

and he leaned breathless upon his axe. "Blood of my soul!" cried Baptiste the Red. "But thou art a man. Deny thy god, and thou shalt yet live."

Stockard swore his refusal, feebly but with grace.

"Behold! A woman!" Sturges Owen had been brought before the half-breed.

Beyond a scratch on the arm, he was uninjured, but his eyes roved about him in an ecstasy of fear. The heroic figure of the blasphemer, bristling with wounds and arrows, leaning defiantly upon his axe, indifferent, indomitable, superb, caught his wavering vision. And he felt a great envy of the man who could go down serenely to the dark gates of death. Surely Christ, and not he, Sturges Owen, had been moulded in such manner. And why not he? He felt dimly the curse of ancestry, the feebleness of spirit which had come down to him out of the past, and he felt an anger at the creative force, symbolise it as he would, which had formed him, its servant, so weakly. For even a stronger man, this anger and the stress of circumstance were sufficient to breed apathy, and for Sturges Owen it was inevitable.

"Where now is thy god?" the half-breed demanded.

"I do not know." He stood straight and rigid, like a child repeating a catechism.

"Hast thou then a god at all?"

"I had."

"And now?"

"No."

"There is no god."

"There is no god."

"No white man's god."

"No white man's god."

"Nor ever was and never shall be."

"Nor ever was and never shall be."

Hay Stockard swept the blood from his eyes and laughed. The missionary, looked at him curiously, as in a dream. A feeling of infinite distance came over him, as though of a great remove. In that which had taken place, and which was to take place, he had no part. He was a spectator—at a distance, yes, at a distance. The words of Baptiste came to him faintly:

"Very good. See that this man go free, and that no harm befall him. Let him depart in peace. Give him a canoe and food. Set his face toward the Russians that he may tell their priests of Baptiste the Red, in whose country there is no god."

They led him to the edge of the steep, where they paused to witness the final tragedy. The half-breed turned to Hay Stockard.

"There is no god," he prompted.

The man laughed in reply. One of the young men poised a war-spear for the cast.

"Hast thou a god?"

"Ay, the God of my fathers."

He shifted the ax for a better grip. Baptiste the Red gave the sign, and the spear hurtled full against his breast. Sturges Owen saw the Ivory head stand out beyond his back, saw the man away, laughing, and snap the shaft short as he fell upon it. Then he went down to the river that he might carry to the Russians the message of Baptiste the Red, in whose country there was no god.

### How Mr. Alexander Wood Miss Cadbury.

In the "Sunday Strand" Mr G. T. B. Davis gives Mr Charles M. Alexander's account of his courtship. Mr Alexander is the singing evangelist who was out in New Zealand some time ago with Dr. Torrey. The two are at present conducting revival services in England. Mr Alexander said that for years he had longed for a wife in perfect sympathy with his revival work, but had always rather reserved the right to choose his own wife, though, of course, wanting the Lord as a sort of second partner.

"Finally, during the Christmas season of 1903, which I was spending alone in London, far away from my own family, feeling rather lonesome, I began to ponder over my life. I fell upon my knees, and reconsecrated myself to God. I told the Lord I would give the whole thing entirely into His hands. I wanted Him to choose my wife, and trusted that He would give me the one who would most help me to glorify Him."

A few days later he began a campaign in the city of Birmingham.

"One afternoon as I got up to conduct the singing in Bingley Hall, I noticed a young lady sitting in one of the platform seats, and immediately a feeling came over me that there was the answer to my prayer. I did not know who she was, but I observed her closely, and grew to love her, for I saw that she was after the salvation of souls. I noticed that in the after-meetings she usually went down to the back of the hall, and was not afraid to stay late and work long and earnestly, sometimes with the most wretched-looking and poorly-clad women and girls. The more I saw of her the more thoroughly I was convinced that, as far as I was concerned, she was my choice, though I was still asking the Lord constantly to take everything into His hand. All the time she had been drawn to me, although she did not show it in any of her actions, and had not spoken of it to anyone.

"I had noticed a silver-haired lady with her (evidently her mother), and one day early in the mission this lady gave me an invitation to spend my rest-day at her home. I accepted, and after she had gone I turned to someone and asked who the lady was. "Why, that is Mrs Richard Cadbury," I was told. This was a surprise."

On the last day of the mission he went to the lady's home:

"Strangely enough, and quite unknown to each other until afterwards, my future wife and I were praying on that same Friday night for the Lord's guidance in this great matter. Each of us had a hard battle to fight with our own self-will, but each finally surrendered to the Lord, to have or not to have as He should will.

"It was not until two days after the mission had closed that I spoke a word to Miss Cadbury about it, and then—why, it was all settled in a few minutes. We were on our knees almost as soon as I had spoken to her, thanking the Lord for bringing us together, and for the wonderful joy which we took as a gift direct from Him."

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