

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME X.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1897.

NUMBER 20.

THE FAMILY STORY

HOW DICK CAME * * * INTO A FORTUNE.

1868—Anyone of the name of Ainsworth, born on Jan. 27 in the year 1868, is invited to communicate either personally or by letter with A. Z., postoffice, Hazelworth. They must be able to produce certificate of birth, and other references—when they may hear of something to their advantage.

RICHARD AINSWORTH read the paragraph over again attentively by the not too brilliant light of a tallow candle, fixed in a beer bottle.

"It is probably a hoax. Most things are; but once again, why not?" "Heads I go; tails I don't," soliloquized Ainsworth, tossing up a coin.

"Tails, Umph, had toss! Try again." "Tails again! The fates are against my having a day in the country evidently. Well, once more for luck!"

The sovereign turned and twisted in the air and bounced on the table.

"Heads! That decides it," said Ainsworth, pocketing the coin. "I shall go."

The next day found him seated in a third-class smoking carriage of the 12-35 to Hazelworth.

In his pocket his birth certificate, his mother's marriage certificate, some odd-and-end letters of reference, and the paragraph in question, torn from the agony column of the Times.

Arrived at his destination, he inquired for "A. Z." at the local postoffice, and was referred to Mr. Battye, No. 1 Aston villas. Mr. Battye proved to be a country solicitor of the old school.

"Your name, you say, is Richard Ainsworth?" queried Mr. Battye.

Ainsworth answered in the affirmative, and handed over his certificate of birth and other documents. The lawyer perused them carefully.

"These, of course, can be verified later on," he said. "Now, tell me, have you any living relations or connections of any sort?"

"I've got a sort of cousin somewhere," said Ainsworth; "but he never asks me to dine, and so I've cut him."

"I mean," said Mr. Battye, "you have no ties of any sort? No one who takes an interest in you?"

"Only my landlady," said Ainsworth cheerfully. "I owe her \$2.50."

"Don't be so flippancy, young man. This may be a serious matter for you. An eccentric client of mine wishes to adopt some one of your age."

"If," said Ainsworth, "any one is yearning for my youthful affections, they are to be had in exchange for a comfortable home. Please go on, sir; I am all attention."

"Well, the case stands like this," said Mr. Battye, clearing his throat. "I have a very eccentric client of the same name as yourself—an old man and a bachelor.

"For a long time a nephew of his of the same name, Ainsworth, and of exactly your age lived with him. He had the boy educated and treated him as if he was his own son. Much to poor old Mr. Ainsworth's disappointment, however, the boy turned out badly. The climax came when, one fine day, young Arthur, that was the boy's name, forged his uncle's signature on a check for a fairly large amount.

"The forgery was detected and the bank sent the check down to my client. He authorized them to pay the money, gave the forger a further check for \$500, and turned him out of the house the same day.

"My client, who is now an old man, and in a very feeble state of health, is fanciful, as all invalids are, and took it into his head that he wanted to adopt some one of the same name and age as his nephew. He said he was lonely, and wanted somebody to talk to and cheer him up.

"The upshot of it all is that he insisted upon putting that advertisement in the papers against my advice. As a result, I have been plagued with some hundreds of letters and visits from Ainsworths, real and imaginary.

"You may be able to fill the situation; of course that is not for me to decide. I strongly disapprove of the whole idea, and I know no reason why I shouldn't disapprove of you. You seem to be able to fulfill the conditions, however. You are educated, and apparently a gentleman."

erally useful. So it came about that Dick clothed himself in purple and fine linen and called himself a lucky dog.

It was about two years after Dick became a nephew by adoption, that, walking home one evening, with a gun over his arm, he was aware of an individual sitting on a stile and glaring at him. As he wanted to get on quickly, he asked the man if he had bought the whole stile or only a part of it.

"How do you like nursing, eh? My respectable uncle is not yet dead, I hear."

"O," said Dick, "your name is Arthur Charles Hardman Ainsworth, I suppose?"

"It used to be," said the individual on the stile; "it's Henry Miles now. The other was—er—too long. I found it inconvenient."

"Yes," said Dick. "It's a long name. Are you coming up to the house?"

"No; curse you!" said the man savagely.

"As you please," said Dick. "Only I thought your uncle might be glad to see you, that's all."

"Well, kindly attend to your nursing and leave my business alone—see? And don't tell my uncle you've seen me."

Mr. Miles thereupon let loose a choice and varied assortment of oaths, ending with a wish that he, Dick, would immediately depart for a warmer climate.

"Weird specimen," thought Dick to himself as he strode homewards.

"Rather unwashed, nasty, shifty eyes—no, not at all a nice ornament in any home. Glad he didn't come along, after all; it would have upset the old man dreadfully. Curious his turning up here when every one thought he was some 4,000 miles away. Now, I wonder what he's after? and why he's so keen Uncle Joe shouldn't know that he is in England?"

Dick strode along for the next quarter of a mile with a thoughtful frown on his usually placid face.

"I've half a mind to go and see old Battye," he muttered to himself. "I think I will go and see Battye."

"Well, Dick, what is it?" said Mr. Battye, bustling into the room. "Have a glass of sherry?"

"Thanks," said Dick. "I will; my nerves are disordered. I've been trying to think."

"Umph!" growled the little lawyer. "When you've quite finished your nonsense perhaps you'll condescend to tell me what you've come for?"

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Dick. "Suppose I can. It's my trade."

"Well, I just met an individual calling himself Arthur Charles Hardman Ainsworth sitting on a stile about three-quarters of a mile from here; that's all."

"Absurd!" said the elder man promptly. "The sinner owning that name is somewhere at the back of Lagos."

"Officially speaking, your information is accurate," said Dick, "but he is visiting this particular district under the pleasing pseudonym of Henry Miles. O, he's the real original, right enough. I recognized him from his picture."

"Whew! What a mess!" exclaimed the lawyer. "What did you do?"

"I advised him to come up to the house and try and patch things up."

"Did you now?" said Mr. Battye, looking at Dick curiously.

"Yes," said Dick; "and he refused the invitation with much unnecessary cursing. He made me promise not to mention that I had seen him to Uncle Joe, and I am puzzled to think why he has come here."

Dick; I've left you everything. I signed the will to-day."

"You mustn't do that," answered Dick very quietly. "It's awfully good of you, and don't think I'm not grateful, but it's not fair, Uncle Joe. I'm no relation to you, and I've not the slightest claim on you. You've been far too kind to me as it is. There is some one else who has a right to be your heir."

"It's no use discussing the matter," said Mr. Ainsworth abruptly. "I would rather leave my money to provide England with an endless supply of German bands than leave a farthing of it to the person you refer to."

It was on the fifth evening after the day that Dick first saw Arthur Ainsworth that he came across him again for the second and last time.

Old Mr. Ainsworth, who had complained of feeling seedy, went to bed directly after dinner, and Dick, who was tired after a long day's shooting, went to his room soon afterward, about 10.

He undressed leisurely, smoking a cigarette, and prepared for a quiet hour or so of reading in bed. The book proved interesting and he had finished the first volume about 12-30. Not feeling sleepy, he determined to get the second volume from the library.

He had already reached the bottom flight of stairs, when a slight grating sound made him pause. He listened again and realized that it came from the side door leading into the garden. Blowing out his candle, he slipped into the hall and thung a large, dark cloak over his light-colored pajamas. Standing close up against the wall, he listened and watched.

The fumbling with the latch lasted two or three minutes longer; then the bolt shot back with a sharp click and the door was cautiously opened. A man closed the door again and stole noiselessly past him along the passage.

"The only Arthur?" muttered Dick. "Umph! It's not the plate he's after," he reflected, as the figure turned aside from the passage leading to the kitchen and pantry.

The house was perfectly silent, so silent that Dick could distinctly hear the quick, nervous breathing of the man in front of him.

Noislessly the two men crept up the stairs. The intruder had removed his boots, and Dick was in his bare feet.

At the top the man turned to the right, and Dick's face grew stern. Hitherto he had made up his mind that the visit was intended for himself or the plate chest. But now the man was moving toward Mr. Ainsworth's room.

All of a sudden Dick darted back into the shadow of a recess. The man had turned on his lantern. He had a wire instrument in his hand, and was evidently prepared for the door being locked. He was saved the trouble, however, as it yielded easily to his pressure.

He crossed quickly to the bedside, and Dick caught the glitter of a small, wicked looking knife in his hand and stooped ready.

Up went the hand, and at the same instant Dick caught it scientifically in a grip like iron, and seizing him by the throat with the other hand effectually prevented any unseemly noise.

As he did so he caught sight of Uncle Joe's face, and dropped his prisoner with an oath.

"Good God!" muttered the latter, also looking at the bed. "He's dead!"

Dick reverently covered up the face with the sheet and turned to the would-be murderer, who, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, was standing white and limp with horror, plucking nervously at the bed curtains. "Come," he said briefly, and the man followed him out of the room.

Dick led the way to the library, lighted a candle, and motioned to the man to stand before him.

"Give me that knife," said Dick, locking the door.

"The knife was handed over."

"You came here intending to murder your uncle to-night."

"Don't!" said the man, shivering.

"I saw you come in, and followed you. I watched you the whole time. I thought at first you might have come to try and cut my throat; that would have been excusable, seeing that your uncle disinherited you in my favor just before he died."

"If you hadn't come here to-night to try and murder your uncle I might eventually have handed the property back to you; as it is, I'm hanged if I will. By the way, I suppose you meant to try and fasten the crime on me. If things had been otherwise? Have you got any money?"

The man shook his head.

Dick unlocked the drawer and took out \$250 in notes.

"Now," he said, "I'll give you twenty-four hours to get out of England. Write me an address in New York that will find you on that slip of paper. In a fortnight's time I will arrange to send you a check to the address for \$5,000. The share in the property which I should have otherwise restored to you shall go to a hospital instead. Now, clear out and be thankful!"

So Arthur Charles Hardman Ainsworth vanished into the night. And Richard Ainsworth, the interloper, reigned in his stead.—TIT-BITS.

CAREER OF A PRINCE

"RICH, YET FOR YOUR SAKES HE BECAME POOR."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells That Remarkable Story of Christ's Career in a New Way—The Celestial Departure and Earthly Arrival.

Our Washington Pulpit.

In this discourse of Rev. Dr. Talmage the greatest story of all time is told in a new way, and all realms are drawn upon for illustration. His text was II. Corinthians, viii., 9. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." That all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe and the metropolis of immensity and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas or poem or angel to describe is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's Son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache or a side ache or a heart ache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, "What is sin? What is bereavement? What is sorrow? What is death? the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there was silence in heaven for half an hour."

The Prince on the Throne. The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was the one who evoked the loudest welcome, sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the land, but at other times he took chariot, and among the 20,000 that the palmist spoke of as when St. John described him, he took white palfrey, with what prance of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the father to die and then take the throne. When years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the royal gallery representing the Emperor William on the throne and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, the Emperor William ordered the picture changed and said, "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What multitudes of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the Prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the center of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "he was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one scepter, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate could not express his affluence. Yes, St. Paul was right. Solomon had in gold 680,000,000 pounds and in silver 1,020,000,000 pounds. But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire, but the owner of all things. To describe his celestial surroundings the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne, and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a wall, from striped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphires, and yellow of topaz, gray of chrysolite, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage and river and rill and all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, doxologies. There stood the Prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in "all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

Off for the Wreck. But one day there was a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains and seas and islands an awful cen-

trifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At the same groan the Prince rose from all the blissful circumstance and started from the outer gate and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what rough sea! "Stay with us," cried angel after angel and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince, "I cannot stay. I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that abyss. I must redeem those nations. Farewell, thrones and temples, hosts cherubic, seraphic, archangelic! I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly scoff to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait! Farewell! Farewell!" "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of his earthly arrival? Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and an especial meteor acted as escort. But all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot, cheers resound, and the hands play, and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this missionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for him nothing better than a barn door.

The rajah of Cashmere sent to Queen Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and a canopy that cost \$750,000, but the world had for the Prince of Heaven and Earth only a litter of straw. The crown jewels in the Tower of London amount to \$15,000,000, but this member of eternal royalty had nowhere to lay his head. To know how poor he was ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the east, who afterward came to Bethlehem. To know how poor he was examine all the records of real estate in all that oriental country and see what vineyard or what field he owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was he the mortgagee? Of what tenement was he the landlord? Of what lease was he the lessee? Who ever paid him rent? Not owning the boat on which he sailed, or the beast on which he rode, or the pillow on which he slept. He had so little estate that in order to pay his tax he had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of his goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments he had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway, and the saturation of the sun. St. Paul in my text hit the mark when he said of the missionary Prince, "For your sakes he became poor."

Treading the Wine Press.

The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before, when Pompey, the general, arrived in Brindisi, he was greeted with arches and a costly column which celebrated the 12,000,000 people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the senate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffet for the Prince of Peace; plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor! Born in another man's barn, and eating at another man's table, and cringing the like in another man's fishing smack, and buried in another man's tomb. Four inspired authors wrote his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but he composed his autobiography in a most compressed way. He said, "I have trodden the wine press alone."

The Holy Land.

Only those who study this text in two places can fully realize its powers—the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy land of heaven. I wish that some day you might go to the Holy Land and take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the sermon on the mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary at about 3 o'clock—the hour at which closed the crucifixion—and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of him who came our souls to save. But you may be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may how poor was our heavenly Prince. But in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that he left behind when he started for earthly expiation. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. It means that we have no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it. John Newton sang of it when he wrote: "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me." Philip Doddridge put it into all hymns, or when he wrote: "Grace 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear. Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear." One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled "Grace Abounding." "It is all of grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. The boy Sammy was right when, being examined for admission into church membership, he was asked, "Whose work was your salvation?" And he answered, "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked, "What part did you do, Sammy?" And the answer was, "I opposed God all I could, and he did the rest!" Oh, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the king, the king offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered, "There is only one thing I want, and that is more grace." Yes, my blood-bought hearers, grace to live by and grace to die by. Grace that saved the publican, that saved Lydia; that saved the dying thief; that saved the jailer; that saved me. But the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until heaven breaks in upon the soul. An old Scotchman who had been a soldier and dying in one of our American hospitals. His one desire was to see Scotland and his old home and once again walk the heather of the highlands and hear the bagpipes of the Scotch regiments. The night that the old Scotch soldier died a young man, somewhat reckless, but kind-hearted, got a company of musicians to come and play under the old soldier's window, and among the instruments there was a bagpipe. The instant that the musician began the dying old man in delirium said: "What's that? What's that? Why, it's the regiments coming home. That's the tune—yes, that's the tune. Thank God, I have got home once more!" "Bonnie Scotland and Bonnie Doon!" were the last words he uttered as he passed up to the highlands of the better country, and there are hundreds homesick for heaven, some because you have so many bereavements, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments—homesick, very homesick for the fatherland of heaven, and the music that you want to hear now is the song of free grace, and the music that you want to hear when you die is free grace, and forever before the throne of God you will sing the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, for your sakes became poor."

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For Our Sakes.

Yes, yes, for your sakes! It was not on a pleasure excursion that he came, for it was all pain. It was not on an astronomical exploration, for he knew this world as well before he alighted as afterward. It was not because he was compelled to come, for he volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for he knew that it would be thorn and spike and hunger and thirst and vociferation of angry souls. "For your sakes!" To wipe away your tears, to forgive your wrongdoing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last, kindling up the mist that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. "For your sakes!" Not I will change that. Paul will not care and Christ will not care if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say, "For our sakes!" For we all have our temptations and bereavements and conflicts. For our sakes! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this than this earth is poorer than heaven. For our sakes! But what a frightful coming down to take us gloriously up!

When Ariarazes was hunting Tiresias, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garments. The king said, "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tiresias. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate.

But see the startling and comforting fact—while our prince throws off the robe he not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of heavenly regalement. For our sakes! Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice castle like that which the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, over 100 years ago, ordered to be constructed, winter, with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the north, but our Father's house with the wide heart cracking a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration and light and cheer, something we can take into our hearts and homes and business, recreations and joys and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift, like the galaxy presented to Ptolemy, which required 4,000 men to row, and its draft of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever.

Remember.

"Remember for what purpose you were born, and through the whole of life look at its end; and consider, when that comes, in what will you put your trust? Not in the bubble of worldly vanity, it will be broken; not in worldly pleasures, they will be gone; not in great connections, they cannot serve you; not in wealth, you cannot carry it with you; not in rank, in the grave there is no distinction; not in the recollection of a life spent in giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked world; but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously and godly in this present world."—Bishop Watson.