SINNERS in HEAVEN

HELP US BOTH!

SYNOPSIS.—Living in the small English village of Darbury, old-(ashiones) and sedate place, Barbara Stockley, daughter of a widowed mother, is soon to celemarriage to Hugh Rochdale, rich and well connected Barbara is adventurous, and has planned, with an aunt, an airplane trip to Australia. Major Alan Croft, famous as an aviator, is to be the pilot. At her first meeting with Croft Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from the cut-and-dried conventions of her small town. They set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a Word in a few days comes to Darbury that the plane is missing and its occupants believed lost. Croft and Barbara after the wreck of the airplane in a furious storm, reach an apparently uninhabited island in the Pacific ocean. The other two members of the party had perished. The two castaways build a shelter. In Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a cannibal. Croft rescues her. Croft discovers a party of blacks. evidently reconnoitering. Croft fixes up an electrical guard which scares off an attacking party. Secure from immediate danger. Croft and Barbara settle down to make the best of things. Croft already has recognized the charm of the girl and fears the outcome of their situation. Croft, who has traveled much among savages, makes friends with the

PART TWO-Continued.

They would have you to cultivate gain the taro plant, which now is as a seed; weave much tapestry for your outs from the reeds; dry the sliced ernels of the cocount; cultivate the otton seed. Then, perchance, when ve remove to other lands, we shall end great ships hither with wondrous ifts in return for the fruits of your

ell" Further shouts arose. "The ods would have us to visit freely your abitations and show you how to preent the pestilences which dev our your

This program was vociferously aclaimed; but Croft's experience of naives was too wide to allow of reliance pon their momentary enthusiasm. lashing a stern glance around, he wed them into silence.

"If all this is done peacefully," he ontinued, in threatening tones, "ye hall rest in safety. But if again your ands are lifted against us, your odies shall be burned afresh with blue re-devils! Your women shall be lain; your little ones thrown to the sharks! The wrath of your god will bring down," waving his hand threatningly skyward, "and turn you into tortured slaves, if ever again ve molest the great white chief or his wife!"

Fear overawed the natives' enhusiasm. They fell on their faces again, babbling incoherently of obedience and mercy. He motioned them to the; then he drew back, satisfied. He had established comparative safety for hem both, for the time being at all events, and explained the scene to Barbara, exultantly.

This introduction over, Chimabahol low informed his guest of his privlege in choosing the great sacrifice to e offered up at the close of the feast. hould the great white chief decide pon human sacrifice- The old man waved toward the crowd of faces, watching/ in tense apprehension: All are here, O Mighty Chief."

Upon this arose a chorus of disentient cries, mixed with shouts of Meamaa! Meamaa!" The natives ressed forward in eager anxiety. Chimabahol glanced up quickly.

"Where is Meamaa? I see her not. Where is Roowa, her husband? And .aalo, her son?" A little black figure was thrust

oughly forward. He glanced round, earfully, uncertain whether to cry or prove the manhood of his five years. Deciding upon the former course, his eyes, in the act of screwing up, encountered those of the white girl vatching him curiously; and he paused. tazing at her, his mouth open. She miled. A wondering grin slowly overpread his small impish face, and he hoved neurer, looking up at her with hlldish adoration.

For the first time Barbara felt the umanity behind the repulsive exterior these folk. She held out her free and. The little fellow came shyly oward it, but some one roughly pulled Im back: and she remembered, with ome amusement, that she was tabu! Accompanied by much muttering and

ruffling, a man whose face was disnetly more intelligent than that of any of his fellows, slowly advanced. roft watched him closely.

"Roowa!" cried Chimabahoi, "where re Meamaa and thy babe, that they beyed not the command to greet the

reat white chief?" Many eager voices broke in, before could reply.

"The babe is sick, O Chief!"

The scourge, O Chief! It is again

the house of Roowa! Let the great hite chief save us from the scourge. the Sacrifice of the Full Moon to-

Roowa uttered a great cry, and fell his knees before Croft, eyes wild, ms outstretched, babbling protestaons and pitiful supplications.

The white man fully realized the

rested. Recognizing at last the man awestruck silence, while filling the girl he sought, he motioned him forward.

Larger than most, more brutal of countenance, Barbara quickly recognized her late pursuer.

"What he he called?" Croft demanded of Chimabahol.

"Babooma, O Greatest of Chiefs!" The two men regarded each other silently; and in the look of the native Croft recognized hatred and defiance, in spite of the fear lurking in the bold eyes which met his own.

A dull murmur arose, in which his ear was quick to note hostility. The old chief's face was full of anxlety as he stepped forward, pulling his beard nervously.

"Few have so straight an aim as Babooma, Great Chief. He is of kin to my house. He will become chief in my stead. Many," he added in a low voice, "would have him now; for I am old and my heart is dead with my

"He hath not found favor in my sight," replied the gods' messenger curtly, frowning upon the wretch, whose expression of defiance was rapidly fading. "He hath raised his eyes and his hand to the white chief's wife!" he thundered, glaring ferociously at the now trembling figure.

Like a sudden breeze rippling over a group of poplars, a breath of fear swept across the listening crowd. Babooma began a stream of gabbling protest: he was unaware of the sinfulness of his action; he had not seen the great chief nor heard of his mission from the gods; it, was the Vow. .

Croft waved him away. "Thou knowest now. Take heed, over-bold one!" Then he turned to Roowa, still on his knees in despair. "Roowa," he asked, "thou lovest thy little ones?"

"A-aa! As myself, Mighty Chief!" The look in his eyes touched Barbara. It was another glimpse into a human soul, although as yet she understood nothing of his trouble.

"It is well. Take heart, Roowa! My will is not to offer up thy sick babe; but to go with thee now to thy hut, and, perchance, cure the child."

The joy which transfigured the native's face was indescribable. Upon the dismissal of the tribe, he led the visitors to his hut, incoherent in his excitement. As Croft had guessed, the child only suffered from fever, needing more air and cleanliness-the filth and stench being abominable. Ordering those necessities, he produced from his pockets one of his fever antidotes, Meamaa watching him in terrified bewilderment; then he precipitately pushed Barbara out into the fresh air

The feast, to which they were now led, was spread upon the ground in an open space between the huts and the lagoon. Only the men squatted round to eat, the women-occupying a lower position-waited upon them, with the pleasant expectation of finishing their leavings.

At the end of the feast the pair became aware that all eyes were fastened on them. The sun had set. The sacrifice must be decided upon. An air of anxlety, of strained expectation, was

Croft's wits had not been slumbering. 'Qur gods have told me," he informed Chimabahol confidentially, "that thy god, Balhuaka, doth not hunger for the flesh of man this moon; neither doth he desire fish or bird to be offered unto hlm. He desireth to taste the dishes thou hast prepared for those who have salled here from the skies." All that we have left uneaten shalt thou collect. therefore, and offer unto him. It is food tabu to those sent by the gods: therefore doth he require it beyond all other food."

This distinct greediness seemed more in character with a peevish child than a celestial being; but to Chimabahol it appeared natural enough. He communicated the decision to the tribe, which showed vociferously its unmistakable relief.

The ambrosial remains were therefore gathered together and placed in receptacles of plaited reeds. Lighted reed torches were produced for everybody, and the procession set forth. headed by the old chief and the white visitors. Turning westward through the council chamber, they bore a little

inland to the sacred palm grove. Within a few moments the torches had formed two waving lines of light, as the natives divided upon either side of the central path. The bearers of the sacrifice advanced up the center and laid it upon the unlighted bonfire: the musicians squatted on the ground near the altar, beginning again their uncanny music.

The preliminary rites ceased, and Chimabahol turned to Croft.

"Thou, O Great White Chief, shalt make the flames arise, straight and high! Thus shall we know that our sacrifice is accepted by our god."

The great white chief inclined his head. Stepping forward with the assurance of one used to guiding sacrificial flames from childhood, he advanced to the altar, Barbara watching him in astonishment. There he paused for a solemn moment-whether to give the effect of reverence, or to grasp aftiness of these fellows, also the some elusive memory, or from sheer licacy of his own position, with the joy in the situation, she could not cessity of causing no offense in this tell. . . . Slowly, at last, he raised st action as overlord. His face set his arms, waving the flaring torch high its most determined, impenetrable above his head. Then he embarked

those upon whom they occasionally host. It impressed the natives into with an almost irrepressible desire to laugh. After this performance, he bent slowly down and held his torch to the heap of dry sticks and leaves. Immediately the fire caught on, crackling and fizzling, sending up leaping yellow flames and thick curling smoke into the somber vault above.

This instant and splendid conflagration was a sign of the offering being acceptable to Balhuaka. Another burst of excited incantation broke from the assembly, the musicians once more blowing upon their reeds and shells. The torches flared, the bonfire bellied forth thick gusts of flame and smoke, its roar mingling with the music and wild singing.

At last the flames reached the sacrifice and the air was filled with the smell of burning food.

A great shout went up. The god was even now eating of their offering! Health and prosperity would be theirs for at least the duration of this moon! The music abruptly ceased: the dancers sank breathless to the ground; an awed hush fell upon the gathering.

When the fire had died down to a glowing heap of red embers, the silence broke stormily in an outburst of joyous hilarity. The procession started back to the settlement, the riotous merriment continuing all the way, the waving torches making the moon seem pale by contrast.

At a small hut on the outskirts Chimabahoi paused, intimating that it was the best they could offer and would in future be tabu to the great white chief. Then the revelers dispersed, the torches flickering like miniature fires among the neighboring huts. The man and the girl were left alone,

The barbaric excitement still tingled in their veins and shone in their eyes, when, for a moment, they looked



"We-We-Can't Stay-Here!"

at each other. Instinctively Barbara caught her breath, putting her hand to her throat, as if to wrestle with something choking her; her torch fell to the ground.

"We-we-can't stay-here!" she muttered, half to herself.

She felt his hand upon her arm; the touch sent a wild tremor through her entire frame. It was as if in her wrought-up state, an electric wire had touched her, imparting strange currents which, with waves of magnetism, dragged her close within their field, while simultaneously repelling her with an unknown fear. Feebly she resisted, but his grip tightened, pulling her across the threshold.

"The natives are watching!" he mut-

tered in her ear. His torch showed the interior to be small and bare, the sole contents being two rolls of reed-matting or "tapestry." Loosing her, he fixed the torch in the ground and took up one of these heaps. "They roll themselves in this, to sleep," he said. "It will make a sub-

stitute for a door." She mechanically helped him to fix it across the opening. Like revelers in a Continental carnival, the natives were too much excited to settle down for the night; the noise outside was

still boisterous. Alan, the same primitive tingling in his blood, talked rather wildly as he arranged the cover.

"We are savages now! Conventions don't count here. As you remarked, these may henceforth be our sole companions. And they regard you as mywife-remember!" Finishing his job, he turned round, his eyes glittering in the dim light. "You must play up, too, for-for your own sake. . . . What is it, Barbara. . . . What's the matter? Why-do you look at me-like that?" He caught both her wrists.

"W-we-can't stay-here!" she muttered again, not moving in his grasp. "But we-we've shared a hut before -all these weeks! Why are you afraid now? Tell me!" He bent over her. "Tell me, Barbara-"

"I can't . . . I don't know. . . I withdraw her hands and eyes from his. hes: his eyes flashed round on all upon a short display of physical drill, She felt powerless, as if she were slipesent, inspiring fear in the hearts of as if invoking the spirits of an unseen ping down some precipice into roar- syllable.

ing torrents which would engulf her, sweep her away from every known landmark. This was utterly different from that other night's fear. Then it had been fear of him, and tangible. Now it was subtle, terrifying, and-of herself, in some strange way.

He drew her suddenly closer; but, with all the strength of her will, she flung herself back in his grasp. "Don't-touch me! I don't-under-

stand- Oh. . . Alan-help us both!" The cry was one of desperation. It startled him. For a long moment he gazed deep within her darkened eyes. the blood mounting in his face, throbbing in his temples, his very lips trembling. Then, almost violently, but with a strange look of exultation, he

"I'll go and see if-if-all's safe outside," he stammered.

She heard him leave the hut; and she sank down in the far corner, trembling violently. ... She heard him enter later; and she buried her head in her arms.

He threw himself down across the threshold without a word.

From outside, the noise of the revelers still came to their ears, growing teaching is a fundamental error. It gradually fainter . . . and fainter . . until, at last, silence fell.

VIII

After that memorable night, Barbara and Alan had walked back together early next morning, Alan for the most part silent, Barbara talking feverishly of the natives' feast, music, ritesanything to prevent awkward pauses. From that day another paradoxical phase opened before them. For, though they now had many surface interests in common to heighten their companionship, the wall between was yet more strengthened. And, this time, it was the girl who unconsciously built up the crumbling bricks with hasty fingers, not daring to look at that yawning precipice beyond.

From a pocket-book diary they were able to keep count of the days and nights which filtted by so rapidly now. The natives left them alone; save when, at Croft's command, they brought rolls of reed-matting, or swords, spears, implements. Only one, as he knew well, still hid defiance un-

Thus, for a while, all danger seemed past. Barbara, blissfully unconscious of any flaw in this pact of friendship, lost her fear of these childlike folk. Having proved the effect of a random

shot from the revolver, she felt safe. One evening, shortly before Christmas day, having prepared their supper, she wandered down to the shore, waiting for Alan's arrival. Sitting idle upon a rock, she watched the spray and foam glistening in the sunshine against the distant reef, her thoughts occupied by a variety of small thingschief among them being a cottonless future! The constant mending of their combined wardrobe had drained her slender resources of thread. Pins had been resorted to that day. Alan sat on one and swore loudly; she smiled lingeringly over the recollection. . .

Her face sobered and she leaned forward, then rose quickly to her feet. Slowly moving through the clear water, not far from the shore, appeared a large gray outline suggesting in its general shape an airship. Barbara drew in her breath quickly, watching the silent bulk glide slowly by until, making a large circuit, it disappeared in the direction of the reef.

It was, she guessed, a shark. For the first time the remembrance dawned upon her of islands in the Pacific ocean being often shark-infested; the recollection brought, in flash, full realization of the risks Alan took when he swam with her to land.

With another chaotic tumult of mind, she remembered Alan's further risks when salving all necessities for their comfort, his stubborn refusal of her offers of help, his stringent commands against bathing in the lagoon. . . She realized, too, his consideration in not mentioning this horrible danger to add to her dread of those which al-

ready menuced their lives. A wave of gratitude-or admiration -swept over her, and she covered her face, hiding the hot involuntary blush, shutting out the sudden, unbearable

glory of sky and sea. . . . Presently, diviering her hands, she turned her glowing face inland. . . With a gasp, she grew rigid.

A heavy cloud of smoke hung in dense plumes over the hilltop! Even as she looked, a long jagged flame leapt up . . . then another, and another. . . . The beacon was on fire! She gazed at it, fascinated. What did it mean? Rescue at last? The rescue for which they had looked, and longed, and lived, all these weeks and months . . Suddenly, like a heavy cloak, alı

fell from her, A feeling as of a cold wind, full of vague foreboding, chilled her heart in that warm evening air.

the previous excitement and exultation

Anyway, both man and woman feelings. What next?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Remarkable Poem

A remarkable poem is "Cleon and I," by Charles Mackay, the Scotch -I'm not-" Desperately she tried to poet and journal st. It is composed of four stanzas of four lines, each of which ends either in "I" or a rhyming

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.3., Dean of the Evening School, Moody libble Institute of Chicago.) (©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for January 11

THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS

LESSON TEXT-Matt. 25:31-46. GOLDEN TEXT-"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."-Matt. 25:40. PRIMARY TOPIC-Kindness Pleases.

JUNIOR TOPIC-Christ's Picture of INTERMEDIATE AND TOPIC-Christ's Picture of Judgment. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC -Practical Christianity.

The subject selected by the lesson committee is "The Last Judgment," but this is an error. According to legitimate textual and contextual signification it is the judgment of the living nations which still lies in the future (v. 32). The idea of a general judgment which is of such frequent occurrence in religious literature and is not once found in the Bible, neither the idea which it is intended to convev. Doctor Pentecost most truthfully says, "It is a mischievous habit that has led the Christian world to speak of the judgment as being one great event taking place at the end of the world when all human beings, saints and sinners, Jews and Gentiles, the living and the dead, shall stand up before the great white throne and there he judged. Nothing can be more wide of the Scriptures." The Bible speaks of several judgments, different in respect to the subjects to be judged, the place of judgment, the time of judgment and the result of judgment.

 The Judge (v. 31). It is the Son of God who came and dled to redeem the human race. He is now seen clothed with majesty and power sitting upon His throne acting as Judge. Those who accept Jesus Christ now as their Savior shall not come into judgment (John 5:24).

II. The Time (v. 31).

This judgment will take place when the Lord comes in His glory accomder the cloak of subjection, biding his panied with a retinue of glorious This will take place after He has gathered the elect remnant of Israel. There will be no resurrection in connection with this judgment. III. The Place (v. 31).

The prophecy of Joel, the third chapter, and Zechariah 14:1-5, show that it is to be in or near Jerusalem. The angel said to Mary, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke 1:31-33). As David was a literal king and reigned in a literal place, there shall be a literal judge occupying a literal place of judgment.

IV. The People Judged (vv. 32-45). These will be the living nations upon earth after the church has been translated (I Thess. 4:16, 17). These are nations to whom the gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached just prior to the coming of the end. "And this gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." (Matt. 24:14). This gospel is distinct from the grace of God, which is now being preached. The preachers of this gospel will be the Jews (see Revelation 7 and Romans 11). These are the brethren of the Lord in the flesh who move among the nations of the world with the startling message of the news of the Lord's approaching kingdom. Some of the nations will gladly receive the message and kindly receive the kingdom messengers, giving them clothing, food, shelter, etc. Others will persecute them, thrusting them into prison. Here the first will visit the messengers of the King and provide for their wants. At this time the Judge will separate the nations, placing the sheep on the right and the goats on the left hand. The sheep are those who have given proper treatment to Christ's brethren. The goats are those who rejected and mistreated his brethren. If these three classes, the sheep, the goats and the brethren be kept separate, all confusion will be avoided." V. The Issue of the Judgment (v.

46: Cf. vv. 34-41). 1. The Sheep Entering into the In-

shall determine their destiny.

not know Him.-Echoes.

Herald and Presbyter.

heritance of a Prepared Kingdom. 2. The Goats Going into Everlasting Fire Prepared for the Devil and His Angels (v. 46). This judgment

Have Not Yet Seen Him The fact that none saw Christ after His resurrection except those who loved Him is suggestive that His ene-

mies have not yet seen Him and do

With One Hand

God chastens us by many instruments, but with one Hand.-Christian Evangelist.

God Knows

Man takes account of our failure, but God of our striving.-Christian Evangelist.

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Lightning Photographed

Photography determines the distance of a lightning flash, and hence the dimensions of any of its features. Two cameras are mounted side by side and exposed at the same time, says Nature Magazine: Objects of known distance from the point of observation are photographed along with the lightning, and a comparison of the two pictures, plus a little mathematics, gives the distance of the lightning much more exactly than the old process of counting seconds between the flash and the thunder.

Wuff

Rastus-Dat am a savage looking

Rufus-Yas, sho 'nuff. So savage lookin' dat dorg am he am plumb skeered to growl.-Judge.

tored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write Friends are surall day with comfort, prised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of this paper wishes "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a 1391 A Street, Hallowell, Maine. Send now, lest you forget! If not a sufferer, cut out this notice and hand this good news and opportunity to some afflicted friend. All who send will receive it by return mail without





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