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THE SILENT SHORE.

By John Bloundello - Burton.

And then followed the conversation with which this story opens.

"It is a strange thing," Philip said, "but it must be a mistake."

In his own heart, being somewhat of a worshipping, he did not think it any mistake at all. He thought of a highly probable that the late Lord Penly had, when he was a lady travelling with his wife, who had been in the house, but who, in actual fact, was not his wife at all.

After a few moments spent in thought, Gervase turned to his friend and said, "The landlord, the man who stared so hard at me yesterday when we came in, was an elderly person. He may have had this mysterious namesake of mine. I think I will ask him to come up."

"I shouldn't," Philip said. "He isn't at all likely to remember anything about it." In his mind he thought it very probable that the man might, even at a distance of time, remember something of Gervase's father, especially if he had made a long stay at the house, and would, perhaps, be able to give some reminiscences of his wilful guest that might by no means make his host comfortable.

But remembrance was unheeded, and the other rang the bell. It was answered by a tidy waitress, wearing an cap peculiar to the district, to whom Gervase—who was an excellent linguist—said in very good French:

"If the landlord is in, will you be good enough to say that Lord Penly would be glad to speak to me."

The girl withdrew, and in a few minutes the landlord tapped at the door. When he had received an invitation to enter, he came into the room and bowed respectfully, but, as he did so, Lord Penly noticed that his eyes were fixed upon him with a wondering stare, a stare exactly the same as he had received on the previous day when they entered the hotel. There was nothing rude nor offensive in the look; it was only a stare, a stare of an incredulous gaze that anything else.

"Lord has expressed a wish to see me," he said, and turned to the man who did the wrong. Why let it worry you? I cannot help it. And I daresay you will think me a fool!—but I cannot also help wondering on which of my father's children—upon that other nameless unknown one, or upon me—his sins will be visited!"

To be continued.

MIGHTY HUNTERS.

Washington, D. C., June 28, 1896.—All people who are trying to do good will find this discourse of Dr. Talmage inspiring as well as unique. His text was Genesis 10:9:—"He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

In our day, hunting is a sport; but in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts, it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breech-loader, to shoot reed-birds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practising archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said: "I will make you fishers of men." And so I have been authorized for using hunting as an illustration of Gospel truth; and I pray God that there may be many a man-to-day who will be a fisher of men by the archery of whom it may, after a while, be said: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thrust out, and they are so busy setting more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy hunter, who, when he has a fine bird in front of him, is so busy with his gun that he does not know how to hold it. He cracks an alder, or falling over a log and sends the bird flying away. How few Christian people have the grace of the lesson of which I read at the beginning of this service, how that the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went down to the Samaritans, and that the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God, Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread; it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ after he had broken the bread, said to the people: "Behold, I send you forth as laborers in the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was; and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men.

The archers of old times studied the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go, and as to what an archer should do. He had to be careful of his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow, and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about these things! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that there were more institutions established in our churches, where men might learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery, and known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

The first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the bow and arrow. The bow was a bird, and then it would fly from the bird, and the joints and the marrow of the bow were the wings of the arrow, and the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is straight arrow; it is feathered from the wings of the dove of peace; it is straight from the heart, out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down four hundred million souls to the arms of Jesus—perhaps five hundred. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it, I believe more and more in it. We are in a very bad way, and we do not accept their own deliverance. There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this Gospel. The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson was the philosophy of icebergs; the religion of Theodore Parker was a srocco of the desert covering up the soul with dry sand; the religion of Roman was the romance of believing nothing; the religion of Huxley and the Spencers merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base. Tell me where there is one man who has rejected that Gospel for another who is thoroughly satisfied, and helped, and contented in his scepticism, and I will take the car to Toronto and ride five hundred miles to see him. The full power of the Gospel has not yet

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