

THE FAMILY STORY

LIFE FOR A LIFE.

WE sat together in the veranda at Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo lay beneath and around us—Cairo filthy, multi-colored, and malodorous, but always picturesque. Suddenly an Arab boy came around the corner, and with a salaam of the deepest, handed some mail to Grimshaw. Then he squatted down on the veranda boards, with his great black eyes fixed on my companion's face, waiting for further orders.

"Your boy, Captain?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Grimshaw, "but a good deal more than that. I should be buried in the Sudan now if it were not for Ibrahim yonder."

"Tell me about it, please," I asked, rather eagerly; for this small Arab in the clear, white tunic, and brilliant turban interested me mightily.

Grimshaw settled himself back in the bungalow chair and began: "You know, of course," he said, "that I was in Khartoum with Gordon. I did not regularly belong to the General's forces, but I had volunteered as one of his aides-de-camp. Well, we were shut up in that death trap City of Khartoum, surrounded on every side by the forces of the Mahdi—myriads of fanatical Sudanese Arabs following that high priest of bloodshed. We English were but a mere handful of men; the auxiliary forces were wretchedly small. Our only hope was aid from Egypt; and, as the whole world knows, that never came. Poor Gordon was allowed to fall a victim to the Mahdi's sword, and most of the garrison were slain. With the exception of Slatin Bey, who became a Mussulman, I think I was the only European who got out of the doomed city with his life. That I did so was due to Ibrahim."

Here the Arab boy—hearing his name mentioned—looked up and smiled, showing a row of teeth exceptionally even and white.

"A few days after we entered Khartoum," continued Grimshaw, "I was patrolling the town under Gen. Gordon's order, when we came across a great rabble of boys, hallooing and shouting at a deafening rate. I sent an Egyptian soldier to discover the cause, and he reported that the young 'fuzzy-wuzzies' (it is so that Private Atkins of her Majesty's troops denominated the Sudanese) were having fun with one of their number. I was then, as now, intensely interested in native manners and customs. Halting my men, I entered the boisterous cordon of boys to determine the reason of their tumult.

"The little rascals were teasing one of their number. 'Teasing,' indeed, in this case, is too mild a word. They were beating and stoning the lad, who lay bruised and half-blinded in the gutter. His turban was off, and his already scant clothing had been torn to shreds. I sprang into the middle of the mob and demanded the cause of such brutal treatment. At first they affected not to understand my Arabic, and went on beating their victim, but when I had soundly cuff'd one or two and summoned my interpreter to my aid, I succeeded in making them answer.

"He is the renegade's son," said a ringleader—Hassan, the renegade's son. Stone him, in the name of the prophet."

"Then I understood. The poor boy's father had taken service with Gordon, leaving his offspring to suffer all the cruelties which the Khartoum children, egged on by their elders, were sure to inflict upon him. I lost no time in calling up a few men and sending that pack of youthful fanatics to the right about. They went away, vowing dire vengeance on the renegade's brat, and I raised my protégé from the dust. He had fainted from pain and loss of blood, but one of our surgeons soon brought him to. When he opened his eyes and saw me he smiled like a little coffee-colored angel and wanted there and then to give me his best salaam. Of course I made him lie down again, but he blurted out his gratitude for preservation so vigorously that he came near fainting again.

"Next day his father, Hassan, one of Gordon's servants, came to see him. The two had a long talk, and finally Hassan announced that for his son's sake he had decided to leave the General and go back to his cobblers' stall in the bazaar. Ibrahim—for the lad whom I had helped to rescue was the same one now sitting before you—soon recovered, thanks to his native, tough constitution. He left my hut, absolutely refusing to touch any of the money which I offered him.

"Protector of the poor," he said in his quaint, grandiloquent Eastern way, "you have saved your servant's life. Did not the mouse once repay the lion that had been his benefactor? Lo! I am the mouse, effendi; and you are the lion. Perhaps some day I may repay you. Salaam, friend!" Then he backed out of my hut, and I saw him not for many days.

II.

"One evening, while hurrying through the bazaar on my way to Gen. Gordon's quarters, a boy sprang out of a cobbler's stall and handed me a tiny bundle—slipping away into the darkness before I had time to do more than recognize him as Ibrahim, son of Hassan. I carried the bundle to the General, and together we undid its fastenings. Have you ever deciphered an Oriental object letter? I mean a letter which is not written upon paper, but of which the sense is conveyed by objects—flowers and the like. The bundle handed

me by Ibrahim was just such a communication. It contained a queer collection of articles. They were: A piece of broken knife blade, a scrap of green cloth, two flowers (marigolds, I think) with only the heads remaining a brick from the walls, and, lastly, an iron affair, which I at once recognized as the point of one of those sticks with which camels are urged onward.

"Gen. Gordon lost no time in unraveling the mystery of this missive. The green cloth," he said, "means the Mahdi, because his sacred flag is green. The knife blade stands for a sword, and the decapitated flower means that our heads are going to be cut off. The brick, I take it, hints of treachery inside the walls. The camel-spike advises you to fly from Khartoum immediately. Where did you get this?"

"When I told him the source of my information he was inclined to scoff; but Ibrahim's letter, 'It is a boy's fear and fancy,' he said. 'We shall be relieved in a few weeks.'"

"But the Mahdi's men formed an impenetrable circle around the town—a circle that grew narrower and narrower. Day after day we scanned the desert horizon for some sign of the expected relief, but without avail. Day after day the impression grew stronger upon each and all of us that we were doomed.

"During an early morning walk Ibrahim accused me as suddenly as he had done before. 'Fly, effendi,' he whispered. 'The city is betrayed. My father and other Mussulmans have decided to let the Mahdi within the gates. Disguise yourself and fly before it is too late!'

"I shook my head, for duty kept me in Khartoum; and Ibrahim retreated with tears in those big, honest eyes of his.

III.

"The very next night his warning was fulfilled. It would be idle, my friend, to tell you over again all the horrors of the capture, or rather betrayal, of Khartoum. The Mahdi's soldiers were like fiends incarnate. Spent with fatigue and slender fare we could not stand before them. Gordon, poor fellow, was slain, and a remnant of us was driven, fighting for life, from hut to hut across the city. Finally, with empty revolver and broken sword, I found myself in the stairway of a rude minaret, waiting for the death which I felt would be inevitable. It is all very well to meet death boldly on the field of battle, with comrades and friends around one, but to sit down in a dark stairway and count the minutes until its coming might make the bravest man in the world feel uncomfortable. All around I heard the hideous sounds of slaughter and watched through a tiny loop-hole in the wall the red flames shooting across the sky for it was midnight, and a starless midnight to boot. A sick feeling stole over me. To remain cooped up thus seemed intolerable. I had just resolved to rush into the thick of the Sudanese and sell my life as dearly as possible when a foot-fall on the stairs below arrested me.

"It was the sound of a naked foot, and as I peered, every sense on the alert, into the half-light by the minaret doorway, I vaguely distinguished a dark form and two shining eyes. Was it one of the Mahdis in search of human prey? I gripped my broken sword tighter and prepared for action.

"Effendi!" whispered a voice, "is it you, protector of the poor?"

"The voice was that of Ibrahim, son of Hassan. My heart gave a leap for gladness and I answered him that it was, indeed, myself.

"It is good," he exclaimed. "My lord, I have come to save you. Hasten down and don those garments which I have brought you. They belong to the old blind priest who lodged with my father. He died last night, but nobody knows of it yet. You can pass as the old priest and escape. Make haste, sahib, make haste!"

"I saw the chance and seized it. Before you could have repeated the proverbial 'Jack Robinson' many times I had pulled those baggy Mohammedan clothes over my soiled and bloodstained uniform. A turban took the place of my khaki helmet, and around my face I draped the white hood which the Sudanese Arabs wear. Then, before I could protest, Ibrahim coolly seized a handful of mud and liberally daubed my face.

"The sahib is too white," he explained. "The old blind priest was always black and dirty—so kick off your boots, sahib, and let me daub your feet." Off went my boots; and in a minute or two my legs from the knee down were as brown (and as dirty) as they well might be.

"You are all right, now, effendi," said Ibrahim, "let us make for the Cairo gate."

"With all my heart I thanked the boy; but he would listen to no thanks. 'You saved my life; I'll save yours,' he said. 'Remember, effendi, the mouse and the lion. Let us hasten to the gate.'"

"But you are not coming—," I began; when my protest was interrupted by a troop of black Mahdists surging into the little bystreet where we stood. Never shall I forget the sight they presented, in the false light of the burning city, with their huge piles of hair, their ferocious faces and their spears and scimitars a-drip with blood. I had given myself over for lost, when Ibrahim, gripping my hand, led me onward,

calling in sing-song tones: 'Room for the blind priest. Room for Amed, son of Ali, the soothsayer. The light of Allah is upon the blind priest.'

"Taking the hint I plucked up courage enough to shout the war-cry of the Mahdi. The 'fuzzy-wuzzies,' entirely deceived, joined in my cry. 'Bide your time, holy father,' said one of them; 'we'll give you plenty of Christian heads later on.' Then they left us—whooping like demons down the street, but Ibrahim plucked at my sleeve and mechanically I followed him. Many times we met parties of the Mahdists, but in the darkness our race succeeded beautifully, and we reached Cairo gate in safety.

"Around the gate, despite the confusion, a strong guard had been posted. In the open space without many scores of camels were sprawling.

"A camel for the Mahdi's messenger," cried Ibrahim in his shrill voice. 'Ho, brothers! A camel for the blind soothsayer, Amed, son of Ali, who bears the Mahdi's defiance across the desert.' A dozen dusky warriors surrounded us, and as many awkward camels were prodded to their feet. One of these ungainly beasts was made to kneel, while Ibrahim made a great show of helping the supposed blind priest to a seat upon his back.

"Just then a tall fuzzy-wuzzy—clearly an officer—rushed forward. 'Who is this?' he demanded. 'Where does this man go?' The orders are that no man shall leave the gates before daybreak."

"My heart sank, but fortunately for us the natural superstition of the Arab came to our aid. 'Have a care!' cried one of the soldiers. 'It is a blind priest—a soothsayer. He may curse you.' The officer stepped back involuntarily, eyeing me with fear. 'Give us your blessing, holy father,' cried a dozen on-lookers.

"Here was a new predicament. I could not remember enough Arabic at the moment to give the desired blessing, but a whisper from Ibrahim recalled to my mind a simple form of words, which, eked out by discreet numbling, on my part and the loud responses of the boy, suited the Arabs well enough. They prostrated themselves—the officer with the rest—amid a great cry of 'Allah Aekbar.' Then Ibrahim smote our camel soundly, and away we went, through the outposts, speeding fast from the gory City of Khartoum.

IV.

"The perils and adventures of the journey were too numerous to be told at one sitting, but it was nearly a month after that awful night that our camel limped into Cairo, carrying on its back two emaciated fugitives who had once been an officer of the line and an Arab boy.

"Ibrahim has been all around the world with me since, and will probably continue to be my comrade until one of us twain departs this life forever, eh, Ibrahim, old friend?"

The Arab lad smiled and spread out his hands. "My fate is mine, effendi," he said, "you saved my life."

"On that score, Ibrahim," answered Capt. Grimshaw, "I think we are quits. Remember Khartoum."—Atlanta Constitution.

STATUTES OF CORPSES.

The pleasing possibility of transforming the dead deceased into a marble-like statue that may be set in a niche or on a pedestal was suggested to the members of the Academy of Sciences of Paris recently by Mr. Mortin, who read a paper detailing his discovery of a process of converting animal matter, before decomposition sets in, into a substance resembling marble, being sufficiently hard to allow of its being sculptured. He called the attention of the society to the possibility of his invention, which he has taken the precaution to patent, being utilized to preserve human bodies after death. Inasmuch as this marble-like substance can be sculptured, it is possible to remedy little physical defects that, unnoticed or at least not obtrusive in life, might detract from the attractiveness of a statue. This process is a step ahead of the St. Louis silver-plater who for ten years has been experimenting upon a plan to succeed embalming by hermetically plating in gold, silver or nickel the ancestors of such people as are willing to undergo the expense of having them decorated for future inspection.

INITIATION SEED PACKAGES.

There seems to be no end of trouble to the Agricultural Department from the distribution of seed this year. The department has learned that requests have been made on commercial seedmen for seed put up in papers similar to those used by the Government and printed in simulation thereof. Acting Secretary Dabney has sent out notices to a large number of seedmen in regard to the matter, stating that the department cannot permit the Government seed contractors or any seedmen to sell seeds in packets bearing the name of the Department of Agriculture, or any words which might cause the receiver of the packet to believe that it was a part of the Government seed distribution. No seed can be distributed free of postage through the mails except that delivered upon the orders of members of Congress by the Department of Agriculture, or sent out directly from the department. The act of March 3, 1875, confines the franking of seeds by members of Congress to those seeds which they receive for distribution from the Department of Agriculture.

FLOWER PERFUMES.

It is claimed that the perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the starch in the petals is exhausted, and it may, it is said, be restored by placing the flower in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will be at once resumed.

Lawyer—Do you think that you are capable of filling the position, young man? Boy—Capable! Why, my last boss said I knew more than he did. That is why I had to leave.—Vanity.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PREACHES ON PROCLIVITIES DUE TO ANCESTRY.

But, No Matter What Our Birthright May Be, We Can Be Sons and Daughters of God and Heirs of Immortality—A Glorious Inheritance.

Power of Heredity.
This sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage on heredity will bring all the family records into requisition and lead people to study their own proclivity toward good or evil. The text chosen was I. Samuel, xvii, 58, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" Never was there a more unequal fight than that between David and Goliath; David 5 feet high, Goliath 10; David a shepherd boy, brought up amid rural scenes, Goliath a professional warrior; Goliath a mountain of braggadochio, David a marvel of humility; Goliath armed with an iron spear, David armed with a sling with smooth stones from the brook. But you are not to despise these latter weapons.

A Mighty Weapon.
There was a regiment of slingers in the Assyrian army, and a regiment of slingers in the Egyptian army, and they made terrible execution, and they could cast a stone with such accuracy and force as now can be sent shot or shell. The Greeks in their army had slingers who would throw leaden plummetts inscribed with the irritating words, "Take this!" So it was a mighty weapon David employed in that famous combat. A Jewish rabbi says that the probability is that Goliath was in such contempt for David that in a paroxysm of laughter he threw his head back and his helmet fell off, and David saw the uncovered forehead, and his opportunity had come, and taking this sling and swinging it around his head two or three times and aiming it at that uncovered forehead crashed it in like an eggshell. The battle over, behind the tabernacle, King Saul sitting, little David standing, his fingers clutched into the hair of decapitated Goliath. As Saul sees David standing there holding in his hand the ghastly, reeking trophy, evidence of the complete victory over Goliath's enemies, the king wonders what parentage was honored by such heroism, and in my text he asks David his pedigree, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

The king saw what you and I see, that this question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference. The large lip of the house of Austria is seen in all the generations and is called the Hapsburg lip. The house of Stuart always means in all generations enmity and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots, witness Charles I. and Charles II. and all the other scoundrels of that line. Scottish blood means persistence, English blood means reverence for the ancient, Welsh blood means religiosity, Danish blood means fondness for the sea, Indian blood means roving disposition, Celtic blood means ferocity, Roman blood means conquest. The Jewish faculty for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says "he was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same characteristics. Some families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methodist. Others are characterized by Goliath stature, and you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations—in all the generations.

Vigorous theology runs down in the line of the Alexanders. Tragically runs on in the family of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforces. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamses. You see these peculiarities in all generations. Henry and Catherine of Navarre religious, all their families religious. The celebrated family of the Casinis, all mathematicians. The celebrated family of the Medici, grandfather, son and Catherine, all remarkable for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus, all warriors. This law of heredity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometimes find the ignoble in high place and the honorable in obscure place. A descendant of Edward III, a doorkeeper. A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunkmaker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an ancestry of hard knuckles and rough ether.

Whose Son Art Thou?
This law of heredity is entirely independent of social or political conditions. Then you find avarice and jealousy and sensuality and fraud having full swing in some families. The violent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory founded by worldly philosophy, but by divine authority. Do you not remember how the Bible speaks of a chosen generation, of the generation of righteousness, of the generation of vipers, of an untoward generation, of a stubborn generation, of the iniquity of the fathers visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation? So that the 16th comes to-day with the force of a projectile hurled from mightiest catapult. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" "Well," says some one, "that theory discharges me from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parents, we are bound to be good, and we cannot help ourselves. Born of unrighteous parents, we are bound to be evil, and we cannot help ourselves." Two inaccuracies. As much as if you should say, "The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to bring everything to the center, and therefore all come to the center. The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to throw everything to the periphery, and therefore everything will go out to the periphery."

ANCESTRY.

First, I earnest those who are descended of a Christian ancestry. I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are no perfect people now, and I do not suppose there were any perfect people then. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations, and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood oleographies, you know that they had invited God into their heart and their life. There was something that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about their destiny. You expect if you ever get to heaven to meet them as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ. That early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out into the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin because of a sweet old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament, a vast estate of prayer and holy example and Christian endurance and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept and that was to be sold, and it was "share and share alike."

But there was an unwritten will that read something like this: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their salvation. I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil. I bequeath to them the Christian religion, which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be so for them. I bequeath to them a hope of reunion when the curtains of life are over. 'Share and share alike' may they inherit eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of God, who made me, and the Holy Spirit, who sanctifies me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness all my hosts of heaven. Witness time; witness eternity. Signed, sealed and delivered in this our dying hour, Father and Mother." You did not get that will proved at the surrogate's office, but I take it out to-day and I read it to you. I take it out of the alcoves of your heart. I shake the dust off it. I ask if you will accept that inheritance, or will you break the will?

RESPONSIBILITY.

Oh, ye of Christian ancestry! You have a responsibility vast beyond all measurement. God will not let you off with just being as good as ordinary people when you had such extraordinary advantage. Ought not your brother, to be better, having had Christian nurture, than the man who can truly say this morning, "The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first thing I remember my father taking hold of me was in wrath; I never saw a Bible till I was 10 years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies; the first twenty years of my life I was associated with the vicious; I seemed to be walled in by sin and death?" Now, my brother, ought you not—I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be better than those who had no early Christian influence? Standing as you do between the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or are you going to pass your life the gift in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are the trustee of piety in that ancestral line, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund? Are you going to disinherited your sons and daughters of the heirloom which your parents left you? Ah, that cannot be possible—it cannot be possible that you are going to take such a position as that! You are very careful about the life insurance, and careful about the deeds, and careful about the mortgage, and careful about the title of your property, because when you step off the stage you want your children to get it all. Are you making no provision that they shall get grandfather's or grandmother's religion? Oh, what a last will and testament you are making, my brother! "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, make this my last will and testament. I bequeath to my children all the money I ever made and all the houses I

own, but I disinherited them. I rob them of the ancestral grace and the Christian influence that I inherited. I have squandered that on my own worldliness. Shame and shame alike must they in the misty future and the everlasting outrage. Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of God and men and angels and devils, and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell, July, 1881."

THE BLESSED MOTHER.

Oh, ye of highly favored ancestry, wake up this morning to a sense of your opportunity and responsibility! I think there must be an old cradle or a fragment of a cradle somewhere that could tell a story of midnight application in your behalf. Where is the old rocking chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhymes? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sickness on that awful night when there were but three of you awake—not you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some chest? We beg you to turn over a new leaf this very day.

Oh, the power of ancestral piety, well illustrated by a young man of New York who attended a prayer meeting one night and asked for prayer and then went home and wrote down these words: "Twenty-five years ago to-night my mother went to heaven, my beautiful, blessed mother, and I have been alone, tossed up and down upon the billows of life's tempestuous ocean. Shall I ever go to heaven? She told me I must meet her in heaven. When she took my hand in hers and turned her gentle, loving eyes on me, and gazed earnestly and long into my face, and then lifted them to heaven in that last prayer, she prayed that I might meet her in heaven. I wonder if I ever shall? My mother's prayers! Oh, my sweet, blessed mother's prayers! Did ever a boy have such a mother as I had? For twenty-five years I have not heard her pray until to-night. I have heard all her prayers over again. They have had, in fact, a terrible resurrection. Oh, how she was wont to pray! She prayed as they prayed to-night—so earnest, so importunate, so believing. Shall I ever be a Christian? She was a Christian. Oh, how bright and pure and happy was her life! She was a cheerful and happy Christian. There is my mother's Bible. I have not opened it for years. Did she believe I could ever neglect her precious Bible? She surely thought I would read it much and often. How often has she read it to me! How did she cause me to kneel by my little bed and put my little hands up in the attitude of prayer! How has she knelt by me and over me, and I have felt her warm tears raining down upon my hands and face!"

"Blessed mother, did you pray in vain for your boy? It shall not be in vain. Ah, no, no; it shall not be in vain! I will pray for myself. Who has sinned against so much instruction as I have—against so many precious prayers put up to heaven for me by one of the most lovely, tender, pious, confiding, trusting of mothers in her heavenly Father's care and grace? She never doubted. She believed. She always prayed as if she did. My Bible, my mother's Bible and my conscience teach what I am and what I have made myself. Oh, the bitter pang of an accusing conscience! I need a Saviour mighty to save. I must seek him. I will. I am on the sea of existence, and I can never get off from it. I am adrift. No anchor, no rudder, no compass, no book of instructions, for I have put them all away from me. Saviour of the perishing, save or I perish!" Do you wonder that the next day he arose in prayer meeting and said: "My brethren, I stand before you a monument of God's amazing mercy and goodness. I never doubted he is his holy name! All I have and all I am I consecrate to Jesus, my Saviour and my God." Oh, the power of ancestral prayer! Hear it! Hear it!

HEIRS OF IMMORTALITY.

But I turn for a moment to those who had evil parentage, and I want to tell you that the highest thrones in heaven and the mightiest triumphs and the brightest crowns will be for those who had evil parentage but who by the grace of God conquered—conquered. As good, as useful, as splendid a gentleman as I ever knew had for a father a man who died blaspheming others in the minutes of his last hours. He had his ears to shut out the horror. One of the most consecrated and useful Christians of the nineteenth century was the son of a drunken horse jockey. Tide of evil is tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara rapids and yet men have clung to a rock and been rescued.

If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated, and there will come one arise in each family line and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph to arise in the line and reverse the evil influence of Rehobam, and there will be some Mary to arise in the line and reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manget, perhaps you are to be the hero or heroine that is to put down the brakes and stop that long line of genealogical tendencies and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that, and I will promise you as fine a palace as the architect of heaven can build, the archway in scribbled with the words "More than conqueror." But whatever your heredity, let me say you may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Estranged children from the homestead, come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins. There are crowns on our escutcheon. Our Father is king; our Brother is king; we may be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountain that fall into the basin of crystal and alabaster. Come and look out of the up-holstered window upon gardens of azaleas and ananarths. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potentates and victors. Oh, when the text sweeps backward, let it not stop! The cradle that rocked the first world! And when the text sweeps forward let it not stop at your grave, but at the throne of which you may reign forever and ever. "Whose son art thou, thou young man? Son of God, heir of immortality, take your inheritance!"

Malaga, Huevra, Cadix, Tarragona, and other maritime provinces of Spain are trying to emulate the example of Seville and Barcelona and to collect money to buy a warship each to present to the government in order to have a powerful Spanish fleet as soon as possible.

Some people are never contented with low controversy. Like the stormy petrel, they are ever flying in search of a tempest.