

FAMILY STORY

MOBEED : BY : MISTAKE.

HAD I known what was going to befall me when I took steam-ship passage from Ceylon to India I should have probably continued my journey eastward round the world without stopping at the "Land of the Rajahs." In blissful ignorance, however, I landed at Calcutta.

The time of year was that when the climate most favors up-country traveling, and so, after a brief visit with friends, I started north by rail. I was the richer by half-a-dozen introductory letters to men of more or less prominence in the chief cities of the empire.

I went first to Benares—the sacred city on the mighty Ganges, and sought the house of Sita Ram, to whom one of my letters was addressed. Sita Ram was a wealthy and cultured Hindoo banker, and my friends had pictured in glowing colors the hospitality that I would receive.

Before my ride through the city was over I felt that hospitality of any sort from anyone would be doubly welcome. To my surprise most of the bazaars and business places were closed, though it was nearly afternoon. Groups of evil-faced natives stood about in the squares and streets, while police and soldiers appeared to be unusually plentiful. I was made a target for sullen glances from all sides, and I could not help recalling the stirring times of the great mutiny, more than thirty years back.

I found Sita Ram's house to be a palatial cream-colored building, not far from the river. Its owner proved to be absent, but his private secretary received me and opened the letter of introduction.

Baboo Das was a sleek, mahogany-faced gentleman, who spoke English perfectly, and wore European garments of faultless cut.

"My honored master is in Allahabad on a matter of business," he explained. "He will return in a day or two, and meanwhile the house and servants are at your disposal."

I thanked Baboo Das, and inquired the meaning of the strange sights I had witnessed in the city.

"There has been danger of a riot during the past twenty-four hours," he replied gravely; "but it is believed to be past now. The most ignorant of the Hindoo population are angry because the municipality have acquired the Ramjee temple for the purpose of erecting new waterworks on its site. The Mohammedans have taken part in the disturbance because of the dearth of provisions, for which the municipality is also responsible. My honored master belongs to the Board of Government and helped to purchase the temple."

I suspected that Sita Ram's departure might be more in the order of a flight than of a business trip.

"Are you sure that the danger is over?" I asked, for I had some notion of going to a hotel.

"Yes," replied Baboo Das, "the rioters are cowed and submissive. My master's house was under the protection of the police, but they withdrew this morning."

His manner was so calm and decided that I quite forgot my fears. I was shown a luxurious bed chamber, and a little later I dined in solitude off dishes of gold and silver. The entire house was furnished in a costly and sumptuous style that showed its bachelor owner to possess a sense of European taste as well as of barbaric splendor.

During the evening I was left pretty much to myself, and as I did not care to venture into the street I passed the time with a cigar and a magazine, and when I signified my wish to retire he preceded me upstairs.

Squatted on a rug in the hall, just outside my room, was a bright-faced Hindoo lad, about 12 years old. A cord dangled by his side, and, passing through the door, communicated with the fans that were attached to the ceiling of the apartment. The lad was evidently the "punku wallah," or fan puller. His name was Gungpat, Baboo Das informed me, and his duty was to keep me cool during the sultry hours of the night.

I chatted with the boy for a few moments, and found him to be intelligent and fairly conversant with English. Then I entered my room and lowered the square of rice matting that was furled above the doorway. There was also a door of heavy teak-wood, but I did not think it necessary to close it. The apartment had two windows, overlooking a small courtyard that contained shrubs and a fountain. After riding most of the day in a stuffy and jolting railway carriage I was weary. It did not take me long to undress and fall asleep. The last thing I remember was the soft whirling of the fans and their refreshing current of air.

I was awakened by a hand tugging at the bedclothes. "Rouse, Sahib, there is danger," was poured into my ears by a shrill, childish voice.

I sprang out of bed in a thrice and struck a light. It revealed the half-naked figure of little Gungpat. His expression was one of indignation rather than of terror.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"Those pigs of rioters, Sahib," he replied. "They have broken loose at last."

Then, for the first time I became aware of the tumult in the streets surrounding the house. Bawling voices and the restless patter of feet rose

hoarsely on the night air. I could distinguish the shrill "Din! Din!" of the Mohammedans—their rallying cry to battle. From afar I heard the faint pealing of bells and the rattle of musketry. A lively commotion was going on downstairs, banging of doors, and shoving of furniture, interlarded with lumpy voices.

Gungpat slipped away for a moment and I hurried on my shirt and trousers. I felt decidedly uncomfortable, to say the least. I could not forget the black looks that had greeted me on the previous afternoon. Europeans were in had odor at Benares just now. I glanced at the clock. The hands pointed to an hour past midnight. I began to consider what I had better do. I was puzzled to account for the non-appearance of Baboo Das.

Meanwhile the tumult had swelled to a frightful din. The streets without seemed to be choked with rioters. "Kill Sita Ram," they yelled. "Slay the heretic. Loot his house. Down with the destroyers of the faith!"

I was fully alive to the situation now, and the thought of my peril sickened me. A moment later a succession of heavy thuds, followed by a tremendous crash and a burst of cheers, told that the main entrance of the house had been beaten in. Cries of rage and terror and the sounds of deadly conflict floated up the staircase.

I determined to escape, if such a thing were possible. There was no time to put on shoes or coat. I seized my money and papers and jammed them into the pockets of my trousers.

I ran to the window and looked out. Alas! The courtyard swarmed with dusky figures. The only avenue of escape was cut off.

I turned back into the room, resolved to sell my life dearly. I had no weapons, but on the wall hung a Tibetan shield and spear, trimmed with yak's tails. I dragged them down and rushed for the door. Before I could close it entirely a figure slipped through the crack, and I very nearly impaled Gungpat on my spear.

"The Sahib must fight," he exclaimed. "Baboo Das has fled, and the rioters are downstairs and everywhere. They have killed some of the servants, and now they will search for my master, whom they hate. They believe he is in the house. They will kill you, too, Sahib, if they find you."

"What shall we do?" I demanded. "Is there a way to escape?"

"None, Sahib. We must push furniture against the door and fight. The police and the soldiers will be here presently."

"But surely the mob won't hurt a little chap like you," I replied, filled with admiration at the lad's bravery. "Go while you can, Gungpat."

"No," he answered calmly. "My duty is with the Sahib. I will stay here."

There was no time to argue. For already the bloodthirsty miscreants were pattering up the staircase with shouts and yells. The door had only a frail bolt on the inside, but luckily the furniture of the room was massive. Gungpat seemed to know just what was wanted. He helped me to the best of his strength, and hardly was the barricade in place when the mob surged through the hall.

"The heretic is trapped," they cried, at sight of the closed door. "Come out, Sita Ram, and meet your fate!"

"Crash! crash! crash!" the door trembled under the rain of heavy blows. A table that was on the summit of the barricade toppled to the floor and burst asunder. The mob heard the fall and yelled exultantly.

Gungpat twined his spear between his supple fingers. "The end will be soon, Sahib," he said quite calmly. The next instant he gave an eager cry and pointed overhead. There I saw for the first time a small circular trap-door.

"Where does it lead?" I demanded.

"To the roof," replied Gungpat. "My master sits there on hot evenings. But there is no ladder. We must take from the barricade, Sahib."

No sooner said than done. Hardly as they could be spared we removed a table, a chest of drawers, and two chairs. We piled them one upon another. I plainly saw the door quiver from top to bottom as I mounted the shaky structure. I was directly below the trap now, and a blow from my fist drove it upward. I grasped the edge of the opening and drew myself to the roof. Gungpat passed up the two spears and the shield. Then I caught the lad's hands and drew him to my side.

That instant the mob broke into the room below, where they expected to find Sita Ram. They howled with rage at the empty room. Then we saw their dark faces glaring at the pile in the middle of the room, and up at the opening in the ceiling above. We slammed down the trap door, but there was no way to fasten it on the outside.

We knew the mob would follow us in a moment, so we ran across the flat roof, mounted the parapet, and sprang to the top of an adjoining house. Thus we hurried on from roof to roof till we were some distance from the house of Sita Ram.

"Faster, Sahib! they are coming," panted Gungpat.

Then husky yells rang out behind us and I turned and saw half a score of turbaned figures at our very heels. A spear whizzed between us. A pistol ball shrieked overhead.

dearly a gap of six feet yawned before us. "Jump, Sahib," yelled Gungpat. Without hesitation we sprang together, and landed safely on the next roof. One of our pursuers was close behind—a burly Mohammedan with a sword. Gungpat snatched the brassy shield from my hand; turned, and threw it with all his might. It struck the fellow as he was in the act of jumping. Without a cry he plunged down between the houses. His companions paused only an instant. They they leaped the gap and came on with frightful yells.

This advantage, brief as it was, proved our salvation. We ran on as before, climbing headlong over the parapets from roof to roof, neither gaining nor losing. The end house of the block abutted on the Ganges, and all at once, over the last parapet, we saw the water below us.

"You can swim, Sahib?" asked Gungpat.

"Yes; come on," I replied.

We dropped through twenty feet of air and shot far under water. When we came to the surface we dived again instantly. The next time we rose we were well out in the current. Side by side we swam out, while a shower of spears fell harmlessly in our wake.

Anchored in mid-stream we spied the ark-shaped roof of a trader's boat, and a short swim brought us to it. The friendly natives gave us shelter, and there we remained until morning, listening to the sounds of strife in the opposite-lying city.

When day broke the riot was quelled, but the mob had wrecked the telegraph office and railway station, plundered the treasury, and destroyed the engine and boiler of the new water works.

Sita Ram returned that afternoon and I found him a most polished and agreeable gentleman. He was apparently unconcerned over the looting of his house. His first act was to discharge Baboo Das. His next, after hearing my story, was to promote brave little Gungpat to an honored position among the household servants. Nor did I forget to honor the lad in my own way.—Yankee Blade.

SPAIN FROM A CAR WINDOW.

The Country Was Dry and Dusty and Seemed Barren to a Cider.

It was very hot. It was noon when we reached the junction of Robadilla, where we turned eastward toward Granada. The carriage seemed a furnace, its wood was fire to our touch, the air that came through the windows was burning. The country was scorched to a cinder; the mountains glittered in the heat; the shadeless towers quivered in a hot haze like a mirage. We lay back, panting, fanning ourselves with our hats and our guide-books. We came to baked, dust-driven stations; at each was the same cry of "Water! water!" from the women who made a living by selling it, and the people in the train who were trying to drink it.

To names—Antequera, Loja, San Fernando—that earlier had thrilled us in Murray and Washington Irving we were now indifferent, as they were spluttered by the dust-choked guard. For hours the horizon was bounded by low mountains, with here and there tiny patches of snow on their upper slopes. But where were the dazzling, glowing snow-peaks of the Sierra Nevada, that loom up so magnificently in the romance of Washington Irving, and in the story of every traveler who has been to Granada?

True, through the cane-brake, stifling in the torrid air, we had seen two or three low hills crowned with olive groves, planted like a map, and on the top of each something that looked like the ruins of gigantic brick-kilns or tumbled-down factories. Granada made me near, for we had passed San Fernando; but neither to the right nor to the left could we see the minarets of the Moorish city or the domes of Catholic Spain. Slower and slower went the train, and then it stopped. Every one got out, and we knew it was Granada.—Century.

How Napoleon Raised Money.

Napoleon had the lavish hand of a parvenu, but his beneficiaries were not grateful, and with ever-increasing insolence were always craving more. The system of private confiscations or forced contributions from individuals had already attained vast dimensions. During the winter of 1809-10 it was extended and regulated; the sums wrung from German princes and Spanish grandees, from English merchants and the Italian clergy, were not entirely exhausted; the remainder, together with what was "accepted" from timorous politicians, crafty ecclesiastics, sly contractors, and unprincipled financiers, was now erected into the dignity of the Emperor's "extraordinary domain." The term "army chest" had been devised for times of higher public morality; it was now discarded. Confiscated palaces, forests, lands, fisheries, moneys from the sale of American ships—all were now the Emperor's private property.—Century.

Hints for Mr. Kipling.

In regard to Kipling's troubles with his brother-in-law, Harper's Weekly says: "Helping a ne'er-do-well is a business by itself that offers large and continuous employment for energy, enthusiasm, perseverance, and discretion. Persons who would succeed at all in it must carefully obey two rules—first, never expect anything; second, never stop trying."

Flowers as an Advertisement.

A Utah railroad man advertised his road by sending a carload of lilacs to Colorado mining districts. The flowers were gathered by school children, and the car left a trail of joy and fragrance wherever it went.

When you think of the worthlessness of some people you cannot wonder at the poverty.

It is age that makes a man look old; it is a woman's case, it is "trouble."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE THEORIES OF RUIN AND RESTORATION ARE PRESENTED.

A Dramatic Bible Scene—The Disabled Human Soul Humbled and Restored—The Important Part of Every Prayer—Glories of the Gospel.

For Another's Sake.

Dr. Talmage's sermon of last Sunday is a vivid and novel presentation of the theories of ruin and restoration. The Bible scene described is dramatic. The text was II. Samuel ix. 1 and 13: "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" * * * So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem, for he did eat continually at the king's table and was lame on both his feet."

Was there ever anything more romantic and chivalrous than the love of David and Jonathan? At one time Jonathan was up and David was down. Now David is up and Jonathan's family is down. As you have often heard of two soldiers before going into battle making a covenant; that if one is shot the survivor will take charge of the body, the watch, the mementoes and perhaps of the bereft family of the one that dies, so David and Jonathan have made a covenant, and now that Jonathan is dead David is inquiring about his family, that he may show kindness unto them for their father Jonathan's sake.

Careful search is made, and a son of Jonathan of the dreadfully homely name of Mephibosheth is found. His nurse, in his infancy, had let him fall, and the fall had put both his ankles out of place, and they had never been set. This decrepit, poor man is brought into the palace of King David. David looks upon him with melting tenderness, no doubt seeing in his face a resemblance to his old friend, the deceased Jonathan. The whole bearing of King David toward him seems to say: "How glad I am to see you, Mephibosheth! How you remind me of your father, my old friend and benefactor! I made a bargain with your father a good many years ago, and I am going to keep it with you. What can I do for you, Mephibosheth? I am resolved what to do—I will make you a rich man. I will restore to you the confiscated property of your grandfather Saul, and you shall be a guest of mine as long as you live, and you shall be seated at my table among the princes." It was too much for Mephibosheth, and he cried out against it, calling himself a dead dog. "Be still," says David. "I don't do this on your own account. I do this for your father Jonathan's sake. I can never forget his kindness. I remember when I was hounded from place to place how he befriended me. Can I ever forget how he stripped himself of his courtier apparel and gave it to me instead of his shepherd's coat, and how he took off his own sword and belt and gave them to me instead of my sling? Oh, I can never forget him! I feel as if I couldn't do enough for you, his son. I don't do it for your sake; I do it for your father Jonathan's sake." So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem, for he did eat continually at the king's table and was lame on both his feet."

A Disabled Soul.

There is so much gospel in this quaint incident that I am embarrassed to know where to begin. When Dr. Mephibosheth and David and Jonathan make you think of Mephibosheth, in the first place, stands for the disabled human soul. Lord Byron describes sin as a charming, reckless, as a gallantry, as a Don Juan. George Sand describes sin as triumphant in many intricate plots. Gavarni, with his engraver's knife, always shows sin as a great jocularities. But the Bible presents it as a Mephibosheth, lame on both feet. Sin, like the nurse in the context, attempted to carry us and let us fall, and we have been disabled, and in our whole moral nature we are decrepit. Sometimes theologians haggle about a technicality. They use the words "total depravity," and some people believe in the doctrine, and some do not. What do you mean by total depravity? Do you mean that every man is as bad as he can be? Then I do not believe it either. But do you mean that sin has let us fall; that it has sacrificed and disabled and crippled our entire moral nature until we cannot walk straight and are lame in both feet? Then I admit your proposition. There is not so much difference in an African jungle, with barking, howling, hissing, fighting quadruped and reptile, and paradise, with its animals coming before Adam, when he parted them and stroked them and gave them names, so that the panther was as tame as the dove, and the condor as tame as the dove, as there is between the human soul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentalists or the poets say in regard to sin. In the name of God, I declare to you to-day that sin is disorganization, disintegration, ghastly disfiguration, hobbling deformity.

Your modern theologian tells you that man is a little out of sorts. He sometimes thinks wrong. He sometimes does wrong—indeed, his nature needs a little moral surgery, an outside splint, a slight compress, a little rectification. Religion is a good thing to have, it might some day come into use. Man is partially wrong, not all wrong. He is lame in one foot. Bring the salve of divine grace, and the stinment, and the pain extractor, and we will have his one foot cured. Man is only half wrong, not altogether wrong. In what is man's nature right? In his will, his affections, his judgment? No. There is an old book that says, "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." Mephibosheth lame in both feet! Our belief of the fact that sin has sacrificed and deformed our souls increases as we go on in years. When you started life, you thought that man was a little marred by sin, and he was about one-tenth wrong. By the time you had gone through the early experience of your trade or occupation or profession you believed that man was about half wrong. By the time you came to middle life you believed that man was three-fourths wrong. But within these past few years, since you have been so lied about and swindled and cheated, you have come to the conclusion that man is altogether wrong, and now you can say with the prayer book and with the Bible, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Whatever you may have believed before, now you believe that Mephibosheth is lame on both feet.

Humbled, but Restored.

Again, Mephibosheth in the text stands for the disabled human soul humbled and restored. When this invalid of my text

got a command to come to King David's palace, he trembled. The fact was that the grandfather of Mephibosheth had treated David most shockingly, and now Mephibosheth says to himself: "What does the king want of me? Isn't it enough that I am lame? Is he going to destroy my life? Is he going to wreak on me the vengeance which he holds toward my grandfather Saul? It's too bad." But go to the palace Mephibosheth must, since the king has commanded it. With staff and crutches and helped by his friends, I see Mephibosheth going up the stairs of the palace, on the tessellated floor of the throne room. No sooner have these two persons confronted each other, Mephibosheth and David, the king, than Mephibosheth throws himself flat on his face before the king and styles himself a dead dog. In the east when a man styles himself a dog he utters the utmost term of self-abnegation. It is not a term so strong in this country, where, if a dog has a fair chance, he sometimes shows more nobility of character than some human specimens that we wot of, but the many curs of the oriental cities, as I know by my own observation, are utterly detestable. Mephibosheth gives the utmost term of self-loathing when he compares himself to a dog, and dead at that.

Consider the analogy. When the command is given from the palace of heaven to the human soul to come, the soul begins to tremble. It says: "What is God going to do with me now? Is he going to destroy me? Is he going to wreak his vengeance upon me?" There is more than one Mephibosheth trembling now because God has summoned him to the palace of divine grace. What are you trembling about? God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner. He does not send for you to hurt you. He sends for you to do you good. I see Scotch preachers had the following circumstances brought under his observation: There was a poor woman in the parish who was about to be turned out because she could not pay her rent. One night she heard a loud knocking at the door, and she made no answer and hid herself. The knocking continued louder, louder, louder, but she made no answer and continued to hide herself. She was almost frightened unto death. She said, "That's the officer of the law come to throw me out of my home."

A few days after a Christian philanthropist met her in the street and said: "My poor woman, where were you the other night? I came round to your house to pay your rent. Why didn't you let me in? Were you at home?" "Why," she replied, "was that you?" "Yes, that was me. I came to pay your rent." "Why," she said, "if I had had any idea it was you, I would have let you in. I thought it was an officer come to cast me out of my home." O soul, that loud knocking at thy gate is not the sheriff come to put you in jail. It is the best friend you ever had come to be your security. You shiver with terror because you think it is wrath. It is mercy. Why, then, tremble before the King of heaven and earth calls you to his palace? Stop trembling and start right away. "Oh," you say, "I can't start. I have been so lame by sin and so lamed by evil habit I can't start. I am lame in both feet." My friends, we come out with our prayers and sympathies to help you up to the palace. If you want to get to the palace, you may get there. Start now. The Holy Spirit will help you. All you have to do is just to throw yourself on your face at the feet of the King, as Mephibosheth did.

The Sinner's Cry.

Mephibosheth's caninal comparison seems extravagant to the world, but when a man has seen himself as he really is and seen how he has been treating the Lord there is no term vehement enough to express his self-condemnation. The dead dog of Mephibosheth's comparison falls to describe the man's utter loathing of himself. Mephibosheth's posturing does not seem too prostrate. When a soul is convicted, first he prays for grace, and he is able to bow his head. After awhile, by an almost superhuman effort, he kneels down to pray. After awhile, when he has seen God and seen himself, he throws himself flat on his face at the feet of the King, just like Mephibosheth. The fact is if we could see ourselves as God sees us we would perish at the spectacle. You would have no time to overhaul other people. Your cry would be, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

And, again, Mephibosheth in my text stands for the sake of another. Mephibosheth would never have got into the palace on his own account. Why did David raise the realm to find a great fortune and then bestow upon him a great fortune and command a farmer of the name of Ziba to culture the estate and give to this invalid Mephibosheth half the proceeds every year? Why did King David make such a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be of any use to the throne of Israel? It was for Jonathan's sake. It was what Robert Burns calls for "and lang syne." David could not forget what Jonathan had done for him in other days. Three times this chapter has it that all this kindness on the part of David for Mephibosheth was for his father Jonathan's sake. The daughter of Peter Martyr, through the vice of her husband, came down to penury, and the senate of Zurich took care of her for her father's sake. Sometimes a person has applied to you for help, and you have refused him, but when you found he was the son or brother of some one who had been your benefactor in former days and by a glance you saw the resemblance of your old friend in the face of the applicant you relented and you said, "Oh, I will do this for your father's sake." You know by your experience what my text means. Now, my friends, it is on that principle that you and I are to get into the King's palace.

In His Name.

The most important part of every prayer is the last three or four words of it—"For Christ's sake." Do not rattle off those words as though they were merely the finishing stroke of the prayer. They are the most important part of the prayer. When in earnestness you go before God and say "for Christ's sake" it rolls in, as it were, upon God's mind all the memories of Bethlehem and Gennesaret and Galgatha. When you say before God "for Christ's sake" you hold before God's mind every groan, every tear, every crimson drop of his only begotten Son. If there is anything in all the universe that will move God to an act of royal beneficence, it is to say "For Christ's sake." God is omnipotent, but he is not strong enough to resist that cry, "For Christ's sake." If a little child should kneel behind God's throne and should say "For Christ's sake," the great Jehovah would turn around on his throne to look at her and listen. No

prayer ever gets to heaven but for Christ's sake. No soul is ever comforted but for Christ's sake. The world will never be redeemed but for Christ's sake. Our name, however illustrious it may be among men, before God stands only for inconsistency and sin. But there is a name, a potent name, a blessed name, a glorious name, an everlasting name, that we may put upon our lips as a sacrament and upon our forehead as a crown, and that is the name of Jesus, our divine Jonathan, who stripped himself of his robe and took our broken reed; so that now, whether we are well or sick, whether we are living or dying, if we speak that name it moves heaven to the center, and God says: "Let the poor soul come in. Carry him up into the throne room of the palace. Though he may have been in exile, though sin may have crippled him on this side, and sorrow may have crippled him on the other side, and he is lame in both his feet, bring him up into the palace, for I want to show him everlasting kindness for Jonathan's sake."

Again, Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul lifted to the King's table. It was more difficult in those times even than it is now for common men to get into a royal dining room. The subjects might have come around the rail of the palace and might have seen the lights kindled, and might have heard the clash of the knives and the rattle of the golden goblets, but not get in. Stout men with stout feet could not get in once in all their lives to one banquet, yet poor Mephibosheth goes in, lives there and is every day at the table. Oh, what a getting up in the world it was for poor Mephibosheth! Well, though you and I may be woefully lamed with sin, for our divine Jonathan's sake I hope we will all get in to dine with the King.

Before dining we must be introduced. If you are invited to a company of people present, you are introduced. "This is the Senator." "This is the Governor." "This is the President." Before we sit down at the King's table in heaven I think we will want to be introduced. Oh, what a time that will be when you and I, by the grace of God, get into heaven and are introduced to the mighty spirits there, and some one will say, "This is Joshua," "This is Paul," "This is Moses," "This is John Knox," "This is John Milton," "This is Martin Luther," "This is George Whitefield." Oh, shall we have any strength left after such a round of celestial introductions? Yes, we shall be potentates ourselves. Then we shall sit down at the King's table with the sons and daughters of God, and one will whisper across the table to another and say, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" And some one at the table will say: "How long will it last? All other banquets at which I sat ended. How long will this last?" And Paul will answer, "Forever." And Joshua will say, "Forever." And John Knox will say, "Forever." And George Whitefield will say, "Forever."

A Glorious Gospel.

And the wine at that banquet will be old wine; it will be very old wine; it will be the oldest wine of heaven; it will be the wine that was trodden out from the red clusters on the day when Jesus trod the wine press alone. Wine already more than eighteen centuries old. All our earthly imperfections completely covered up and hidden. Mephibosheth's feet under the table. Kingly fare. Kingly waiter. Kingly companionship. We shall reign for ever and ever. I think that banquet will mean more to those who had it hard in this world than to those who had it easy. That banquet in David's palace meant more to Mephibosheth than to any one else, because he had been poor and crippled and despised and rejected. And that man who in this world is blind will better appreciate the light of heaven than we who in this world had good eyesight. And that man who in this world was deaf will better appreciate the music of heaven than we who in this world had good hearing. And those who will have a higher appreciation of the easy locomotion of that land who in this world were Mephibosheths.

O my soul, what a magnificent gospel! It takes a man so low down and raises him so high! What a gospel! Come now, who wants to be banqueted and impaled? As when Wilberforce was trying to get the emancipation bill through the British Parliament and all the British Isles were anxious to hear of the passage of that emancipation bill, when a vessel was coming into port and the captain of the vessel knew that the people were so anxious to get the tidings, he stepped out on the prow of the ship and shouted to the people long before he got up to the dock, "Free! and they cried up to the sky, 'Free!' and they sang it all through the land, 'Free, free!' So to-day I would like to sound the news of your present and your eternal emancipation until the angels of God hovering in the air and watchmen on the battlements and bellmen in the town cry it, shout it, sing it, ring it, "Free, free!" I come out now as the messenger of the palace to invite Mephibosheth to come up. I am here to-day to tell you that God has a wealth of kindness to bestow upon you for his Son's sake. The doors of the palace are open to receive you. The cupboards are already put the chalice on the table, and the great, loving, tender, sympathetic heart of God bends over you this moment, saying, "Is there any that is yet left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

Nearly as Bad.

Telling what we have heard to another's disadvantage is not so bad as starting a slander without provocation, but it is next to it. Slanders do more harm through being repeated by those who just tell what they have heard than through being first told by the one who invented them. If a slanderer could find no one to pass along his slanders without being sure as to their truth or falsity, he would have no success in his occupation. "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth." Before we tell anything to another's discredit we should first know (not merely think it is true, and then we should be sure that good is to come of its repeating.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought As well as want of heart."

The bones of the skull are arched because in that form the greatest strength is combined with the least weight and quantity of material.

Good advice and timely assistance alleviate much human suffering.