

Have you ever noticed how much more keenly this sense of the value of a day is forced upon us the nearer we come to eternity? It is when the soul stands upon the shore of a boundless eternity that it begins to think of how much a day, an hour, a moment means. It is when the soul stands upon the shore of a boundless eternity that it begins to think of how much a day, an hour, a moment means. It is when the soul stands upon the shore of a boundless eternity that it begins to think of how much a day, an hour, a moment means. It is when the soul stands upon the shore of a boundless eternity that it begins to think of how much a day, an hour, a moment means.

I want, of course, this evening to emphasize especially the spiritual aspect of this subject, and yet it cannot be out of place altogether to remember that this power of using the hours of a day and gathering up these precious fragments of time, comes from the fact that we are really the secret of some of the most successful lives. One of the striking testimonials of biography, indeed, is this, that a great many enduring reputations, the noblest of which are the 'good' moments of life. Men otherwise long since forgotten are remembered to-day for what they achieved in odd moments, in the twelve hours of the day. One of the best translations of Iacret, the great Latin writer, was the work of a busy London doctor while going his daily round among his patients. A great musician learned French and Italian while riding from one street to another in the great London. A learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office, so that he was enabled to graduate with honors in the university. One of the ablest legal treatises in the French language was written by a man in the somewhat depressing interval which precedes the serving of the evening meal, after he had come home from his office. Eliza Barrett caught her poetic inspiration in ancient languages and twenty-two English languages while waiting for the horses to be shod in his blacksmith shop. Such examples teach us forcibly enough how abundant are the hours of the day for the noblest tasks of life, if we would but seek grace to use them aright. 'Redeeming the time,' says the apostle. How many of us ask God's grace each day, for His grace, to use the twelve hours aright, for His glory, to the benefit of our fellow men.

Do we realize this privilege of twelve hours a day sufficiently? I am quite sure we do not. We do not so often as we should use the time to the best advantage. We do not so often as we should use the time to the best advantage. We do not so often as we should use the time to the best advantage.

A full-time for the painless decapitation of fowls purchased by the public has been legislated in the market of Gothenburg by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 19.

Subject: Christ Risen, Matt. xxviii. 1-15
—Golden Text, 1 Cor. xv. 20—Memory Verses, 9, 10—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. The resurrection announced by the angels (vs. 1-7). "End of the Sabbath." After the Jewish Sabbath at sunset it closed on Saturday night at sundown. "To dawn." The women probably left their homes at different times. John says, "When it was yet dark cometh Mary." Mary says they came at the "first day of the week." The resurrection was announced by the women who were sent to the tomb of Friday, all day Saturday and part of Sunday, which was called three days according to Jewish reckoning. "Mary Magdalene," the town of the Sea of Galilee, and was foremost among the honorable women who ministered unto Christ and His disciples, being especially devoted to Christ for His mercy in casting out from her seven evil spirits (Luke 8:2, 3). There is no evidence that she was ever a bad character. "The other Mary." This was Mary, the mother of James the Less, and Joseph (Mark 15:47); the sister of Lazarus (John 11:21). To the women named here Mark adds Salome, and Luke adds Joanna and other women. Note the devotion of these women. They came not expecting to see Christ, but bringing spices to embalm Christ. "Sepulchre." The tomb was cut in the side of a rock, like a cave, large enough for several persons to enter. "Earthquake." The earthquake and the resurrection took place previous to the arrival of the women. There was also an earthquake at the time of Christ's death (Matt. 27:51). "Both were given for the same purpose, namely, to manifest to the world the resurrection of Christ. The women were going on beyond the reach of sense." "Angel of the Lord." Luke says "two men," John says "two angels," while Mark agrees with Matthew in saying that the resurrection took place in the presence of one who did the speaking. "Rolled back." Not that Jesus could not have burst the barrier, but the ministry of the resurrection was given to the transaction to human conception.

3. "Countenance." In the original this word refers not only to the face, but to the general aspect, the general appearance. "Lightning." This is a metaphorical expression. "White." This was heavenly apparel. This dazzling whiteness was the symbol of joy, purity and glory. "Did kneel." The Roman guard. "Did kneel." It was very probable that the splendor of a glorified body is always sufficient to overwhelm the senses and prevent the strength of a living mortal. See Dan. 8:27.

4. "Said unto the women." The angel who sat upon the stone had entered the tomb as the women drew near, and then the women entered also, and the angel spoke to them on the way. "The angel said unto them, 'Do not be afraid. I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, but is risen. Behold the place where he lay. Come, see the sepulchre where he lay, and see that he is risen. As he said, 'I will meet you in Galilee.' Go, tell your brethren that they should go to Galilee, and there they shall see him, as he said to you.'"

5. "Go quickly." The resurrection did not mean that the dead should rise again. It was a time of gladness and brought (1) joy, (2) victory, (3) faith. The resurrection brought hope to humanity. (1) It brought the hope of blessed immortality. (2) It gave the spiritual bodies like that of Christ. (3) Christ is alive and is thus able to make His promises good to us. He is able to save unto the uttermost, seeing He "ever liveth." (4) It is the fear of death and the grave is removed. In Christ death has met its Master, and the grave can no longer claim the victor. (5) It is the victory over sin. (6) It is the victory over the devil. (7) It is the victory over the world. (8) It is the victory over the flesh. (9) It is the victory over the devil. (10) It is the victory over the world. (11) It is the victory over the flesh. (12) It is the victory over the devil. (13) It is the victory over the world. (14) It is the victory over the flesh. (15) It is the victory over the devil. (16) It is the victory over the world. (17) It is the victory over the flesh. (18) It is the victory over the devil. (19) It is the victory over the world. (20) It is the victory over the flesh. (21) It is the victory over the devil. (22) It is the victory over the world. (23) It is the victory over the flesh. (24) It is the victory over the devil. (25) It is the victory over the world. (26) It is the victory over the flesh. (27) It is the victory over the devil. (28) It is the victory over the world. (29) It is the victory over the flesh. (30) It is the victory over the devil. (31) It is the victory over the world. (32) It is the victory over the flesh. (33) It is the victory over the devil. (34) It is the victory over the world. (35) It is the victory over the flesh. (36) It is the victory over the devil. (37) It is the victory over the world. (38) It is the victory over the flesh. (39) It is the victory over the devil. (40) It is the victory over the world. (41) It is the victory over the flesh. (42) It is the victory over the devil. (43) It is the victory over the world. (44) It is the victory over the flesh. (45) It is the victory over the devil. (46) It is the victory over the world. (47) It is the victory over the flesh. (48) It is the victory over the devil. (49) It is the victory over the world. (50) It is the victory over the flesh. (51) It is the victory over the devil. (52) It is the victory over the world. (53) It is the victory over the flesh. (54) It is the victory over the devil. (55) It is the victory over the world. (56) It is the victory over the flesh. (57) It is the victory over the devil. (58) It is the victory over the world. (59) It is the victory over the flesh. (60) It is the victory over the devil. (61) It is the victory over the world. (62) It is the victory over the flesh. (63) It is the victory over the devil. (64) It is the victory over the world. (65) It is the victory over the flesh. (66) It is the victory over the devil. (67) It is the victory over the world. (68) It is the victory over the flesh. (69) It is the victory over the devil. (70) It is the victory over the world. (71) It is the victory over the flesh. (72) It is the victory over the devil. (73) It is the victory over the world. (74) It is the victory over the flesh. (75) It is the victory over the devil. (76) It is the victory over the world. (77) It is the victory over the flesh. (78) It is the victory over the devil. (79) It is the victory over the world. (80) It is the victory over the flesh. (81) It is the victory over the devil. (82) It is the victory over the world. (83) It is the victory over the flesh. (84) It is the victory over the devil. (85) It is the victory over the world. (86) It is the victory over the flesh. (87) It is the victory over the devil. (88) It is the victory over the world. (89) It is the victory over the flesh. (90) It is the victory over the devil. (91) It is the victory over the world. (92) It is the victory over the flesh. (93) It is the victory over the devil. (94) It is the victory over the world. (95) It is the victory over the flesh. (96) It is the victory over the devil. (97) It is the victory over the world. (98) It is the victory over the flesh. (99) It is the victory over the devil. (100) It is the victory over the world.

Thank God For Christ.

Full nineteen hundred years
Of history—
Of human joy and tears,
And mystery
Since Christ was born.
Men ponder o'er the past,
And what may be;
But shall unto the last,
Imprecise see
The path they tread.
Yet as they backward look
And strive to seize
Do something substantial, I am not sure
But this is a spasm of patriotism, but
I will do something. The wise head
of the day would be ready to praise Nehemiah
and think he had done enough, but
Nehemiah is in every man's heart. Position, ease
and all else were subordinate to Jerusalem's
need. Other men sought to bleed
and extort and, like birds of prey, live at
the expense and life of others. Nehemiah
for twelve hundred years has played a part
fully his as governor and fed 150 Jews
in the city at his own expense. If the
men chosen of high heaven to manage coal
mines, corn cotton and oil, water stock,
and all the things of the world, were
for plunder had a subconscious infusion
of the patriotic spirit of Nehemiah or a
transfusion of blood from his veins they
would rally the nation to duty and deeds
of might and valor. Nehemiah is the
story of Nehemiah comes near to telling
us that no man can be a patriot who
is not a man of God, but who stands out
apart from that is the utter uselessness
of the man in his giving of himself as well
as in the giving of his country. He did such
deeds that he pleaded the cause of the
poor and compelled the rich to cease their
exactions. History repeats itself. One
man in every generation of Nehemiah's
line and lot of country would drive
patriotism to its den, and crime would rapidly
decrease. There has never been a time when
men have failed to respond to a splendid
dare to the heroic. There are thousands
of men who are now selovers and living
in luxury who, if they would brood over
this country's need and pray for this nation's
weal, would find an undying passion
welling up in their souls, so that a brother
in every generation of Nehemiah's
line and lot of country would drive
patriotism to its den, and crime would rapidly
decrease. There has never been a time when
men have failed to respond to a splendid
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