

Donald Campbell's Loyalty

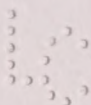


SARA C. PALMER

DONALD CAMPBELL'S LOYALTY

By SARA C. PALMER

Author of "Vera Dickson's Triumph," "The Competing Artists," etc.



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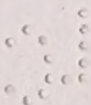
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AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

THE request has come from a number of earnest Christians for a story for young people, with fun, war, and truth combined in its contents, so here it is. Every illustration used is true, the characters are real people, and their actions are facts. Therefore, the book, like those that have preceded it from the same pen, goes forth with the prayer that its message may win many young lives for the Master and lead them into His service.

SARA C. PALMER.

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Donald Campbell's Loyalty

CHAPTER I.

The Pines

IT was one of the most beautiful spots in the country. The river wound its graceful way beneath palisades on one side, and "The Pines," the extensive farm owned by Colvin Campbell rose, as it were, out of the water and overhung it with grove and garden. It was a sight that attracted hundreds of tourists every year.

The house, situated some distance from the road as though hiding from the public eye, was nestled in the rich foliage of wonderful trees and adorned with grounds that bespoke the trained mind of a landscape gardener who knew something of God's plan and purpose in giving mankind the beauties of nature to enjoy. The well-kept lawns, beautiful flowers, and fragrant blossoms of the many vines that trailed over walls and twined around windows, made the place a veritable fairy land.

Within this beautiful old country residence, with its spacious rooms, high ceilings and fine

windows, order, the soul of domestic and social comfort, reigned paramount until the arrival of the children. Then everything seemed suddenly to change! Strangers approaching the house could see signs of the real occupants everywhere, for these were real children with good red blood in their veins, ready to do anything that children had ever done before. Their laughter rang through the house and reverberated through the trees. They played pranks, prattled, fought, and cried.

"I wish my children were grown up," sighed Mrs. Campbell, as she took her place at the breakfast table one morning.

"They will be grown up soon enough," replied her husband, scanning the headlines of the daily paper.

"You are surely one of Job's comforters, but if you were with them every day and all the day, as I am, you would think differently. I sometimes wonder if there will be any children in heaven, or if they will all be grown up there."

"Why, bless your heart, mother," said Mr. Campbell cheerily, "it would not be heaven without children. Like Charles Dickens we ought to appreciate them while they are small. You remember he wrote:

"They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,

His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
They make me more manly and mild;
And I know how Jesus can liken
The kingdom of God to a child.' ”

There were four children in the Campbell household. Jean had attained the age of six years and was to be initiated into school life on the morning on which our story opens. Donald was four, and the twins, Beatrice and Esther, were two years old. All seemed to be putting on a special program to commemorate the occasion.

Donald had awakened his sister at a very early hour, by hurling a pillow onto her bed, as a reminder that the eventful morning had arrived. The noise aroused the twins in the next room, and soon two pairs of little arms were doing their best to throw the pillows from their cots. Although they failed utterly, the endeavor gave genuine pleasure.

“Since this is to be your first day at school, Jean, we will give you the honor of returning thanks,” said Mr. Campbell, when all were seated at the breakfast table. He looked at his daughter, who beamed on him as he addressed her. She bowed her head, closed her eyes and said reverently,

“We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health and every good;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of life sent down from heaven.”

Donald, looking through his fingers, had repeated it with her while the twins sighed heavily and with a quick drawn breath at the end of each line, said the last word. Then all four, as they took down their hands, in a note of triumph said, "Amen."

Marjorie Nelson, who lived on the next farm, was to call for Jean and take her to school. Jean was ready half an hour before the appointed time but was none too early for Marjorie, who was delighted with her task. Watching the two girls go down the long avenue toward the road and disappear behind the trees that hid the school house from view, Mrs. Campbell and the twins, standing on the steps, waved goodbye to them as they went out of sight.

Proudly leading Jean by the hand Marjorie approached the school. Finding the door open, she escorted her young protege to a desk, and believing that her appointed task was faithfully executed, proceeded to meet her former playmates and announce the arrival of a new scholar. Save for a little light that stole through a crack here and there in the closed shutters, the school was dark. Realizing the dreariness of the place, Jean felt a strange feeling begin to creep over her. All the weird tales she had ever heard from a superstitious maid came back to her mind. Her lip trembled and the tears fell. With a wild

scream she ran from the schoolroom, fled out into the yard, and down the road as fast as her legs could carry her toward home.

Like every child who is blessed with a loving mother, Jean knew where to go with her fears and troubles. It was not long before she was divested of her school garments and busy at play with the other children, and the inauspicious day became history.

"Now, Jean," said Mrs. Campbell, as she prepared her daughter for school next morning, "you are facing life's problem, beginning for you with the public school. I will expect you to be a good little soldier. Therefore the best thing for you is to go to school alone and settle down bravely to study."

"Yes, mother," said Jean, and started off.

But on this second day a tramp met Jean within a short distance of the school and once more, with heart-breaking sobs, she turned homeward to find a sympathizing friend in mother, who quelled her fears and again permitted her to play truant.

On the third morning Jean, without demur, bravely wended her way schoolward, but with a well concocted scheme tucked away in her little head, namely, that a performance like that of the previous morning would meet the approval of her mother. Not being well versed in matters of

deception, she aroused the suspicions of her parents when a few minutes after saying adieu she returned weeping. Their children were not brought up on the painless system and now the time had arrived to cure Jean of her peculiar malady. Taking her into the house Mrs. Campbell used her slipper freely and put the offending one to bed for the rest of the day. Needless to say the medicine needed never to be administered again. Running away from school lost its charm for Jean when there was an experience like that at the other end of the line. How often God has to correct His grown up family. But sweet are His chastisements! They are never withheld, but always administered in tender love and followed with the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

CHAPTER II.

The Nelson Farm

ON the farm adjoining "The Pines" was a quaint old house, built by Lawrence Nelson, the father of the present owner, after the style of an old European castle. A stone spiral stairway extended from the first floor to the fourth story, above which was a roof garden. On the roof was a large concrete platform, resting on low pillars, with a trench-like space between it and the walls. These walls were continued about four feet above the roof, and in the four turrets that adorned the corners was a touch of Elizabethan architecture.

Mr. Nelson was a great lover of nature, and often during the summer the family would repair to the roof garden to watch the sunset. Many and varied were the pictures on which their eyes feasted on these occasions. The atmospheric conditions seemed to make each new picture more beautiful than the last. The young people, Ralph and Marjorie, usually exclaimed more when they saw the clouds gather and cast their massy substance across the sky, breaking up into lines that looked like soldiers lying in wait for the signal

to march forward and obscure the sunset and hide the beauty. But, like a great general grappling for the mastery, the sun would beat them back on either side, shoot them through with glory and ride triumphantly on a billowy chariot of purple, red, and gold into the gates of the west.

It was on one of these glorious evenings that Mr. Campbell visited the Nelson Farm to discuss with his old friend and college chum their church problems.

"What are we going to do about our church?" questioned Mr. Nelson, placing a chair beside his own for his friend.

"That is just what I came to talk about," replied Mr. Campbell, who valued his friend's advice. "We are living in a day when there is very little reverence seen in the house of God. Are we going to sit by and see the children of careless parents run up and down the aisles at will without restraint and not say a word?"

"If we do, our children will follow the example of these boys and girls, who, in a very modern way, are ruling their parents and practically doing as they please."

"To my mind, then," said Mr. Campbell, "our mission starts at home. You have two children, I have four. We must make them understand that they are to be reverent in the house of God and follow the teaching of Scripture which says, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord.' "

"You believe, then, in the antiquated injunction, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,'" laughed Mr. Nelson.

"Yes, but our neighbors have a revised version of that portion, namely, 'Train up a child in the way he wants to go'; therefore they are rewarded with the result, 'and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"

"Do you find your children need training?" asked Mr. Nelson, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I have yet to discover the natural good in my family. Every action speaks of a nature inherited from fallen man, Adam, and I'll guarantee that if you and I were to see our children this moment as they play together at 'The Pines,' we would be satisfied they are not related to the angels."

"They are not angels in church, at least," continued Mr. Campbell. "I noticed unusual excitement among my little flock last Sunday morning when I came to take up the offering. Jean, who had put her collection in her glove and had worked it up until it was at the top of one of the fingers, looked up with flushed face as I waited at the end of the pew. Some explanation was necessary, and since they were not permitted to talk in church she held up the glove by the finger. I turned my head away rather quickly for such a dignified person as I, and a general smile passed

over the faces of those who sat near enough to see what had happened."

"It is all very true," replied Mr. Nelson, "and you realize the responsibility that rests on you as a father, and you are determined, by the grace of God, to do your duty and leave the results with the Lord."

"Truth forces me to acknowledge the compliment, Mr. Nelson," replied Mr. Campbell, after a lengthy pause. Then he continued:

"It is customary at 'The Pines' to stay in the dining room after Sunday dinner and read from the family Bible such stories as that of Joseph, Moses, Samuel, Daniel, or Jesus. These we read as histories, and the fact is carefully impressed upon the minds of the young people that God is the author of these histories, and that it would be very wrong to doubt the truth of any word in the Bible. I look for and teach my children to expect beauties, excellencies, where God has so abundantly placed them in His precious Word. I take special delight in placing before them the delicious fruits of the tree of life, never forgetting to add that these could only be found at the cross of Jesus Christ. I plan to furnish their young minds with an armory of ready weapons, which I hope will be used in the service of the King."

"What are your successes in this direction?" interjected Mr. Nelson.

"Too few, I fear," replied Mr. Campbell. "Let me illustrate."

"'Where did the first man dwell?'" was my question one day as they finished their Bible lesson.

"'In a tree,' answered Jean, while Donald laughed at what he considered a huge joke.

"'Stop laughing,' I rejoined, and turning to Jean, who had hung her head shyly, asked, 'Who told you so, Jean?'

"'Miss Hunter,' said Jean, her lips trembling.

"'What does the Bible say?' I asked kindly, as I placed my hand lovingly on the old Book.

"'That Adam lived in the garden of Eden,' she replied.

"'Yes, and no matter what any one may tell you about the Bible, always remember that what God says is true.'"

"'Mother,' said I that night after the children had been put to bed, 'we are facing problems, not only in the church and Sunday-school, but in the public school as well. During this stage of the life of our children we abdicate our authority and set Miss Hunter on the throne. Her business is to impart information and form character. How can she do it successfully if she robs them of their belief in the Bible? Everything that we hold dear will be lost if she spends the hours in school undoing the teaching they are receiving at home. We give over to her their bodies, their

minds, and, in fact, their souls, and say, Make them strong, develop them, put into their minds knowledge, and into their hearts truth, but we cannot afford to let her take the stories of the Bible that they have grown to love and taunt them with the delusion that they are but fairy tales. We must cultivate her friendship, invite her to our home and seek to win her for the Lord, so that she in turn may help us. Then when the Holy Spirit withdraws the veil and shows these young people their need of Christ they will accept Him into hearts that are already stored with precious truths from the Word of God.' ”

“And what was the result?” asked Mr. Nelson with interest.

“We lost no time in inviting Miss Hunter to dinner. Wisely and tactfully we showed her that we were paying extra money to have a college graduate in that school, but that we could not permit evolutionary teaching anywhere, and particularly in the second grade.

“She is, as you know, a very lovely and agreeable young woman, but confessed that she knew absolutely nothing about the Bible. She had swallowed whole the evolutionary teaching doled out to her by the professors in college. She thought, since she was installed in a school where wealthy farmers were willing to pay the greater part of her salary, that she would be expected to teach the very latest and most up-to-date lessons

along that line. Therefore she was but conscientiously trying to do her duty.

"She took the rebuke very sweetly, however, and went home to revise her lessons according to the standard placed for her, a college graduate, in a little country school, where students at least were the children of earnest Christian parents."

Time, which waits for no man, paid court neither to Mr. Nelson nor to his neighbor, Mr. Campbell. The curtain of black night now hid the purple, red, and gold of the western sky, and realizing the lateness of the hour the two men parted.

"Good night," said Mr. Campbell, rising to go.

"Good night," echoed Mr. Nelson, with thoughtfulness in his tone.

CHAPTER III.

Choosing a Vocation

ON her first visit to "The Pines" Miss Hunter felt so much at home that she was delighted to accept the cordial invitation to return the following Friday and stay until Saturday evening. She found her hostess a very charming young woman, tall and well built, with a mass of fair, fluffy hair and large beautiful blue eyes. She was one of those naturally capable people who can do almost anything without making a failure; was rather vacillating in character but would do anything in the world for those whom she loved. It was well that her husband was her complement in this matter and the possessor of a well balanced mind, for he had to settle even the minor questions for his entire household. Her love for him amounted to adoration and even bordered on worship. She hung on his every word, quoted him as an authority, and was lost in his beliefs. Apart from him she would have been as a sheep without a shepherd, a sailor without a compass, a ship without a rudder. She was a devoted wife and loving mother as well as a talented musician. Although one of the most charming of



It was at one of these gatherings that Miss Hunter was led into a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

hostesses, she never bored her guests either with recitals of her own accomplishments or the wonderful attainments of her children.

The home life at "The Pines" was different from anything Miss Hunter had ever seen before. Family worship, morning and evening, she had not been accustomed to and, in fact, it at first afforded her a great source of amusement. The family would assemble in a room where there was a piano and unite in a song. Jean had a sweet voice, but Donald, all unconscious that he was singing the song through on one note, would come racing in, as if his very life depended on it, with the words usually sung by the bass and tenor. The twins, seated on the floor, with books turned wrong side up, would try to make more noise than all the others put together. No notice was taken of the discord, however, and Miss Hunter concluded that the parents were very wise in not making the children feel self-conscious. Then would follow the reading of a portion of the Word of God, accompanied by a few comments bearing principally on God's way of salvation. Next came an earnest prayer in which God was invoked for the salvation of the young people. It was at one of these gatherings that Miss Hunter was led into a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and many times in the years that followed did she praise God for a home where He was honored and Christ glorified.

Donald was a very affectionate child and Miss Hunter's sweet amiable disposition so appealed to him that he decided to change his mind and attend school. Fearing his plan would not meet with the approval of his mother, he confided a scheme to Miss Hunter.

"I am going to school."

"I fear your mother will not permit you."

"I won't tell her. I'll just run away and she won't know until I have been a whole day at school."

"Oh, that would never do, Donald, you must tell mother and have her consent."

Miss Hunter said adieu Saturday evening, thinking she had dissuaded Donald from his purpose. She was surprised therefore one morning to find him awaiting her, with the traces of his breakfast still around his mouth.

"Well, Donald," she said, smiling at his appearance, "you *have* come to school."

"Yes," he answered, with a chuckle, "but mama doesn't know and you mus'n't tell her."

"But little boys should tell their mama everything," said Miss Hunter tactfully, "and I'll tell you what we will do, Donald. I shall write a note to your mother and send one of the boys with it, telling her you are here and asking her permission to let you stay all day. This will fix it for you, and at the same time keep your mother from worrying."

"But you won't let mama come and take me away?"

"No, Donald, mama will not take you away, unless you want to go."

"Then I can stay with you all day," said the proud boy, with a broad grin.

A note was dispatched to "The Pines" immediately and Donald was placed in a class with boys and girls older than himself.

Miss Hunter was a strong believer in object lessons and used the blackboard freely. With a few strokes and a skilful touch she drew a Scotch collie on the blackboard. The children were always pleased with the pictures drawn by their teacher and it was amusing to hear their comments as she did the work.

"Isn't he a 'beaut'?" said the boy who boasted that he was a dog fancier.

"He's just like Nelson's Bruno," commented another.

"No," said the boy who liked to get ahead of all the others, "he's like Ike Thompson's dog what runs before the sheep."

Finishing her work and looking at the class, Miss Hunter prepared to ask some questions, and noticing Donald's interest she said,

"What kind of dog do you like, Donald?"

"I like a great big blue dog," he answered, with a satisfied grin.

Laughter followed this remark and some time was lost before the class settled down to work again. Then with a few masterly strokes the teacher placed a number of sheep on the board and thinking this would interest her new pupil she asked,

"How many feet has a sheep, Donald?"

"Three," was his ready reply in a loud and confident voice.

This was too much for the class and Miss Hunter decided, for the sake of the school, that Donald had better stay at home until his parents considered it advisable to send him.

The following Friday, as usual, she visited "The Pines" wondering, as she made her way to the home that she had grown to love, what new story Donald would have to tell her when she arrived.

"Miss Hunter! Miss Hunter!" he called.

"How do you do?" asked Miss Hunter, as she climbed the stairs to where her fervent admirer looked over the banister.

"Do you know what I am going to be?" he asked excitedly as she reached the landing.

"No, Donald, but I am very much interested."

"I'm going to be a doctor," he answered, unrolling a piece of linen that had been cut into strips.

"Have you a sore finger?"

"I am very sorry I cannot accommodate you,"

she said smiling, "but my fingers happen to be quite whole at present."

The matter of a vocation was subject to change with Donald. Mr. Nelson, who was greatly amused at Donald's ever-changing program, suggested that he might become a minister. This did not seem to appeal to Donald. He had no natural religious tendencies and took every opportunity to avoid possible meetings.

Moreover, the only minister he had ever known was the one who had served their church and who had become so unpopular with both old and young that he was requested to resign.

Noticing that he hesitated somewhat Mr. Nelson laughingly said, "I'll tell you how you can find out, Donald. If you are fond of chicken, you are going to be a minister!"

Mr. Campbell, who was a level-headed business man, decided that he would pay extra money yearly in order to get a pastor for that rural district who would be able to do the work, and especially a consecrated man who would be interested in the spiritual welfare of the flock. Therefore, it was not surprising to find that the new minister was a young man, with a powerful and attractive personality and also a great heart of love for the souls of men. He exalted God, His Word, and His Christ in such a way that the spiritually-minded felt themselves lifted into the third heaven. Mr. Campbell noticed Donald's in-

terest from the very moment the new minister began to speak. His attention was riveted on him. Little by little he moved forward until he was sitting on the very edge of the seat and with open mouth seemed to be drinking in every word. As soon as the benediction was pronounced he ascended the platform and took the minister by the hand.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Marsh, as he took the boy's hand in his, "how are you?"

Looking up into his face and simply ignoring the pastor's question Donald stammered, "Do you like chicken?"

The question fairly took the young minister off his feet but, controlling his risibility with difficulty, he replied:

"Yes, my boy, I like chicken."

"Then it must be true," said Donald with a sigh. "Mr. Nelson said that if I liked chicken I would be a minister, and I'd like to be a minister like you."

No greater compliment could have been paid to Mr. Marsh. As he heard the opinion of a child he thanked God and took courage. This strange introduction bound these two more strongly together and started a life-long friendship, a friendship resembling that spoken of in John's Gospel when Jesus said, "Ye are my friends."

CHAPTER IV.

The Spiritual Awakening

HOW do you manage your children?" asked a neighbor one day as she called at "The Pines."

"I have no hard and fast rule to go by in the line of management," said Mrs. Campbell, as she closed the door and shut out the noise that was emanating from the playroom. "I find I cannot go through the day according to schedule, but must be prepared as each new day comes to meet any emergency. There is no use trying to cross bridges before I come to them, so I just live a moment at a time, not knowing what the next moment will bring."

"Well, your children are not as bad as mine or you would require to have some plan. I declare I never saw such naughty children as mine. They lie, scheme, and are so destructive I wonder whether they are children at all. It seems as though the old devil is working mighty hard in their hearts at times. Anyhow they never learned their wicked ways from either their father or me."

The picture of George III concentrating his wits upon the problem of discovering how the apple got into the dumpling came to Mrs. Campbell's mind, and she smiled as she answered:

"Mr. Campbell and I decided long ago that our children have in their very make-up a tendency to do wrong, to want their own way and to scheme, if necessary, in order to follow the desires of their hearts. I find my education is only beginning. At the present I am studying the art of being a detective. Nothing so brings my children to see how futile are their efforts to deceive as confronting them with facts, facts they cannot gainsay but which puzzle them to know how I ever came into possession of."

"Do you find it difficult to entertain them? My children cling to me so and act as though they are afraid to play."

"Well, that is one difficulty I do not have. Mr. Campbell does not believe in using the 'don't system' unless they are found doing something wrong. They plan games and little entertainments and sometimes I join them and become one of them for the time being and they are always pleased. Listen! they are changing games now and starting something new. It is really funny some times to hear them."

"Let's play church," said Donald, as he arranged the furniture in the playroom.

"Who's going to preach?" asked Jean, looking askance at her hitherto irreligious brother.

"I'll be preacher," said that young gentleman, with a confident air.

"Then I'll be the organist," said his sister, seating herself at a stool on which she had placed an improvised keyboard.

"I am Mr. Marsh, the new minister," announced Donald to his congregation of stools and chairs, "and when I give out a song everybody must sing."

The twins joined them and a song was sung by the quartette with the usual discord, after which Donald led in prayer. In many ways the prayer was a good imitation of one that might have been offered by the one whom he was impersonating, though the new minister might not have been complimented if credited with being the author of the petitions.

Taking his stand on a box which he had placed for a platform Donald began:

"Gentlemen and ladies—"

"That isn't right," protested the organist, "it is 'Ladies and gentlemen.'"

"Oh, you don't know," answered the preacher, somewhat perturbed at the interruption, "you always want to be first, but we are going to put the men first this time."

"But Miss Hunter says, 'ladies first always,'" said Jean, still holding her point.

Miss Hunter arrived just in time to settle the dispute and attend the service.

"Jean is right," said the teacher. "When making a speech before a mixed audience (she smiled as she looked at the three females, the stools and chairs) you should always address them as 'Ladies and gentlemen.' "

Having perfect confidence in the superiority of the teacher's opinion, he conceded the point and continued his speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, that there lady spoiled our meeting,—"

"Excuse me, Donald, but you should never say, 'that there,' there, in this case, is unnecessary. It is sufficient to say, 'that lady.' "

No answer coming from Donald, Jean said, "You should thank Miss Hunter for the correction."

"Thank you," said Donald, with a smile at the teacher as he continued, "Ladies and gentlemen, this here meeting—."

"Oh, Donald, Donald, what would your father say if he heard you use language like that? To say 'this here meeting' is very incorrect."

"Le's play something else. It's too hard being a preacher," said the aspiring orator, as he came down from his platform. "I thing I'll be an usher instead," and he proceeded to change his position accordingly.

Miss Hunter had come to "The Pines" that evening to talk over some work in connection with a series of evangelistic meetings in which she was quite interested. She found kindred spirits in the Campbells, who were pleased that the pastor was to begin his ministry with a revival.

The community had not had a series of evangelistic meetings for many years and the spiritual life of the church was at low ebb. What church can live and keep its members alive that does not experience "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord"?

In this effort the enthusiastic young minister had the full support and hearty sympathy of the Campbells, the Nelsons, and Miss Hunter, but also the opposition of many members of his church who were either asleep in their sins, or who had wandered so far away they had no heart for the things of God.

The critics were heard to say, as the building was crowded night after night, "A new broom sweeps clean," "This is but a flash in the pan," etc. But the spiritually-minded knew that a man so clean, so true to the old-fashioned doctrines of the gospel of Jesus Christ, would be used of God in winning souls in spite of the opposition from the evil one, which was likely to come in these varied forms. So, fearlessly, he went on night after night, realizing that God does not ask for success—that belongs to Him alone—but only for faith-

fulness. With this thought in mind he ploughed the fallow ground, sowed the seed of the Word and, like a good husbandman, looked for a harvest. The Lord for whose glory he was working did not disappoint him.

The time came when he believed the net should be drawn. At the close of a very searching message, when the Spirit of God had spoken to many hearts, he had the people bow their heads and close their eyes. Very reverently they obeyed. Then he asked those who wanted to settle the great question of their soul's salvation to signify their willingness by the uplifted hand. Donald was the first to raise his hand, but quickly Janet, the maid with whom he had been sent to the meeting, put it down, saying, "It is not for you, Master Donald, you are too young."

But Donald was determined. Believing that he knew what he was doing, he promptly put up the other hand, which was as quickly put down by Janet.

Unfortunately the minister did not see what had happened and the meeting closed with no response to the invitation.

Donald walked home by the side of Janet in silence. Going to his room immediately he threw himself upon his bed and sobbed aloud.

"What is the matter, Donald?" asked his father, as he looked in and saw the signs of distress in Donald's face.

"Janet wouldn't let me raise my hand in the meeting and I wanted to be a Christian," he sobbed.

"What did she do, Don?"

"She put my hands down, and said that I was too young, I didn't understand."

"She was wrong in that, Donald. You are not too young to become a Christian. God loves to save the young and let me tell you, Don," he said, drawing him to his breast, "you can become a Christian here and now while father talks to you. God can save you anywhere."

"But I wanted to be saved in the meeting," he continued between the sobs.

Next night, although he was assured by his parents that the maid would not interfere with his convictions, he deliberately chose a seat on the other side of the building and listened most attentively.

When the invitation was given he sat upright and, without waiting for anyone else to take the lead, he raised both hands. Delighted to see the earnest look in the boy's face and the fearlessness with which he raised his hands Mr. Marsh came down and had the joy of leading the first soul in his new parish to the Lord.

"A little child shall lead them" was the thought that came to the minister, as he saw many people who had come for miles around that district, surrender themselves unto God. When the meet-

ings came to a close he felt how good it was to be in the will of God and to work for His glory, realizing the truth of the promise, "Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

CHAPTER V.

Wedding Bells

A NUMBER of guests assembled in the large living room at "The Pines" for Easter. Among the number was Miss Hunter, looking very sweet and pretty as she sat with Donald by her side.

"You seem to like Miss Hunter," said one of the guests, addressing Donald.

"Yes, she is my girl and we are going to be married some day."

"Oh! is that so?" said the guest, suppressing a smile with difficulty, but others heard the remark and soon there was much fun and laughter over Donald's confession and many questions were asked.

"I'm going to take Miss Hunter to the city on Tuesday, I have enough money to buy her ticket," and he rattled the coins in his pocket. "And I'll take her on the street car and we'll have dinner at the hotel and see the sights."

"Did you ask Miss Hunter whether she could go or not, Donald?" inquired his mother.

"No," answered Donald, "I know she can go."

"You had better make sure about it before you make your plans," urged his mother.

Donald awaited his opportunity and, slipping around to Miss Hunter's side, said in a stage whisper,

"Can you go?"

"I am very sorry, Donald, but I cannot go at that time."

Disappointment was written all over his face, but turning quickly on his heel and rattling the money, he said,

"Well, all the more for myself!"

This caused much merriment among a few of those present who knew that on that day Miss Hunter had planned for a trip with Mr. Lawrence Marsh, the young minister.

Donald could not understand the laughter, but when he learned later that Mr. Marsh and Miss Hunter were engaged to be married he was furious, and stopped speaking to both of them. He usually left the house when he knew they were coming, and could not be found anywhere.

"Something must be done," said Mr. Marsh one day, as he missed his young friend. So strolling out among the trees he found Donald and talked the matter over with him.

What was said was known only to the two, but later, when Miss Hunter went out in search of them, she found Donald with eyes that spoke of weeping and Mr. Marsh with his arms around him, and they were friends.

"Donald has decided," said her fiancé, "that by the time he would finish high-school and college you would be too old for him to marry."

"That is very sensible, Donald," said Miss Hunter, putting her arms around him, "and we shall always be friends, shall we not?"

"Yes," answered Donald happily, "and I'm coming to visit you in the parsonage; then I'll have two friends instead of one."

The wedding day was fixed for the third of June. Mrs. Campbell, generous to a fault, proposed giving the wedding reception at "The Pines," and making it one of the events of the season. She thought about it, talked about it and planned for it, until she had the entire family on tiptoe of expectation, and this was the topic of conversation all over that sleepy district.

"Your plans are too elaborate," said Mr. Campbell to his wife, as he saw how things were going.

"Oh, no," argued Mrs. Campbell, "I want to give a wedding such as I would give my own daughter if she were to marry an English nobleman."

"This will never do, mother, you are carrying this thing too far. I am sure that neither Miss Hunter nor Mr. Marsh approves of your extravagant tastes for a parson's wedding, and especially in a little country place like this."

"Oh, you are too old fashioned, Colvin. I am only going according to present-day fashions."

"That is just what I object to, mother," said Mr. Campbell firmly. "Look at your dressmaker. I hope you will not be influenced by her in the way you and the girls will be dressed in the future."

"My dear Colvin, you have no question in your mind about her ability to do the work."

"None whatever," said Mr. Campbell, only too well aware of his wife's dependence on the judgment of others and her weakness to be led by a person of stronger mind than herself. "But I have a question about following her advice in everything. I believe in women being well dressed, so well dressed that they do not attract attention, but that cannot be said about your modiste. I wonder that you have not noticed her immodesty yourself."

"Now, I have hesitated about saying anything, as I know women do not care to have men interfere with their fashions, but I am not blind to the fact, mother, that you are being influenced in a way that is not going to help our girls."

"You know my theories along that line. I do not believe with the parents who teach their children that whatever is thrust on the market of fashion is right, irrespective of health or common decency. Dr. Elizabeth Waller rang true when she said that the only protection some women had from pneumonia was a lavalliere."

Mrs. Campbell cried, argued, protested against her husband's criticism of the dressmaking and tried to convince him that she must keep step

with the times. Her girls naturally wanted to lead in the fashions of that quiet little place, but she found that all remonstrance was vain, every suggestion of unmoral dressing was strictly prohibited by her husband.

"Mother," said Mr. Campbell, as the argument was concluded, "I am not arbitrary, but I believe in having a mind of my own and in doing what I think is right whether twentieth century fashions agree with me or not. As I watch how this old world is moving I find that the present-day mothers are preparing their daughters for the matrimonial market from childhood. They seem to have no convictions whatsoever about anything, and especially about morals. They dress their girls as the storekeeper dresses the models for his show window, their only aim being to attract attention and get them off their hands. Well, I would like my girls to be women in the truest sense of the word, women of character, well but modestly dressed, examples to the young people around them."

All plans for the wedding were dropped until an opportune time presented itself to consult Mr. Marsh and Miss Hunter, and it was found that they both agreed heartily with the sensible view of the matter taken by Mr. Campbell.

The wedding day arrived. Miss Hunter had no living relatives, the only home she knew at present was "The Pines," and around that beautiful

old home circled many happy memories. It was there she learned her need of Christ and accepted Him as her Saviour. It was there that the doubts sown in her mind in college had been replaced by faith in the Word of the living God, and there she had met the man to whom she had given her heart and hand.

The church was tastefully decorated. Ferns and palms, with a beautiful basket of roses on either side, adorned the rostrum. Down the aisle at every pew stood one of Miss Hunter's school girls, dressed in white, with a pretty bouquet of pink roses from "The Pines" garden.

Miss Hunter was lovely to look at, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Marsh, as they walked down the aisle, unattended. She was dressed in a dark blue traveling suit, with a most becoming hat to match, and a corsage bouquet of bridal roses. The only ornament was a pearl brooch, the gift of the groom.

The service was very beautiful, and the reception which followed was a fitting climax to the happy occasion. As the "newly weds" drove away amid showers of confetti and rice, the plain country folk, as well as the friends of the happy couple, felt comforted in the thought that they had not lost a valuable teacher in the resignation of Miss Hunter, but had gained in their pastor's chosen helpmeet one whose influence would be invaluable in the community.

CHAPTER VI.

Standards

A SPECIAL delivery letter, father," said Donald, handing the missive to his father. "Humph! It is from your Uncle Benjamin. I wonder why he is sending a special delivery?" said Mr. Campbell, turning the letter over in his hand and inspecting the envelope.

"Open it and see," laughed Donald, as he stepped impatiently off one foot on to the other.

"You are right, my boy. I'll never know the contents until I do."

Mr. Campbell had not seen his brother for several years. Their paths did not seem to cross. Benjamin Campbell was a keen and shrewd lawyer, very ambitious and fond of gaiety. He married a society woman, and they had one son and one daughter, who were being brought up in an entirely different mould from the family of his elder brother. Their summers were spent at some fashionable holiday resort and no communication, except on strictly business lines, ever passed between the two families. It was the greater surprise, therefore, to receive this letter and read its contents, which ran as follows:

"Dear Colvin:

"My wife and I have decided to pay you a visit this summer and give our children a chance to get acquainted with their cousins. We will reach 'The Pines' by motor some time Friday.

"Your brother,

"Ben."

"Well, Donald, read it for yourself. This is quite a surprise, but I am mighty glad he is coming," said Mr. Campbell with a smile, as he hurried off to tell his wife, while Donald went to find the girls and impart the news.

Eagerly did the young people watch for the arrival of their guests, with whose actual presence they were soon rewarded. As soon as the greetings were over and the travellers had had time to lay off their auto togs and get into more comfortable clothes, the two families assembled in the living-room for a chat.

The men had much to talk about. Benjamin had so much to say—his brother looked older, the place was changed, but changed for the better, everything was looking fine. The women talked about their children, about holiday resorts, about summer clothing, dressmaking, etc., while the children stood and studied each other with that shyness and aloofness characteristic of child manners. Then, when the reserve had been softened by a smile, the boys rushed at each other as though each was anxious to test the other's strength, and

the girls hurried out to the porch with a chorus of yells.

"Do you have a pony?" asked Tom, the city boy.

"No," answered Donald, feeling rather ashamed of the fact that he was not the proud possessor of everything his cousin mentioned.

This put an idea into his head and at the very first opportunity he made known to his father his desire to have a pony. Disappointment awaited him, as Mr. Campbell would not hear of it. The desire, however, remained with Donald and was accentuated on Sunday when a very sweet little missionary spoke to the Sunday-school. Among the stories told was one of a little girl who was anxious to have a doll and doll carriage; knowing her people could not afford to buy it, she prayed and patiently waited for the answer. Two years later her faith was rewarded when she was presented with a doll and carriage more beautiful than she had ever hoped to possess.

"That is what I will do about the pony," thought Donald, as his faith took on new impetus. His city cousin shared his room, so on reaching home he decided to slip away quietly to a place where, undisturbed, he might talk to God, for he believed He would answer his prayers as He had those of the little girl.

Entering her father's room some time later, Jean, almost convulsed with laughter, said, "What do you think I heard, father?"

"I am not a diviner of thoughts, Jean, you will have to tell me."

"Donald is praying in the trunk-room, and I heard him say, 'O God, if I pray for two whole years, will you give me a pony?'"

"Well, Jean, the place and petition may seem strange to you but I see nothing to laugh at. Donald took the message of the afternoon literally. That is faith and you remember how it is put in the song—

'Victorious faith the promise sees
And looks to God alone;
Laughs at impossibilities
And says, 'It shall be done.'"

Relating the story to his wife, Mr. Campbell said, "Donald shall have a pony, if I have to cross the continent to get one."

Benjamin Campbell was a very different man from his brother Colvin. He was proud and boastful, talked a great deal about himself, his home and family, and never seemed to lose sight of the personal pronoun I, either in conversation or actions. Despising the country school which his brother's children attended, he boasted that his family went to a private school and were not permitted to mix with the common folk who lived near them. This did not appeal to his brother Colvin, whose democratic ideas led him to follow the injunction "Condescend to men of low estate," for amongst them he had found some of



"Donald," said Mr. Campbell, "I want you to take great and good men for your example along every line."

God's choicest saints and he coveted their society more than the society of those who adhered to modern thought and placed environment and culture before salvation and Christ. He had not adopted new methods in regard to home and family life but taking the Bible as a guide book, had found a training in its precepts and a refinement in the grace it offered that modern schools might supersede, but could never equal.

One of the unwritten laws of the household at "The Pines" was that both Mr. Campbell and Donald waited for mother and the girls to be seated at the table before they took their places, but since the arrival of Tom, the boys were the first to be seated. Mr. Campbell was grieved to see how quickly Donald was following the footsteps of his city cousin and, taking him to one side, he quietly rebuked him for this mark of discourtesy.

"But, father, Tom does it, and he knows because he goes to a private school and lives in the city."

"Yes, Donald, he lives in the city and goes to a private school, but if he lived in a stable that would not make him a horse, would it?"

"No."

"Donald," said Mr. Campbell, as he put his arms around his boy's neck, "I want you to take great and good men for your example along every line and never be influenced by those who have low standards. Let me give you an example. You are taught in school that Abraham Lincoln was

one of the grandest of men. Probably in his political addresses he adapted himself to the methods of thought acceptable to the men who heard him, for in descriptions of him he is often characterized as a rough backwoodsman, whom everybody addressed familiarly as 'Abe.' In the home there was none of that, for Lincoln was a gentleman of the old school. He always arose when a woman entered the room and remained standing as long as she did; his courtly manners would put to shame the easy-going indifference to etiquette which characterizes many men today. I never heard of a man who on all occasions showed such unfailing courtesy to women as Abraham Lincoln. Now, Donald, you and I want to remember the women at our table and be as chivalrous as he."

While the parents sat under the overspreading branches of the beautiful trees on Sunday afternoon the children wandered away toward the river. They were not permitted to visit on the Lord's Day but, willing to do anything in the world to please their citified cousins, Jean suggested that they visit the Nelsons.

"Oh, yes, let's go!" answered a regular chorus of voices, and off they scampered toward the Nelson farm. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were away from home visiting a sick relative and Marjorie and Ralph were alone. Giving their visitors a hearty welcome they took them to the roof

garden, where they laughed, chatted and told stories for almost an hour.

Feeling some qualms of conscience Jean suddenly sprang to her feet, and approaching the ladder that led to the floor beneath, announced that she was going home. Marjorie tried to dissuade her, but Jean was determined and, placing her foot on the ladder, said, "No, I'm going home."

The slanting steps being exposed to the weather were usually slippery, but not heeding this or thinking of the consequences, Marjorie, somewhat peeved, gave Jean a push, saying, "Well, go on, then."

Losing her balance, Jean fell to the first landing, struck the banister and continued tumbling down one flight of stairs after another until she lay in a heap on the first floor. Fortunately, there was nothing in the way, and apart from some sore bruises she did not receive any serious injury. While waiting at the foot of the stairs for the others to arrive Jean was convinced that she had received punishment for her sin of disobedience, and concluded that in the future it would be better to obey her parents in regard to the observance of the Lord's Day.

They walked home together, Ralph and Marjorie accompanying them, a very sober party indeed, and as was their custom they told frankly where they had been and what had happened to Jean.

Fearing she had sustained some internal injuries, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell lost no time in taking Jean to a specialist, who, after a thorough examination, assured them that their fears were groundless.

At breakfast time one morning, after the city friends had taken their departure, the family filed into the dining room and took their places at the table. A smile flitted over the face of Mrs. Campbell and glances were exchanged between her and her husband.

"Donald, will you look on the front porch and see if there is a handkerchief of mine lying there?"

Quick as lightning he responded, for a request from his mother was like a command with Donald; he delighted to wait on her. It seemed a long time until his return, but finally he appeared in the doorway, his eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Mother," he said stammeringly, "I cannot see your handkerchief, b—, b—, b—, but there is a pony out there!"

"All right, Donald," said his father laughingly, "the Lord has answered your prayer in less than two years, hasn't He?"

Donald did not understand his father's reason for refusing to give him the pony, but had been content in the thought that his heavenly Father would answer prayer.

CHAPTER VII.

Burglars

THERE was no high-school near "The Pines," and the education of the Campbell children became a problem. Jean, under the able tutorship of Mrs. Marsh, their former teacher, was ready to enter her junior year and Donald had now reached high-school age. To send them to a boarding school, as Benjamin had suggested, did not appeal to Mr. Campbell. He loved his children so well that the thought of even temporary absence from home was painful, therefore he contemplated leaving the country and moving to the city, where he could give them the scholastic advantages that his position and their desires demanded, and at the same time keep around them the good influence of the home and the comforts of home life.

At last the decision was made and "The Pines" was sold. Only then did it really dawn on this splendid, unselfish, home-loving man what it was going to mean to give up his childhood's home. As he strolled out on the lawn he thought that that was probably one of the very first objects traced on the retina of his infant eye when it

ranged beyond the inner walls of the home he was about to leave forever. Every step seemed to bring a new picture before his vision. Had he not often with tottering steps passed beneath these very archways of roses into the beautiful garden where he was permitted to play as a child for hours at a time? Feeling keenly the sadness of farewell he wished with all his heart that he might end his days right there, for he loved the old place, every foot of whose grounds was dear to him. Nothing but the educational need of his family could induce him to go to the city.

It was different with his brother, for Benjamin was a townsman. Educated in one city, married in a second, he was now practising law in a third. He had a home which he could use for his own convenience and forget, whereas with Colvin Campbell, "The Pines" was home. Truly he too had been educated in the city, but throughout the days of his college career no place could take the place of home in his life. Often he would say that three words had been great factors in moulding his character—Mother, Home, and Heaven. Love for his mother made him very tender and reverent when dealing with the weaker sex, while his love for his home saved him from many snares in youth and made him a power for God and humanity in the prime of life. His hope of heaven, that hope that was steadfast and sure within the veil, gave him an assurance in testifying for God

that brought conviction to many souls and created a desire to know Colvin Campbell's Saviour. His roots were stuck deep into the soil, for the scene he now surveyed was the same he had looked upon in the days of his boyhood and it was difficult to say goodbye.

After careful investigation, however, with the thought in mind of the higher schools of learning, it was decided that Clemendale, a university city, with several large denominational colleges and seminaries, the city in which Benjamin Campbell lived, and also the place where Marjorie and Ralph Nelson were studying, would be their future home.

With the young people, however, there was no sadness of farewell attendant upon their leaving "The Pines." It seemed lots of fun to pull up stakes and go to the city; they laughed, chatted about it and were as indifferent to sentiment in the matter as it was possible to be, except that they all voted for the transfer of the name, "The Pines," to their city home.

The time for departure arrived. With great glee the young people piled into the large touring car for the trip; the chauffeur was to take them, and their baggage, to the new home and return with Donald to bring the rest of the family the following day. Mrs. Benjamin Campbell arranged that the house would be in readiness and had her daughter Eloise stay with the girls over night.

Eloise had changed, but not for the better. The autocratic training of a select boarding school had made no improvement, but rather increased her superabundance of pride and caused her to treat her country cousins with a condescending air. Boy-like Donald detected this affectation and did everything in his power to tease her. She looked upon him as just a country boy and did not hesitate to tell him so, saying in her most patronizing way:

"You will become smart and attractive when you have been in the city for some time, but at present your rough countrified manners will not be acceptable in real good society."

Donald's eyes flashed fire and, biting his lip, he turned away. Had she been a boy he knew what to do. Oh yes, he was a Christian boy, but there were times when it was right to believe in muscular Christianity.

Before leaving on the return trip he gave the girls a volume of advice, suggesting with assumed seriousness that they look under the beds before retiring lest burglars should enter the home during his absence.

Eloise heard all the warnings and injunctions, but smiled complacently at the thought of her country cousin talking this way about the city. What did he take that university street for? Did he think the highly educated people who lived all around them would ever come into the home to rob

it during the night? She was fairly disgusted and hoped he would not impose his company on her when moving in the same society of Clemendale.

However, when it was time to retire, Donald's injunction came to her mind, but with a proud shrug of her shoulders she disdained the thought. She could not banish it, however, and since there was no one looking, she decided to have just one peep. Her heart almost failed her, for sure enough, right under the bed in which she was to sleep she saw the form of a man.

Forgetful of everything and everybody she rushed out, calling, "Police, police, police!"

Soon a group of people gathered inquiring the trouble.

"Burglars, burglars, burglars!" came the piercing cry, as Eloise ran down the street.

The girls followed Eloise outside but, feeling they must stay near the house, remained on the lawn. Hours seemed to go by before she returned with a stalwart policeman, who entered the house and made his way upstairs, with the authority of an officer of the law.

Cautiously following him the girls were amazed to see his great form fairly shake with laughter as he stooped down and drew from under the bed the supposed burglar. Donald had shown his citified cousin that country folk are not all asleep and doubtless he would have been satisfied with

his revenge had he witnessed the chagrin of Eloise when the policeman removed from two canes a pair of trousers and a pair of shoes.

No country girl could have made a greater mistake. What would the people say? This thing might appear in the morning papers, and especially the fact that the girl who had done all the shouting had not been a country girl but the daughter of Benjamin Campbell!

CHAPTER VIII.

A Church Home

NO sooner was the family settled than Mr. Campbell looked around for a church home, the choice of which was as important as that of his own home. His brother, of course, was anxious to have them in the church which he attended as it was the most aristocratic one in the city. "Some of the greatest stars that have ever risen on the financial firmament attend this church," he argued; "they come from magnificent homes so it will be worth your while to introduce your family into their society." Mr. Campbell, however, was a man who was hard to convince. He believed in proving things for himself. His motto was to take people as he found them, and to speak of them as he knew them. So with unprejudiced mind he planned to attend the service and judge for himself.

The minister's theme on the following Sunday morning was the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and Mr. Campbell settled down to enjoy the beautiful story but what a surprise awaited this man whose faith was grounded in a living, loving Saviour when he heard the preacher of this fash-

ionable church, with scholarly phrases and well arranged sentences, actually deny the bodily resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. He spoke of the visions of the angelic Jesus which came to the people of that first century and which led them to believe that he had escaped from Sheol and ascended to heaven. "There is ample evidence," went on the speaker, with a smile, "to show that this new faith was the direct result of visions of the risen Jesus experienced by certain leading members of the community," and here the smile deepened and the speaker arose on tip toe that he might impress his audience the more, "but a study of the factors involved in this experience carries one over into the realm of primitive religious psychology. Popular thinking in that day moved freely in the realm of what moderns call supernaturalism. Belief in the possibility and reality of apparitions was firmly established among the populace."

"Well, brother, how do like our church?" asked Benjamin Campbell, as he placed his hand on his brother's arm and led the way down the steps.

"From an architectural viewpoint the building is beautiful."

"Yes."

"And from an artistic point of view you no doubt have the prettiest decorations and stained glass windows to be found anywhere."

"That is true. The window at which you were seated cost ten thousand dollars and it is not a large one either."

"From a sculptural viewpoint your statuettes are very fine imitations of the real thing."

"Come now, brother, you are making fun of the whole thing. I suppose a little plain old building like you had at 'The Pines' would suit your taste better."

"I believe in giving to God as good a house as I live in myself, but I also believe 'that only the best is good enough for Jesus and the surroundings would never outshine the beauty of the story told from the pulpit in the church that I had anything to do with.'"

"Don't you think we have a most wonderful preacher?"

"Yes, I will admit that you have a wonderful preacher, but if I were in his place I would never waste my time going into the pulpit with a message like the one we listened to."

"You are far too old-fashioned, brother. Popular opinion is on this man's side and you might as well get into the swim."

"I know, Benjamin, that popular opinion is on the side of men like the one to whom we have just listened, but let me tell you something: if that fellow had not the backing of the poor dupes of the devil to whom he is preaching, he would not have enough backbone to stay in this town or in

the ministry one day. He has no convictions. He is just parroting what he learned in the universities of Germany and there is neither soul nor spirit, except the evil spirit, back of anything he says. God was not in the message nor in the church, and if the Lord will forgive me this time I will promise Him never again to be guilty of ever standing in a building where His Word is denied as it was in that place this morning."

"Colvin, you are making a big mistake. This man is a man of brains and intellect, graduated at one of the finest universities in Germany, and was chosen by this congregation because they wanted modernism and not antiquity."

"Give me the antique shop then, Ben, when it comes to religion and God. The old-fashioned nursery faith is sufficient for me and my family. I will accept no 'made-in-Germany' religion. Goodbye to your modernism. I refuse to bow down to such a fetich, for I believe it is of the devil."

"You have always been a strong-minded man, Colvin, but your family will accept this teaching in the schools of learning."

"With the help of God, Ben, I will save them from feasting on such pernicious intellectual sweets. These things may be highly esteemed among men of the world, but I tell you they are an abomination with God. They thrust Him from His creature's thoughts and inshrine a host of

polluting idols in His place. They unnerve the mind, pervert the judgment, and wrap the soul in a vain solace of unsubstantial belief that will rob them of the consolation of the gospel and keep them from the only One who can save from sin,—the Son of the living God.”

“Oh, Colvin, you are impossible.”

“Benjamin, I will stand for the truth of God if I have to stand alone, and I want to tell you that the originators and propagators of this propaganda whose source is the devil, are conceited enough to think that Paul and the other New Testament writers would have learned much had they postponed their work until it could have been censored by their authority. But let me tell you, boy, that for nineteen centuries the church, in the large sense, has accepted the resurrection of Jesus Christ as a fact of history, the proof of His deity, the foundation for forgiveness and human salvation. It is not an imitation of heathen myths, but a stupendous and glorious fact, announced by Jesus, testified to by many witnesses, an integral element of Christianity, interwoven into the structure of the New Testament. That first Lord’s Day morning does not tantalize us with an apparition, it gives us a risen, living Christ.

'He lives! He lives! What glorious consolation
Exalted at His Father's own right hand;
He pleads for us, and by His intercession
Enables all His saints by grace to stand.' "

It was not long until, to the chagrin of these worshippers of modernism, Colvin Campbell and his family settled in a little downtown church, where the truth of God was taught and Jesus Christ exalted.

"How many members of your family will join?" asked the minister, as they applied for membership.

"Just those who have been born again," answered Mr. Campbell, who always made it clear to his family that he wanted them in the church family, but that God's order was, "The Lord added to the church daily such as were being saved."

CHAPTER IX.

Decisions

THE fall brought the opening of high-school. There was great excitement for Jean and Donald. Jean was a jolly junior and Donald, a verdant freshman. These two were chums in the truest sense of the term. Never were brother and sister more devoted to each other. They were never separated; their studies, their plays, their walks, their plans, their hearts, were always one. That holy bond which the Lord has woven, that inestimable blessing of fraternal love and confidence, was never broken. Donald, like his father, was one of the strongest, manliest, most decided, and most intrepid characters imaginable. In manner he was sweet, gentle, courteous, as one who is accustomed to look with protecting tenderness on an associate weaker than himself. Jean, too, had inherited her father's strength of character. Her constant companionship with her brother cultivated in her a habit of deference for man's judgment and submission to his authority.

Mr. Campbell kept close watch on their studies, and was determined to prevent the modernists,

who had captured the schools, from controlling the thinking of his children: for "the youthful mind is wax to receive, and marble to retain." This fact made him praise the Lord for the decision to have the young people with him in the home, since impressions made at this plastic age would remain with them throughout life.

There was considerable rivalry between the two Campbell families. Benjamin thought his children, with their private school opportunities, would far outshine his brother's family, though in the last analysis "The Pines" children were far in advance of both Tom and Eloise.

Eloise took little interest in her lessons and was surprised to see how much time and attention were given to study in the home of her uncle.

"You people take things far too seriously," she said, as she found Mr. Campbell helping the young people with a knotty question.

"What do you do with your work, Eloise?" asked her uncle.

"Oh, I don't bother much about mine. For instance, take the composition on current events that I was to write, I looked over the papers and magazines and found an article just the right size and copied it word for word and got good marks without puzzling my brain about it."

"That is dishonest," said Jean promptly.

"Well, thinking is too hard work," answered Eloise, with calm indifference to either honesty or principle.

"It is well you are Benjamin's daughter and not mine," said Mr. Campbell with disgust, "for you would earn every mark you got in school."

"Oh, I don't need to. My father is one of the trustees and my English teacher knows better than have me flunk. It is a good thing to have a father who is influential."

"Eloise Campbell!" said her uncle sternly, "I would be heartily ashamed of myself to let anyone hear me make such a statement."

Eloise had been at "The Pines" for dinner. She talked a great deal and did not hesitate to interrupt at any time. During the time that she was talking she never looked at any of the people around the table but constantly carried her eyes from her plate to the handsome beveled mirror in the buffet just opposite, showing very clearly that her thoughts were centered upon herself. Mr. Campbell was never so disgusted with anyone in his life and as he compared this aspiring society girl to his strong healthy daughter he prayed that she might never fall into the same trap.

"May I have some of your time today?" asked Dr. Samuel Kerr, as he met Mr. Colvin Campbell on the street.

"Certainly. I'll go with you now. We can chat in the church office, can we not?"

"That is where I usually settle all my questions," laughed the pastor of the down-town church which the Campbell family attended.

The office was a very comfortably furnished room in the rear of the building and the place, as the pastor had said, where many perplexing questions were settled.

Dr. Kerr was a man of some fifty years. He was battle-scarred in the work of the Master, for he had stood out for the truth of the Word of God in spite of opposition from many sources. He was fearless in his presentation of the gospel, ever contending "for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints."

"My reason for infringing upon your time just now is to present to you the need for special meetings. What is your mind in the matter?"

"I am right with you when it comes to evangelistic meetings. I believe in them with all my heart. To me they are times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and we need them."

"That is just how I feel. You are the only person other than the Lord to whom I have mentioned the burden that has been on my heart, and I think we should present the matter unitedly to Him before bringing it to the committee."

"What have you in mind in regard to help?"

"I have been thinking of an evangelist whom the Lord is using everywhere he goes, and I am hoping He will send him our way. The field is white unto the harvest."

Together these splendid men prayed over the vital question of casting the net on the right side of the ship and bringing in the souls for whom Jesus died.

It was a wonderful prayer meeting. Dr. Kerr marvelled at the man who could hurl his anathemas in the very teeth of the enemies of high ideals both in education and religion and fight fearlessly in his stand for righteousness, now on his knees pouring out his soul to God in tender pleading for the unsaved in the church, and especially for those of his own household. Was not this the spirit of Christ who, on the one hand, could drive the money changers from the Temple and, on the other, weep over Jerusalem as tenderly as a mother might weep over her babe?

Soon afterwards the committee met. The call was sent to the evangelist and arrangements were completed for the meetings.

Everything was done at "The Pines" to help the young people give as much time as possible to the campaign. No excuses were accepted in that home. Other things were planned without interfering with school; why interfere with the most important thing of all—meetings where God wanted the ear of the young people?

With what interest Mr. Campbell watched the work go! First, there was cool indifference on the part of Jean and Donald. They went to the meetings, of course, and talked freely about the speaker, his appearance and personality, his dress and manner, his voice and language.

"I wonder when they will get past the man to his message?" asked Mr. Campbell, after listening one night to these things that had been discussed so often.

"Just have patience, Colvin. They will come to that after a while," answered his wife.

At last the change came. The evangelist gave the same gospel they had heard from childhood, but put it in a different way from anyone else. It was the same Truth, coming in the voice and language of a stranger, and it was taking effect. They asked questions, agreed or disagreed, as the case might be, and still the father watched. The meetings had been going on for two weeks, and now Mr. Campbell was looking for a definite answer to his prayers; God did not disappoint.

One Friday night, the young people had been specially invited. The subject was "God's Only Way of Salvation." It was based on the story of the children of Israel leaving Egypt. The escape from death of the first-born of Israel, because of the slain lamb and the sprinkled blood, was portrayed so vividly that all who were not safely sheltered beneath the blood-stained banner of the

cross were brought to the place where they saw their danger and the requirement of nothing less than the blood of the Son of God for their salvation.

Jean knew her need. The truth had been put before her many times by faithful pastors, Sunday-school teachers, and also by her father. During these two weeks she attended the meetings nightly and very wisely her father kept out of the way, while the Holy Spirit did His work. He was a strong believer in conviction of sin before decision for Christ; in real possession of eternal life rather than making a profession without reality. That profession is not possession Mr. Campbell had told the young people again and again.

On this particular night, Jean had invited several of her school-girl friends, and the struggle was all the greater on that account, but God's Word did its work. She realized the first born in her father's family was not safe. She had lived a good life, but was well aware of the fact that she had never been born again. The blood had never been applied, her sins had never been forgiven. That she was a sinner she knew, for God's Word said so and she believed it. Then came the question, "Why not step out tonight and accept the Son of God as my substitute and Saviour?" Such a question could not escape the

notice of the evil one and immediately he began his fight for her soul.

"These high-school girls will tell it to the entire school on Monday."

The argument was weak, for Jean had enough of her father's backbone to face a regiment for her convictions.

"You are young. Put the decision off until you have graduated."

Jean knew God's Word too well to listen to such a suggestion and the Holy Spirit pleaded, 'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'

"The high-school girls will not be here Monday night. You will be safe in waiting to that time," was his final thrust.

The struggle was awful; the time was going; the people were praying and something must be done. Listen! what was that? Someone was singing,

"You must do something with Jesus,
You must do something tonight,
You must decide this great question,
You must do something tonight.

"You must do something with Jesus,
You must do something tonight,
Will you reject? or, will you accept?
You must do something tonight.

"No neutral ground can be taken,
You must do something tonight,
You must be for or against Him,
You must do something tonight.

"With God there is no tomorrow,
You must do something tonight,
Now you can have this salvation,
You must do something tonight."

Leaning over to her friends, Jean said, "Girls, I do not know how you feel, but I must settle this question now. I am not a Christian. God is calling me, and I must go. I have never been born again, and this most important question must be settled tonight."

She was at the end of the seat and, with a most determined look on her face and with tears in her eyes, she walked down the aisle and publicly confessed her acceptance of the Son of God as her personal Saviour.

There was great rejoicing over her decision. It was well known she had never made a profession before and her friends knew that when she did come out for God she would not come half way, hers would be a clean-cut surrender.

That night, as they entered their home, Mr. Campbell took Jean by the arm, and said, "I am so glad, Jean, that you are safely sheltered behind the blood."

For a moment her large eyes looked her father squarely in the face but not a word was spoken.

Then, throwing her arms around his neck, she sobbed aloud.

"It is all right, Jean, dear. I know just what you have gone through. I have passed through the very same experience, but I am glad it is settled and that in our Father's Home there is rejoicing tonight. Let me tell you something, girlie. The Christ whom you have accepted as your Saviour tonight will perfect that which He has begun in your heart, and I hope some day to see you give yourself to Him for service." Then, kissing her goodnight, he sent her off to her room.

"When will my turn come?" said Donald, as he waited for a chance to speak to his father.

"Come to my den, Donald," said Mr. Campbell, as he took his boy's arm and led the way upstairs.

"I have just been wondering about you, Donald, and have been talking to God about you. I knew, of course, that you would come to me when you were ready. Now just what is your trouble?"

"Well, father, I was saved when I was just a little boy out in our old country church."

"I remember that distinctly."

"I was very young and did not know much, but I was sincere and the best I knew how I took Christ as my Saviour."

"I believe you did, Donald."

"Is it necessary for me to do the same thing over again?"

"No, Donald, if you are sure you are saved it is not necessary."

"I have never had a doubt about it, father. Oh, I have been just as tricky as boys usually are, but the fact that Christ was dwelling in my heart kept me from yielding to many temptations and helped me do many things that would otherwise have been hard for me."

"Well, then, what is your trouble now?"

"Just this. While I have been enjoying salvation and reading my Bible faithfully I have not been following the Lord. I have not joined the church, have not testified, have not tried to win one of my friends to Christ. I have gone on the theory that I would live Christ before them and have been sincere so far as I know, but I have never spoken to them about my Saviour."

"That means that you now see a need for a fully surrendered life."

"Something, father. I am not satisfied and I want Christ to have my whole life."

"I see your point, Donald, and I think what you are seeking after is consecration. Is it not?"

"I do not understand the full meaning of that word, father, but I want to give myself to God for service. How am I to do it?"

"Just as you received from God a full Christ, that was salvation, so you yield a full life back to God, that is consecration."

"How do I do it?"

"Surrender definitely, irrevocably, here and now."

"That is just my difficulty, father. I have tried to make this surrender but I do not feel any different."

"It is not a matter of feelings. It is a matter of believing. Feelings are only mentioned twice in the New Testament and in neither case can you apply them to yourself as you surrender to the claims of Christ. God never appeals to your feelings, but always to your reason and your intellect. 'I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service or spiritual worship.' There is not a word about feelings in that verse, yet it is making a full surrender of body, soul, and spirit unto God. Make the surrender and believe it is done without any ecstatic emotions at all, without any internal convulsions. Such a surrender is accompanied by an unvarying sense of weakness,—your weakness,—but with this promise, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' You are going to lean on, and trust in the Strong One for the coming days. May the Lord bless you richly, my boy, and use you for his glory! The word consecration means, 'Fill the hands.' As the days go by God will fill the hands that are yielded to Him; in other words, He will meet your every need and help you in each trying hour."

Placing his hand in that of his father, Donald said, "I understand." Together they knelt while Donald made a full surrender of his life to the Master who had saved him.

The "inseparables," as Jean and Donald were called, both felt burdened for the work of the Master. Jean felt a clear call to the foreign field as a missionary, while Donald's desire was to be a minister of the gospel. Dr. Kerr was his ideal of a man called of God. As he heard him exalt those things that endure for ever above those that perish in the using, with spiritual insight, clearness of vision and wealth of illustration; in a voice that possessed such moral resonance that men's nerves tingled; he longed for the time when he might carry such a message to the hearts of men and plead with them to be reconciled to God.

Mr. Campbell was delighted to give back to God at least two of the young people in his home. He was the only person, however, who was in sympathy with them; their uncle laughed at them; their cousins called them "Sky Pilot," a "Goody-goody," and Mrs. Campbell, always influenced by those who were stronger minded than herself, was swayed by public opinion and showed no signs of exuberance over the choice of their vocation.

How sad when young people are handicapped by opposition in the home! Yet it is opposition

that develops determination and determination properly directed, makes character.

Mr. Campbell was careful not to express to the children his opinion of his wife's vacillating character.

He loved his wife dearly, but could not close his eyes to the fact that she was swayed by the influences that swept across her path, and was not always wise in her indulgences with her family.

CHAPTER X.

A Chip of the Old Block

AT the close of the campaign, when the doors of the church were thrown open for the reception of new members, Dr. Kerr was delighted to think that among those who were given the right hand of fellowship were Jean and Donald Campbell.

Ever since his installation, the choir and usher force had been a problem to Dr. Kerr, but now he felt the opportune time had arrived for a house cleaning. He confided to Mr. Campbell the hope that the young people, seeing their responsibility, would help make the satisfactory changes.

"Leave it to them!" said Mr. Campbell, laughing like a school boy. "These young Christians could teach some of us older ones very valuable lessons if we were only willing to receive them."

Up to this time, "The Pines" family had never been separated during the services of the church. That it was detrimental to the young people to be removed from the watchful care of their parents in the house of God was a deep-seated conviction with Mr. Campbell. But when Jean, who was said to have a very lovely voice, was given a

place in the choir and Donald was put on the usher force, he raised no objection, but watched the outcome with keen interest.

Jean was a general favorite and received a hearty welcome into the choir, where her help was apparently appreciated. Jean knew that talking, laughing, and passing notes was a diversion indulged in freely by this group during the service. It was easy to criticise from the audience for she abhorred such conduct, but now being one of the members she felt she had to be polite and answer their questions. From her vantage point in the choir, she could see the ushers, who were seated together at the back. Very dignified did they look when, at the appointed time, they marched forward, took up the offering and then returned to their places in a most mechanical way. This apparently ended their duty and they settled down for a time of entertainment during the sermon. They talked and laughed with a group of young women who deliberately seated themselves near the ushers for the purpose of engaging them in conversation, and, in fact, had a hilarious time.

"Well, Donald Campbell, I am surprised at you!"

"Surprised at me!" said Donald, realizing that there was trouble brewing when Jean gave him his full name.

"Yes, for the way you talked during the sermon today."

"Oh!" he answered, with a sigh of relief, "the fellows did keep up a constant chatter."

"And the girls, too. I saw you talk to them."

"I know, Jean, but I had to be polite."

"Well, I can sympathize with you, Donald. I am having the same trouble in the choir."

"What shall we do about it?"

"I thought I had a solution for the problem this morning."

"What was it?"

"That you start a reformation among your noble company of ushers."

"Good," laughed Donald, "and you start a reformation society among your noble band of singers."

"I am heartily ashamed of the choir and disgusted with myself for taking part in the disturbance during the service."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Jean. Do you know what you looked like this morning?"

"No," said Jean, knowing her brother always saw the ludicrous side.

"With all those hats bobbing around and all those mouths going so mechanically, you looked like a tin soldier or a Punch and Judy show."

"Was it really as bad as that, Donald?"

"That is not fun, Jean, it is fact. I am sorry my sister was one of the number."

"I am more than ashamed, Donald."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I do not know. I went into the choir, hoping, in addition to the blessing received from the service, I could do something for the Lord, but I do not even get a chance to hear the message."

"Will you tell them about it?"

"For one so new as I to speak to them would seem like presumption."

"Will you resign then?"

"That would seem cowardly. What do you intend doing, Donald?"

"I shall call a meeting of the ushers, present the matter and have them take action on it. I am as old as any of the young men on the usher force and I have that privilege."

"That seems so easy, Donald, but you are always so strong and can take the initiative, but I hesitate because there are women in the choir so much older than I and then there are men."

"Why not speak to father about it?"

"Oh, I know what he would say. He would tell me that we have to learn to fight our own battles."

"That is what he calls making character, is it not?" said Donald, laughingly.

Perhaps it is making character, but I fear before this thing is over there will not be much left of me."

"Well, I wish I could help you, Jean," said Donald reflectively. Then as though a solution had come to the problem, he said, "Why could we not

pray about it? Can we not take everything to God in prayer?"

So together they knelt at the throne of grace and each one was careful to confess the sin of joining in the disturbance of the church service by thoughtless conduct. As they claimed forgiveness and asked for help to stand, if they should have to stand alone, they got the assurance that God hears and answers prayer. Little did they realize as they faced their first battle in the church what it would mean to them then and in later years.

In speaking of it afterwards to Mr. Campbell, Dr. Kerr said, "It was just what we needed in our church. I have prayed for God to raise up young people with courage, conviction, and initiative who would take the lead; then others will follow."

"They still need our prayers," answered Mr. Campbell. "Their battles are not all over."

"And they shall have them," confidently answered the pastor.

The meeting of the ushers was well attended and as Donald presented his opinion of their example and conduct in the house of God, a solemnity fell on the meeting that made every boy think. Donald was a leader. He had a strong personality and a winning smile which gripped his audience when he presented any matter of importance. The boys seemed to catch his viewpoint

and when he finished no thought of disapproval was in their minds. Rising, one of them said: "Inasmuch as there are no rules and regulations in the society of ushers, this thing has been done thoughtlessly by young men who wanted to be jolly good fellows. But now that it has been brought to our attention, I suggest that rules be made and signed by all present, that in the future every new usher added to the force shall be required to read and conform to them."

The motion carried and soon a book of rules and regulations was presented to the chairman of the society and was adopted with unanimous vote. Donald merely stated the case without offering a suggestion and the boys made the rules. Assuring them of his help and sympathy and also his approval of their plan to have a half hour prayer meeting before each morning service, he suggested that they now present their plans to God in prayer, to ask His richest blessing upon their work in the future.

When it became known that the boys were to change their conduct the testing time came; the mother of one of the leaders in the disturbance objected.

"So you will not be allowed to talk in church in the future," she said, with a tantalizing smile.

"No," answered her boy sulkily.

"And you will have a prayer meeting," with a laugh.

"Yes."

"Well, they are trying to make angels out of you boys, and I don't think they can do it."

The following Sunday that mother's boy did not attend the ushers' prayer meeting but arrived at the church in company with the girls, and seated them as usual right in front of the ushers.

Donald saw that a conflict was imminent and with a prayer for help, took his place, fastened his eyes on the pastor and prepared to listen to the message and receive all the blessing the Lord had in store for him.

"Pauline says, 'What is the matter with you?' " said the young man who had seated himself beside Donald.

No answer forthcoming, he smiled and shook his head at the girl.

"Bess says you are spoiling all the fun."

This advance elicited no response from Donald, and the crestfallen young man comprehended that the rules and regulations on the books were not placed there for show.

At the evening service the rebellious member joined the group and immediately began to make fun of Donald for his sanctimonious look of the morning. The others joined in the laughter and teased about it for a while until it became personal. Then like a flash of lightning the refined young fellow who sat beside Donald and admired his courage and strength of character, said:

"Donald was right."

"Oh, he was?" sneered the incorrigible boy.

"Yes, he pledged himself, like the rest of us, to pay attention to the sermon and not disturb the service, and he kept his word."

"He had no business asking us to make any such promise," said the unruly one.

"He did not ask us to promise anything," argued Donald's champion. "We voted ourselves. It is down in black and white. You see I happen to be the secretary of the society."

"That is right," came a chorus of voices.

During the sermon Donald's silence was noticed by the more thoughtful boys and laughed at by the scoffer. The battle was a hard one but, with the support of the boys who were on their honor, Donald led them to victory, while the one whose mother thought they were trying to make an angel out of him resigned from the usher force and joined her in the pew.

In the meantime, Jean also found her battle severe. She was determined to give her best attention to the sermon from beginning to end, but was constantly disturbed by the volley of questions directed at her. With a prayer for grace to be courageous she ignored every one and even refused to pass a note that lay on her lap from the time Dr. Kerr announced his text.

"What happened to Jean Campbell today?" asked one of the choir members.

"Oh, I suppose she means to fight us as her brother fought the ushers," said another.

"Those Campbells are always fighting," chimed in a third. "Their father is never happy unless he is in a scrap."

"Whom does he fight?"

"The school board, and the trouble is he always gets his way."

"Well, she is not going to get her way with me," said the first speaker. "She was rude enough to let that note lie on her lap without passing it, but she is mistaken if she expects to put me out of the choir as her brother put my brother off the usher force."

"Did he do that?"

"Not exactly, but he made it so uncomfortable for him with what he called 'principle' that brother had to go, but 'believe me' she cannot drive me from the choir like that. If anyone must leave it will be the last comer."

That evening the atmosphere was tense. All eyes were on Jean and she felt intuitively that most of the whispering was about her, but with a prayer for help she took her place in the choir and without hesitation prepared to listen to the message.

Soon a note was passed down and placed on her lap. Oblivious to everything but the speaker she paid no attention. Then came a request to pass it on, but never swerving one iota from her stand-

ard, and unwilling to compromise her convictions, she ignored the request. The service closed and the choir filed out to the cloak room, where Jean was as bright and happy as could be. Right always prevails, especially when backed up by prayer. Others followed her example thus making the few who continued the disturbance of the service to look so foolishly conspicuous that they resigned. The battle had not been in vain. Not only had Jean's character been strengthened, but the church had undergone a complete change, and the new choir was made up of members who were not frivolous, but consecrated young men and women whose talents had been placed on the altar for service.

CHAPTER XI.

Graduation

TWO years had elapsed since the Campbell family moved to the city, but their love for the country and the old friends had not waned. Jean's graduation was rapidly approaching. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh were invited to spend a few days at "The Pines" and be present at the commencement, and Ralph and Marjorie Nelson, who were students at the University, were also to be guests.

The day of graduation arrived and it was a jolly company indeed that assembled in the dining room in response to the gong.

Jean, who was to be valedictorian, was too much excited to eat, but to relieve the tension somewhat she was made the target for the teasing remarks of all present.

"Jean, you did splendidly," said Mrs. Marsh, as she gripped her former pupil by the hand at the conclusion of the program.

"Congratulations! Jean, you are a wonder," cried Marjorie, in her most enthusiastic way.

"I don't know what to say, Jean. I wish I could do half as well," was Donald's remark, grasping his sister's hand.

"I will say with Shakespeare," chimed in Mr. Marsh—

'To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another line
Unto the rainbow . . .
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.' "

"Thank you," said Jean, hastening toward the door with a nod and a smile.

Next morning as she examined her many and beautiful presents with her father by her side, looking once more at the envelope that contained his generous gift, she put her arms around his neck and thanked him, little realizing for what purpose that gift would be used in the coming days.

"It is yours, Jean, to do with as you please; but do not forget the 'Giver of all' when dispensing of your substance," said Mr. Campbell thoughtfully, as he turned and left the room.

Jean was a very appreciative girl and the amount of her father's gift staggered her. What would she do with twenty thousand dollars? A new thought intruded itself. She had never earned or handled money that was really her own. Her father had paid all her bills, had given her spending money, and had supplied her with offer-

ings for church and Sunday-school. She had never felt any responsibility along that line. What was the thought then that was troubling her? What brought the color flashing to her cheeks only to recede and leave her with breath coming quick and fast as she faced a new question and settled a new problem? It was this: "My father tithes. This is my money. No one else can settle this question for me. I want to know my duty along this line."

Hastening to her room, she immediately locked the door. Alone with God she took down her Bible and asked in the most business-like way, "Now, Lord, show me my duty. Shall I give the tenth of this money to Thee?" It was prayer and, "Prayer is the touch of an infant on the arm of the Almighty."

Consulting her Bible, she received the answer, "Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase."

"That settles it, Lord. You shall have the first fruits of this increase, the tenth of the whole. I could not give Thee less."

That very evening a check for one thousand dollars was sent to a foreign mission board and the remainder was equally divided between Drs. Kerr and Marsh for the work in which they were engaged. No one but the Lord was consulted and no one else was told. Neither her father nor Don-

ald was at home and, seeing her duty, she distributed the money as she was led.

"Say, girls, did you hear what Jean did with her money?" asked Marjorie Nelson, as the young people assembled in the parlor, in the absence of Jean, the following evening.

"No," said Beatrice and Esther in one breath, "what have you heard?"

"She gave Dr. Kerr and Dr. Marsh five hundred dollars each for their work."

"This should be told to Donald," said the girls, running to tell their mother. They were jealous of Jean's friendship with Donald and thought this a good opportunity to transfer the affections of their much admired brother to themselves.

"Yes, surely Donald should know about it," answered Mrs. Campbell, and accordingly he was told of the unheard-of episode as soon as he returned.

They thought they had gained their point, when Donald, unusually grave, said: "It does seem unwise, but I cannot think of Jean doing anything like that without forethought and due consideration. She must have had a reason. She has excellent judgment and I cannot imagine the money turning her head or making her do anything that is wrong. There must be a reason."

This answer was rather disconcerting but they advised him to ask her about it. Jean had gone out to mail some letters and they heard her voice in the hall as she returned.

"Jean," said Donald, approaching her with hands in his pockets and eyes downcast, "they tell me you have been giving liberal contributions to churches. I can hardly credit the story but they say 'Where there is smoke there is fire.' There must be something in it."

"There is, Donald," said Jean, as her face flushed crimson and her large tell-tale eyes answered before she had uttered a word.

"Don't you think you could have used it to better advantage in another channel?"

"What channel do you mean, Donald?"

"I mean missions. Don't you think the home work can pretty well take care of itself?"

"Oh, I thought you included the foreign mission contribution," answered Jean relieved.

"No, I was only told about the two. Is there still another one?"

"Yes, I have just mailed a check for one thousand dollars to a foreign missionary board."

The girls gasped at this piece of information and Donald said, "Are these not very large contributions, Jean? Is it wise to give so much away at one time?"

She would rather have explained the situation to Donald alone, but since he asked her in the presence of the others she felt this was a God-given opportunity to testify to the leadings of the Lord in the matter, so with perfect calmness she replied:

"I had a fight about this thing and since it was my affair and not something for the whole family to decide I made it a matter of prayer and settled it with the Lord. I only gave the tenth which, according to the teaching of father, does not belong to me. It is true I gave that sum to the churches and also a similar sum to a mission board under which I hope some day to go as a missionary. This, to me, was nothing more or less than the plain straight path of God's holy will and a little thing after all, considering all He has done for me."

"But Jean," said Beatrice, who had no vision of obedience or loyalty to God, "people are criticising you now, and the churches do not seem to approve of your action."

"True," said Jean calmly, though her heart was torn as she said it, "they did not help settle the question with God and may not approve of my actions, but it is for His approval I work, and nothing can take the place of that."

"Well, Jean," said Donald, "like you I have not had money of my own to handle, and therefore have not had to face this question. But I can see your viewpoint and I believe you are correct. The Lord has a right to the first of all that belongs to His children, and I congratulate you on your prompt act of obedience."

Donald's words brought tears to Jean's eyes. She turned and walked upstairs, thanking the

Lord for a brother who was such a true and loyal friend and who always seemed to understand. She trusted, too, that some day her testimony, so unexpectedly given, would bear fruit in the lives of those who had criticised her.

God always takes care of His own, but many hours of fighting and struggling and misunderstanding lay between that day and the day when that same group saw the will of the Master.

CHAPTER XII.

The War Cloud

“**S**AY, Colvin, we had a wonderful sermon yesterday in our church.”
“You had!”

“Yes. I wish you could have heard it. One of the leading New York ministers preached for us.”

“What did he preach about?”

“Progress.”

“Oh!”

“Yes, and he gave us very definite proof that the world is getting better.”

“Just how did he prove it, Ben?”

Benjamin Campbell was versed in law but not in theology, and his brother put a question mark against a sermon that met with his unquestionable approval.

“He explained the advances we have been making along educational and scientific lines on the one side and social and civic reforms on the other side.”

“Did he give you any concrete examples?”

“Many of them.”

“Do you remember them?”

"Some. Along social reforms, for example—
We have not a slave block in the world today."

"Except for white slavery, which is doing more harm to society than any slavery abolished by clean governments."

"Bosh, brother! You are far too pessimistic. You always see the dark side of things."

"Which is commendable if there is a dark side. In this case you would like me to believe that the black crow is white. I am a doubting Thomas about some sermons and some theologians. You will have to 'show me' before I believe."

On Wednesday of that week Colvin Campbell paid a visit to his brother, and as he handed the morning paper to him said, "What would your New York theologian say today about the world getting better?"

"He would probably say that this is the final house-cleaning."

"Well, I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I do not hesitate to say that the world has been plunged into the worst war in its history."

"Pessimism again, Colvin."

"Common sense."

"You would make a competent adjudicator to settle their disputes over there."

"Mark my words," continued Mr. Campbell, taking no notice of his brother's sarcasm, "it will be some time before this dispute is settled."

"Well, don't worry. We are three thousand miles away and won't be touched by it in America."

"I hope not, but I can see the war cloud hanging over the western as well as the eastern hemisphere. America cannot, if she would, dissociate herself from the forces of world civilization; she cannot guarantee her own security; she cannot hope to participate in world intercourse while rejecting world responsibilities and obligations."

"If I were a younger man and America entered the war I should not wait to be drafted, I assure you."

With what keen interest Mr. Campbell watched developments in Europe! Daily he was found at the newspaper bulletins. America was neutral and the news, of course, was coming from both sides. The Germans were going pell-mell over Belgium as if they thought it was a road and not a country. From Belgian villages and towns were beginning to come those tales of atrocities that shocked the world into horrified amazement. France and England were keeping very quiet and the censor was being severely criticised.

The days and weeks passed rapidly. The German drive toward Paris had been checked but with great losses to the Allies in both men and material. They had all fought courageously in spite of their lack of preparation, but it was evident to every fair-minded man that God and not

a human strategist had turned the tide against the Germans.

"France," said Mr. Campbell prophetically, as he talked with Donald about the war, "is a land where the wounds of conflict and cruel devastation have left scars that will remind generations yet unborn of 1914, when the mighty surge of invasion crashed against the ramparts of French valor, to be broken and swept back in defeat and when France, pleasure-loving France, in the most unexpected and noble way, made her body the bulwark between democracy and the beast. We owe a debt to France, a debt of gratitude as a nation; but there is a greater debt that every nation owes to France for her indomitable fight for freedom, begun when the Bastille fell and now waged on her blood-soaked and desolated soil with a firmer purpose and greater determination than it was 124 years ago.

“France only asked for the protection of British sea power and military aid of 150,000 troops at the beginning. But let us see what England did in the way of land forces. She put her standing army, only 440,000 strong, into the battle line, asked for 100,000 men and got them in two weeks; and within two months 1,000,000 had enlisted. Then from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, conquered Africa, and dark benighted India, the men of her colonies are flocking voluntarily to her side.

"To the American people, removed three thousand miles away from the scene of conflict, the amazing episodes of battle have the thrill of novelty, a mere theme for animated discussion, a sort of dramatic spectacle, terrible yet enthralling, but to the belligerent nations a grim reality, shadowing their daily lives, staring them in the face, robbing them of their sleep and their means of livelihood. To them this war represents European democracies making heroic sacrifices in an unprecedented struggle for civilization and liberty. The heroism of these victims of aggression, now swaying back and forth in a death grapple, has sent them leaping, confident and unafraid, into the crucible of war for their own testing and for the salvation of the world. I wonder how long America will keep out of the conflict?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Shouldering the Burden

WHILE Mr. Campbell placed the legal end of his business in the hands of his brother's law firm, he still kept a tight grip on the reins, closely watching each transaction. His failing health, however, gradually compelled him to relax his hold and give his brother more power, a turn of events quite pleasing to Benjamin. One would expect such a trust to have been held sacred; but with Benjamin Campbell it only proved an opportune time to betray it. In the presence of his brother he assumed the peremptory attitude of a man of high ideals. Little did Colvin suspect that he would descend to the arena of speculation. It came as a thunderclap, therefore, when he learned that Jacob-like Benjamin had taken his money, with that of others which had been entrusted to him, and with a gambler's prodigality purchased mining stock.

After a serious attack of illness Colvin quickly recovered. Anxious to know about the new mining and developing business in which Benjamin had put his money, and waiving the advice of his physician, he journeyed to the mine fields that

were supposed to have greatly added to his wealth during the war. Little did he realize the momentous task he was imposing on himself. As he supervised the work, took inventory, and mastered every detail he succeeded, with his keen mind and unerring judgment, in bringing to a standstill a business that, according to new evidence coming in daily to confirm his fears, was carrying his family to speedy financial ruin.

The blow was heavy and he staggered under the impact. In the city of Clemendale he was at the forefront of every movement launched for the betterment of humanity; had given a new character to public life and had written a new charter for the promotion of civic reform and social justice. How could he return and face the men and women whose interests were involved in this enterprise? It would mean poverty to many unless their money could be redeemed. If only his health were good he could survive the blow, cut down his living expenses, pay back every dollar and redeem his reputation. With a weak body, a burdened heart and an anxious mind, he feared to think of the disgrace that awaited his family. His humanness and stainless integrity would be forgotten in what the people would look upon as polite highway robbery, even though he had turned over the management of his affairs to his brother.

Ah! was it not his very integrity that called forth such questionings? Was not this the man who was famed for sacrificing rather than let others suffer and who was always so prompt in the payment of his bills? The day would come when his name, so stainless, would be vindicated. He had been known through the years as a man with a consuming passion for truth, a man with moral and spiritual vigor, a man with an eager mind and dauntless soul whose magnetic personality had distinguished him among the leaders of the welfare work of the city.

* * * * *

As the train started across the continent toward his home and the scenes of his labors faded from his vision, this splendid man, crestfallen, weary and aged beyond his years, heaved a sigh of relief that the revelation had come to him in time to settle his affairs.

One could not help admiring the energy and industry of the man as he assumed his heavy task. His loyalty to his brother made him very charitable as he turned over in his mind Benjamin's avarice and greed. It is always easy to pronounce harsh judgment on others, but when the offender happens to belong to one's own family one is prone to lay stress on possibly extenuating circumstances.

Arriving home unexpectedly he quietly slipped into the house and found Jean and Donald study-

ing together. They were delighted to see him but did not fail to notice his haggard and worn appearance. The strain, the trying experiences and the long journey had overtaxed his fast waning strength and he sank into a chair exhausted.

He thought failure had been averted but some new speculations on the part of his brother forced the climax, and the next morning when the bankers wired just one word, "Ruined," he succumbed. Calling Jean and Donald to his side he confided in them the trouble, adding that he felt the end was near and they would have to shoulder the burden. With a mind like his father, and himself the very soul of honor, Donald asked: "If you were to live and shoulder the burden just what would you do?"

"It has always been my desire that the family at 'The Pines' live without ostentation, but with every essential of comfort. Now I would sell all, live moderately, pay one hundred cents to the dollar to all creditors if possible. If any deficiency I should feel it incumbent on me to take a position and as soon as enough has been accumulated, pay every creditor in full."

"Is that the Scriptural way?"

"Donald, the Christianity we know sensitizes the conscience and purifies the motives so that, as believers, we must brave this thing and do our best, trusting the Lord to give us strength to go

forward to the day when we shall owe no man anything."

This splendid young couple realized the seriousness of the stain left on the name of their father, and the duty of clearing that name became the dynamic that assured the failing father of their intention to vindicate his integrity.

"It is a comfort to know that the deep-seated convictions of a Puritan race have taken root in your hearts and that although young you prefer to go shabbily dressed rather than be in debt."

"Rely on me," said Donald confidently, stroking the head that had turned white with sorrow.

"And you, Jean?"

"To the end, father."

No one would have doubted Jean's desire to fully co-operate with her brother, as with resolute purpose but perfect calmness she faced the future.

"Be loyal to your Lord at all costs and never lower the standard. If Ben, who has wronged me, should want to dissuade you from your purpose, just remember the promise made to me as I passed away, happy in the thought that with you in the saddle the right thing would be done."

They could not see the future nor realize the enormity of the task that lay before them, but it was worthy of their highest endeavors. True, it involved dangers which were arresting. But it

also offered beneficent possibilities which were boundless.

The blow did prove too much for Mr. Campbell. Next morning when Donald entered the room he found the spirit had taken its departure. Calling Jean before telling anyone else, they knelt together at their father's bedside and asked the Lord to help them carry out his desires.

Even among those of better understanding in the ways of truth and righteousness there is not often found such sound judgment, calm discretion, refined delicacy, combined with affection for, and intense desire to do the will of the departed, as was found in the case of these young people.

CHAPTER XIV.

Vindicated

IN the presence of death, Mrs. Campbell, actuated by her great love for her husband, consented to his dying request that his affairs be settled in the most honorable way, but as people talked and advised she began to swerve from her purpose. It was soon noticed that the tide had turned and that she was irresistibly being swept from her moorings. Ever the servant of public opinion, she had practically made up her mind to oppose the course of action undertaken by Jean and Donald in carrying out their father's plans.

Jean's money was invested and the interest had been allowed to accumulate. That she could help in a tangible way to lighten the burden she knew, but so far no suggestion had come from either Donald or the other members of the family. So, assuming the responsibility of deciding the question herself, she sallied forth for a walk in order to be alone and to think. It was a glorious day, the sun shone with surpassing brilliancy from a cloudless sky, and the fresh breeze had all the softness of spring. Under the blue canopy of heaven was a good place to solve the problem and formu-

late her plans. As she returned her decision was made. There was but one honorable course to take. Her family certainly had first claim on her resources, but her father's name must also be cleared.

Anxious that the Lord should lead her she entered her room, dropped on her knees, and prayed, "O God, thou hast guided me so far, please guide me now in this important matter, for Thy glory. The money is Thine, Lord; Thou hast loaned it to me for probably such a time as this. I place it on Thine altar now. Give me wisdom in disbursing it among my father's creditors and in the education of the family, for Jesus' sake, Amen." Then, opening her Bible, she read the fourth chapter of Philippians. The entire chapter was such a blessing to her that she hastened out in search of Donald in order to confide to him her decision.

"Donald," she said, as she met him, "I have settled the question of the part I must take in meeting our liabilities. My motto in the transaction is a verse given me years ago by our dear father,

"Victorious faith the promise sees
And looks to God alone,
Laughs at impossibilities
And says, 'It shall be done.'"

and my text when facing criticism for what people may call 'my folly' is, 'My God shall supply all

your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' ”

No definite step was taken until after the funeral and then Donald, having suddenly sprung from boyhood to manhood, from care-free youth to the burdened head of his father's household, put the business into the hands of a lawyer chosen by Dr. Kerr, to whom he confided the story.

After many days of tense excitement and ill-concealed conflict, one question before the family was settled,—the disposition of the home and furniture with other property in the city of Clemendale. The sale was a success and a smaller house into which they immediately moved was rented for the family. The news spread over the city so that many and exaggerated were the stories circulated about the family and especially about the one who had gone. In the midst of all this, in a most quiet and dignified way, Donald went about the work of liquidating the debts, and the steadily increasing pile of discharged accounts gave him a feeling of intense satisfaction.

Many and hard were the obstacles to be overcome; handicaps were numerous, but his heart went out to God in thanksgiving for his own spiritual awakening first of all, then for the noble ideals inculcated by the one who had been taken away when he needed him most. For the time, the pressing weight of bereavement seemed to stifle the sense of mercies received. Though there

was an empty chair and aching hearts, the remembrance of his godly life and character rested as a benediction on the home.

Yes, he who was dead still lived—for his family, though they did not realize it; his church, though the members did not understand it; his creditors, though their demands had not yet been fully met—all were to have, in the coming days, purer ideals of service in its most practical form.

All the debts were finally paid, though at tremendous cost. The family, except for part of Jean's money, and a small income Mrs. Campbell had inherited, was left almost penniless.

There will always be people in the world who delight to air their views and give their opinions. It was one of these poorly informed young men who met Donald on the street one day and who asked him in a most quizzical manner,

"What are you going to do when you finish high-school?"

"I expect to go to college and prepare for the pastorate."

With a knowing look and cynical laugh the young man asked: "Would it not be better to take a more lucrative position and pay your father's debts?"

"That might have been the case some time ago, but it is not necessary now."



The boy apologized for his impertinence and said, "You can count on my friendship in future."

"Oh, then you think because your father is dead you are free from the dishonor of bankruptcy?"

"Not at all."

"Then why don't you do the honorable thing?" Smiling and calm under the rebuke, Donald said, "Will you go in here with me for a few moments?"

"Yes, I am not in a hurry."

They entered the office of the lawyer who had taken hold of the tangled mess when Donald had assumed the responsibility of clearing the debts. Many were the trips made to that office in the past few weeks. Every shelf almost was familiar to him; from a file he took down a sheaf of receipts and handed them to his companion.

"What are these?" asked the young man.

"These," said Donald triumphantly, "are the receipts of my father's debts settled, not at a price fixed by the court, but according to his dying request, one hundred cents to the dollar. You can look them over, and if you know of any that have not been paid in full, let me know. I will gladly take your advice and stay out of college another year in order to meet the demands of honor."

With an expression which was a mixture of chagrin and admiration, the boy reached out his hand, apologized for his impertinence and said: "You can count on my friendship in future."

True to his word he published broadcast the fame of his classmate, with the result that Donald, who had been ostracized from society since his father's bankruptcy, was swamped with invitations and received with open arms everywhere. How true are the words of the old Book, "Them that honor me I will honor."

CHAPTER XV.

A Memorable Night

WATCHING the progress of the European conflict the optimistic said, "It cannot last more than a few months," but 1914 became history and the last milestone of 1915 found the world still in the throes of war. Then it was prophesied to end in 1916, but Christmas of that year, with its beautiful carols and sweet memories of the Christ child, dawned and still no peace on earth. The new year ushered in the coldest weather recorded for many years and, as if to add to the misery of those already suffering, an unprecedented coal shortage was announced, a shortage that affected every city and town in the Union. Economy was being practised on every hand, short rations,—meatless days and wheatless days were the vogue,—and the people of America, in a most patriotic way, responded to every ruling of the Government.

The Campbells felt the pinch of war probably more than most families in Clemendale. Being accustomed to plenty, there was a pathos about keeping up appearances which, had her husband been living, would have been considered unneces-

sary. This false pride of Mrs. Campbell's made matters more difficult for both Jean and Donald, who had shouldered the responsibilities of the home. Since their father's death they had discussed and planned many ways and means of saving their mother the ignominy of her present circumstances, ignominy that in the retrospective she felt keenly.

Financial circumstances compelled Donald to seek some source of income in order to continue his education. He was fortunate in being elected assistant physical director at the University of Clemendale, where he was completing his junior year and eagerly looking forward to his graduation.

The fifth of April, 1917, found Donald and Jean in a private conference discussing their future plans, but not without a feeling of anxiety as to what that future held in store for them.

Jean, who was graduated at the University and now teaching in one of the high-schools in Clemendale, said, "The corners of our neutrality have surely been chopped off, and I think we are ready to answer the call of humanity with a hearty national response."

With a look of anxiety that betokened his decision when the inevitable came, Donald answered gravely, "I am ready to go! but, Jean, there have been two of us to stand firmly for our principles, as we have had to do since father was taken from

us, and I dread leaving you to face these trials alone."

"I will still have the same source from which to draw my strength," answered Jean, bravely trying to smile.

"I am aware of that fact, but I have a premonition that things will go hard with you in my absence."

"What makes you anticipate trouble, Donald?" inquired Jean, anxious to have her brother's candid opinion.

"My observation of the fundamental and temperamental characteristics of the other members of our family."

"In what way do you think they may give me trouble?"

"It may seem egotistical for me to say this, but, as a matter of fact, when I am here to back you up in your decisions, mother is always willing to yield to your judgment, but when I go, I fear the girls, being in the majority and cognizant of mother's vacillating character, will sway her in their favor. It is very evident they do not always approve of your views in matters pertaining to the family and the majority counts with mother, for you know she is ruled by her feelings rather than by her judgment."

"Do you think mother will go against her best judgment if the girls try to influence her?"

"That is just mother's trouble. She has not the sense of justice that was so characteristic of father. For instance, you have spent and are spending your money to the last cent to help the family. It is almost all gone now. Beatrice will be the first who could step in and help you, but if she were a man I would call her a 'tight wad' and from her I would not expect any assistance whatever. Then Esther, while she, at the present time is taking everything you can give her, will, if I can read character aright, drop you when you have nothing more to give, pull the wool over mother's eyes (excuse the slang) and make it very unpleasant for you at times."

"Well, Donald, that is just what I have felt intuitively though I have chided myself for being so uncharitable. I do wish mother was as level-headed as father. He was the balance wheel in our family affairs."

"One thing I want you to remember," said Donald, with a ring of determination in his voice, "no matter where I am I will trust your judgment absolutely and will remain a true and loyal brother always."

"I appreciate that, Donald, though I could never dream of you being anything but true and loyal. I trust you will have no cause for regret that you placed such confidence in me."

"I know I never shall, Jean," and he kissed her affectionately as he went out to learn the latest news from Washington.

The eyes of the entire country were turned toward the hub of the nation. For two whole years America tried to maintain the spirit of neutrality but found it no easy task.

Very anxiously had Jean watched the European countries as one after another entered the conflict. She well knew that if America came in, both Ralph Nelson and Donald would be among the first to volunteer, and just what the outcome would be where Ralph was concerned she did not know.

The ardent desire of Mr. Nelson's heart was that Ralph be a minister of the Gospel, one who would fearlessly proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, and with this end in view he eagerly watched for his conversion to God. That memorable day brought joy and thanksgiving unbounded to Mr. Nelson, who immediately planned, not only for a college training for his son, but for a theological training as well. One year, however, was sufficient to settle Ralph on the question of theology, for during that year he capitulated to the teaching of destructive critics and frankly admitted to his father that he had lost faith in the Bible as the Word of God, a fact that nearly broke his father's heart, and, of course, necessitated a change in his course of study. Very carefully,

indeed, he chose the medical profession and proceeded with the preparation for his life work, aware of the fact that his father would not tolerate another change—thus the reason for finding him now graduated from a medical school and an intern in the largest hospital in Clemendale.

He was a frequent visitor at the Campbell home and the intimate friends of the family understood that some day he and Jean would be married, though these young people offered no reason for the fact that they were not even engaged. Donald, however, who was Jean's confidant, knew that her reason for continuing the friendship was that she might win him back to his early faith. Besides, Donald knew that Jean's heart was in the work of God in the mission field and her strength of character would not permit her to marry a man, even with the clean cut life of Ralph Nelson, who did not believe in God, in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and in the Bible as the Word of God. At the same time, he did not close his eyes to the fact that Ralph was sincere in his admiration and love for Jean, and because of this he believed she had the power that could eventually bring him from skepticism and unbelief to a full surrender of his life to the service of Jesus Christ.

"I do not believe in prayer," was his frank confession, as he talked with Jean during what he believed to be his final visit before going to war.

"I do, Ralph," answered Jean, "I have proved many times that 'Prayer changes things.'"

"Well, that is your opinion, Jean, but I fail to see how dropping on your knees, closing your eyes, and repeating your desires, can possibly change anything. You are not speaking to anyone outside of yourself. You merely tell yourself what you wish should come to pass and if the thing works out as you desire, imagine your prayers are answered; while the fact of the matter is, it would have happened that way if you had never prayed."

"No, no, Ralph. God hears and He answers prayer, and I know that some day He will answer prayer for you."

The conversation that followed was known only to those two people. Ralph, believing that America would soon enter the war, admired the girl who employed no lying subterfuges, but who, in the most honest and straightforward way, stood out for her convictions even though it broke her heart to hold out against one whom she loved.

"Hello, old boy," said Donald, trying to appear unconcerned as he came in just as Ralph was about to leave, "haven't you two settled things yet?"

"Not, yet, Donald," answered Ralph, with a note of sadness in his tone, "this sister of yours will not have me."

"Well, Ralph, she may have her reasons for keeping you waiting, but I'll tell you something (and I do not say this because she is my sister):

If you succeed in winning Jean, you will have a treasure."

"I am aware of that fact, Donald, but we cannot agree on theology and prayer."

"I am sorry for that, for as things look tonight I fear we will both need Jean's prayers before very long."

How true that statement was they learned in the weeks and months that followed, and when these three met again it was to be agreed in both heart and mind that:

"'God answers prayer, O soul, believe it;
God answers prayer, I've proved Him true.
God answers prayer, now venture on Him;
He answered me, He'll answer you."

Skulking in a tent was not American, nor was it a Nelson or Campbell habit. Therefore the very next morning after war was declared both Ralph and Donald offered themselves as volunteers. They needed no sending; freely, eagerly, enthusiastically they went to the danger line from which there was no holding them back. They were ready to sacrifice themselves, if need be, for humanity. Both did splendid work and were highly commended, not only for their brave and valiant service, but also for their noble characters and clean lives—Donald, especially, for his fearless stand for his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The very first night in camp with the men settled the question of his Christianity. He noticed that one young

fellow received very rough treatment because he knelt to pray. Scanning the faces round about, his voice filled with courage and determination, he, who had been so affable and genial in the few short hours he had been with the boys, and who had fairly captivated them, asked in no uncertain sound:

“Are you in the habit of treating Christians that way?”

“Sure,” came the answer from a chorus of voices, “we don’t want any canting hypocrites in this gang.”

“Pretty strong language, boys.” By this time his coat was thrown aside; baring his arm he showed his muscle with perfect calmness and continued, “For three years I have been the assistant physical director at Clemendale University. You boys who come from colleges know just what that position has meant to me in the way of brawn and muscle. Now I want you to understand that I am a Christian; by that, I mean, I am a believer in Jesus Christ. He has been my Saviour for years and I am seeking to live for Him. I also want you to know that I am willing to use my muscle to defend the cause of Christ. If you want what I can give you in the way of a fight you will try to prevent this canting hypocrite (if you wish to put me in that class) from both reading his Bible and praying tonight and every night I’m with you.”

Donald's words came like a thunderclap on a clear day. The men were amazed that anyone would have the courage to talk to them about a matter of this kind in such a calm and composed way and to really mean what he said. The only answer they seemed to be able to give was a loud laugh until their spokesman broke in with—

"Go on, Budd," shaking him by the hand, "you're all right. We have all kinds of admiration for a man who is willing to fight for his religion as well as for his country."

Roars of laughter and loud cheers followed this remark. Donald's "muscular Christianity," as they delighted in calling it, won the admiration of the boys and gave him many splendid opportunities for personal work in the days and months that followed.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Discarded Friend

“**W**ORK is the panacea for loneliness. It touches the keys of an endless activity, opens the infinite, and stands awe-struck before the immensity of what there is to do,” thought Jean, as, with a prayer for help, she faced the future and shouldered the responsibilities transferred to her when Donald entered the army. That the task before her was heavy and involved both work and responsibility she was soon to learn. There were only three in the family now; Beatrice, who had inherited her mother’s musical talents, had graduated at the Conservatory of Music and was teaching in a town one hundred miles from Clifton, where Dr. and Mrs. Marsh were located.

Mrs. Campbell was an ideal housekeeper. She was capable of planning the finest meals and serving the most appetizing dishes in the daintiest fashion, if she had plenty of money to work on; but with a money shortage and war time measures she decided that Jean should plan the menus, do the purchasing, pay the bills and run the house in the most economical manner in keeping with the

latest government rulings, while she, with the help of a maid who had been in the family ever since Mrs. Campbell was a girl, would attend to the housework.

This was good practice for Jean and, like everything else she put her hand to, she did it with all her might. Most conscientious in the discharge of her duties, she was developing into an expert in home management, but there was something lacking—she did not have the co-operation of her mother and sister nor did they endeavor to lighten matters for her. This was no mirage of her imagination, she knew only too well, and was convinced that the only way to solve the problem was to get back to the source of the trouble if possible. Donald's warning, however, made her feel that she was treading on dangerous ground and that those concerned would have to be handled with care. By no stretch of the imagination could she discover the rise of the stream that had now become a foaming torrent of discontent and unhappiness. Esther showed, openly, avowed dissatisfaction with everything that Jean did, with every plan she made, and ignoring her, made a confidant of Marjorie Nelson, who was teaching in Clemendale and became a frequent visitor at the Campbell home. Whispered conversations that were indicative of trouble were frequently brought to an end when Jean appeared, and many were her embarrassing moments when people who were complete

strangers confronted her with questions relative to her family. She always managed, however, to conceal her wounded feelings from the public eye, and only upon reaching her room did she find relief in tears. Then, as if to add to the burden, there was a growing coolness between herself and her mother, which she could not account for, making her work doubly hard. How easy it is to work with people who are in perfect sympathy with one's endeavors and how much more can be accomplished when one's labors are appreciated!

With the ever increasing cost of living, Esther's bills to be paid at the University, her wardrobe to be replenished, and other incidentals to be met, Jean found frugality compulsory, so she denied herself many comforts, made sacrifices and used all the ingenuity she possessed to make over her own clothes in order to give Esther everything she needed.

These things, combined with her teaching and the added burden of looking after the household, proved too great a strain on nerves already over-taxed and culminated in her resignation from high-school on the advice of a specialist. In breaking the news of the doctor's decision to her family, she was surprised to find that it was treated with calm, unconcerned indifference. She was not immune from sensitiveness, though in all the disciplining that had come to her she was ever passive and obedient. She realized that even

now while suffering from both mental and physical strain, she was capable of making even greater sacrifices, for she had placed herself, her best self, on the altar of entire consecration. But her disappointments were not over, for when she wrote to Beatrice and confided her troubles she expected at least a letter of sympathy, but instead received a note in which Beatrice, easy-going, indifferent Beatrice, replied without taking any notice whatever of her illness. Then, as if to add the last and most trying blow of all, her mother and Esther accompanied her to the depot and deliberately said goodbye without any reference to her return. She was accustomed to self-analysis and introspection and, as the train pulled out, began to wonder what could be done to remedy this strange feeling of isolation, this estrangement from her family, this lack of real understanding between herself and her mother. But, alas! she was yet to experience greater troubles and face more marked misunderstandings, while those responsible for the friction were to pursue their courses blissfully unconscious of the pain they had inflicted.

Good Mrs. Marsh, to whose home Jean went for the needed rest and change, took her into her heart as well as her home and became to her just what she needed, a real mother. The doctors said she was to have absolute rest and freedom from worry. Knowing this, Mrs. Marsh, ever wise



"She tells me you are a hypochondriac, whatever that means, and that they were glad you left Clemendale."

and tactful, guarded carefully the letters she received from Clemendale, the contents of which would have broken Jean's heart had she known the barrier that had arisen between herself and her family, a barrier that no ordinary handling could ever remove.

"She is a noble character," Mrs. Marsh remarked to her husband one day, as Jean went out for her daily walk. "I cannot believe the things I am told about her. Neither her sisters nor Marjorie Nelson have made any profession of conversion to God and they are blaming her from a worldly point of view, but offer no praise for the noble work done by Donald and her at the time of their father's death. 'The well poised mind distributes with impartiality the praise as well as the blame,' and when they offer credit for the noble sacrifices made I shall lend an ear when they come with blame."

By September, Jean's unruly nerves had ceased to give her trouble. She had recuperated so quickly that she decided to return to teaching, hence wrote her mother about a school in Clemendale. A very polite letter came from Mrs. Campbell telling her that inasmuch as Beatrice and Esther had recently inherited a legacy left them by a grand aunt, they would not require her help financially so it might be better for her to remain in Clifton. Mrs. Marsh noticed that as each letter of this kind came, Jean went to her room to weep,

and her heart went out to the one who was robbed of a mother's love and care through the selfishness of those who courted favor at the price of friendship.

"Poor Jean is having another weep," said Mrs. Marsh, while pouring out the coffee for her husband. "We may as well go on without her. She will not eat anything more tonight, I know. I am glad she does not know everything. If she did there would be no teaching for her this year."

Mrs. Marsh was right, but Jean was soon to learn the details with which her Clifton friends were cognizant and more, in a very rude way.

There was a vacancy in a school at Upton, fifty miles from Clifton, and through an uncle of the Nelson's Jean secured the position and was to have a room at the Nelson home.

Three weeks after her arrival Katherine Nelson, Marjorie's cousin, arrived from Clemendale. Jean had never met her, but had seen her photograph and knew that she was a spoiled child. Entering the house one cold afternoon, she noticed a log fire in the grate, and welcoming its friendly blaze, drew near as though to caress it and express her pleasure, when Katherine walked in unannounced. She viewed Jean from head to foot and then, with an air of utter indifference to Jean's feelings, proceeded to talk. Talking was surely her forte.

"So this is Jean Campbell," she began, without

introducing herself. "I've heard your sister talk about you. She tells me you are a hypochondriac, whatever that means, and that they were glad when you left Clemendale. Marjorie says you have hysteria, but you seem quite normal to me. Indeed, Mrs. Marsh tells me (and I have every confidence in Mrs. Marsh) their diagnosis is incorrect. Well, I suppose I should not tell you all this, but I guess it won't hurt, and just for a little diversion I will give you a bit of news that will cheer you up. Marjorie Nelson is to be married soon to young Dr. Brown, who graduated in her class at the University. He is in the Army now, but they are to be married before he goes to France. Perhaps I should not have told this; I understand the girls are not over anxious to make a confidant of you, but since everybody else knows, you might as well."

"Oh, ho, there's the postman!" she exclaimed as the door bell rang, and scampered off to take possession of the mail.

"Here's a letter for you and one for me. Both are from your mother—I recognize her handwriting. Now I wonder what she has to say."

Jean opened hers and read quietly a nice letter with no news about the family and no mention of what they were doing. Katherine finished hers and, smiling satisfactorily, handed it to Jean, saying, "You may read this while I go and see about the supper."

Jean thanked her and, with a sigh, took the missive and read an enthusiastic account of the good times the young people were having and of the great preparations that were being made for Marjorie's wedding.

As Jean read the letter and compared it with the one she had just received, she needed no more confirmation of the facts Katherine had placed before her in such a thoughtless way. That her sisters had ostracized her was true, but that her mother should also turn against her was beyond her comprehension. Dropping on her knees, she burst into tears, and with a cry to God for help, took up the new burden that had been so cruelly thrust upon her.

"I don't want any supper tonight," she announced, as she passed the dining room on her way to her room.

"Oh! you must have something," said Katherine, coming towards her. "Perhaps I should not have told that little piece of gossip, but I did not mean to hurt your feelings. You see I was so familiar with the sentiments of your family concerning you that it was quite natural for me to tell those things. Your people do not approve of the way you handled your money and your father's debts. Your cousin, Eloise, thinks you were very foolish, indeed, and Marjorie is offended at the way you treated Ralph. She heard him tell Donald you would not have him, but I must confess,"

she said good naturedly, "that I admire a girl who will sacrifice money, friendships, and even health for her convictions."

If she thought that her last remark was a balm for the wounds her words inflicted she was mistaken, for Jean went to her room broken hearted. The truth had come to her at last. She had learned the opinion of her friends in regard to both her health and her religion; she had discovered her enemies—enemies of the worst kind for they were those of her own household. At the same time she was deeply grateful to God for the friendship of Jesus, and the words, "When my father and mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up," were very precious to her as she wept in sorrow alone; and the hymn that had merely been poetry before became a reality now:

"Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day soothe the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us
Oh, how He loves!"

How she longed for Donald! If only he were here to help her, to advise her. When facing temporal losses she had been strong, and very bravely indeed she had borne bereavement when her dear father was taken and now as never before she

"Sighed for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that was still."

Next morning found her unable to go to school. She was prostrated. Her overtaxed nerves had

not sufficiently recovered to stand the shock that these new revelations brought to her. The doctor advised her removal at once to a local sanitarium where she would have the care, quietness and attention that her nerves required in order to effect a speedy recovery. This meant money and she appealed to Beatrice to advance the specified amount, but a curt letter refusing to forward the money came in response. This gave her another most trying day, and a mental battle ensued, as she reviewed her past and thought of the many sacrifices she had made for Jesus' sake, a new light began to dawn on her troubled soul and revealed to her something she had not yet given up—something she had not surrendered—her family. She had carried their burdens, planned for them, advised them, sacrificed for them and now received in return the basest of ingratitude. Only today the doctor had asked, "Are you carrying a burden? Are your people a care?" And as she related a little of the responsibility she had borne during the past year, he had said very emphatically, "You must let go." Was that not just what the Lord was telling her? "Let go, and let God." Why try to fix up this intricate and complicated tangle? Let God take care of it and prove Him that "He doeth all things well."

So it came to pass that Jean made another surrender and finished another chapter in her experience when she took her family with all the

misunderstandings that had marred the peace of that once happy home and left them all with God, saying, "Lord, in the future it shall be 'hands off' where my family is concerned. I have tried to be consistent to win them; I have tried to be honest and honorable to win them; I have made sacrifices to win them, but all in vain. Now, please, Lord, win them Thyself, in Thine own way, and use me just as Thou wilt for Thine own glory, and I will give Thee the praise, in Jesus' name. Amen."

That afternoon Mrs. Marsh, who had come to spend a few hours, was a very welcome visitor and Jean, feeling like a caged bird, came out into the open and unburdened her heart to one who she knew would sympathize.

Mrs. Marsh listened to all Jean had to say, read the letter from Beatrice and then, putting her arms around her and kissing her as a mother would her suffering child, she said:

"Now, Jean, you must not worry about the money to pay your bills. I know you well enough to be able to trust you and I shall gladly take the responsibility of all your expenses while you are here. You can pay back the money when convenient; there will be no hurry, whatever, about that—I know I shall receive it some day, but in the meantime all you are to think about is that you get well."

CHAPTER XVII.

Wounded

DONALD'S experiences, both in training in America and in active service in France, were many and varied. He was a splendid soldier, fearless in the discharge of his duties, popular with the men, and untiring in his endeavors to help those who were suffering or in need. He had a keen sense of hearing and was quick to detect gas shells; but in an unguarded moment when a new shell used by the Germans for the first time, the sound of which was unfamiliar to his ear, burst, he inhaled enough of the poisonous gas to be compelled to retire behind the lines for medical care and attention—care that was to extend over more time than either he or the doctors anticipated when he was forced to leave the firing line.

Therefore, he was one of the few, not sick, not well, soldiers who were placed on board the U. S. S. *President Lincoln*. Donald's powers of observation were very keen and nothing escaped his notice. Being partly convalescent, he was permitted to watch the methods used as the great ship, the fourth or fifth largest in the world, that

had just crossed the ocean to France with 5,200 troops and was on the homeward bound trip, made her way through dangers seen and unseen with 725 souls on board.

It was their last night in the danger zone, and the night before that memorable morning when the *President Lincoln* met her doom. The ship was in total darkness. Donald was privileged to have a room beside the "sick bay" on the main deck some twenty feet above the water line. He was restless, and opening his porthole, lay quietly meditating. Sunset, moonlight, starlight, with the various phenomena of ocean's ever changing appearance furnished suggestions for an endless contemplation and brought a peace that only God in His Word could give. Many times during his reverie did he think of the Psalmist and the language of his song, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

Donald could never be accused of cowardice, but he could not keep away the thought that something was going to happen. Naturally he attributed his fears to his physical condition and tried to quiet his unruly nerves by centering his attention on the troubled waters and thinking of the words of Holy Writ, "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end," which was a very fine picture of the

waves as they chased each other backwards and forwards, like the waves of human beings grappling in a death struggle in the land Donald had just left behind him.

The sky was black as midnight. It hung over the ship like a pall and was rendered the more awful by the brilliancy of the waters beneath. Donald had read of the phosphorescent appearance of the sea in darkness, but its grandeur, he concluded, was beyond compare as he tried to put into words what he felt. Had the night been still, the illuminated element would have looked magnificent; but there was something in this midnight, mid-ocean scene that far surpassed his most extravagant thoughts of the sublime. The rush, the riot, the fierceness of the unfettered waters; the wild, uneven, untamed flashing of their wondrous lights; the funereal blackness of the overhanging clouds, and the desperate plunging of the *President Lincoln* as she tore her way through the agitated waters combined to paint a picture on memory's walls that would not soon be forgotten. The waves, in a state of excessive tumult, were rising higher and higher! Donald watched them as they burst into sheets of foam and showered the sides of the ship with liquid light. Every drop, he thought, seemed to contain some luminous animalcule sparkling with vivid though delicate lustre. So his thoughts ran until he went to sleep, but it was a sleep that was to

have a very rude awakening. As the torpedo struck the doomed ship she seemed to lift out of the water, jump and begin to settle down only to receive another shock, another explosion aft that made the great ship lurch at forty degrees. Donald was wide-awake by this time, and as the ship's guns began firing he realized the truth—the *President Lincoln* was torpedoed and the accompanying ships were being given a chance to escape. Donald had been pronounced physically unfit to take his place and do his part in the assembling and rescuing of those on board. The moments seemed like hours to him, and he wondered if this would be a case of every man for himself as he had heard so often about sailors in a time of danger.

In a very short time he and all the sick folks on board were put into life suits and placed in life boats. There was no disobedience at any time, and as they abandoned the ship the captain could be seen with the chaplain, officers, petty officers, and gun crew waiting until every man was safe in the life boats and on the rafts; and the men thus saved felt thankful for those who in doing their duty risked their own lives in waiting for the safety of their fellow men. At last, in that ten-foot swell, Donald saw those in charge in the hour of danger jump onto the remaining rafts and push away before the great ship took her last plunge and disappeared from sight.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Loyalty

DONALD, with the others who were picked up after the torpedoing of the ship, had been taken back to France and shortly afterwards sent to America without further mishap. He was still wearing the uniform, but was pronounced by the doctors physically unfit for service, though the Government was using him in lecture work all over the country.

During one of these lecture tours whom should he meet but his old friend, Dr. Marsh. How pleased they were to see each other! Dr. Marsh had written a weekly letter to Donald from the time he enlisted, and those letters, full of cheer, never failed to bring a blessing. Donald attributed much that he was able to accomplish for God to the inspiration he received from the messages written by this man of God.

"How long are you going to be here?" inquired Dr. Marsh.

"Five hours; until I get a train for New York."

"Let us go to the hotel, have a chat and a good dinner," said Dr. Marsh, with all the anticipation of a school boy.

"Your proposal sounds mighty good to me," said Donald laughingly, "I'm as hungry as a bear."

The meal was enjoyed by both men and the stories told by the young soldier—for he had a keen sense of humor—added spice to the delicious repast as they sat over their plates for two full hours.

"What do you hear from Jean?" questioned Dr. Marsh.

"Very little," answered Donald, "except that she is in a sanitarium and having trouble with her nerves." Then looking his friend in the face, he asked earnestly, "What is the matter? The fact that my people refuse to give me any information worries me and is indicative of a lack of fair play. If you know, doctor, I wish you would tell me."

"That is why I tried to see you today, Donald. I traveled two hundred miles to catch you before leaving this city." Then, step by step, Dr. Marsh traversed with Donald over Jean's pathway from the day America entered the war until the day when Mrs. Marsh, broken-hearted, returned from the sanitarium.

Donald listened with open-mouthed wonder and as the story came to an end, jumped to his feet and with face set and stern, brows knitted, and fists clenched, he paced up and down the room, oblivious to the people who stared at him in amazement. Then, stopping in front of Dr. Marsh, he said:

"I must go to her, I must go today."

"No, Donald, you cannot do that. Your time is not your own. You are due at New York and will be busy, as you have said, every night for a week. In the meantime, Jean is happy and comfortable and is being taken care of. I think your first step is to go home. It may be the Lord will use you to bring your sisters to Christ, and to that end I will pray for you when you are gone."

With an effort Donald controlled himself and after offering up a silent prayer to God for victory, he said thoughtfully:

"That does seem a more sensible way, doctor, and I cannot thank you enough for your kindness and your good common sense—what would you call it?" he asked with a smile—"sanctified common sense, I think is the proper term. At any rate I appreciate all this and am mighty glad for your friendship. It has meant much to me during the past year and more, but this adds a very strong link to the chain of friendship, a link that shall bind us closer together than ever before."

"Thank you, Donald," said Dr. Marsh, taking his friend by the hand. "Jean and you have the art of making friends and of binding them to you with cables, but, so far as I am concerned I feel that I have only done my duty."

The week that followed this interview seemed like an age to Donald. He did his work mechani-

cally and went to his home with a heavier step than usual. Although he received a warm welcome from both mother and sisters (for Beatrice had returned to Clemendale), he was not keen about reciprocating.

Earnestly he prayed for guidance and looked to God for the grace, tact, and wisdom necessary to face the most trying situation it had ever been his fortune to meet. Buoyed with the thought of the prayers that were going up in his behalf, he laid his plans, placed the reins in the hand of God, and looked for direct leading in a matter that he felt was of importance to the kingdom.

His opportunity came sooner than he expected. It was during the absence of his mother and sisters that Marjorie Nelson called at the home.

"Well, Donald, when did you arrive?" she exclaimed in surprise, as he opened the door for her.

"Yesterday," he answered, ushering her into a room that had been set apart for him.

"Are the girls here?" she inquired, as she noticed that Donald was alone.

"No, they are shopping downtown, but you are permitted to visit me in my sanctum, if you have no objections."

"Oh, no, Donald, I have no objections at all, but I did want to see the girls."

"Well, if you can put up with my company for an hour I imagine they will be back by that time."

"I believe I'll wait," she answered, removing her wraps.

That it was no chance that brought Marjorie to the house on that particular morning Donald knew, so with a prayer for help he began his work of investigation. He had reliable evidence enough to know just where the trouble lay, but each individual must be dealt with alone, so he took Marjorie's casual visit as an answer to prayer and believed this was his first case in the awful tangle that he knew must be put right before happiness could be restored to his home and its family life.

There was silence for a few moments as though neither knew just what to say and then, as if Marjorie had planned the interview and was waiting for the questions to come, Donald said:

"Marjorie, I understand that Jean and you are not very good friends. Is that so?"

"Yes, that is so," she answered, wincing under Donald's searching gaze.

"You have not told her of your engagement to Dr. Brown?"

"No."

"You have requested my mother and sisters to keep the secret from her also?"

"Well, I thought since I had not told her myself it would be better for them not to mention it."

"Did you ever think she might hear of it from another source?"

"I don't see how she could. I have carefully guarded all avenues whereby it might reach her."

"'A bird of the air shall carry the voice and that which hath wings shall tell the matter,'" quoted Donald.

"Well, Donald, your sisters felt just as I did about it and were perfectly willing, in fact, eager, to agree to my request."

"Marjorie, was there any principle back of your request?" asked Donald, with a searching glance.

"Well, I suppose it was a matter of interfering in family affairs," she answered with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes, and disloyalty on the part of my folks in acceding to your request."

"I suppose that is so," she answered perturbed, "but I felt justified in not making a confidant of Jean after the way she treated Ralph."

"How did she treat Ralph?"

"Why you know all about it," she answered spiritedly. "I was here the night before he and you enlisted and heard him tell you plainly that Jean had refused to marry him."

This threw new light on the problem that Donald was trying to solve, gave him Marjorie's viewpoint and made him a little more charitable than he would otherwise have been.

"That is true, Marjorie," said Donald, "Jean did refuse to marry Ralph at the time you mention, but she was justified in doing so. I love

Ralph and have the greatest admiration for his noble character, but at the same time I believe, and I know Ralph believes also, that Jean was right in the stand she took. Ralph's views, the views of modern critics, were diametrically opposed to Jean's views. Besides, Jean's clear call to the mission field was the deciding factor in the case. Of course, Marjorie, you are looking at these things through unenlightened eyes. If you were a Christian you would take a different stand."

"Do you think I am not a Christian? I am a church member."

"Yes, but your home training ought to be enough to convince you that church membership is not regeneration."

"But I do not believe what I was taught at home."

"That fact does not change the truth of the Bible," answered Donald, with a smile.

"You are as stubborn as Jean on that question," answered Marjorie petulantly.

"I am decided on that question, for which I am truly thankful. It was my positiveness that helped me win some boys in the army for Christ. They liked it, Marjorie, for they were very decided about where they stood in regard to the war. There was no neutral ground taken after Uncle Sam threw down the gauntlet. Every man knew what side he was on."

The truth as it began to dawn on Marjorie revealed a heart that had been disloyal to a friend, and was at enmity with God. She did not like the revelation, and like Naaman of old, went away in a rage.

Dropping on his knees, Donald prayed that God, by His Holy Spirit, would deepen the conviction and follow up the work done that morning. Then, as Mrs. Campbell and the girls returned, he looked for fresh opportunities to present themselves so that this trying work might be done as expeditiously as possible, but as the hours passed his faith was sorely tried. Beatrice was to give a musical at the Conservatory that night and Mrs. Campbell, ever a lover of music, was planning to attend. All their powers of persuasion could not induce Donald to go, so Esther remained with him.

Esther, who was very fond of Donald, was pleased for this chance of having him all to herself, but was surprised at the turn of events as he continued his work of investigation.

"Did Marjorie request you not to tell Jean of her engagement and forthcoming marriage?" he inquired, as they were left alone.

"Yes, she was cross at Jean for her treatment of Ralph."

"And you acceded to her request?"

"Yes, of course, we respected Marjorie's wish."

"Have you been making a confidant of Marjorie lately and leaving Jean out of your life?"

"Well," answered Esther, perturbed, "she was not interested in me and opposed nearly everything I did."

"Did you ever make the statement that she was not the Christian she used to be?"

"I did say that once," she said blushing, "when I saw her eyes snap because I did not let her have her way."

"You said, too, that her family could not live with her."

"Well," she answered petulantly, "you would have said the same thing if you had been here."

"Did you say her illness was just pretence or camouflage?" he interrogated.

"I did tell Beatrice that."

"Now then let us begin at the beginning. You have admitted everything I asked you tonight. This obviates the necessity of controversy and leaves the balance of the argument with me. You permitted an outsider to come into the family and rob you of loyalty to your sister. The arguments you advance in defence of your conduct are all based on suppositions, you cannot substantiate them.

"Take the case of Ralph Nelson, for instance, that is nothing but a misunderstanding. I know Ralph. I know just how he feels. He admires Jean for the stand she took. Yet you, Jean's sis-

ter, have helped to rob Jean of her friends instead of being frank and open.

"Then take the case of Jean's family. Her father adored her, her brother loves her very dearly and I hope her mother does too. In my absence, mother, Jean, Beatrice, and you constituted the family. When you made that sweeping statement that her family could not live with her you were thinking of yourself, were you not? You must have been, for the other members of the family did not seem to have any trouble in regard to living with her. Then, too, if I understand things aright, at the time you made that statement Jean was making sacrifices to help you and this is her reward! You ought to remember the two good rules given us by Henry Van Dyke, 'Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary and that God is listening while you tell it.'

"I have no blame for Jean if her eyes snapped when you discarded her friendship and made a confidant of a stranger. I pity the woman who is so namby-pamby that her eyes do not snap on special occasions. Now, Esther, you have done this in blindness and unbelief, I know, yet 'The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small,' and some day it will all come back to you and you shall reap what you have sown.

Your disloyalty, your lack of sympathy, your ingratitude will all return with compound interest. You have proved the truth taught us by our departed father, namely, the total depravity of man, that salvation is not hereditary but rather something we must accept. Now I am going to look for you to take the place of a sinner and accept Christ as your Saviour. He will make you a true and loyal friend of every child of God, sympathetic with every sufferer, and anxious to follow the Master wherever He may lead."

Donald, who did not want to appear pugnacious, but was merely trying to put matters right, watched the effect of his words on his incorrigible sister and was not surprised that she rebelled, and would not speak to him for several days.

Beatrice, too excited after the evening's entertainment to retire soon, noticed the light in the den and knocked.

"Come in," Donald said, glad for the opportunity of dealing with another member of the family.

"I saw your light and thought I should like to tell you about our concert," said Beatrice warmly, as she sat down on the edge of the desk.

"I am glad you came, Beatrice, for I was anxious to see you. Are you too tired to talk for a little while?" said Donald with the air of a general who had been laying his plans for battle and was working them out one by one.

"No," said Beatrice, laughingly, "I'm never too tired to talk."

"Well, I have a few questions to ask if you can give me the time."

Throwing off her wraps, she sat down and looked at Donald inquiringly and without further preliminaries he asked:

"Did Jean ask you to help her with her hospital bills?"

A blush suffused her cheeks as she answered, "Yes."

"Did you give her the assistance she needed?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"For a good reason—I would never have seen it again. She squandered her own money and father's, but she will never have the privilege of squandering mine."

"Do you really mean to make those accusations, Beatrice? Do you really mean that you would not trust Jean with money?"

"Yes, what else could I mean?"

"I am glad you are honest about this. Please remember that so far as father's money is concerned when you accuse Jean you also accuse me. If she is guilty, then I am guilty also. You are the only person I know who questions the honesty of the girl who with a mind conscious of rectitude, was so conscientious with her money that the Lord's portion was taken out before she settled

what she was going to do with what belonged to her, and then used her own money to clear her father's name. Her loyalty to God in that affair won for her the admiration of all her friends and taught me a lesson that brought a rich and abiding blessing into my life. I could not have even imagined it possible that you would thus forsake Jean in her hour of need,

"For friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity."

I consider you a disloyal friend indeed, in permitting your sister to be virtually driven from home, to suffer among strangers and have those same strangers making themselves responsible for her bills. Beatrice, you would not have lost had you assumed the obligations taken by Mrs. March. Her act of kindness brought the blessing of peace and quietness to Jean's troubled nerves, and has bound her to Jean as one who proved herself to be a friend in need, therefore, a friend indeed. Of course, you are not a Christian and your perspective differs from that of mine, but, Beatrice, before you ever accept Christ as your Saviour, you will have a hard fight to overcome your love of money. I fear the devil will gain many a victory as the Lord tries to separate you occasionally from your cash, but you must put first things first and get right with God. Then ask Him to make you honest in paying your debts

to God. He asks the question, 'Will a man rob God?' Now the biggest battle you will ever face will be along the money line, but thank God, Jesus, the Captain of our salvation, will be ready to give you the victory."

Beatrice, if left alone, had a tender heart and was susceptible to the truth, so Donald was not surprised when she left the room, with a sob, and made her way upstairs.

Mrs. Campbell, who had been in the kitchen making plans for breakfast, heard Beatrice cry and, coming into the den to ascertain the cause, found Donald praying for the three girls who were suffering from the wounds inflicted by a friend.

"What is the matter, Donald?"

"Everything is wrong, mother."

"I fear you are tired. You must rest as much as possible."

"I cannot, mother, until I finish the work I have undertaken."

"Is there anything I can do to help you?"

Placing a seat for his mother on one side of the fireplace and adding a fresh log to the fire, he said:

"Yes, there is much you can do, mother. I am shocked to learn of the treatment Jean has received at the hands of her family."

"Has someone been carrying tales?"

"Yes, I am thankful to say a very true friend, indeed, gave me the information that sent me

here to right wrongs, and only the grace of God prevents the pent up indignation of my heart from finding forcible expression. I wish I could find enough adjectives in the superlative degree to express my sentiment about the contemptible way in which Jean has been treated."

"Don't get excited, Donald," she said, patting him on the shoulder, while a troubled expression flitted over her handsome face.

"I am not excited, mother, I am talking facts. You acquiesced in a plot and became a party in a conspiracy to keep Marjorie's forthcoming marriage a secret from Jean. You capitulated to the ring (if I may be permitted to use a political term) in everything."

"Yes, but I believed Jean would not mind and the girls wanted it that way."

"And you wrote a letter to Jean with not a word about the wedding and another by the same mail to Katherine Nelson telling her all about the arrangements."

"Who told you all this, Donald?"

"A more appropriate question, mother, would be, Does Jean know all this?"

A long silence followed, a silence that Donald hesitated to break for he wanted his questions to sink into his mother's very soul. But when he saw tears in her eyes and knew that her heart had been touched, he went on, "Jean does know all this and more, and the result is her prolonged

stay in the sanitarium. Now, mother, I want to talk to you very frankly. So long as father lived, and you were swayed by him, you did wonderful things, but since his death others have influenced you and, to please these people, who, without thought, principle, or Christianity, have used you for their own selfish motives, you see how far you have strayed from truth and justice."

In the light of the facts that had been placed before her Mrs. Campbell reviewed the last few years of her life, she saw the error of her ways and her mother heart was touched. Rising, with a sob, she buried her face on Donald's shoulder and pleaded for forgiveness.

Donald kissed her affectionately and dried her tears, saying, "We must take this in its right order, mother, you must go to God first and then to Jean."

For the first time in the twelve hours in which the battle had waged against wrong, Donald saw signs of victory. His mother knelt by his side and confessed her sin, and before going to sleep that night a very comforting message had been sent over the wires to Jean—a message that satisfied a hungry heart. Jean thanked God for a brother who had pleaded her cause, and went to sleep to dream of the old days at "The Pines" when she carried her cares to a loving mother and found an ear ever ready to listen to her childish troubles.

CHAPTER XIX.

Newspaper Reports

WHEN Mrs. Campbell and Donald boarded an early train next morning for Upton they left behind them three deeply wounded souls—souls laboring under conviction, but not yet willing to confess their guilt.

How eagerly Jean awaited the arrival of her guests! Her mother was the first to reach her room and, without preliminaries confessed the wrong she had done and asked for forgiveness. The acute pain that had filled Jean's heart as blow after blow came had, during the months of suffering when she was separated from her family, found no real relief; but as her mother embraced and kissed her as she had done years ago, the room seemed to float before her vision, the fountain of her tears opened, and chasing each other down her cheeks, they carried away the last vestige of misunderstanding that had robbed her of the love and companionship of her dearest earthly friend, and mother and daughter were reunited in that hour.

Anxious as he was to see Jean, Donald felt that the meeting between mother and daughter

should not even be witnessed by him, so he remained downstairs half an hour before going to her room. In answer to his knock a very red-eyed, but happy sister affectionately greeted him.

"You dear boy," she said, as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, "how will I ever repay you for what you have done for me?"

"By sending for your soldier brother when you are in trouble next time."

"At the rate my troubles have been coming lately you would be kept on the road most of the time, I fear," laughed the happy girl.

"Well, never mind, Jean, they are on the program so long as we are in this mundane sphere."

"Yes, I think so and I have come to the conclusion that God's people are specially tried at this time."

"Part of the program, but there is balm in Gilead, thank God."

The balm in Gilead had surely come to one troubled heart that day, and as the hours sped by there was no happier person in the sanitarium than Jean Campbell. She laughed and chatted with her friends and was her own bright happy self once more.

"Did you eat breakfast on the buffet car this morning?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Campbell, "and a queer breakfast it was. Imagine soup on a breakfast menu!"

"When I came I said to the waiter, 'What a funny breakfast.'"

"Yes'm, yes'm," he answered, "same menu we have had, on this car, for fourteen years. Yes'm, for fourteen years. Never any change. No'm, no'm, never any change except from grape fruit to strawberries and from strawberries to grape fruit."

Donald roared with laughter, "I'll guarantee the menu card looked as if it had been on the road for fourteen years."

"Oh, Donald, Donald," laughed his mother, "you always try to make things worse than they really are."

"Well, mother, I believe I could behave better if I had something to eat right now. Let us go downstairs and sample the dinner that is being served." He led the way to the elevator and a very happy group, indeed, sat down to a meal such as they had not enjoyed together for a long time.

The time passed all too quickly for Jean, who dreaded the moment when she was to say good-bye and see her loved ones take their departure; but Donald assured her he would be a frequent visitor as he passed through on his tours, and he kept his word. All roads led to Upton for Donald

after that day. Had Jean been his sweetheart instead of his sister he could not have been more faithful, and each visit showed a marked improvement on Jean's health, a fact that cheered him and made him feel grateful to God for the little part he had in affecting the change. "Did you notice that Ralph Nelson was wounded in France?" he asked one day.

"Yes, I noticed that."

"Have you heard from him recently?"

"No, Donald, I have not heard from him for some time. My letters have all been returned, marked 'Wounded.' "

"I am not surprised, though that may not mean that Ralph is suffering at all. There were two men by that name in the same regiment and it could be the other Ralph who was wounded and in the hospital. Both were captains but, of course, our Ralph was a doctor."

Not long afterward Jean saw the announcement of the marriage of Capt. Ralph Nelson to his nurse. This news brought a sting of disappointment though she clung to his words, "If you refuse to marry me, I shall remain a bachelor," and she had prayed earnestly for the restoration of his faith in the Christ whom she delighted to serve.

Many lecturers visited that sanitarium, and the guests enjoyed many intellectual feasts and were kept well informed about the war in Europe.

Looking over the bulletin board one day, Jean was surprised when she read the announcement of a lecture on Friday evening by Major Ralph Nelson, who had just returned from France.

"I wonder if that is our Ralph, as Donald calls him, and if so, will I meet him, and"—she stopped as if glad the people around her could not divine her thoughts, "his wife."

On Friday night Jean went early to the lecture room, and taking a back seat, awaited the arrival of the lecturer. At last he came. She recognized him immediately, for he had not changed except that he was stouter and a little older-looking. Several people entered when he did and Jean noticed that he gave instruction to some one and then turned to talk with Dr. Alford, the superintendent of the sanitarium. Dr. Alford was an earnest Christian, a man whom Jean admired for his sterling character and proved capacity for the position he held in that institution.

As Jean watched Ralph she noticed that he used a cane and appeared to be suffering from lameness, a fact that confirmed to her mind at least one part of the newspaper report.

He looked exceptionally well in his uniform and seemed quite at home on the platform. He told of his work in France, of the narrow escapes he and others had had, of the splendid work done by the American Expeditionary Forces on foreign soil and, to Jean's surprise when recounting

the battles fought and the victories won by the Allies from the beginning of the war, as well as those recorded since America entered the conflict, he added, "It was neither American forces nor American supplies that gave victory, nor was it Belgian bravery, French valor, nor British tenacity that won the battles—it was *God!*"

Hearing these words come from the lips of one who, but such a short time ago, had denied God, Jean said, with a heart that was truly thankful, "Praise God!"

Many crowded around the platform to greet the speaker at the close of the lecture, but Jean kept her seat and was interested in watching. Ralph finally left the platform hurriedly, and rushing down the aisle disappeared through the doorway with a woman leaning on his arm. Another part of the newspaper report was confirmed; it was he who had been wounded, he who had married his nurse. A song book lay on her lap, and looking at it to hide her confusion she read:

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;
Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live for Thee."

The book spoke to her; its message just suited her present needs. Going to her room

she fought another battle and won another victory.

Next afternoon as usual she went for her daily walk. The wound was still fresh in her heart, though to the guests of the sanitarium she appeared happy and cheerful. Walking toward the river, she thanked God for His daily recurring provision for her needs. A timid chirp came from the grass and the faint sweet smell of autumn floated towards her. The green velvety moss on fallen logs, grey rocks, and the lower ground where pines stood silent and thick, showed the hand of a mighty Creator. As she watched the river meandering around the hillside, listened to the humming of the bees and the song of the birds and saw the gorgeous butterflies flutter about in the sunlit open spaces, she realized that her future, which was all unknown to her, would be unfolded a day at a time. If her heavenly Father did not want her in the foreign field He would provide a field of labor in the homeland, where she could glorify Him for whose cause she had suffered.

Approaching the river, voices floated towards her, and she recognized Dr. Alford's clear resonant tone as the distinctly enunciated words reached her:

"So you know Miss Campbell. She is the life of the sanitarium and has a peculiar fascination for the rest of the guests—a fascination I cannot



"Doubtless you will have much to talk about and
I shall leave you to your folklore while I
hurry away to my patients."

explain. She never poses, is perfectly natural and sincere and is, I believe, a wonderful Christian. At the same time she is so intellectually keen she keeps us all alive around the 'San.' "

Jean did not mean to be an eavesdropper and would have given anything at that moment for an exit whereby she might have escaped unnoticed; but as he finished the last word Dr. Alford looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, here she is! I am anxious that you should have a chat with her. Doubtless you will find much to talk about and I shall leave you to your folklore while I hurry away to my patients."

Left to themselves Ralph led the way to a seat in a sunny nook overlooking the river, and in his old-time way said:

"Jean, I surely have a crow to pluck with you."

"You have?"

"Yes, why did you stop writing to me?"

"Oh, that is easily explained. My letters were returned when you were wounded."

"Yes, but why didn't you write again when you were able to locate me?"

"I did not want to be obtrusive, Ralph."

"Obtrusive! What do you mean?"

"Why, your marriage."

"My marriage! I don't understand!"

"I saw the announcement in the paper. It got quite a little publicity in America."

"Jean," he said, taking her by the hand.

Withdrawing her hand quietly she said, "I saw you leave the lecture room last night with your wife, and I suppose I should offer my congratulations."

"Jean, I am stunned! How that ever got into the papers I do not know, but I'm not married. I left the room last night with little Mrs. Smith. I was the one who broke the news to her at New York that her son was killed. She took it so badly I had to send one of our nurses with her. They spent the day here yesterday in order to let Mrs. Smith hear my lecture, and while the nurse was making the necessary preparations for the rest of the trip I merely assisted Mrs. Smith through the crowd to the taxi that was waiting to take her to the depot."

Jean was silent and then Ralph laughed boyishly as he said, "No, no, Jean, I am not married. I am free from the law, and more than that Jean, I am free from the shackles of infidelity that destructive criticism had placed around my belief in the Bible."

"Praise the Lord!" said Jean, with a smile of frank delight on her face.

"Yes, I discovered that men who believed as I did had nothing to offer dying men as they were ushered into eternity. That led me to another discovery,—that I had to unlearn human doctrines and come as a little child back to the old nursery faith. Then and only then had I any-

thing worth while to offer the men whom I met by the hundreds at the gates of death. I tell you, Jean, I have passed through a wonderful experience and firmly believe 'the faith once for all delivered to the saints.' My dear old dad can hardly contain himself, he is so happy; ten years have been added to his life."

With misunderstandings cleared away, it was a very happy young couple that returned rather late for dinner. A new plan had been formulated by them that day—a plan that was recorded in heaven and would have a large place in extending the kingdom of God on earth.

CHAPTER XX.

Surprises

DONALD could never be called a long-faced Christian, for he was "full of tricks" and enjoyed immensely good wholesome fun. When he next visited the sanitarium, he found Jean very happy; and, as she confided the cause of her happiness to the one whom she deemed worthy of her confidence, he thanked God. Turning the matter over in his mind, he saw in Jean's news a chance to precipitate something that would, at least, make his people think, for he realized that it takes more than ordinary dealing to bring some people to Christ, in days of indifference to His claims.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked, with a roguish twinkle in his eye.

"I think so," answered Jean, smiling.

"Then I shall bind you to secrecy in regard to your forthcoming marriage. Of course, you will tell Dr. and Mrs. Marsh, but apart from them the whole affair is to be a war secret. I shall be the general, shall make the plans and take the entire responsibility and blame, while Ralph and you, as good soldiers, will simply obey."

"Now, then, my plan is to shock the girls into an acknowledgment of their sin. It took an earthquake to bring the Philippian jailer to the Saviour, and I hope when my plan transpires that we will have similar results—a whole family won for Christ."

In the meantime, Ralph Nelson, with a college instructor and also a theological professor, all of whom had been led, in the goodness of God, from destructive criticism to the truth as it is in Jesus, had planned to found a new college. The curriculum was to cover all the work necessary for preparation for the foreign mission field and was to include secular as well as Biblical training. It was a great undertaking, but being cognizant of the need for a school where the student would not lose his faith, while at the same time he studied "to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth," these men trusted the Lord for the wisdom as well as the administrative powers necessary to do the work for the glory of God.

Jean, too, whose faith and obedience had been tried like that of the patriarch of old, and who had been forbidden, by her physicians, to undertake work in the foreign field, saw in this new venture an avenue of service where she might labor for the Master.

At last the day came for Donald's surprise. His only confidant in Clemendale was his mother, and together they made their plans and were now awaiting the outcome. Marjorie, who had come to spend the day at Donald's request, took the girls out for a walk, promising faithfully to return at a certain time. Donald went to the depot to meet his friends, and as the train came in, greeted them warmly, while like a general dispatching his troops, he ushered Dr. Marsh and Ralph into a car and handed them a program; then, taking Mrs. Marsh and Jean into his car, drove home. There Mrs. Campbell, after extending a warm welcome, rushed them upstairs to make the necessary preparations for the surprise, little realizing that a greater surprise was in store than they had anticipated. Returning to the parlor, she sat down at the piano and began playing some sweet old melodies as she was in the habit of doing.

The girls coming in from their walk, entered by a side door, and not wishing to interrupt, slipped into the back parlor and sat down to enjoy the music, a fact that pleased Donald and fitted into his program as if he had arranged it himself. Mrs. Campbell was a gifted musician. There was always something about her playing that gripped her audience, but today there was a message in every chord. The piano itself was responding to her touch and answering the call of her heart as

she sobbed out the joys and sorrows of recent months. Then, with a triumphant note she struck up a rhapsody she was seldom willing to play, but one that always charmed the young people. Donald, all unnoticed by the girls, crossed the room to his mother's side as her fingers danced over the keyboard and whispered something; immediately, without an interlude, she glided into "Mendelsohn's Wedding March."

"She is practicing that for you," said Esther teasingly, as she looked across at Marjorie, but before they had time to discuss further Marjorie's approaching wedding there was a wedding party in the next room and Dr. Marsh was actually performing the ceremony. Beatrice and Esther were non-plussed, while Marjorie, much chagrined, turned and said,

"They are having their revenge."

As the ceremony proceeded, another thought occurred to them. "What shall we do when the ceremony is over? Shall we walk up and offer our congratulations as if we were honored and invited guests?"

That problem was soon solved, for something transpired that changed even Donald's program, brought the necessary conviction to the hearts of the girls and gave him the desire of his heart, for just as Dr. Marsh was finishing the prayer at the close of the ceremony Benjamin Campbell entered very informally. He looked worn and

haggard and there were lines on his face that showed signs of great mental strain.

"Pardon the interruption," he began, stepping into the middle of the room. "I have a confession to make to this company. You all know me. My only son was killed during the war and my only daughter married a young officer who went to France, but is now at her home seeking a divorce. Everything has been going wrong, and I have had myself on the witness stand for cross-examination. The result of this self-imposed trial has been sleepless nights for weeks, culminating when I discovered I was unable to meet my liabilities, but that God in His mercy had met them at the cross, in my surrender to the claims of Christ."

"Praise God!" said Dr. Marsh heartily.

"Yes," he continued, taking no notice of the interruption, "my trial, conducted largely during the night hours, brought some startling revelations. I saw myself in my true light with an abnormal love for money. I found I was a man without principle or honor, a man without manliness or courage, a man with a heart full of selfishness and greed. I had taken my brother's money and without compunction, invested fabulous sums in a business that I knew would never bring the returns I promised. I had watched Donald bravely meet his father's obligations and Jean take her own money to liquidate the debts. I saw Donald go off to war and return with faith

in God. I saw Jean persecuted for righteousness sake, and I stood by without offering assistance. Then came the blow of Tom's death and the sorrow of a broken heart in my daughter's marriage. These are the things that brought me to myself, and like the prodigal of old, back to the Father to seek forgiveness, and He did not turn me away."

"Thank God!" said Dr. Marsh, his eyes moist with tears.

"That," continued Benjamin Campbell, "was the first step, but I believe salvation does not end there. There are other steps to be taken in the Christian life and God has revealed to me that restitution is the next step on Heaven's pathway for me. Jean and Donald shouldered the burden bravely and did a noble thing in clearing their father's name, and today I want to pay back this money, in order to clear my conscience."

"A noble thing to do," interrupted Dr. Marsh.

"I hope so," continued the earnest new convert, "and now I ask you, Donald, to accept this check for the money you spent after your father's death, money that could well have been used for the comfort of your home and family, but was kept from you by one whose heart God had to shake as by an earthquake before He could separate him from the almighty dollar. And now," he continued, turning to Jean and handing her a check also, "this is yours. It contains the amount you

used of your own money with the interest during the time it has been out of your possession."

Turning to Dr. Marsh, he continued, "In addition to what I have given to these two young people, which belongs to them, morally, I want to pay my debts to God. I do not know anyone who could dispose of that money in a more satisfactory way than you, sir, so I want you to accept this check, with the permission to disburse it as you may deem advisable in the work of the Lord. I have fought God all my life," continued Mr. Campbell. "I know little about prayer, and it is my wish, that you kneel with me here and ask God to bless me and keep me in His care."

Dr. and Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Campbell, Ralph, Jean and Donald knelt around the penitent man. Surely the Holy Spirit was working, for no power on earth could have induced Benjamin Campbell to bow in humility and publicly confess his meanness and sinfulness as he was now doing. To this group it was one of the finest manifestations of the power of God in answering prayer they had ever seen. The girls in the next room had been forgotten, and to them this was like a bolt from the blue. Their grievances were utterly forgotten, and a sense of their own guilt impressed upon them.

Suddenly from the next room came a sob, and the folks who had just heard the "amen" of Benjamin's prayer saw Beatrice arise from her

chair and make her way to Jean. Throwing her arms around her neck, she wept bitterly.

"Will you forgive me, Jean?" she sobbed. "I am such a sinner, and I know I treated you badly."

Marjorie quietly made her way to Jean's side and said:

"I, too, need a change of heart. I was angry when I saw what had been planned. I blamed you, but now I see that it was God's plan, and I want to know your Saviour."

Esther was still in the back parlor. She was ever unwilling to admit she was wrong, and while the others made their surrender to Christ they feared she would once more resist the Spirit, but Jean slipped over to her side and putting her arms around her neck, asked if she, too, would not surrender. To the surprise of all present she arose and walked over to the others, and kneeling by Jean's side, confessed her selfishness, lack of consideration and sympathy, and, acknowledging her need of Christ, stepped over the line out of self and into Jesus. It was a very happy group indeed that stood up and joined hands while they sang:

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."