

In the Desert

A Story Illustrating the Horrors of War

By H. B. WELSH...

CHAPTER IV.

"Margaret," he cried, "what is it? What is it, my darling? Speak to me!" "It is nothing," she breathed painfully. "You must let me go, Doctor Cleland; you must leave me."

"I shall not let you go!" Paul answered vehemently. "You dare not send me from you, Margaret—you cannot! If nothing else gives me a right to you, surely my love does?"

She made no answer, but shivered as if with cold.

Cleland went on passionately: "If you can say to me, Margaret, that you no longer love me, that the past is dead and buried to you, or that you have been self-deceived when you imagined you did love me, then I shall go away and trouble you no more. It may be that I shall shortly be leaving this country, perhaps forever; and I felt I could not go without knowing the truth."

He felt her shiver again, but her strength came back, and she stood erect, looking at him with eyes that had something of the look of a hunted animal at bay in them.

"Margaret," he went on slowly, after a pause, "you must tell me, now and here, have you ceased to love me? By your answer I will abide; it will be final with me."

A strange look crossed the girl's face.

"If I refuse to answer?"

"I shall not leave you till you answer," said Cleland. "Margaret, if you can say these words after me—'Paul, I no longer love you—I shall be satisfied and go my way. It is all I ask.'"

Again the white hands moved convulsively. It gave Cleland a curious sensation—as if she had wrung them piteously. She began slowly:

"Paul, I—no—longer—"

Then her voice dropped and broke into a half sob and her face fell between her hands.

In the silence that followed Paul Cleland felt his heart quicken its beating, with an emotion that was half joy, half pain. She loved him still, then! These proud, pure lips of hers could not utter an untruth. But the agony that could wring that sob from self-contained Margaret Crawford almost frightened him. He could not even guess at its cause.

He spoke at last, in a voice unsteady and uncertain.

"Then you love me still, Margaret?"

She looked up then and at sight of his agitation her own calm seemed to return. That one pitiful yielding to weakness had startled her back to her old self. And her woman's heart, forgetting its own pain and trouble, tried to find some comfort for his.

"Paul," she said, gently laying her hand upon his with a touch that thrilled him through and through, "I cannot hide the truth from you. I do love you—I shall love you always; but there is a reason why I can never allow you to speak of this, why we can never, never be anything to each other. There is a terrible barrier between us which can never be removed. Do not ask me what it is—I cannot tell you. Do I seem cruel? Believe me, it is because I wish to save you pain that I cannot tell you more. Paul, God has laid on me both a heavy burden; but he will surely give us strength to bear it."

"You ask a hard thing of me, Margaret," said Paul Cleland, huskily. "You ask me to give you up forever, and I am not even to know why. If I knew your reason, I might submit to your decree; but you cannot expect me tamely to give you up without knowing why I am to do so!"

Margaret was silent. She felt that it would be easier for her also could she tell him the whole truth; but what cruelty it would be to inflict on him the knowledge that his father had died—or taken his own life, as Paul himself seemed to think—believing his son guilty of so fearful a crime?

No, she must never tell the truth. For Paul's own sake, for the sake of the dead, she must not.

"Will you not take my word for it?" she said at last, very gently. "The barrier between us is insuperable, and I cannot, must not, tell you the nature of it. Oh, spare yourself and me further pain, Paul, by leaving me now! We must try to forget."

"I shall never forget!" said Paul, a little harshly. He was a Scotchman, and "dour" and obstinate rather than passionate. "You are sacrificing your own happiness and mine, Margaret, to some absurd notion of honor. You think I am coward enough to shrink before the sneers of the world over a dead man's memory; you have, perhaps, learned after all your father was guilty, and you will not confess it to me. You would rather wreck my life and my happiness!"

But the next moment he stood humbled and contrite before the look of those tender, dark eyes, and the courage and sweetness of the pure, pale face. He raised her little white hand and kissed the hem of her sleeve reverently.

"Margaret, Margaret, forgive me!" he cried. "Only say it is that alone that divides us, and I shall sweep the phantom from our path."

"It is not only that," she answered, in a low voice. "If it were, then I should leave it to you to judge whether

it was a real barrier or not; but it would only make your pain the greater if I were to tell you what the barrier is. It can never be done away with; it must stand between us forever."

"And I am to go from you, Margaret, knowing no more than this?"

"It must be so. It is as Heaven has willed it, Paul. God has laid the burden upon us, we can only submit."

But from her woman's heart there was rising a heartbroken cry. "Oh, my love, my love! It is hard, God knows!"

Paul Cleland turned away suddenly. His face had grown pale and set. It seemed to him that any further pleading with Margaret would be like beating against the rock. A little quivering sigh broke from her lips. He heard it, and turned quickly.

"You will relent, Margaret? Tell me there is some hope!"

She shook her head.

"There is none, Paul—we must part. Oh, can we not do so quickly? The pain would be less if we did not see each other!"

"It shall be as you wish," said Cleland, after a moment's pause. "I can leave Greystoke at once, and in a short time I shall be far enough from England. Do you care to hear where I am going, Margaret?"

She bowed, making no answer.

"I am going to Egypt. I have had an offer made me, and I was only doubtful as to what my answer should be until I saw you; but now my mind is quite made up. I shall probably sail in a fortnight or so."

A stifled exclamation came to Margaret's lips; but she checked it, and the next moment turned to him, her face as pale as ever, but quite calm.

"I can only wish you every success and—happiness in your new life," she said, and laid her hand, cold and trembling as it was, in his. "And, after all, what happiness is better and deeper than that which comes to us from our work? If we can help to allay suffering, and to bring back health to others, surely we can ask no greater joy on earth? Doctor Cleland, I wish you that happiness with all my heart."

"Thank you," he said, a little huskily. "I do not think I shall be able to call myself happy, Margaret—I have not reached such a height of self-abnegation yet; but as the great apostle of work says, 'Thou canst do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.' I suppose that is what you mean. Well, shall we say good-by now? We may not have another chance."

Margaret looked at him. It was a look he was to remember for very long afterwards. In it he read all the deep love of her woman's soul for one moment, without veil or reserve, bared before him. Her hand still lay in his. He drew her a little nearer, and his eyes seemed to devour her face.

"For Heaven's sake, Margaret, think once more what you are doing! Do not part us for the sake of an imaginary barrier; do not sacrifice us both for another's sins! It is not too late yet to say the word that will change our whole future lives."

He felt her hand quiver; but she answered steadily:

"Paul, this is the only thing left for us to do—to part. There is no other way—none. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Paul, hoarsely. Then, after a pause, still holding her hand, he said: "Margaret, it is the last time perhaps that I shall ever speak to you alone on earth. Will you kiss me once, because of what might have been?"

And in the tenderness of that moment—a tenderness that for the time seemed to blot out all her own agony and weakness—Margaret raised her pale, pure face and kissed him with a kiss that held parting and grief and death in it.

CHAPTER V.

The blazing heat of a sultry Egyptian noon, tempered and softened as much as possible by ingenious arrangements of softly moving fans and waving curtains. An elegant apartment, furnished after European style, and with every sign of wealth and luxury around. And two people sitting together, talking very earnestly and in low tones a man and a woman.

The man, looking many years older than when we saw him last, though only two years have actually passed, whose bronzed face wears an anxious and serious expression, is Paul Cleland; and the woman, whose dark, rich beauty, soft liquid eyes and exquisitely molded figure, gowned in some "confection" from Paris, have already won for her a conspicuous place in the European society of Cairo, is the widow of a wealthy government official, and has, since her husband's death, lived with her brother, Colonel Beauchamp, one of the most gallant officers who had gone through the terrible campaign of 1855.

A soft-footed native servant had just brought in the afternoon cup of tea, retiring as silently as he had entered; and the two were too deeply engrossed in conversation even to notice that.

"I trust matters may not be so bad as the Colonel makes out, Mrs. Breynton."

Paul Cleland was saying. "These turbulent Arabs seem to require a little blood-letting now and then; but they are no match for European soldiery. The affair cannot be more than a mere skirmish at most."

Adrienne Breynton's soft eyes met Cleland's face for a moment, and then suddenly dropped.

"You do not know the fantastic derision as I do," she said, and her voice was one of the sweetest ever woman possessed. "There is nothing in all the world will make men fight like religious zeal, Doctor Cleland, and they are intoxicated with it. They fight like men inspired. Ah, I have reason to know how they fight!"

She sighed, but there was not anything deeper than a gentle regret in the sigh. Cleland had heard the story of how Oscar Breynton had been hewed to pieces in mistake for an obnoxious officer by a horde of shrieking, half-mad Arabs; but he had also heard how his wife, beautiful and good as she was, had been strangely neglected by Breynton for years, and he guessed that her grief must have been less than her horror at his terrible death.

"Our cause is one of justice and of mercy," said Cleland, after a pause; "and I think there is no man who would dare to say that we do wrong in trying to free the Soudan from the rule of these barbarous, bloodthirsty, massacring hordes. I confess to sharing the enthusiasm of the war spirit so far. I have made up my mind to go on to Athara, Mrs. Breynton."

A strange expression flitted suddenly over Adrienne Breynton's face. It was like a quiver.

"You are not going to the desert?" she asked, a little pantingly.

"Yes. They require a doctor, and I have offered my services. I am going next week."

Adrienne's white hand moved the fan it held to and fro gently. Cleland could not see that her cheek was gradually growing as white as that hand.

"You don't know the Soudan," she said at last, in a low tone. "It has killed our best and bravest men. It is a man-eater, sucking the life out of strong men, not by battle or murder or sudden death, but by slow, ignoble disease. Think of the days of weary march through storms of sand, beneath a sweltering sun! And the nights, sometimes icy cold, sometimes hot and close as an oven. Think of sickness there!" She shuddered.

"I shall not think of it at all," said Cleland, quietly. "Others do not, and why should I? I could not stay here and lead this life of ignoble ease while others are bravely facing danger or death. You would not think the more of me for doing so, I am sure, Mrs. Breynton."

A lovely color, soft and warm like the blush of a pale damask rose, swept over her face for a moment. Did Cleland notice it? It was not likely. For two years only one woman's image had dwelt in Paul Cleland's mind, and he had never even imagined that any other could obtain an entrance there.

Yet there was no woman for whom he had so high a respect, so warm an admiration, so true a friendship, as for Adrienne Breynton.

But the soft blush in Adrienne's face was not in response to respect or admiration or friendship.

"Why, tea is in, and we have taken no notice of it!" she exclaimed the next moment, as if to cover her momentary embarrassment. "I will pour you out a cup, Dr. Cleland."

As she crossed the room, her pale blue teagown falling in soft folds around her, the door was opened, a servant announced "Major Rayburn," and Mrs. Breynton paused, and turned towards the door to receive her second guest.

(To be Continued.)

The Care of Cut Glass.

A wooden tub should be used for washing cut glass, and the water in which it is cleaned should not be too warm for the hands. A sudden change of temperature is bad for glassware, and it should never be left upon marble or stone. The deeper the cutting, the more liable it is to be broken. Decanters and water bottles which have become discolored may be cleaned with a soft cloth guided by a wire. Discoloring may be removed by placing shot with bits of paper and strong soap suds in the vessel and shaking them well together. Beans are sometimes used instead of shot. A tablespoonful of muriatic acid to a pint of water will remove obstinate stains. For cleansing the outside, cloths and towels and a brush are necessary. The washing and rinsing waters should not vary much in temperature. A soft towel should be placed under the dishes when draining. To secure a high polish vigorously rub glassware when it is warm, with a perfectly clean towel. Glass which is ornamented with gold should be washed in suds made of castile soap, and should be wiped dry as soon as it is washed. Finely cut glass should be kept in a closed cabinet and not handled much.

Five Miles an Hour.

There is no shadow of a possible shadow of doubt that the day of the motor car and automobile fiend is at an end in Paris and the same may be said of the scorching cyclist. The roar, the hissing sound and the cloud of dust are no more. Their desperate recklessness has led the police to cut down to eight kilometers, which is only a shade over five miles an hour, their authorized speed, and twenty-three summonses were issued in one day in a single arrondissement.

Often we don't like to be alone for fear of meeting our worst enemy.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TALK ON ONE OF THE MISSIONS OF CHRIST.

Efficacy of Divine Power in Healing the World's Wounds and Deformities—The Intimate Relations of Surgery and Theology.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfch.)

In this discourse Dr. Talmage (who is now traveling in Europe) puts in an unusual light the mission of Christ and shows how divine power will yet make the illnesses of the world fall back; text, Matthew xi, 5, "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear."

"Doctor," I said to a distinguished surgeon, "do you not get worn out with constantly seeing so many wounds and broken bones and distortions of the human body?" "Oh, no," he answered, "all that is overcome by my joy in curing them. A sublimer and more merciful art never came down from heaven than that of surgery. Catastrophe and disease entered the earth so early that one of the first wants of the world was a doctor. Our crippled and agonized human race called for surgeon and family physician for many years before they came. The first surgeons who answered this call were ministers of religion—namely, the Egyptian priests. And what a grand thing if all clergymen were also doctors, all D. D.'s were M. D.'s, there are so many cases where body and soul need treatment at the same time, consolation and medicine, theology and therapeutics. As the first surgeons of the world were also ministers of religion, may these two professions always be in full sympathy! But under what disadvantages the early surgeons worked, from the fact that the dissection of the human body was forbidden, first by the pagans, and then by the early Christians! Aps, being the brutes most like the human race, were dissected, but no human body might be unfolded for physiological and anatomical exploration, and the surgeons had to guess what was inside the temple by looking at the outside of it. If they failed in any surgical operation, they were persecuted and driven out of the city, as was Archagathus because of his bold but unsuccessful attempt to save a patient."

The Surgeon in History.

But the world from the very beginning, kept calling for surgeons, and their first skill is spoken of in Genesis, where they employed their art for the incisions of a sacred rite, God making surgery the predecessor of baptism, and we see it again in II Kings, where Ahaziah, the monarch, stepped on some cracked latticework in the palace, and it broke, and he fell from the upper to the lower floor, and he was so hurt that he sent to the village of Ekron for aid, and Aesculapius, who wrought such wonders of surgery, that he was deified and temples were built for his worship at Pergamos; and Epidaurus and Podalirius introduced for the relief of the world phlebotomy, and Damocedes cured the dislocated ankle of King Darius and the cancer of his queen, and Hippocrates put successful hand on fractures and introduced amputation, and Praxagoras removed obstructions, and Herophilus began dissection, and Erasistratus removed tumors, and Celsus, the Roman surgeon, removed cataract from the eye and used the Spanish fly; and Heliodorus arrested disease of the throat, and Alexander of Tralles treated the eye, and Rhazes cauterized for the prevention of hydrophobia, and Percival Pott came to combat diseases of the spine, and in our century we have had, among others, a Roux, and a Larray in France, an Astley Cooper and an Abernethy in Great Britain and a Valentine Mott and Willard Parker and Samuel D. Gross in America and a galaxy of living surgeons as brilliant as their predecessors. What mighty progress in the baffling of disease since the crippled and sick of ancient cities were laid along the streets, that people who had never been hurt or disordered in the same way might suggest what had better be done for the patients, and the priests of olden time, who were constantly suffering from colds, received in walking barefoot over the temple pavements had to prescribe for themselves, and fractures were considered so far beyond all human cure that instead of calling in the surgeon the people only invoked the gods!

But notwithstanding all the surgical and medical skill in the world, with what tenacity the old diseases hang on to the human race, and most of them are thousands of years old, and in our Bibles we read of them—the carbuncles of Job and Hezekiah, the palpitation of the heart spoken of in Deuteronomy, the sunstroke of a child carried from the fields of Shunem, crying, "My head, my head!" King Asa's disease of the feet, which was nothing but gout; deflection of teeth, that called for dental surgery, the skill of which, almost equal to anything modern, is still seen in the filled molars of the unrolled Egyptian mummies; the ophthalmia caused by the juice of the newly ripe fig, leaving the people blind by the roadside; epilepsy, as in the case of the young man often falling into the fire, and oft into the water; hypochondria, as of Nebuchadnezzar, who imagined himself an ox and going out to the fields to pasture; the withered hand, which in Bible times, as now, came from the destruction of the main artery or from paralysis of the chief nerve; the wounds of the man whom the thieves left for dead on the road to Jericho and whom the good Samaritan nursed, pouring in oil and wine—wine to cleanse the wound and oil to soothe it. Thank God!

for what surgery has done for the alleviation and cure of human suffering! Surgery Without Pain.

But the world wanted a surgery without pain. Dra. Parro and Hickman and Simpson and Warner and Jackson, with their amazing genius, came forward, and with their anesthetics benumbed the patient with narcotics and ethers as the ancients did with hashish and mandrake and quieted him for a while, but at the return of consciousness distress returned. The world has never seen but one surgeon who could straighten the crooked limb, cure the blind eye or reconstruct the drum of a soundless ear or reduce a dropsy without any pain at the time or any pain after, and that surgeon was Jesus Christ, the mightiest, grandest, gentlest and most sympathetic surgeon the world ever saw or ever will see, and he deserves the confidence and love and worship and hosanna of all the earth and halleluiahs of all heaven. "The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear."

I notice this surgeon had a fondness for chronic cases. Many a surgeon, when he has had a patient brought to him, has said: "Why was not this attended to five years ago? You bring him to me after all power of recuperation is gone. You have waited until there is a complete contraction of the muscles, and false ligatures are formed, and ossification has taken place. It ought to have been attended to long ago." But Christ the Surgeon seemed to prefer inveterate cases. One was a hemorrhage of twelve years, and he stopped it. Another was a curvature of eighteen years, and he straightened it. Another was a cripple of thirty-eight years and he walked out well. The eighteen-year patient was a woman bent almost double. If you could call a convention of all the surgeons of all the centuries, their combined skill could not cure that body so drawn out of shape. Perhaps they might stop it from getting worse, perhaps they might contrive braces by which she might be made more comfortable, but it is, humbly speaking, incurable. Yet this divine surgeon put both his hands on her, and from that doubled up posture she began to rise and the emerald purple face began to take on a healthier hue, and the muscles began to relax from their rigidity, and the spinal column began to adjust itself, and the cords of the neck began to be the more supple, and the eyes that could see only the ground before, now looked into the face of Christ with gratitude and up toward heaven in transport. Straight! After eighteen weary and exhausting years, straight! The poise and gracefulness, the beauty of the healthy womanhood reinstated. The thirty-eight years' case was a man who lay on a mattress near the mineral baths at Jerusalem. There were five apartments where lame people were brought, so that they could get the advantage of these mineral baths. The stone basin of the bath is still visible, although the waters have disappeared, probably through some convulsion of nature. The bath, 120 feet long, forty feet wide and eight feet deep. Ah, poor man, if you have been lame and helpless thirty-eight years, that mineral bath cannot restore you. Why, thirty-eight years is more than the average human life. Nothing but the grave will cure you. But Christ the Surgeon, walks along these baths and I have no doubt passes by some patients who have been only six months disordered or a year or five years, and comes to the mattress of the man who had been nearly four decades helpless and to this thirty-eight year's invalid said, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

Christ the Chief Surgeon.

The question asked not because the surgeon did not understand the protractedness, the desperateness of the case, but to evoke the man's pathetic narrative. "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Would you like to get well?" "Oh, yes," says the man. "That is what I came to these mineral baths for. I have tried everything. All the prescriptions have failed, and all the prescriptions have proved valueless, and I got worse and worse, and I can neither move hand nor foot nor head. Oh, if I could only be free from this pain of thirty-eight years!" Christ the Surgeon could not stand that. Bending over the man on the mattress, and in a voice tender with all sympathy, but strong with all omnipotence, he says, "Rise!" and the invalid instantly scrambles to his knees and then puts out his right foot, then his left foot, and then stood upright, as though he had never been prostrated. While he stands looking at the doctor, with a joy too much to hold, the doctor says: "Shoulder this mattress, for you are not only well enough to walk, but well enough to work, and start out from these mineral baths. Take up thy bed and walk!" Oh, what a surgeon for chronic cases then and for chronic cases now!

This is not applicable so much to those who are only a little hurt of sin and only for a short time, but to those prostrated of sin twelve years, eighteen years, thirty-eight years. Here is a surgeonable to give immortal health. "Oh," you say, "I am so completely overthrown and trampled down of sin that I cannot rise." Are you flatter down than this patient at the mineral baths? No. Then rise. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the surgeon who offers you his right hand of help, I bid thee rise. Not cases of acute sin, but of chronic sin—those who have not prayed for thirty-eight years, those who have not been to church for thirty-eight years, those who have been gamblers, or libertines, or thieves, or outlaws, or blasphemers, or infidels, or atheists, or all these together, for thirty-eight years. A Christ for exiles! A Christ for a dead lift! A surgeon who never loses a case!

In speaking of Christ as a surgeon I must consider him as an oculist or eye

doctor, and an aurist or ear doctor. Was there ever such another oculist? That he was particularly sorry for the blind folks I take from the fact that the most of his works were with the diseased optic nerves. I have not time to count up the number of blind people mentioned who got his cure. Two blind men in one house; also one who was born blind; so that it was not removal of a visual obstruction, but the creation of the cornea and ciliary muscle and crystalline lens and retina and optic nerve and tear gland; also the blind man of Bethsaida, cured by the saliva which the Surgeon put upon the tip of his own tongue and put upon the eyelids; also two blind men who sat by the wayside.

Untoosing the Barred Tongue.

Our surgeon, having unbarred his ear, will now unloose the shackle of his tongue. The surgeon will use the same liniment or salve that he used on two occasions for the cure of blind people—namely, the moisture of his own mouth. The application is made, and lo, the rigidity of the dumb tongue is relaxed, and between the tongue and teeth was born a whole vocabulary and words flew into expression. He not only heard, but he talked. One gate of his body swung in to let sound enter, and another gate swung out to let sound depart. Why is it that, white- throat surgeons used knives and forceps and probes and stethoscopes, this surgeon used only the ointment of his own lips? To show that all the curative power we ever feel comes straight from Christ. And if he touches us not we shall be deaf as a rock and dumb as a tomb. Oh, thou greatest of all artists, compel us to hear and help us to speak!

But what were the surgeon's fees for all these cures of eyes and ears and tongues and withered hands and crooked backs? The skill and the painlessness of the operations were worth hundreds and thousands of dollars. Do not think that the cases he took were all moneyless. Did he not treat the nobleman's son? Did he not doctor the ruler's daughter? Did he not affect a cure in the house of a centurion of great wealth who had out of his own pocket built a synagogue? They would have paid him large fees, and there were hundreds of wealthy people in Jerusalem and among the merchant castles along Lake Tiberias who would have given this surgeon houses and lands and all they had for such cures as he could effect. For critical cases in our time great surgeons have received \$1,000, \$5,000 and in one case I know of \$50,000, but the surgeon of whom I speak received not a shekel, not a penny, not a farthing. In his whole earthly life we know of his having had but 62½ cents. When his taxes were due, by his omniscience he knew of a fish in the sea which had swallowed a piece of silver money, as fish are apt to swallow anything bright, and he sent Peter with a hook which brought up that fish, and from its mouth was extracted a Roman stater, or 62½ cents, the only money he ever had, and that he paid out for taxes. This greatest surgeon of all the centuries gave all his services then and offers all his services now free of all charge. "Without money and without price" you may spiritually have your blind eyes opened, and your deaf ears unbarred, and your dumb tongues loosened, and your wounds healed and your soul saved. If Christian people get hurt of body, mind or soul, let them remember that surgery is apt to hurt, but it cures, and you can afford present pain for future glory. Besides that, there are powerful anesthetics in the divine promises that soothe and alleviate. No ether or chloroform or cocaine ever made one so superior to distress as a few drops of that magnificent anodyne: "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Healing the World's Wounds.

What a grand thing for our poor human race when this surgeon shall have completed the treatment of the world's wounds! The day will come when there will be no more hospitals, for there will be no more sick, and no more eye and ear infirmaries, for there will be no more blind or deaf, and no more deserts, for the round earth shall be brought under arboriculture, and no more blizzards or sunstrokes, for the atmosphere will be expurgated of scorch and chill, and no more war, for the swords shall come out of the foundry bent into pruning hooks, while in the heavenly country we shall see the victims of accident or malformation, or hereditary ill on earth become the athletes in Elysian fields. Who is that man with such brilliant eyes close before the throne? Why, that is the man who, near Jericho, was blind, and our surgeon cured his ophthalmia! Who is that erect and graceful and queenly woman before the throne? That was the one whom our surgeon found bent almost double and could in nowise lift up herself, and he made her straight. Who is that listening with such rapture to the music of heaven, solo melting into chorus, cymbal responding to trumpet, and then himself joining in the anthem? Why, that is the man whom our surgeon found deaf and dumb on the beach of Galilee and by two touches opened our gate and mouth gate. Who is that around whom the crowds are gathering with admiring looks and thanksgiving and cries of "Oh, what he did for me! Oh, what he did for my family! Oh, what he did for the world!" That is the surgeon of all the centuries, the oculist, the aurist, the emancipator, the Savior. No pay he took on earth. Come, now, and let all heaven pay him with worship that shall never end and a love that shall never die. On his head be all the crowns, in his hands be all the scepters and at his feet be all the worlds!

Doing is the proper end of doctrine.