

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 4.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xiii, 1-18. Memory Verses, 7-9—Golden Text, Math. vii, 12—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1-4. Abram went out of Egypt to Bethel, unto the place of the altar which he had made there at the first, and there Abram called on the name of the Lord; such is a brief summary of these four verses. We do not read of any altar in Egypt, for there Abram was out of fellowship with God, thinking of his own personal safety rather than the glory of God. If you have wandered from God, and neglected the altar and allowed anything to come between God and your soul, return to Him as quickly as possible, for nothing can make up for lack of fellowship with Him, and He is saying, "Only acknowledge thine iniquity; turn, O backsliding child, for I am married unto you" (Jer. lii, 13, 14; Rom. vi, 4). His wife and Lot and all that he had were affected by his wanderings and return; no one liveth unto himself, and we must be careful not to put a stumbling block or occasion to fall in another's way (Rom. xiv, 7-13).

5-9. Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. Lot also was rich in flocks and herds and tents, and the substance of these two men was so great that they could not dwell together. They were in the land for God, and the heathen were in the land, the Canaanite and the Perizzite, and before these people they must worship for God, therefore there must be no strife, for "the servant of the Lord must not strike" (1 Tim. ii, 24). Who shall yield? For if strife is to cease some one must yield. See the greatness of Abram, the one to whom God had given the land, with whom Lot was sojourning by Abram's consent, who might have said, This is all mine, given me by God, and you and your herdmen must be quiet or else go away to some other land. This would only have been right in the eyes of many, but listen to Abram as he offers Lot the first choice, meekly saying, It will be better for us to separate; choose whatever part of the land you prefer, and I will be content to go elsewhere. This is greatness in the sight of God.

10, 11. Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that was well watered everywhere; then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and they separated themselves, the one from the other. This life set before us in Abram consisted of a series of separations unto God; more and more fully unto Him, from Ur, from Haran, from Terah, from Canaan, in which he had only his tent and altar, from Egypt, and now from Lot. It is only as we are willing to be separated unto God from all others and all else that we can know anything of the sufficiency of God, for while we lean on ought else He cannot reveal Himself to us (1 Cor. vi, 16-18). Lot, like most people, seemed glad enough to take advantage of Abram's generous offer; he had not the grace of unselfishness. He lifted up his eyes, but not even to the hills, much less to the Lord, from whom every good gift comes (Jer. iii, 23; Jas. i, 17). He saw only the well watered plain of Jordan and its seeming advantages to himself.

12, 13. Abram continued in the hill country, but Lot dwelt in the plain, and not heeding the wickedness of the men of Sodom, he even pitched his tent toward Sodom. The stories of the plains & the stories of the mountains. See the plain of Shinar and the plain of Dura (Gen. xi, 2-4; Zech. v, 11; Dan. iii, 1) and contrast Elijah on Carmel, the transfiguration, the ascension and other hill stories. The air of the hills is better, sometimes God allows us to be placed among the wicked that we may there shine for Him, making His grace sufficient for us, but if He leaves the choice to us we should remember Ps. i, 1; exult, I, and keep as far away as possible from every appearance of evil. Holiness is not as contagious as sin (Hag. ii, 11-13). The men of Sodom had not been severely wicked in the eyes of Lot, but they were sinners exceedingly before the Lord.

14-17. Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee. Separations unto God always bring increased blessings and new revelations of God to the soul; having by the grace of God magnanimously yielded and in a sense taken second place, God now confirms to him the gift of the land with a new statement that his seed should be as the dust of the earth. In a later appearing (Gen. xv, 5) the Lord told him that his seed should be as the stars of heaven; then still later (xxii, 17) the Lord combined the two, and in connection with his giving up of Isaac told him that his seed should be as the stars of the heaven and as the sand which is upon the seashore. Afterward the twofold promise is divided and the heavenly part is given to Isaac and the earthly to Jacob (xxvi, 4; xxxiii, 14). The first becomes last and the last first and to my mind refer to Israel and the church, through whom as Abraham's earthly and heavenly seed God will yet bless all nations. These two companies of the redeemed may be seen in Gen. i and ii; on the fourth day sun, moon and stars are for signs, and Jer. xxxi, 35, 36 tells us that they are signs or tokens that Israel is always a nation before God; in Eph. v, 31, 32 we note that Adam and Eve are typical of Christ and the church.

18. "Then Abram removed his tent and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." Hebron was a hill country, for Caleb said to Joshua, Give me this mountain, and Hebron became his inheritance (Joshua xiv, 12-15); this plain of Mamre must have been a tableland, a plain among the hills where Abram long continued to enjoy fellowship with God far above and away from the atmosphere of Sodom. There in due time Sarah died, and he bought the field of Machpelah and the cave that was in it as a burial place (chapter xxiii), and there to this day lie the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah, (chapter xlix, 29-31) awaiting the first resurrection and the fulfillment of the promises. A good work is being done at Hebron today among the Jews and Moslems by the Midway Medical Mission, in which I am thankful to have a prayerful and financial interest. Hebron signifies fellowship; why not have fellowship with God in this passion? In the study of these lessons I earnestly commend F. B. Meyer's "Life of Abraham" and C. H. M.'s "Notes on Genesis."

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

No man is a prosperous man who is not spiritually prosperous.—Rev. Dr. A. R. Holderly, Moore Memorial Church, Atlanta.

How to Live and Die. To live like a soldier and to die like a philosopher should be the resolute aim of man.—M. M. Mangasarian, Ethical Culturist, Chicago.

Christ's Constituency. Christ's constituency is not of blood, nor of will of the flesh, but is created by an appeal to love, gratitude and principle. A constituency that endures is not built up in a day.—Rev. John R. Brown, Baptist, Kansas City.

Have Your Own Belief. Hold fast, therefore, the form of sound words. Make your own creed first, and then find the church that it conforms to. Your own belief comes first. Struggle your way to certainty.—Rev. J. W. Cochrane, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

Light and Shadow. Life's pictures, painted not on narrow and fading canvas, but the imperishable tablets of time, must have their mingling of lights and shadows to reveal the perfect beauty and attain ideal symmetry.—Rev. Dr. James Young Fair, Presbyterian, Savannah.

Be Ye Fishers of Men. We build our churches, announce our services, preach, teach and help as we may those who come. But, alas, the masses do not come! The command is not to the lost to come to the churches, but for us to go to them.—Rev. T. C. Carleton, Baptist, Kansas City.

Nothing Like Religion. There is nothing under the stars so helpful, so encouraging, so healthful, as a religion which tells us that we are in the Father's keeping and that we are traveling a rough road toward an eternal home.—Rev. Dr. George H. Hepworth, Congregationalist, New York.

To Live Successfully. Now, there's but one way to live reasonably, fearlessly and successfully—yield to the mighty Son of God and fall down and worship him forever. His gospel is perfect sanity, and his service perfect happiness.—Rev. C. Q. Wright, Chaplain, United States Navy.

The Use of Wealth. The desire for property with a view to its right and legitimate use is not only not covetous, but it is lawful and right. If there were no desire for wealth, there would be no need of it. It would soon cease to exist at all, and society would go back to a state of actual barbarism.—Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters, Baptist, Brooklyn.

Less Doctrine and More Love. God has never deserted any part of the world. Some of the rites of the old peoples may seem foolish and childish, but in the sight of God all is childish. We should learn the lesson taught us to find the best in the lowest. What we want is less creed and more work, less ceremony and more honesty, less doctrine and more love.—Rev. Maurice H. Harris, Hebrew, New York.

The Greatest Mistake. It is purely a mistake to suppose that any human being is rich because he controls for a short period. The greatest mistake man can make is to suppose himself independent of the Almighty. If you are rich in pocket and want to enjoy life, struggle to become poor and humble in spirit, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—Rev. G. H. Humason, Methodist, Pittsburg.

How to Attain God's Life. God's life of ineffable love and wisdom seems to be infinitely beyond the reach of human enjoyment and participation. Hence when the breath of heaven inspires in man the longing for a holier, truer life the first work to be done is to put bit and bridle on his native appetites and lusts. He must bring into obedience to law all those faculties and tendencies that foster pride and self will.—Rev. S. C. Eby, Swedenborgian, St. Louis.

Impregnability of the Bible. The old book stands. It stands like Gibraltar, with the wreck of hostile fleets scattered at its base. It stands like Eddystone, despite the swirling tides and buffeting storms. The citadel stands. The assaults of the enemy have not breached its walls from without nor have its bolts been drawn by treachery within. The citadel stands, and over it floats the red banner of the cross.—Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, Reformed Church, New York.

Founded on a Rock. It has become fashionable in certain circles to assail the church, declaring it to be an institution of the past and rapidly declining in its power. I challenge that claim as true historically. From having 500,000 followers at the close of the first century Christianity has come to have practically 300,000,000 adherents at the beginning of the twentieth century. An engine that can run for 1,800 years, rebuilding its speed every century, is certainly not a failure.—Rev. Henry Irving Rasmus, Methodist, Chicago.

The Intermediary Sabbath. Has it ever occurred to you that between these dual duties, those touching our relation to God and those involving our obligations to man, the Sabbath stands? The author of the decalogue has thus declared to us his conviction that the arch of religion, buttressed upon its two columns, God and man, would fall to pieces without the keystone of the Sabbath, and indeed if the truths enunciated in this divine code make up by far the largest part of our higher nature and humanity, what institution that you can think of would be so likely to unfold and strengthen it as a day of rest, a Sabbath set aside and hallowed for the contemplation of the highest ideals which the human mind can conceive?—Rev. Dr. S. Sale, Hebrew, St. Louis.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

How to Clean Cane Chairs. To clean cane chairs wash the cane on the underside with salt and water; then rub the upper surface with a cut lemon dropped in salt and then with plain lemon juice. Dry in the open air if possible, but safe from the rays of the sun.

How to Keep Cut Flowers. A Japanese plan by which cut flowers may be made to last an abnormally long time is to burn the ends of the stems with a piece of wood—not with a match, be it observed, for the sulphur would be injurious to the flowers.

How to Stiffen Laces. To stiffen laces use corn flour in preference to ordinary starch. It makes them firm and does not detract from their lacy appearance.

How to Keep Fish White. Dip smelts or fish of any sort in lemon juice when you wish to keep the flesh white.

MALCOM KIRK.

A Tale of Moral Heroism in Overcoming the World.

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

"WHOM GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER."

He had come directly to his subject, feeling that it was best so. Mrs. Penrose looked at him in the greatest astonishment.

"You—love—Dorothy?" she said slowly.

"Yes," replied Malcom Kirk simply. "I have loved her for four years. Ever since I entered the seminary, in fact."

Mrs. Penrose sat still and looked more keenly at the awkward, homely figure in her reception room. She was a woman of great quickness of perception. To do her justice she had pre-eminently a large fund of fairness and a sense of justice which came to her through a long line of pilgrim ancestors. She saw in the man who had just declared his love for her niece so abruptly something more than a common average man. There was a look in his eye that spoke of limitless endurance, and his voice was of an unusual quality, very nearly if not quite equal to a rare gift of music or art.

She rose and walked over to the window and looked far down the beach. Then she turned toward Malcom Kirk and said with some emphasis: "What you have so suddenly told me, Mr. Kirk, is, I need not say, a complete surprise to me. I suppose you know that Mr. Raleigh is a lover of Dorothy?"

"No more than I am," said Malcom Kirk quickly.

"I suppose you know he is an old friend of the family and that Mr. Gilbert favored his suit?"

"That has nothing to do with my love for her," said Malcom Kirk softly.

Mrs. Penrose smiled slightly. Then she frowned and looked somewhat anxiously at him.

"What do you expect to do?" she asked somewhat vaguely.

"I am going to ask Dorothy Gilbert to be my wife."

"If she loves you?" said Mrs. Penrose, a little grimly.

"Of course, if she loves me," replied Malcom Kirk simply.

There was silence in the room. A servant came in quietly and lighted two long candles on the mantel. The dusk and the candlelight blended together softly, and Malcom Kirk looked out of his side of the room at Dorothy's aunt with a somewhat pale face, calm, however, and fully self-possessed. Even Francis Raleigh, with all his inherited instincts toward gentlemanly habits, was not equal to Malcom Kirk during a supreme crisis.

Mrs. Penrose went over to the window again. Then she returned and took a seat nearer Malcom Kirk.

"Of course after what you have told me, Mr. Kirk, it will be—you see the awkwardness of the situation—it will be embarrassing for you and Mr. Raleigh to meet."

"Why?" asked Malcom Kirk.

"Well, it will, won't it?" she asked in some slight irritation.

"I don't think so. I have nothing to be embarrassed about."

Mrs. Penrose was silent again. After the lapse of a few moments she said: "I have not asked you what your prospects are, Mr. Kirk. Pardon me if I seem abrupt, but you have set me the example. I am the nearest relative Dorothy has now since my brother's death. She has been accustomed all her life to the comforts of wealth. To such comforts as these." Her glance swept the room carelessly, but with studied meaning. "May I ask what you can offer Dorothy in case?"

"In case she becomes my wife?" said Malcom Kirk, completing the sentence.

"Yes, in case she becomes your wife."

His face had grown a little paler, and the muscles around his mouth had stiffened while Mrs. Penrose was speaking. But he observed her calmly enough.

"I can offer her a home and comforts. I have a definite position. I do not need to say that I am poor. My life in the Home Missionary field to which I am going will be full of hardships. My wife would share them with me. I ought perhaps to say"—he spoke with the first hesitation he had yet shown—"that I have a possible source of income in my pen. I expect to earn as much as my salary by that means. I have once or twice done that

during my college and seminary course."

"So that the most you can offer my niece would be \$1,200 or \$1,500 a year?" asked Mrs. Penrose, with the nearest approach to sharpness.

"By no means, madam!" said Malcom Kirk; and his face glowed with the eloquence of his answer. "This is not the most I can offer her. The most I can offer is the love I bear her, and all the money in the world without that would be very little to offer."

"He's right about that," Mrs. Penrose spoke to herself softly. Malcom Kirk did not hear what she said, but then at that time he did not know her history nor the inner emptiness of her unloved married life.

There was silence again in the room. The two candles on the mantel were distinct and clear now as the dusk had slowly deepened.

A step came up the path, and the door opened. Mrs. Penrose and Malcom Kirk both rose as Dorothy entered the reception room alone.

She came in with her head erect, and there was light enough for her aunt



"Yes, I will share your life with you. Yes, I love you."

and Malcom Kirk to see in her face the tokens of some recent excitement.

"Where is Francis?" Mrs. Penrose asked.

"He is not coming back tonight," replied Dorothy softly, and then for the first time she saw Malcom Kirk standing there by the fireplace.

She took an eager step toward him and then suddenly stopped, while her face glowed rosy red in the candlelight. As for Malcom Kirk, he stood very erect and still, but out of his eyes shone the lover's look as he faced the woman of his heart's longing. He did not try to conceal it, and Dorothy knew as well as if he had spoken it aloud that he said, "I love you, Dorothy Gilbert, and I cannot do my life work best without you." Mrs. Penrose saw that look also and respected it.

The servant entered and announced that tea was ready, and Malcom Kirk found himself shaking hands with Dorothy and saying some very common thing about being glad to meet her. A few minutes later he found himself at the table with Dorothy and her aunt.

He ate and talked at first with a repressed excitement that gradually became a source of eloquent conversation. No one asked any more questions about Francis Raleigh. "It is certain that Mrs. Penrose and Malcom Kirk understood that he had pleaded his suit again with Dorothy and had again been unsuccessful."

"She has given him his answer," said Malcom Kirk to himself, and there was the first positive hope in his heart that he had dared to feel. He had never appeared to such good advantage. Mrs. Penrose, experienced as she was in the ways of society and familiar with some of the most brilliant men and women, felt a positive charm in Kirk's voice and manner. His awkwardness for awhile was subordinate to his higher gifts.

Mr. Penrose was in New York on business. Malcom Kirk learned afterward some things in his history and why John Gilbert had been allowed to meet his great financial losses without help from his own sister, who to a large extent had been powerless to persuade her husband to come to her brother's aid. But she was absorbed tonight in the thought of Dorothy. He knew that a crisis in his life had come.

After tea they went into the reception room again. Mrs. Penrose staid for half an hour and then suddenly went out, and Dorothy and Malcom Kirk were left alone.

He was fully aware that the whole future of his life work would be shaped by the events of the next few minutes, but he had never felt more a Christian than now. There was a positive religious excitement of the highest, purest, noblest character in all the thought of his love for Dorothy. There always had been. He felt that it was no cheap or silly or shallow sentiment that moved him to think of her as of no other being in the world. There had not been a night of his life since he began to love her when he had failed to speak her name in a prayer. He knew that his Christian faith was sanctified and beautified by this human love.

He rose and went over near her. He held the miniature in his hand. When he spoke, it was in great simplicity, but in great directness.

"You know what I have come for. You know that I love you wholly. You know what my life will be. You know that I am poor. Dorothy, can you share such a life with me? Must I give this back, or may I keep it always?"

She was sitting with her face partly

in shadow, and she slowly rose and turned and faced him. Like all girls who dream of lovers, she had her dreams, her ideals, her imaginings. She looked up at him now, and the blood rushed impetuously through him as he saw the beginning of her answer. She had learned to love him during his absence abroad, during her recent sorrow, during the days that followed her bereavement. It was not so sudden as it might seem, for Dorothy had learned when Raleigh spoke to her that afternoon that the greatest reason why she could not love him was because she already loved Malcom Kirk. So she gave him then and there what he asked. Ah, Malcom Kirk, not this side of heaven will you know the power of that flood that lifted your heart and all it contained when you first heard the woman you loved say as she lifted her face to yours: "Yes, I will share your life with you. Yes, I love you."

Two hours later Malcom Kirk went out into the starry night and down on the sea beach, and with the freshness of the sea breeze blowing about his uncovered head he thanked God for the precious, priceless gift of this woman's heart. They had had much to say, as true lovers always have. Always they had come back to the undying theme of their love for each other. "She loves me!" he kept saying to himself. And the waves and the night wind and the stars and the harbor lights and the pines near the beach all joined in the same song. He walked up and down the sands until the early morning. He found his face wet once with tears. He ran across a long strip of beach exultant and walked from one of his reveries to find himself knee deep in water, for the tide was coming in, and he knew nothing of tides, only of the one that had risen in his own spirit.

But he drew back out of the water, laughing, and finally found his way to the inn down by the pier where he had breakfasted. But what he ate or whether he ate anything was probably unknown to him; at least he was not able to give Dorothy satisfactory answers when he came back to the house.

His dream was a reality. She met him with the look on her face that was never to die out of it as long as he lived, and together they went to see Mrs. Penrose.

Dorothy's aunt was somewhat perplexed and, to tell the truth, a good deal astonished at the events of the last 24 hours. Dorothy had told her all, and there was no question in Mrs. Penrose's mind that the daughter of John Gilbert had made her definite glad choice of this awkward, unhand-some, poor young minister as her future husband. She could not deny that the young man was a gentleman; also that he had very superior qualities of mind and heart. But the fact remained that he had no prospects except his Home Missionary field and a somewhat uncertain income from occasional writings.

When she pictured Dorothy in a sod house or a dugout or a shanty in that vague, wild, uncouth place called "out west" living in a parish of plain, uncultured people, such as she practically took for granted lived on the prairies, Mrs. Penrose felt as if Dorothy's strange choice was the strangest thing she ever knew.

"And yet she loves him truly," she said to herself as Dorothy, with a sad smile, "You know your own minds by this time. I want you to be married here in this house, of course. It seems very sudden. But I don't blame Mr. Kirk."

"Of course not," said Malcom Kirk decidedly as he looked Dorothy in the face.

So it came about that a month later the president of the seminary faculty came down to Beverly one morning, and Dorothy and Malcom Kirk were married in the presence of a very few of Dorothy's Hermon friends and two of Kirk's classmates who had been settled over parishes near Boston. Kirk had made all his preparations for leaving. A few days before he was married the president of the faculty had surprised him with the announcement that the sales of his pamphlet had been set aside by the publishers for the benefit of the seminary, but by unanimous consent the entire amount, something over \$200, was now at Kirk's disposal. Malcom Kirk was not going to be a penniless bridegroom in any case. He had already received since his return from abroad several checks for writing he had done during his last year in the seminary and while in London. So he was able to start toward the new home with much courage and the knowledge that Dorothy would not miss too many of the old luxuries.

But Dorothy, once she had given her heart to Malcom Kirk and said to him that she would share his life, entered upon a new and contented experience, such as in all her luxurious life she had never before felt. It is perfectly true that she loved him without condition. She put her hand in his with the trustful confidence of a child, and it is no exaggeration to say that she would have been happy with him anywhere, rich or poor, famous or obscure, successful or defeated.

The train whirled on into the west. Into the land of the promise.

into the land of new things, of those vague possibilities that always go with an untried community. And Dorothy every moment felt more and more content. Malcom Kirk satisfied her ideals. His noble nature was continually revealing to her new phases of his Christian purpose. He had enthusiasm, and he was the only man who had ever been able to kindle hers. The thought that they were to work together filled her with a heavenly delight. She rejoiced in his strength, his manhood, his inward life.

As for Malcom Kirk, he was transformed by all that he now possessed. His poor Home Missionary church became to him thought a gigantic engine of power, with this glorious woman now his wife, who was to be by his side henceforth. He trembled at the extent of such a love and consecrated it every moment to the infinite eternal life that belongs both to this world and to that which is to come.

They reached their journey's end at the close of a day and entered the town by night. There was quite a little gathering at the station, curious to see the new minister, and the superintendent himself, who happened that week to be in that part of the state, was present to welcome them and introduce them to a little handful of their parishioners.

There was a parsonage, a furnished house of five rooms, close by the church. A supper was ready for them. A little company came in afterward to greet them, and the people seemed to be truly glad to see them. The sight of Dorothy's beauty astonished them all. She was a little amused at the evident look of disappointment with which every one first saw her husband.

"When they know him, they will love him," she said to herself, with unfaltering trust in his victory over them.

She came out on the porch with him after all the members had gone away, and together they tried to get some idea of the place which was to be their home. The night was starry and the prairie vastness impressive to them. They had never either of them lived outside of a hill country.

"How large did you say the town was, Malcom?"

"About 1,500 people, so the superintendent says."

"How many church members are there?"

"Fifty-seven on the roll. About 40 living here."

"Can't we go over and look into the church? I am curious to see it," said Dorothy. She spoke in such a glad, happy voice that Malcom Kirk, as he stood there with his arm about her, said, "You are happy, little woman, aren't you?"

"Can you ask?" she replied, and he was satisfied. One of the trustees had left a church key with him. They walked across the parsonage yard, taking a lamp from the house with them, and together they went in.

It was a small room with seats for about 150. A small classroom in the rear and a choir railing in front of the organ, which was in a little recess at one side of the platform.

Malcom Kirk set the lamp down on the pulpit and, with his wife, stood looking over the room.

"My dear," said Dorothy, nestling up close to him, "do you think we two can help to 'bring in the kingdom,' as you say, into this town?"

Malcom Kirk looked at the room, at his pulpit where he was to preach and at his wife, and he fully understood what Dorothy meant.

"Do you mean that we will see how much two people can do to make heaven on earth for 1,500 other people?"

"Yes, and whether in our lifetime we can redeem whatever is evil here and give it back to God."

"We will do it by his grace," replied Malcom Kirk gravely. It seemed to him almost as if they two, there in their little church, had made a solemn promise to redeem the souls of all the



"Do you think we two can help to 'bring in the kingdom,' as you say?"

lost in Conrad. They passed out of the church with the same feeling deep in their souls. Their hearts kindled at their opportunity. And in the infinite places of the heavenly hosts, good and evil, God and the devil noted the entrance of these two children of light into that lawless, un-Christian town of 25 years ago, and from what at once began to be there it seemed within the reach of a tremendous reality that heaven and hell began to struggle for a supremacy marked by events which will leave their record in the book of life with startling clearness. For these two Christians had entered the arena of the great human battle for victory over the world, and the two greatest forces in the universe now began to test their powers as they had never yet been tested in that place.