

GOLDEN THRONE.

[A ROMANCE BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.]
press a very learned essay on Noah's Flood, in which will be a particular description of the Ark on a new and revised plan, which will no doubt throw a great deal of light upon and in that venerable structure; for he intends to have the window go all round the boat, which, as all must admit, is a marked improvement upon the old rendering. Mr. Gooch intends also to start a bible society, and has resolved to present a gold-bound copy to every hotel in the city. He is also on the verge of adopting several infants, and intends to fit them for the ministry. His heart is evidently full of the milk of human kindness, and his pockets are overflowing. He is probably the richest man in the city. We welcome him to our shores. We are sure that he will be a great public benefactor, and will put his money every time where it will do the most good."

Gooch sat in his elegant reception room. He looked quite king-like in his nicely fitting broadcloth suit and gold spectacles and superb watch and chain. He was obsequiously waited upon, and requests for aid to many a feeble church constantly poured in upon him.

Charlie and Will and Jimmy made him a morning call.

"I am glad to see you friends," said he. "We parted upon a very sad occasion. My wife died very suddenly. It was hard to part with her, but the Lord's will be done."

"I am glad you are so submissive," said Charlie. "I hope you will always be as willing to take things as they come."

"I shall. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. He ruleth over the nations of the earth, and he doeth all things well. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice. I feel safe in his hands."

"It strikes me things don't always go right," said Charlie.

"Yes they do," said the deacon, "unless you are a sinner. The righteous are always taken care of. I expect to be happy as long as I live."

"But suppose you shouldn't be, what then?"

"I shall still praise the Lord. He is my shepherd, and I shall not want."

"What if you had to give up all your money?"

"That can't be possible. No one can make a better use of it than I. The Lord needs me as his steward, and I am perfectly willing to serve. I shall not resign. I shall not revolt as you have, Mr. Demorest. I am sorry for you. I have some tracts for you to read. Your heart is not in the right condition. Unbelief always springs out of our de-

praved natures. Read this tract, 'Total Depravity the Root of Rationalism.' It is very penetrating. Here is another, 'The Folly of Thinking for One's Self.' It is very spiritual. I am delighted with it. Take them home, and read at your leisure, and pray over them. I am afraid you do not pray enough, Mr. Demorest. You are not in a submissive state of mind."

"I am submissive to my own sense of right," said Demorest. "I could not do differently from what I have done, and obey my conscience."

"That only makes it worse," said Gooch, "for it hardens you against repentance. May you be converted like Saul."

"I'm ready for the truth, whatever it may be," said Demorest.

"I am afraid not," said Gooch.

"You reason too much. You should give up, and take the Bible as it is."

"But there are different ways of understanding the Bible. Which way shall I accept?"

"There is only one way," said Gooch, "and that way I know. I have travelled it. Follow me, and you are safe."

"That's the sum of it then. In order to be saved, I must interpret the Bible, and believe it as you do. So it is, after all, your individual credo that I must adopt. Even the the Bible won't save me, if I differ from you."

"I have been illuminated by the spirit and cannot be mistaken."

"Perhaps so, time will tell," said Charlie. "I understand you have great property through your wife, and intend to use it for the advancement of the church?"

"That is my plan. I want to do good. It seems as if the Lord had performed a miracle in my favor, and that I am specially endowed."

"You believe in miracles then, even at the present day?"

"Yes; God will always interfere to protect his saints."

"You believe in raising from the dead then?"

"That has always happened in the history of the Church."

"Would a resurrection be possible now?"

"I suppose it might."

"If you should see one living that you thought dead, would you believe it?"

"Yes, if I had sufficient evidence."

"But you renounce evidence, and say we must believe on faith."

"Circumstances alter cases. It depends on what the miracle is for."

"You mean it depends whether it's for or against your interest. I can well believe it. I've a miracle that surpasses all your Bible miracles, yet it has been done by human science."

"I despise science," said Gooch. "It can't perform miracles. It is of the devil."

"No doubt you'll think so before you get through. Science will be a

devil to you and an avenging angel. Do I not know that you married Blanche by force?"

"You can't prove it. She is at rest, and your word is good for nothing."

"I can prove it."

"I defy you," said Gooch.

"And I defy you," said Charlie.

"I can prove it by Blanche's own lips."

"How can you?" said Gooch, turning pale. "She is in the deep sea. I saw her there myself, sinking from sight forever, thank God!"

"She might rise from the sea."

"Impossible!" said Gooch; "the laws of nature are against it."

"But couldn't God do it?"

"He wouldn't do it. It isn't for his interest to."

"Not for your God, I grant; but, if there is a God of justice and mercy in the universe, it was for his interest to do it—that a great wrong might be righted, that a villain might be punished."

"There is no such God as that."

There is only the Bible God; and he lets nature take her way, and the dead are dead forever."

"Yes, your Bible God is asleep; villainy might flourish for anything he does. He is the puppet of your own fancy. Let me tell you that Blanche is not dead. She lives to claim her own."

"You are crazy! You dare to threaten me? Go! I am safe."

"You think the waters of the sea roll between you and Blanche. But know that there is a God in humanity that has circumvented your vile purposes, the human intellect itself, and science that you so much deride. Blanche did not die. It was only the semblance of death. She was taken from the sea by human hands, and in living flesh and blood is ready to meet you and claim the millions that you have put your villainous clutch upon."

"It's impossible!" cried Gooch.

"I'll not believe it. It's beyond human power. Even if she were not dead, you could not have saved her."

"I saved her myself," said Charlie. "I was in the sea, and bore her in my arms to the 'Albatross.'"

"And I was there too," said the doctor, bursting into the room with Paddy. "It was my invention that saved her. I am one of the witnesses."

"And I another," said Paddy.

"Where did you come from?" cried Charlie. "I didn't expect you. Welcome!"

"Just from the sea. We've had a gay time, loaded with treasures; and now we are just on time to witness the punishment of this sinner. I'm ready to lend a hand."

"This is all nonsense," said Gooch. "You think to frighten me; you cannot do it. I have no

faith in your absurd stories. This money is mine, and I will not surrender it."

"You laugh," said the doctor. "You are blind as a bat. You don't know what science can do. It is bigger than your God, I can assure you. Jehovah can't hold a candle to it."

"It can't raise the dead, that I know," said Gooch.

"How do you know?"

"It's impossible. I would never believe it, if I saw it with my own eyes. Though a thousand told me I would swear that my senses deceived me."

"How reasonable you are all at once!" said the doctor. "No amount of testimony could convince you that a miracle happened to-day. If testimony is so insufficient now, why not equally so eighteen hundred years ago?"

"Don't bother me," said Gooch. "I hate your logic. I believe what I want to."

"Confession at last," said the doctor. "That's orthodox, to believe what you want, testimony or no testimony, be it for good or evil. We have no miracle for you to wonder at, but plain matter-of-fact, just what the laws of nature allow, provided we have keenness enough to use them. We stuck to nature, and nature has helped us out. We've caught you in the network of her laws; and you may squirm, but you can't escape."

"No more nonsense," said Gooch. "You are mad men. These things cannot be done."

"Can't be done, O, you miserable sceptic!" said the doctor. "How narrow your range of thought! What, when the lightnings of heaven can be stored up and sold by the pound for the illumination of our dwellings, when your words can be sent across the sea as articulate as when I listen to you here, when it can, even to its lightest intonation, be borne to remotest ages and then let loose,—what, do you dare to say that this is impossible? It's the easiest thing in the world. Are there not subtle agencies that can clothe us with the semblance of death? Are there not instruments by which we can travel through the bosom of the sea? Could we not seize and bear the body of Blanche to a place of safety? This we did. We have not violated, but have simply worked in and through the laws of nature; and now you can see what you will see."

"It's false," said Gooch. "I stand upon common sense and reason. I believe in matter of fact. This is a mere dream that you speak of. I am master of the situation, and I defy you again. What I have done I have done. You cannot touch my gold. No jury in the world would credit your wild tale."

"Wouldn't they?" said Charlie.

"Well, under the circumstances, a