

before the next evening everyone knew that Singing Bob and Lily Steve were going away from the camp. Perhaps, too, they half guessed the cause.

They had done very well, and their claim sold for a fair price. They would take quite enough away to start in some new way.

It was the night before they had settled to leave; Steve had gone up to the Paradise to say good-bye to Mariposas. Bob said he couldn't and wouldn't, but sent a message by his friend. He was sitting alone, half wishing that he had gone just to see her face and hear her voice once more, when someone lifted the latch of his door, and the subject of his thoughts entered the hut.

He rose quickly, then stood still, not knowing what to do; she broke the silence.

"So you were going without bidding me good-bye?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, huskily, for now that she was there, so near to him, it seemed harder than ever to go. "Yes, I thought it best."

"Why?"

"Because I loved you, because I love you."

"You never told me so."

"No, Steve loved you. Steve is a better fellow than I, and—you said that no decent woman would take me. Steve told me the other night that he had asked you to be his wife, and that you had said no, that your heart was already given, and so we are both going. I could not stop and see you belonging to another."

There was silence. It had begun to rain; the heavy drops pattered against the window, and a rising wind rattled the door.

"It is better that I go," he said. "I shall start now in some other way of life."

"You and Steve?"

"No, Steve will go back to his people; he has relations."

"And you?"

"I have no people. I have no one belonging to me, not a single soul—I never shall have."

"You are quite alone in the world?"

"Quite."

"And that sweetheart you spoke of?"

He did not answer, he only looked at her: she colored and faltered.

"It is not well for a man to live alone," she said, unconsciously quoting. "Bob," coming a little nearer to him, "do you remember that day that you carried me?"

"Is it likely I could forget?"

"And you thought I was hurt, but I wasn't. Bob"—softly—"I wanted to be taken in your arms."

He did not speak, he did not understand—why had she wanted him to take her in his arms?

"And they are so strong," she went on, "they held me so comfortably. Bob—since you are going away, since after tonight I shall never see you again—take me into them once more."

He took a step backwards.

"But the man you love!" he said.

"Bob! Must I ask you twice?"

He paused no longer, he threw his strong arms around her, lifting her in them.

"Now," she said, a shy smile creeping over her lips, "kiss me once—we are friends, parting for ever."

He bent his head; he kissed her, not once, but fifty times.

"Great God!" he said, hoarsely, "how can I go? How can I part with her now?"

"Is it hard?" she said. "Poor Bob," touching his face gently with her slender fingers, "have I made it harder? I must go now and you must go to-morrow; put me down."

He did not obey, he held her close.

"Who is it that you love?" he asked. She looked straight into his eyes.

"Is it fair to ask?" she answered.

"And does it matter—you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, I go to-morrow."

She reached her arms upward as she had once before; she lifted herself a little in his embrace, and laid her cheek against his.

"Take me with you, Bob," she whispered. "It is you I love!"

"Mariposas!"

"Are you glad?—then kiss me again."

A Sad Case

I have the sweetest dolly,
Her name is Belle Marie;
She came here on my birthday
From Paris o'er the sea.

But she's no comfort to me,
They keep her locked away,
For she's so very lovely
She'd soon be spoiled at play.

And so on my next birthday
A rag doll I will choose;
Because it's hard to have a child
Who is too nice to use.

What The Cross Does

By the Rev. A. T. Guttery

Now what does the Cross do for sin? It brings it to judgment. The root principle of the Cross is holiness. You say it is love? Yes, but it is

Love That Slays Sin

It is love that strips sin of all its disguises and masks. Calvary is sterner than Sinai. I had rather be condemned by Moses than by Jesus. The most awful condemnation is the condemnation of love. A committee finds fault with my policy, and I am not a ha'porth the worse. But if the woman who bears my name and gives me her love condemns me for being false to my husbandhood, then I am condemned with a great condemnation. At the Cross love condemns. I never see what sin is until I stand at the foot of the Cross. All the thunders of Sinai never move me. But when I see my Lord dying, and I hear His sob, and nature trembles, and I know He hung there for me, then I know what sin is, and, thank God, I hate it at last!

Not only is sin judged at the Cross. It is forgiven. Christ forgives sin, and forgives it at the Cross. The Cross is His throne. I am not going into any philosophical or theological argument. I say Christ forgives my sin. I know it. With me it is not a conclusion, it is a conviction. His forgiveness is enough, and it is the only forgiveness that is enough. It lifts the load, it cleanses the conscience, it illuminates the reason. When the priest forgives, I say,

"Stand Back! Who Are You?"

When the Church forgives, I am grateful for her charity, but I am still discontented. But when He forgives I can go in peace—in peace—and sin no more.

IN THIS MATTER OF HEALTH

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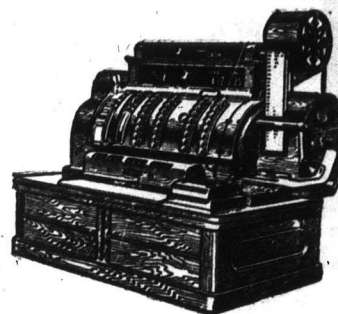
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