

MASTER and SLAVE

By...
T. H. THORPE

Copyright, 1901, by T. H. Thorpe.

"I thank you, Evariste. Now let us pass to another subject near my heart. You know I have intended always to divide with you all I own. Such is still my purpose. Perhaps it should have been done in form before this, but you have never intimated the wish, and I have been much distracted by other matters. But it is here provided for." Giving him a sealed envelope, he continued: "If I fall, open this and act upon it. A second and last pledge you must give me. I told you three affections have made life sweet to me. The last, Evariste, is my love for Estelle Latolais."

Evariste's heart suddenly ceased to beat. He felt himself falling from his chair, but clutched the arms with tightening grasp and by a supreme effort of will restored his self command without drawing his brother's notice. The latter continued:

"I need not tell you what this love is to me. You can well understand that it is more than food, drink, air, rest or sleep. It is all that makes life. Yet I have never told her of my love."

"You have not?" Evariste exclaimed quickly.

"I have not."

"But you will before you go?" he asked anxiously.

"I will not," replied Horace, and Evariste breathed freely.

"The fate that awaits me as a soldier," Horace resumed, "is so uncertain that it would be unjust to leave her plighted, though I knew my love to be returned, and I have no such knowledge. Now, Evariste, you are well aware of the weakness of her old grandfather and how profitless to her is his guardianship—indeed, how sadly she needs protection against his impudence; also you cannot be ignorant of the baneful influence exercised over the old gentleman by that conscienceless wreck Quillebert. Swear to me, brother, by all you hold most sacred that you will advise, aid and protect her against the mischiefs these two may work to her fortune and defend her from danger and harm in every form. I place you on guard; give her in charge to you. Swear you will preserve her safe till my return." Oakfell's feelings had mastered him, and his eloquent eyes welled over.

"I make the promise and swear to keep it," said Evariste.

"A wealth of gratitude shall be your reward," Horace cried, embracing him warmly, and the brothers spoke good night.

Wearing for the first time his military uniform, Oakfell paid his visit of



Oakfell saw the action, adieu to Estelle on the eve of the company's departure. Both had schooled themselves for the ordeal, she to appear brave and he to keep back the words of love that were ever rising from his heart to his lips. As is usual in such trials, the result was diluted with emotion. It is safe to say each understood the other better than if free rein had been given to speech.

"Mademoiselle," Oakfell said on taking leave, "I have perhaps been somewhat officious concerning your affairs, but when I explain my action I beg you to approve. M. Latolais, your only kinsman, your sole authoritative protector and adviser, is growing old and, as you have admitted to me, is, through his amiable weaknesses, to some extent subject to Quillebert's domination. I have charged my brother to be especially watchful of your welfare and in all things to stand between you and harm."

"And has M. Evariste accepted the charge?" Estelle asked.

"Most willingly, and bravely he will keep it," Oakfell answered. "His soul is a noble one, his heart as true as steel. Rely upon him and trust him implicitly, mademoiselle, should any peril or crisis arise. I have chosen him for this because I know his lofty character and love him next to—his mother's memory."

"I will be guided by him because you tell me to," Estelle said, her trembling voice forbidding more of reply. "Wear this," she added, placing on his hand a tiny cockade of red, white and red.

"And wear you this," Oakfell answered, passionately kissing her hand.

"Au revoir, and God keep you."

"Au revoir, and God bless"—Estelle

could say no more, but threw her arms about Odette, who stood behind her, and wept as if her heart were broken. Oakfell saw the action. His grief was akin to joy.

It was a gallant company that pranced down the bayou road to the steamboat landing amid buzzes and waving handkerchiefs—dark eyed creoles, cavaliers by heredity, fair skinned Americans, soldiers by instinct. None sat his horse with braver mien than Sergeant Valsin Mouillot, who, refusing to be repressed, had placed his daughters in the keeping of his sister and determinedly followed where Oakfell led. And in a few short weeks these elites of the southern countryside were swallowed up by the great, seething army of the southwest.

Quillebert exploited his tricolored standard to the utmost. His accustomed boldness progressed to daring audacity. As the rigors of the times and privations of the people increased he pushed his ventures and speculations, trading the necessities of life at exorbitant valuations for cotton, which commanded enormous gold prices in the markets of the world. Though embargo was laid by the authorities upon exportation of the staple, he successfully smuggled cargoes down the Atchafalaya through Berwick bay to French traders and brought back packets of consols and notes of the Bank of France.

A strange companionship came to be observed. Evariste Oakfell and Quillebert were seen much together and not infrequently at Dede's cabaret, but so engrossed were the neighbors with the growing miseries of their isolation that theirs was only silent wonder.

The rumor that the two were partners in contraband adventures was received with mere shrugging of shoulders and turning up of eyes, save by Estelle, who repelled them as malicious and whose trusting heart was satisfied with Evariste's explanation that his intimacy with Quillebert and the cabaret was intended to enable him the better to guard her grandfather, for it was true that Leonidas was almost daily the third of the trio at Dede's testing the fortune of cards with Quillebert; that he made periodical settlements of losses by giving promissory notes, and habitually reached his gate stupefied by potatoes of rum.

After one of these seances, the old man having been lifted to his saddle and his horse's head turned homeward, Quillebert and Evariste sat at table in the cabaret, the former drinking brandy, the latter sipping a light wine.

"How much of Latolais' paper do you hold?" asked Evariste.

"Sixteen thousand dollars, to be paid in gold," Quillebert answered.

"How much of it is secured by mortgage?"

"Eleven thousand dollars."

"What will you take for half the whole batch?"

"Fifty bales of cotton."

"Have I that much under your shed now?"

"Yes; more."

"Where are the notes?"

"At my house."

"Will you transfer them today?"

"Yes, if you will come with me. But why do you want this paper, and what need is there for such haste?"

"It does not concern you to know. Come," Evariste said, rising from his chair.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Quillebert, following him.

The exchange having been completed, Evariste continued on to the Latolais home. Most solicitously he plied Estelle with inquiry as to her comfort and health, the affairs of her plantation and behavior of her slaves.

"None of these matters gives me the care that my dear grandfather does, M. Evariste," she said sadly. "Not only does his intemperance increase appealingly, but he seems haunted by some secret fear, and he cannot sleep unless in his cups or under the effect of a drug. So kind, so gentle and loving, it is killing me to see his old age thus miserable. I am sure much of it is due to his association with M. Quillebert. Oh, can you not stand between him and that wicked man?"

"Mademoiselle, believe me, I am sincerely distressed by what you say and am doing all I properly can to effect what you desire. A more direct interference on my part would be resented by M. Latolais and render me powerless for future service in his behalf. But let us be hopeful. For your sake I will be watchful and ready to act for his protection." Evariste accompanied his words with look and gesture of sincere devotion.

"I know you will. I know you will," Estelle replied, "and I trust in your friendship and tact unquestioningly, as your noble brother bade me."

Evariste flushed and said:

"Is it impossible for me to win your confidence by my own merit, mademoiselle? Must I have it only at the bidding of another, though that other be my brother?"

"M. Evariste," Estelle exclaimed, "do not speak so! You wrong yourself, your brother and me by such words."

"Possibly, but I have feelings, though you persist in ignoring them."

"My friend, forgive me if a word of

mine has wounded you. I did not so intend. Your brother always delighted at the mention of you, and I supposed—"

"Yes, mademoiselle, except when he is held up as the lens through which alone I am seen. I only mean that I strive by my own endeavors to deserve your trust and seek it not through the inspiration of another."

"I do trust you, M. Evariste, because, being Horace Oakfell's brother, you cannot but deserve to be trusted," she said firmly.

This display of loyalty to Horace staggered him, and he retired, nettled and meditating things which boded no good to the dependent girl's peace.

The second year of the war witnessed a second conscription of recruits to



Gave vent to her overwrought feelings.

strengthen the armies at the front, and Evariste's name was drawn, to the infinite amusement of Quillebert and Dede. He joined in the merriment and by the application of 4,000 francs sent Dominique Binoret of Par en Haut to the enrolling officer in his stead. Six weeks later Dominique was capering as nimbly as ever at the gumbo balls of Bayou Blanc, vanishing with the stars of morning and as completely.

Evariste hastened to explain to Estelle that his sending of a substitute was in fulfillment of the promise exacted from him by his brother, adding cynically:

"Therefore, mademoiselle, you will not only acquit but you will praise me."

But when at sight of him Laure sang teasingly:

"Soldier, soldier, marry, marry me; I will give you a fine old drum,"

he was annoyed not a little.

"Very well," said he; "if you wish it so very much, mademoiselle, I can volunteer and march to the battlefields, gaining the credit for two recruits instead of one."

"No, you must not; you shall not," said Laure, suddenly dropping her gayety and showing alarm. "It is not your fight. You own neither slave nor land to fight for. Even the gains of your ventures with M. Quillebert you must account for to your hero brother if he returns, for they were made by the use of his money."

"Laure, why are you continually saying things which you know vex me?"

"Because I want you to realize your situation, learn the truth, see your interest and know who are your friends. Does that girl over there," extending her arm in the direction of Estelle's home, "ever tell you a truth for your profit?"

"She does not presume to advise me," Evariste replied.

"A little presumption in the way of good advice would be but slight return for your devoted protection of herself and her dotting grandfather, protection so disinterested and costing so much self sacrifice on your part." Laure laughed contemptuously, assuming a mock attitude of humility and lifting her saucy eyes to the young man's burning face.

"Do you make bold to insinuate that I am acting selfishly?"

"Oh, I do not call it making bold to say what I know or what I think, and I never insinuate."

"How, then, can you know my motives save as they are indicated by my acts?"

"I am the granddaughter of the doctress," she said laughingly.

"Bah!" exclaimed Evariste. "Have a care, Evariste; have a care. The doctress must not be insulted."

Laure's warning was so serious and dramatic that Evariste involuntarily checked the impetuosity of his manner. He said:

"Laure, I meant no insult, no disrespect. Her relationship to you would forbid that. We are friends?"

"Friends?" she repeated. "I am your friend. I do not believe anything could make me other than your friend. But what does it mean to be friend to one? Is it not to tell the truth and warn away from danger? I am not content taught, and I know nothing of what are called convent proprieties, but I do know when to speak and what to speak to a friend who is blindly endangering his career. Hear me well. Openly join hands with Quillebert and trust in me, and independence and happiness will be yours. Pursue your double faced course with that fearful chit, and upon your brother's return your post will be that of servile dependence upon his bounty. Bold? Yes, because I feel the truth and say it for your sake and"—turning away and hiding her face, she sobbed—"for mine."

"Laure, you have said too much!" he exclaimed boldly and started away.

[CONTINUED.]

Eau de Cologne.

When the originator of the genuine eau de cologne died, aged eighty, he gave his secret to his nephew and heir. Since 1700 only ten persons have seen the recipe, which is kept in a box treble locked.

THE GOSPEL TRIUMPHS

CONQUEST OF WORLD FOR CHRIST
MAY BE NEAR AT HAND.

SOME SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Great Revival Within and of the Church Are Pointed to It Is a Self-Evident Fact That the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ Is the Most Vital and Essential in the World To-day.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Bailey, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 18.—In the nature and habits of the birds the preacher finds a simile of the entrance into the church of a large accession of converts. The text is Isaiah lx., 8, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

An axiom is a self-evident fact. "It is," the lexicographers say, "a proposition whose truth is so obvious at first sight that no process of reasoning or demonstration can make it plainer." It is a golden truism coined in the "mint house of maxims" with the raised features of the Goddess of Truth stamped upon its side, even as the English shilling bears the profile of King Edward, an American silver dollar the outstretched wings of an eagle, as the Roman penny once bore the superscription and image of Caesar and a Grecian coin the features of Alexander the Great. It is an aphorism, an apothegm. It is as Hippocrates once said, "A succinct saying comprehending a complete statement." It is truth in a nutshell. It is a universe of analyses condensed in an epigram.

Hundreds of men are simply doing the same thing in trying to find the reasons for the phenomenon stated by shallow observers, that the church of Jesus Christ is losing its power over men. Long lists of reasons for this waning influence are cited, whereas the writers have only to open their eyes to discover that the church of Jesus Christ is not losing its power over men. The church of God was never so powerful as it is to-day. More strong men and strong women are bowing before its altars than ever before. More are the church's teachings respected by statesmen and in the homes and daily lives of our citizens than ever before. I have not time to go into argument to prove this assertion. I would not to-day do so if I had the time. Why? Because it is a self-evident fact that the church of the Lord Jesus Christ is the most vital and essential influence in the world to-day. It is a self-evident statement. All intelligent people who have looked boldly and impartially at the facts are ready to concede that the assertion is true.

But though the church of the Lord Jesus Christ is growing more and more powerful day by day, yet we believe that still greater triumphs are before it in the future. The victories already won are small compared with those which are yet to be won, when nations shall be born in a day. Josiah Strong recently wrote a book entitled, "The Next Great Awakening." I am not going to find my theme in the latest book of the famous author of "Our Country." I am going to look through the inspired spectacles of a prophet who lived nearly 3,000 years ago. Isaiah took the picture of the doves flying to their home coots in great clouds as the symbol of the church of the future gathering in its members. So I shall try to show that the "coming awakening of the church" is not only going to be a world-wide evangelistic movement, but also that the conquest of the world for Christ may be near—yes, very near—at hand.

In the first place, let me say that such a movement as this, foreseen by the prophet and prefigured under the symbol of a flight of doves, is in accord with the record of history. Again and again there have been revivals which have brought into the church vast numbers at one time. Since the day of Pentecost, when 5,000 were converted under the preaching of the Apostle Peter, there have been such great movements. How many were won to the truth by the teaching of Luther? What vast multitudes were gathered under the preaching of Wesley, a Whitefield, a Finney and a Moody, and of a Tarry and a Chapman, a Munhall and a Harrison of the present day. We know that Peter the Hermit, clad like John the Baptist, in untanned skins, walked through Europe, lifting high in his hands the crucifix, until thousands and tens of thousands of devotees were ready, in 1096, to follow this enthusiastic ascetic to Palestine as the advance guard of the crusaders. We know that thousands upon thousands of Cromarty miners used to hang upon the words of John Wesley in the early mornings at 5 o'clock, before their day's work began. We know that no building was large enough to hold the crowds who wanted to hear Moody. Great halls had to be erected in Boston and New York and Chicago to hold the huge audiences. The Philadelphia depot on account of its great size had to be used in place of a church. Thousands upon thousands found Christ in the revivals of the seventeenth century under the preaching of the Puritans. Thousands found Christ in the first part of the nineteenth century, when Charles G. Finney had such power over sinners that a dying blasphemer said, "Don't let Charles G. Finney preach my funeral sermon, or he will preach my soul into heaven in spite of my own desires." But all these gospel triumphs of the past centuries are as nothing in numbers to the multitudes Isaiah saw crowding into the kingdom of Christ. Isaiah saw them coming, not by the hundreds or the thousands, but by the millions.

"Who are these," cried he, "that fly

as a cloud and as the doves to their windows?"

The selection of the figure of a flight of doves is significant. It is, above other things, a suggestion of immense multitude. But few people realize the marvelous numbers and propagating powers of the doves of olden times. Biberg, the ornithologist, estimated that if a common pair of domesticated pigeons hatched nine times a year—which number of hatchings is not extraordinary for an average pair of these birds—and if these pigeons laid two eggs at one time, and all the fledglings which were hatched should live and hatch in turn, that single pair of pigeons would produce in four years nearly fifteen thousand descendants. The fecundity of the dove is about as great as the reproductive powers of the English sparrow or the Australian rabbit. The most graphic description ever written of the innumerable multitudes of the doves was penned by Alexander Wilson, the naturalist. Statements made by this Scottish-American traveler were endorsed by John Audubon. Among the ornithological authorities there can be no better indorsement than this: "Mr. Wilson wrote that down in Kentucky, in a place which migrating doves used to visit annually, their multitudes were so great that they literally destroyed whole forest regions. In this tract about which he wrote the branches of every tree were filled with dove nests wherever a nest could be built. In many trees over one hundred nests had been constructed. Above the trees the multitudes of the pigeons' wings were so great that their flapping wings sounded like the boomings of a tornado. So great was the noise of their flapping wings that the horses of the farmers in that region often became unmanageable and could not be driven. Near Frankfort, Ky., Alexander Wilson saw a flock of migrating doves. The naturalist estimated that this single flock was two hundred and forty miles long and had an enrollment of at least 2,230,000,272 birds."

Isaiah describing the consecrated worshippers flocking to the millennial church could not have chosen a more expressive figure. "These that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows." The readers of his time would realize by it what countless throngs of men he saw in prophetic vision hastening into the kingdom of God. The church of God is now great in membership, but, church members, do you not look forward in holy ecstasy to the time when the thousands who are worshipping Christ now shall be changed into the millions? Do you not long for the millennial day when Christ's disciples shall flock through the church's doors in innumerable multitudes "as the doves fly to their windows?"

The figure is expressive not only of numbers, but of spiritual qualities. The church of the future is not to be composed of a lot of members who, as the five foolish virgins of Christ's parable, lounged around and slept and had no oil for their spiritual lamps. It is not to be composed of men and women who occupy their church pews only on Sunday and then when the benediction of the sermon is given turn and shut their pew doors and say: "Good-by, religion. I must go home now. You just stay here for a week, and next Sunday morning I will come back and see you and pat you on the back for an hour again while the choir sings and the pastor prays." But in that church which Isaiah saw in prophecy not only shall there be multitudes of worshippers, but all these multitudes shall be consecrated worshippers. These many worshippers shall be men of living faith, to whom the presence of God is an abiding reality, influencing them wherever they go and in every moment of their lives.

But though "black eyed Susans" or the "golden spore" or the "blue eyed violets" on account of their great multitudes may be called a common flower—a weed—the dove, in spite of her multitudes, has never been called a common bird, has never always been and always will be the symbol of purity, gentleness and love. This symbol was recognized in heathen times. Because the dove signified purity Venus had this bird as her emblem.

In the beautiful mythological legend Semiramis, the queen, was said in her youth to have been nurtured by a dove and at death to have been changed into a dove. We find, however, in Christian nomenclature the dove is also the symbol of purity and gentleness and divine love. In the Bible the dove has the most hallowed of associations. It was as a dove that the Holy Spirit appeared at the baptism of Jesus. It was two doves that the blessed virgin presented at the temple as an oblation for her purification after the divine birth. What says the psalmist in reference to the man's redemption from sin and his cleansing through the blood of Jesus Christ? "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and the feathers with yellow gold."

This migration of the redeemed and spotless multitudes of human beings to Christ's churches shall not only come with the purity of the dove, but also with the swift velocity of the dove. It will not come with the leaped feet of a man, having been born in a Christian home, takes ten, fifteen, twenty, perhaps thirty years, to make up his mind to be a Christian. It will not come with the slow processes some churches have, whereby their sessions or vestries or boards of deacons place the applicant for church membership on probation. But these new accessions to the churches of Jesus Christ will come to the front rank of Christian service and worship as quickly as the name of a Saul was changed into a Paul. The new members whom Isaiah saw in vision fled to Christ's altar as quickly as the doves fly to their windows.

The swiftness of the doves' flight is one of the greatest inspirations to me of all of Isaiah's vision. Why the swiftness? Because I know that we can come to Christ now. Oh, my

brother, it takes a swift wing for you in an instant of time to cross over all that far country of sin which separates you from God's dovecote. The distance from Arizona to New York or from St. Sebastian, Spain, to Venice, where doves have flown, are not as far. Tell me, O man, did you not start forth on your journey of sin ten, twenty, forty years ago? Why, let me recount the years. You have not seen a communion table since your mother died. You have not made one earnest prayer for ten years. If I was to-day to count over the list of your intimate friends I would find them without exception to be men and women who have not been in the past and are not now living Christian lives. Oh, my brother, my poor sin sick brother, you have a long distance to come back to God. But you can come by divine grace. You can come now. You can come as quickly as the new converts of the church which Isaiah saw in vision came to the mercy seat. You can come with a superlative swiftness. You can come with the lightning velocity of a flying dove.

But why talk about Isaiah's church of the future? Why caption this sermon with the title, "The Coming Awakening?" When Isaiah saw this migrating dove and used it as an emblem was he alluding only to a future church? I think not. I think as the Hebrew prophet was standing there on the mountain of inspiration looking off on what was to come he kept saying to himself: "Why is it not possible for this vision of God's church to be materialized now? Is not God willing to bring this beatific condition to present man if the members of the children of God will to-day co-operate with the Holy Spirit? Yes, he can, he will, was the prophet's thought. I know this is the thought to-day running through many a Christian's mind. God can and God will make the prophetic vision of Isaiah come true now if we, the church members, will only truly yield ourselves and consecrate our minds and hearts to Christ's will. O man, O woman, the greatest enemy of Jesus Christ to-day is not the infidel and scoffer outside of the church. It is the man and the woman inside the church who does not co-operate with Jesus in his purpose to save the world for Christ through the agency of his church. If we yield ourselves to his will even the smallest and the most insignificant can become mighty for God, for, as Joshua hath said: "One man of you shall chase a thousand, for the Lord your God, he it is that fighteth for you, as he hath promised you. Take good heed, therefore, unto yourselves that ye love the Lord your God."

The symbol of the dove which Isaiah uses to describe the church could not be better illustrated than by the spectacle in the great square of Venice, which is flanked on one side by the famous cathedral of St. Mark. With but few exceptions I have seen all the great cathedrals of the world. Take it all in all, though it cost not nearly as much as some others, the most impressive cathedral I ever saw was that of St. Mark's of Venice.

Like unto natural scenery St. Mark's is the Yellowstone Park, not the Yosemite or the Gothard Pass, among the cathedrals. It impressed me not with its size so much as its exquisite colorings. Its roof, its walls, its arcades all blended as the colors of a rainbow frozen in stone. The tops of its lofty columns were not hideous with grimy gargoyles. They were chiseled into flower gardens, which grew at your feet or with their leaves hung down from above. These different flower gardens were so perfectly chiseled that it seemed as if the winds, sweeping up from the Venetian Canals were gently swaying them as the rosebushes bended under the touch of a summer breeze in your father's garden. There, within those walls, the chancel and auditorium blend in such perfect harmony that when I stood before the altar's picture of the dying Christ I felt for the first time in a European cathedral that I was in the presence of God and in the place of prayer.

But, though I saw many places in the Venice cathedral that entranced me, after all, my greatest lesson learned there was outside the cathedral walls, and not within. I learned that lesson there not from the cold stones of a building, but from the warm hearts of living doves. There, behind the towers and from within the recesses down from the roof and the four great bronze horses, from pillars and vestibules, the doves gather around you by the hundreds. They came fearlessly to my side as my little children might come. They perched on my shoulder, on my hat. They fluttered over my head. They crowded by the hundreds at my feet to eat of the food I had ready for them. As they fluttered about me I said to myself, "Would that God's sinful children might here gather about these church doors as I see my God's little feathered loved ones." When I spoke these words involuntarily I started. I said to myself, "Why will not God's sinful children thus come to God's sanctuaries? Did not Isaiah in vision see them coming? Shall they not come? Will they not come now if the Christian church members feed them with the 'bread of life,' as I am feeding these birds with little crumbs? Yes, they will. They will, if we Christian church members only live right and offer to the outside suffering world the right kind of divine sustenance. Will not you and I, O church members, by our examples and welcome and gospel food, make Isaiah's vision a possibility now? Will not you and I, as followers of Christ, beckon the sinners to him, and they will come as doves come to their windows."

Wanted One of the Family.

The sweetheart of a man at Colmar, Prussia, died. He was accepted subsequently by her sister, who died, however, two days before the wedding day. The determined fellow then wed the mother of his two former sweethearts.