The Pool of Flame

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The day came out of the East with a windy swagger; as Quick had foretold, a series of thunderstorms swept the sea before dawn, so that it, like the sky, seemed newly washed, clean and brilliant.

O'Rourke relieved Quick at four bells of the morning watch and kept the deck for the remainder of the day, his meals being brought to him on the bridge. His duties were simple enough, requiring little more than a display of the habit of authority which sat so well on his broad shoulders. It was no great trick to keep the crew in order: they went about their work peaceably enough and showed no signs of desiring to renew their disputations. Otherwise he had to keep an eye upon the helmsman and see that he held the Ranee to the course prescribed by Quick; and that was nothing difficult to a man of average intelligence. Naught but deep water lay between them and Bombay, so long as a direct course was shaped and maintained.

As the sunlit watches wore out and nothing untoward took place, O'Rourke's grim apprehensions dissipated into shadows. He began to believe with Quick that the affair of the winged knife was merely a hapchance accident, quite unpremeditated.

Below decks, Dravos and Danny were standing watch-and-watch, with clockwork regularity, where the former's beloved engines were justifying his confidence and pride in them and clicking off their twenty knots without a hitch.

Now Danny happened to have "off" the first afternoon watch. O'Rourke from the bridge saw him come up the engine-room companion ladder, dive into the messroom for his dinner, and later emerge, picking his teeth and grinning self-complacency until his master could have kicked him, had such a course been politic before the crew, or even consistent with the dignity of his office.

"A word to say to ye, sor, if I may make so bold."

O'Rourke glanced at the helmsman, and having long since made up his mind that the man was competent, left him in possession of the bridge for a space, and joined Danny below.

"What is it?"

Danny lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper. "Kape yer eye on thot black

He Continued to Watch the Serang.

divvle up there, sor, for the love of Hiven, and don't look surprised at anything—"

O'Rourke moved a few paces aft, along the rail, to a point whence he could see the head and shoulders of the helmsman. "Well?"

"'Tis nawthin' I cud swear to, sor, but 'tis meself thot's mortal leary av these naygurs—rapspicts to ye—and—and—"

"Come, come! Out with it, Danny."

"Sure, sor, 'tis the serang. Have ye chanced to notice him, sor?"

O'Rourke glanced down to the fore deck, where the personage in question was standing at ease. "What of him?" he inquired, running his eye over the fellow's superb proportions.

"'Tis nawthin' I'd take me oath to, sor, but I'm thinkin' he's the man who boarded the Panjnab at Suez, sor. And as for the naygur I run against on the s'loon deck, yer honor, he's his mortal twin."

"Ah," commented O'Rourke. "Thank you, Danny."

He continued to watch the serang until the latter, as if influenced by the fixity of the Irishman's regard, turned and stared directly into O'Rourke's eyes. For a full minute he gave him look for look, dark eyes steadfast and unyielding above his fine aquiline nose, then calmly turned his back, resuming his contemplation of the turbulent horizon.

An instant later Quick came up to relieve O'Rourke, and, eight bells sounding, Danny dived below to take favor place. O'Rourke, unpleasantly impressed by the incident, still forbore to mention it to either of the ship's owners; he retired to think it over, and spent a long hour consuming an indifferent cigar and studying the cracks in the bulkhead between his room and the cabin.

Without profit, however. Lacking more substantial proof than Danny's suspicions, he could arrive at no definite conclusion.

The night passed without incident; the second day dawned the counterpart of its predecessor, and wore away quietly enough.

It fell to O'Rourke to stand the first dog-watch, from four to six in the evening. Shortly after he ascended the bridge, it was his happiness to be joined by Mrs. Prynne, who improved the moment to express her gratification with the propitious tide in her affairs. The King's courier was pleased to declare herself very well pleased indeed, though she admitted, under jocular pressure, that she considered she was roughing it. Captain Quick's quarters were by no means palatial, and the bill of fare, while substantially composed, lacked something of variety; but that was all a part of the great and fascinating game she played—the game of secret service to His Majesty, Edward VII.

Not that alone, but she was comforted by the assurance that her voyage would soon be over, her mission discharged, her responsibility a thing of the past. She would be glad to see Bombay.

"One never knows, you know, Colonel O'Rourke," she said with a little gesture expressive of her allowance for the unforeseen.

O'Rourke divined she had something on her mind which she hesitated to voice, though they were practically alone; the man at the wheel was a nonentity— bronze statue in a faded shirt, ragged turban and soiled cummerbund.

"Then 'tis yourself will be glad, I gather, to be rid of us, madam?"

She smiled, deprecatory. "What would you?" she asked in French, with a significant glance up into O'Rourke's eyes.

"It's not precisely pleasant to be constantly apprehensive," the woman continued in the same tongue, "even when one has a Colonel O'Rourke to look to for protection."

"Ah, madame!" expostulated the wanderer. "But what makes ye so positive I'd not turn tail and run away from any real danger?"

She gave him a look that brimmed with mirth. "A man who is a coward," she said slowly, "doesn't stand still and draw a revolver when a heavy knife is thrown at his head."

"Quick told ye, madam?"

"No, I saw—heard the quarrelling on the forward deck and got to the companionway in time to see what happened. Had you not been so intent on your search for the knife, you would have seen me. As it was, I slipped below again without attracting attention."

"But why?"

"To get my revolver, monsieur le colonel."

"'Twas naught but an accident—"

"You do not believe that yourself, colonel dear; for my part, I—"

"Well?"

"Someone tried my door last night, after you'd retired."

"Ye are sure?" doubted O'Rourke, disturbed.

"Quite. I was awake—thinking; I heard you come below and close your door at eight bells; long after there were footsteps—someone walking in his bare feet—in the saloon. Then the knob was turned, very gently. Fortunately, the door was bolted; someone put a shoulder to it, but it held fast. I caught up my revolver—indeed and I am very reckless with it, sir!—and opened the door myself. The saloon was quite empty."

"Ye shouldn't have risked that—"

"I had to know, with so much at stake," she said simply.

O'Rourke endeavored to manufacture a plausible and reassuring explanation to the fact. "Quick, Danny, or Dravos, mistaking their rooms—"

"It was none of them. Captain Quick was on deck; I heard his voice almost simultaneously. surely I couldn't mistake that." She laughed. "Nor would your man or Mr. Dravos have been so stealthy, so instant to escape."

"But—but—"

"My theory, if you will have it, is that mine enemy of the Panjnab is one of the crew of the Ranee, monsieur."

Mrs. Prynne made this statement as quietly as though she were commenting on the weather. But her belief chimed so exactly with his own that O'Rourke was stricken witless and at a loss to frame a satisfactory refutation. He was silent for some moments, his lips a thin hard line, a crinkle of anxiety between his brows.

"If ye'd only permitted me to attend to him—" he growled at length.

"You are right," she admitted, "but—I am desolated—the mischief's done."

"Faith, yes!" he sighed dejectedly. His gaze roved the deck and fastened upon the serang. "It might be any one of them," he considered aloud.

"Any one. For instance, though—the serang?"

"Why d'ye suspect him more than another?" he demanded, startled.

"Call it feminine intuition, if you like. The man looks capable of anything."

"Yes. But sure, there's no telling at all."

"No telling," she concurred quietly. "We can but wait, watch, hope that I imagined the hand at my door."

"There might be something in that."

"I am neither nervous nor an imaginative woman."

"At all events, I'll go bail 'twill not happen a second time."

"How do you propose to prevent it?"

"Sure, the simplest way in the world. I myself will stand guard in the saloon, madam."

"But no, monsieur; I can better afford to lose a little sleep than have you forfeit your rest. Besides, I have Cecile. . . . . "

There ensued an argument without termination; he remained obdurate, she insistent. Only the appearance of Quick on the stroke of four bells forced them to shelve the subject. It was resumed at the dinner table and carried out in a light manner of banter for a time, dropped and forgotten, apparently by all but O'Rourke.

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John was usually kept busy for several hours on Saturday, and frequently the garret or storeroom demanded part of his time. His time was occupied:

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Carrying the well-filled rag bags down for the half-yearly sale to the ragmen on their semi-annual calls.

Moving the heavy trunks and furniture so that the women could sweep or scrub under them.

Carrying the summer furniture down when hot weather approached or putting it into the storeroom when the need for it was over.

Scrubbing the floor, cleaning the paint and washing the windows.

Brushing the walls and floors of the attic.

Scrubbing down the shelves of the preserve closets.

Mending such pieces of furniture as had found alhome in the garret for want of a few tacks or a bit of glue.

Beating the rugs and breadths of carpets that were not in use.

Sometimes his work would be in the garden, in grubbing the paths, removing weeds from the walks and keeping the borders of the walks in order.

Repairing the fences when a few nails were required.

Moving the ash barrels outi n mtie for the weekly removal.

Removing the papers and other rubbish from the yard.

Sprinkling with the garden hose the garden beds and grass plats.

Keeping the hooks in the posts ready for the clothes lines.

Driving the needed nail, screw, bolt or bar.

Removing the ice and snow from the garden paths.

Keeping the drain pipes open and in good condition.

Seeing that the wood pile was kept in order and removed to the cellar when it should be kept there.

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THE GRACE OF GOD; TWO PENTECOSTS

One For the Church, the Other For the World.

Pastor Russell In Chicago Took For His Text, "The Grace of God Which Bringeth Salvation Hath Appeared For All Men" (Titus ii, 11)—Corrects a Common Error Regarding the Fate of the Non-elect.

PASTOR RUSSELL

Chicago, May 26th.—Pastor Russell gave two addresses here today. We report one of his addresses, on "Pentecostal Blessings," from the text: "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared for all men." (Titus ii, 11.) He said in part:

As Bible students we find it more and more necessary to study the Scriptures discriminatingly. Hitherto God's people have unwittingly narrowed down the grace of God and minimized the efficacy of Christ's redemptive sacrifice by asserting that all the blessings are for the Church and none for the world—that they are for the present Age, and that with its consummation all hope will expire, and that the world, the non-elect, will suffer to all eternity, without ever having tasted of the grace of God in Christ—many without even coming to a knowledge of that provision for sinners.

Two Salvations—Two Pentecosts.

A more careful study of the Bible is revealing to God's people all over the world the fact that He has for mankind two distinct salvations, one for the Church, the other for the world, and each of these salvations is introduced by a Pentecostal blessing. That the Church is merely a "first-fruits unto God of His creatures" is distinctly stated by St. James (i, 18), and this implies most positively that there will be after-fruits.

Note the Apostle's statement respecting the efficacy of Christ's sacrifice, both for the Church and for the world—he says, "He is a propitiation for *our* sins (the Church), and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world" (I John ii, 2).

This does not signify that all will gain everlasting life on the same plane of glory. The change of nature from human to divine is a part of the superior blessing provided by the Lord for those who now walk by faith in the footsteps of the Redeemer. The blessings to the world will not include a change of nature, but a restoration of the willing and obedient to human perfection, such as Adam enjoyed before he sinned.

Many of us had not noticed until recently that two Pentecostal blessings are mentioned by the Prophet. Our overlooking this was doubtless because it was not due time for this feature to be clearly understood. Now, as the time nears for the fulfilment of the second Pentecostal blessing, the force and meaning of the Scripture shines out. Before making known the riches of His grace to the world God has been pleased to foreordain the election of the Church, to be joint-heirs with Jesus in the glorious work of blessing earth's teeming millions.

Notice the text: "It shall come to pass, saith the Lord, *at the end* of those days, that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh, * * * and *in* those days I will pour out My Spirit upon My servants and upon My handmaidens" (Joel ii, 28; Acts ii, 17.) St. Peter, in quoting the prophecy, properly applied only the portion which was due in his day, namely, that portion applicable to the servants and handmaidens of the Lord. The two features of the prophecy are distinctly marked—one blessing to be upon God's servants and handmaidens only, the other to be upon all flesh. The one was to be "*in* those days," the other, "*after* those days."

Jubilee Day—Jubilee Year.

The Day of Pentecost was the grand Jubilee Day, in which God's blessing was attained, marking the forgiveness of sin and the acceptance by the Heavenly Father. It was the 50th day (7 x 7 plus 1). Every Jewish Sabbath pointed to this Jubilee Day as the culmination of the Sabbath day system. The word "Sabbath" signifies rest and this culmination of the Sabbath days in a fiftieth signified the completeness of the rest.

But it will be remembered that in the Law given to Israel there was not only a seven-day series of Sabbaths, but also a seven-year series of Sabbaths. Each seventh year was a Sabbath year, leading up to a Jubilee (7 x 7 plus 1), the fiftieth. As the day Sabbath reached a glorious culmination for the Church, so the year Sabbath will reach a glorious climax for the world. The fiftieth year was the Jubilee. In that year all debts were cancelled, and all who had been sold into slavery for debt went free.

This pictured the coming blessings—the Day of Messiah, when He shall reign and when through the merit of His sacrifice all sin will be forgiven and all slavery to sin and death will be abolished. This is not a new thought. Centuries ago Bible students discerned that the Jubilee of Israel's time was a feature of the Law foreshadowing a blessing world-wide. It was with this knowledge that our beautiful hymn was written: "Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow."

Directory

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Quarterly Quarterly Court—Begins on the fourth Monday in February, May, August and November.

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