

The Missing Witness.

By William Pigott.

I was travelling by the night express from London to Liverpool, where I proposed to embark the next day upon a steamer bound for Valparaiso. My compartment had no other occupant, and I was glad it was so; for I was restless and uneasy, moving from seat to seat, and peering continually—for no reason that I knew of—out of the carriage window into the darkness. In such a state of mind, indeed, was I that the constraint engendered by the presence of fellow traveller would have been well-nigh unbearable.

We had been on the way a little more than an hour, and were passing a wayside station, when there was a crash upon the window of my carriage; the glass was shivered to atoms, and something fell upon the floor of the compartment. My nerves were strung at so high a tension that I believe I thought that I had been shot at, and sat rigid, lest by moving I should realize a hurt. Presently, recovering somewhat, I looked upon the floor, and saw that the object which had been thrown there was a small note weighted with a stone. With a feeling between curiosity and apprehension, I picked it up. The indorsement, in a scholarly hand, did little to allay the first of these.

"For the perusal of the person or persons into whose carriage this note may be thrown."

"I opened it, and the contents were of such an astonishing character that I do not think it is likely that I shall ever forget them. At present, at any rate, I can give them verbatim—

"There is a prisoner lying in the jail at Malton, sentenced to be hanged to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. He has always protested his innocence and said that there was a man who could prove it. Though nothing was left undone to discover that man, he was not found. I am he. Through illness and other causes I have only at this moment learned the circumstances—to late to telegraph, too late to communicate with the authorities at Malton in any way save this. Beyond the shadow of a doubt I can prove that the accused was many miles from the scene of the murder at the time it took place. You who read this—as you value the life of a fellowman—leave the train at Malton, go to the governor of the prison, show him this note, and say that I am coming in the morning by the earliest train. Do not fail. It is a matter of life and death." James Castlemore."

I laid down this extraordinary document, and took up the evening paper. I had read what was said about the Malton case before, but I read it again now with an added interest. After recapitulating the chief features of the murder and announcing the execution on the morrow, the report went on as follows:

"It will be remembered that the prisoner has all along vehemently protested that he is innocent and maintained that there exists a man, could he be found, who is able to clear him. He states that at the time of the murder he was a spectator at a football match at Clayden, where he fell into conversation with the man next to him, which culminated in a somewhat heated argument on the subject of professionalism. The prisoner's solicitors have, of course, used their best endeavors to find this person, but without success, and he is by most people regarded as a myth. The accused himself, however, does not waver from his original declaration, and it is stated that he still clings to the hope that the missing witness will appear in time to save him."

So it came about that I held this man's life in my hands. I threw the paper and the note into a corner of the carriage, and did a strange thing. I laughed. Perhaps it was the strain upon my nerves; perhaps—who knows? I state the fact.

After a time, when I became more used to the situation, I began to reflect. I was asked to leave the train at Malton, arouse the sleeping governor of the prison with an extraordinary story, and thereby to a certainty miss my boat to Liverpool. It was more than I was prepared to undertake. Above all things, it was imperative that I should be on board the steamer which started in the morning for Valparaiso.

Besides, there was another reason which made the performance on my part of the request contained in the note a thing not to be thought of. Without doubt, it was the easiest plan to let things take their course. Could I reasonably be expected to put myself out on account of a communication which reached me in so eccentric a manner, and the authenticity of which I had no possible means of gauging? It wearied me to think. I would leave things as they were.

In this frame of mind I remained until the train had drawn up at Malton. I suppose, however, it left me not completely happy, for in a sudden impulse I threw open the window and called a porter.

"I understand," I said to him, "that there is a man in the prison here who is to be executed in the morning for murder?"

The porter seemed astonished at my question, which is perhaps not to be wondered at.

"Yes, sir," he replied at last, "there is; he killed a man at Tarby."

The shopper who always reads the ads effects a real saving on a MAJORITY OF HER PURCHASES—and it is a saving of actual money, not a mere imaginary saving.

GOD WILL LAUGH AT HUMAN PRIDE

An Old Prophecy Is About to Be Fulfilled, Says Pastor Russell.

HAS DOUBLE APPLICATION.

Applied to Jesus Personally, but Also to the Body of Christ, the Church—The Kings of the Earth. The Rulers Amongst God's People. Their Coalition Vain—God Will Laugh at Them—Jesus Will Deride Them—The Breaking as a Potter's Vessel Will Follow—Those Who Put Their Trust in Him Will Be Blessed.



PASTOR RUSSELL

On the Atlantic September 7.—Pastor Russell's text for today was: "He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." (Psalm 2:4.) He said: The vast ocean, on which this stately ship is but a toy, reminds me of the wideness of Divine power, and human insignificance in comparison. Humanity may justly feel encouraged by the progress made in the past century. Mighty ships of steel, a thousand feet long, carrying thousands of passengers, have replaced the wooden dories of a century ago. Propelled by steam, they are indeed levathans of the deep. The oceans have been underlaid with cables of steel, carrying intelligence to the ends of the earth. And this majestic steamer is outfitted with a wireless system of telegraphy, by which she is continually in touch with sister vessels and with the world. And these are only a few of the many evidences of progress being trodden in our day. Those not guided by the Word of the Lord are puffed with pride, and disposed to feel that our grandparents a little way back were mere monkeys.

God's people, guided by their Father's Word, and by the spirit of a sound mind, are held back from such delusion. They see that there are not many great or mighty today, as compared with the notables of the past. They see that God is behind the wonderful developments of today; for we are living in "the day of His preparation" (Nahum 2:3) for Messiah's Kingdom, and the Reign of a thousand years. These perceive that God is gradually lifting the veil of ignorance and superstition; and that, according to His promise, men are now seeing out of obscurity.

Withal, our blessings are coming in a most natural way. The printing press, present-day mail service, telegraph systems and telephones, and world-wide education, are bringing the thinkers of earth in close touch with the world over. Scarcely is a discovery made of any kind, anywhere, that is not known world-wide within a week. A million minds engage upon the same project, with the result that there are still further improvements, still more wonderful inventions—and all these procedures repeated! Surely the only explanation is that God is back of the present intelligence now coming to the world. His time has come to bring blessings to mankind, instead of the curse which so long has prevailed.

"Well?" I asked.
The paper shall be handed to the governor."

The guard blew his whistle, there was the shouting of people on the platform, a snort from the engine, and I sank back upon the seat of the carriage. The train had started.

Before I sailed on the following day a telegram was received in Liverpool to say that the condemned man was reprieved. The missing witness had appeared at the last moment.

So I had saved the life of a fellow creature—and at that I drew a breath of relief. You may believe it or not, as you will. It is true.

But what of me? Shall I reach my destination in safety? What of me? What of the actual murderer? For I am that man!

A Coffin as a Boat.

There is a queer story of a Dutch castaway. In the days when the Island of St. Helena was an unpopulated waste, long before the coming of the great exile who made its name famous, a Dutch vessel returning from the West Indies, cast anchor off its coast. In a short while a boat was lowered.

The occupants, besides the crew, were a dead officer in a coffin and a downcast seaman in irons. This seaman for some offense against discipline had been condemned to death by the captain, but in consequence of an appeal for mercy signed by the messmates he was ordered to be marooned on this desolate island instead of being hung up to the yardarm.

It is probable that even this grace would have been denied him but for the dead officer, for whose burial the ship put into harbor. The grave was dug, the officer buried. The crew departed and the ship weighed anchor.

The Dutchman, on his side, lost no time. He opened the new made grave, dragged out the coffin, tumbled his dead superior out of it carried it down to the shore, where, having launched his extemporized boat, he jumped in a a tree, quickly—thanks to a calm—overtook the departing ship. He was taken on board and pardoned in consideration of his pluck.

On the Beach.

Is that a walrus out there?"

"No; that is father. He has rather a large mustache, hasn't he?"

For an evening's real enjoyment attend Mrs. Powell's song recital, First H. E. church, Thursday, Sept. 11th, at 8:00 p.m.

The shopper who always reads the ads effects a real saving on a MAJORITY OF HER PURCHASES—and it is a saving of actual money, not a mere imaginary saving.

spiritual interests, and subsequently the social interests of the world.

Thus the Bible stands, and the spirit of hope and liberty which it inculcates is the Divine restraint, the "bands" the "cords," of our context. "The kings of the earth set themselves; and the rulers take counsel together against Jehovah and His Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."

The form which this opposition will assume toward the Bible and its spirit of liberty, the spirit of the New Dispensation, is difficult to detail in advance. We see, however, under the guidance of the New Testament, that this prophecy had a very limited fulfillment at the First Advent; and the fulfillment there may give us a clue to the larger fulfillment now nigh at hand.

Jesus the Head; the Church His Body.

The Lord's Anointed is The Christ of glory—Jesus the Head, the overcomer Church—the Body. This prophecy was fulfilled in respect to Jesus when Pilate and Herod, as representing the worldly powers, took counsel with the chief priests, Scribes and Pharisees, as representing the rulers of the people of God. The religious rulers were leaders, prime movers, in the opposition.

What happened to the Master Himself in the way of opposition from the religious rulers and under their instigation, from the political rulers, is what we should expect shortly as the fulfillment of this prophecy. The opposition that will arise will be against the Lord and against those who are particularly His representatives and mouthpieces in the world. The federated religious interests, fearful of the Truth, and with cherished plans opposed to it, will shortly denounce it as Calaphas denounced Jesus. His declaration was, It is expedient that one man perish, rather than our whole nation. (John 11:50.) As Jesus was crucified "for the good of the cause," as seen by the religious rulers, so we may expect that the last saintly members of the Body of Jesus will similarly suffer for the supposed good of the cause, as viewed by the Scribes and Pharisees of our day.

God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea," and also of the vastness of Divine power, and human insignificance in comparison. Humanity may justly feel encouraged by the progress made in the past century.

Mighty ships of steel, a thousand feet long, carrying thousands of passengers,

have replaced the wooden dories of a century ago. Propelled by steam, they are indeed levathans of the deep. The oceans have been underlaid with cables of steel, carrying intelligence to the ends of the earth. And this majestic steamer is outfitted with a wireless system of telegraphy, by which she is continually in touch with sister vessels and with the world. And these are only a few of the many evidences of progress being trodden in our day.

Those not guided by the Word of the Lord are puffed with pride, and disposed to feel that our grandparents a little way back were mere monkeys.

God in Heaven Shall Laugh.

When Jesus was crucified, His enemies supposed that His influence would be gone, and that their projects would flourish. But God laughed at them; for they were really accomplishing His will. It was necessary in humility with God's arrangement that Christ should suffer. Similarly, it is necessary that the last members of the Church, the Body of Christ, should suffer with Him and enter into His glory, by the resurrection "change."

Then, too, instead of succeeding, the plans of the rulers all failed. Under Divine disfavor they entered the time of trouble, which culminated in the complete overthrow of their polity. Here we are to expect the same. The Divine purposes, instead of being thwarted, will be helped onward by human opposition to the Divine Plan.

The plans of these kings and rulers will be measurably carried out because

that this was merely another fulfillment of Scripture—the loosing of Satan at the end of the thousand years (Revelation 20:7-10). The prediction was made, and fully believed, that very soon the adverse conditions would pass away, and the ecclesiastical throne be re-established in greater power and glory than ever before. But instead, Ecclesiasticism has waned.

In September 1870 its last support gave

way in the French defeat of Sedan.

Forthwith the King of Italy took away

the last vestige of temporal power.

For exactly a thousand years Ecclesiasticism prospered and ruled the world—from A. D. 800 to A. D. 1700.

The spell which had held Europe and much of the world for ten centuries was broken by Napoleon. When he

carried the Pope a prisoner to France,

the world wondered. Could it be that

the spiritual power of Christ's Kingdom was ineffective against the great General, Napoleon? What did it mean?

The answer came promptly enough

that this was merely another fulfillment of Scripture—the loosing of Satan at the end of the thousand years (Revelation 20:7-10). The prediction was made, and fully believed, that very soon the adverse conditions would pass away, and the ecclesiastical throne be re-established in greater power and glory than ever before. But instead, Ecclesiasticism has waned.

In September 1870 its last support gave

way in the French defeat of Sedan.

Forthwith the King of Italy took away

the last vestige of temporal power.

As Entrancing savor fills the air—

She knows a charm not won from books!

Surely, we wait ambrosial fare,

When Nancy cooks!

Corinne Rockwell, Swain.

Aids To Bible Study

Pastor Russell's six volumes, entitled "STUDIES IN THE

SCRIPTURES," are obtainable in twelve different languages. Over

6,000,000 copies are in circulation. Thousands of Christian people

wrote of the blessing received in Bible Study since obtaining the help

furnished by these volumes.

They are published by The Watch Tower Bible & Tract So-

cietry of Brooklyn, N. Y., at cost price. As a consequence the six

beautiful volumes, in handsome cloth binding, over 5,000 pages, are

sold, expressage prepaid, for the very small sum of \$2.00. This is

only about the price usually charged for one such volume. Reader,

you should have them. Do not delay the blessing they will bring.



When Nancy Cooks.

When Nancy cooks, she lifts with care.

Her pet utensils from their hooks.

An artful cap adorns her hair.

When Nancy cooks.

Demurely fair and wise she looks,

As o'er some compound richly rare

Her busy dimpled elbow crooks!

Entrancing savor fills the air—

She knows a charm not won from books!

Surely, we wait ambrosial fare,

When Nancy cooks!

Corinne Rockwell, Swain.

P ROFESSIONA L

CARDS

LAWYERS

R. J. ABBATICCHIO

Successor to Cornell & Abbaticchio

Trust Co. Building,

FAIRMONT, W. VA.

A. L. LEHMAN

Lawyer

Jacobs Building,

FAIRMONT, W. VA.

HARRY SHAW

Lawyer

Court House

Fairmont, W. Va.