Fate threw him a sop in the shape of some pelf. And straightway the man fell in love

with himself: Grew arrogant, boastful, looked down on mankind; Imagined, poor fool, he had greatness

The world paid him homage, its doors opened wide:

of mind.

He swaggered and strutted, all swelled up with pride:

"The world recognizes my value," said It did-but his value in dollars, you

Fate danced him a while on the end of her string:

Then, tired of the sport, she gave him a fling. And stripped of his tinsel, bereft of his

cash, He fell mid the rubbish-just ev'ryday

trash. -Arthur J. Burdick, in Los Angeles

In the Chances of War.

BY MARGARET SEYMOUR HALL.

Tis not possible to disguise the fact of enlisting for the Spanish-American was conscious of distinct approbation so with an utter absence of the lad, had been only too ready to fall apologetic preface which ought prop- head over heels in love with this erly to have accompanied such a be- breezy Western beauty, the belle par trayal of their hopes. Far otherwise excellence of a town where all the had been their plans for his summer, girls were belles; and where ten men and closely connected with a Gilded to each girl was the usual ratio De-Heiress lately imported on a visit from | tween the sexes. But the visitor had the Far West. The Heiress had been so far shown a pleased interest in a schoolmate of his sister's, and her everything and everybody save in him beauty was patent; so, also, were a for whose sake she had been expressly certain Western vigor and breadth of imported, and he had felt that his case horizon, which, under other circum- was hopeless. stances, might have been viewed with Perhaps it was not altogether doned since the gilding was unques- to the ranks of Uncle Sam, where, intioned; for, truth to tell, this last had deed, he was accorded but a scant the Van Stuyvens as was the gilt of which his mother's mind was picturleys and Smyberts that looked down a doubt as to whether his country upon them from the walls of the din- wanted him on any terms, even as the ing-room, where the family were as- most private of privates. The Doctor, sembled at breakfast when the bomb a plain sort of fellow whom Van Stuyof the son's announcement burst in ven wouldn't have voted into his club, their midst.

she glanced from the portrait of Gov- peremptorily ordered to stand aside to ernor Jan Van Stuyven on a military await judgment. charger to the Revolutionary sword of In dejected silence he retired from fell at White Plains.

sponsibility for a young man."

At this moment there became observable a remarkable phenomenon upon the face of the Van Stuyvens' English butler. If the same facial movement had been made by any one less perfectly trained and imperturbable than Simmons Mrs. Van Stuyven would have called it a grin. Even though after a moment she felt sure that her short-sighted eyes had played her false she was conscious of something of the uncomfortable amazement that must have filled the mind of the prophet Balaam when his ass suddenly took a hand in the conversation. For the first time she was vaguely reconciled to the thought that, from motives of economy, she had been obliged to give Simmons his low. dismissal, and that he was about to be replaced by a maid, a blow which, up to this time, she had found it hard to bear.

"I don't suppose I shall quite enter as a colonel, you know, mother," modestly explained her son. "That position belongs to O'Reilly."

"My dear," said his mother, "what a name! He cannot be a man of any family.'

"He has a wife and seven children," answered her son, provokingly; and here, for the first time, the Gilded Heiress joined in the martial conversetion.

"We know who Colonel O'Reilly is in the West," she said. "I don't wonder you want to go with him. He has done some magnificent Indian-fighting, and was raised from the ranks for

courage." Mrs. Van Stuyven shuddered. "Raised from the ranks! Not a West Point man? How can my son wish to

serve under him?" "But he doesn't seem to look at it quite as you do," insisted the visitor. "Julius, I regret to say," explained the mother of the errant one, "has never seemed to care as much as we

the rest of us possess very strongly cers. And all his family talked of the projectile, the outer part, together with the pride of ancestry. I suppose you do not have it in the West."

"Yes," said the girl, thoughtfully, "I think we have, though perhaps we do landed those who were invalided home Such a thing is believed never to have not realize it, and we don't often talk from the Philippines. But Van Stuvabout it. I'm afraid, somehow, people ven, whose wife had nursed him oack wouldn't like it. But our town was to health and strength, always mainfounded by a Swedish miner who came ever with nothing but a pick and his Woman's Home Companion. two hands to help him. He made lots of money in silver, and he was a real fine man, doing a great deal for the Governor General of Canada. His saltown. We have a statue of him with ary is \$50,000 a year.

his pick-axe in his hand, and the family are thought a great deal of."

same thing," answered her would-be mother-in-law, with not a little stiffness, "No doubt he was a worthy man, but it was not like the feeling that comes with gentle blood. I do not care to dwell on it, but certainly it must be a satisfaction to know that one's ancestor who first came over was a man of rank and not an ignorant peasant."

"And I suppose he was ever so much wiser and better than the poor laborers, and could do a great deal for the country, and advise them, and set a good example to keep them from going wrong? Yes, that is fine."

The other coughed slightly. There were certain state records not unconnected with bribery, and rather queer dealings with the Indians, upon which she had never cared to dwell at any

"Well, not exactly," she admitted. "But he came from a noble house."

"And perhaps it was made so for courage and bravery? I can understand that, too."

The older lady coughed again. It was a well-known fact that the title and lands came into the Van Stuyven famlly through an ancestor who married a lady of the court of the second Charles, and whose standards were hardly those of the Mayflower Pilgrims.

In the midst of the discussion the heir of the Van Stuyvens departed for that it was a distinct shock to the the armory. His mother and sisters family when the heir of all the wept, and the visitor wrung his hand Van Stuyvens announced his intention | warmly, while for the first time he War; not only announced it, but did shining in her brown eyes. He, poor

distrust. But this energy was con- patriotism that had driven him so early in the course of generations been welcome. Instead of the ready and growing as thin and tarnished with grateful recognition of his heroism the frames of the old Stuarts and Cop- ing, it actually seemed as if there was put him through a searching physical "After all, it is in the line of our examination, in the course of which he traditions," said Honoria Van Stuyven, offered a number of personal remarks the eldest daughter, and the embodi- that made the subject of them long to ment of pride of ancestry, which punch his head. Van Stuyven heard aused her to shine out resplendent on that his eyes were defective, his knees certain days with golden decorations weak, his chest not broad enough for of patriotic orders; and as she spoke his height, and after two hours was

Captain Stephen Van Stuyven, who the examination-room, and heard the Doctor's voice with quite a new ring "But at his years to bear such a in its tone, "There's a chest and an burden!" sighed his mother. "The arm; I wish I could enlist a regiment command of a regiment is a terrible re- like him! Served in the Seudan, did you? Six years? Promoted to corporal? Here, Captain, here's your man! Meant for a sergeant! He'll help drill your raw recruits!" and so

> Late that afternoon the Van Stuyvens, with their guest, arrived at the armory, prepared to see their pride and hope in all the glory of command. The main body of the building was filled with marching men; at one end the Hospital Corps was going through a drill, at the other men were signaling with little flags of many shapes and colors. The visitors' gallery was thronged with people, some of whom were crying and some clapping, but all were following with their eyes each movement of the men in the hall be-

"But where is Julius?" asked his mother, after her gaze had traveled over each officer in turn. Just then she caught sight of the awkward squad. Her gaze fell first on the corporal. It was, it actually was, Simmons! But it was a new, a transformed Simmons-Simmons in uniissued sharp, peremptory orders tono, it was not possible, it was incredi- put out for firing practice, the 10-inch ble!

But the Gilded Helress, with flushed forward across the balcony, gazing at the poor, dejected recruit going through | ion quite different from that which the manual, and as she turned there usually accompanies the discharge of was a new light in her face.

"Do you see that?" she said to those beside her. "I did not think he had it distance from the ship. The base in him! I did not believe he was in plate of the projectile was left in the earnest! I'm proud of him, I am! Yes, gun, as well as a portion of the frame, Mrs. Van Stuyven, he asked me and I and when the plate was afterwards refused him, but I won't again; and if removed the pressure of the gas left he comes back"-a sudden choke- in the gun caused a portion of the "he'll find me waiting for him, even if projectile to be expelled with some

it's for years!" And that is how Van Stuyven came tains that he owes it all to Simmons .-

FIVE REAL ROMANCES

Millionaires.

From England come five romances in real life, yet like the fairy tales of childhood days where the Prince marhas as heroine a girl who was a weaver in one of the mills near Brad- got!" he demanded gruffly. ford. The girl decided to go with her family to America. For some years before she left England she had been courted in a sheepish sort of way by a fellow weaver at Bradford. After she went away this boy sweetheart of hers gained promotion. He rose from one grade to another and finally from a buyer became a partner in one of the greatest firms in the world. All this time he had only heard occasionally of for it. the young woman who had gone away from Bradford over seas. But when he was rich and famous he "behis lady lives in a magnificent man- it in my business-I'm a milliner." sion that is part of a feudal castle, around it, while the most prosperous of her relatives, except those whom she has helped by her bounty, keep an eating house of the kind that is known in Yorkshire as "the four o' pie and t' two of pudden" order.

A young inventor in Lancashire who worked for many years as an apprentice at £3 a week, devised a machine that in ten years was bringing him in over \$400,000 a year in royalties alone, for it was applied to countless industries. The young inventor was entirely changed by his rapid rise to wealth. One day he was in a chemand wailing, followed behind. The dent befall the charge of the other and there ain't no other way. It's nurse, and flying to the rescue picked the child up and carried it to the chempartially recovered and could be taken out the nurse girl and eventually married her, but not until a few days before her marriage did she know that her future husband was the wealthy

A millionaire member of Parliament from Lancashire took fashionable rooms in the West End of London. Looking down from his window one day into the courtyard beneath, he noticed an extremely beautiful girl, not much past 20, who was apparently the governess to the children of his landlady. After a time he sought an introduction to the governess, and in lowed soon after.

the descendant of a long race of bankmarried and the young woman is now his pests are done for, in the peerage, although the English paper relates in the most solemn horror that "her parents keep a small shop."

A lady's maid to the wife of a wealthy yachtsman, while on a cruise with her mistress, attracted the attention of a young man who was a guest on board the yacht. The two were married, but on the voyage home the young man died, leaving his widow a fortune. On her next voyage, this time as a widow and in her own yacht, she was left by mistake in a foreign port. While there she met a nobleman of ancient title, and before her sailing master had returned with her yacht, to take her away, the widow was engaged to the nobleman, and the marriage took place soon after the return of the two to England .- Chicago Tribune.

Unexplained Accident on a Battleship

While the Thunderer, battleship, was on her way from Pembroke dock to Devonport, an accident occurred to her guns, the cause of which is so far form, with a chevron on his arm, and unexplained. The vessel left Pema ring of command in his voice as he broke about 9 a. m., and when she was off Milford Haven a target was breech-loading turret gun being used. A projectile had been placed in one cheeks and dewy eyes, was leaning of the guns and the electric current turned on, when there was an explosa projectile. Nothing came out of the gun except a few fragments of the projectile, which were thrown some force from the breech end of the gun. When the second gun was fired a hole, to win his commission and add another | between two inches and three inches would wish for his line of descent, but to the list of the family's brave offi- in diameter, was blown through the Alliance, which, however, was delayed the base plate, being left in the gun. for two years, and then took place in In this case the base plate was sepa-San Francisco, where the transports rated from the rest of the projectile. occurred in any ship before. The only explanation so far suggested is, either that the powder in the projectile was damp, or that there was a quantity of water in the guns. A cast will be made of the inside of each gun, to as- things as the years go by." The Earl of Minto is the present | aged. So far as can be seen from the certain whether either has been dam-

GOT BACK HIS THIMBLE.

"I don't think we mean quite the Good Luck of Poor Girls Who "Caught" | The Experience of a Young Milliner With Chicago Highwaymen.

A young man, who, by the way, is a milliner, was caught by highwaymen the other night on his own doorstep. ried Cinderella and they both lived One man held the gun while the other happily ever afterward. The first story pointed significantly to the young man's pockets, "Give us all you've

Now, the young man made no pretensions to being a hero-he didn't have courage to resist nor even to cry for help. He just put his hands quietly into his pockets and gave up all he had-a silver watch and chain, \$7.90, a pearl-handled knife and a gold thim-

The highwaymen laughed when they saw the thimble and the young man was encouraged by their mirth to plead

"It's a thimble I've had for twenty years and I think a good deal of it. If you could just spare it I would let thowt" him of "'t mill lassie," and you have the rest without a care, but came to America and found her and it does seem too bad to lose that thimtook her back to old Bradford as his ble after all these years. Can't you wife. The man is knighted now and just let me keep the thimble? I need

When the highwaymen heard the and which has miles of lovely country young man was a milliner they laughed some more. "It seems too good to be true," said one of them.

> "But it is," protested the young man, who was very much in earnest. The tallest of the highwaymenthere is always a tall one-hesitated. "It's too bad to deprive a man of his thimble-shall we do it, Bill?" he

Bill looked carefully up and down the street, to see that no one was coming; he looked, too, at the thimblehefting it in his hand before he gave

final judgment. "It does seem kind of mean when you've been so generous-we'd be willist's shop in his own town, when a ing to do most anything, and I know pale, pretty nursemaid of about 19 how I'd feel in your place. But I'll years of age rushed in carrying in her tell you how it is-we've got to get out arms a child, the charge of another of town to-night, and we ain't got nursemaid, who, hysterically weeping quite enough of the good coin. We'd be glad to do it if it wasn't for that pretty nursemaid had seen the acci- but we've just got to get out of town

a good thimble and it would bring enough to help us off." ist's and worked with it until it had He hesitated before adding: "I'll tell you what we'll do, though-We'll drop home. The young inventor was so you a card with the address of the struck by the incident that he sought pawnshop where you can find the thimble, and it won't be much trouble for you to get it back,"

And the hold-up men did as they agreed and the young man got his thimble out of pawn, much to the astonishment of his friends, who had laughed at him for thinking the promise would be kept.-Chicago Chronicle.

How Foxes Get Rid of Fleas.

By an old hunter and naturalist of local repute a story has been told here confirming as absolutely true and trustworthy the published account, which has had few believers until now, of how foxes rid themselves of a short while the acquaintance had fleas. The fox, according to the book ripened into love, and the marriage fol- narrative, simply backs slowly into a stream of water, with a portion of the At a popular resort on the south pelt of a rabbit in his mouth, after the coast of England a young nobleman, fox has made a meal of the rabbit. The water drives the fleas first up the ers, and himself wealthy, fell in love fox's legs and then toward his head, with the young girl who acted as as- and finally out upon the piece of rabbit sistant at the village library. They fur, and then the fox drops the fur and

> The local hunter and naturalist referred to, strange-tossay, had never heard or read this story when he told of the actions of a fox which he observed the other day in the waters of the Patapsco river. The little animal, he stated, backed into the river slowly, with so much deliberation that he wondered what it meant. It carried something, he did not know what, in its mouth, and dropped the something when out in deep water.

> Then the fox hurried away. The object left floated near to the observer, and he hauled it ashore with a stick. Fleas literally swarmed through the object, which was found to be a bit of raw rabbit fur. The observer had a puzzling mystery explained to him, He says his admiration for the shrewdness of the fox grows more and more as he grows older and learns his ways .- Baltimore

A Model Cirl.

A Kansas girl graduate, who deserves a place in the Hall of Fame, was given the time-worn theme, "Beyend the Alps Lies Italy," and produc-

ed the following: "I do not care a cent whether Italy fles beyond the Alps or in Missouri. I do not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad that I have a good, very good, education. but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays about the future woman. It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I have, should be speak of 'dorgs' in my presence, or say he went 'somewhere. or 'seen' a man. It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery. So I do not begrudge the time I spent in acquiring it. But my ambitions do not fly so high, I just want to marry a man who can 'lick' anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an 80-acre farm and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch. I will agree to cook dinners for him that won't send him to an early grave, and lavish upon him a whole lot of wholesome affection, and see that his razor has not been used to cut broom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this I do not care if I do get a little rusty on the rule of three and kindred things as the years go by."

I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "some years ago a man got into the rapids and none but the king's household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household? Do you! If you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household. "Oh." says some soul here, "I do not know whether times out to him, and they were all broken to splinters. After awhile we got him some food, but he could not eat it. He seemed to have no appetite. He wanted to get ashore, and the poor fellow held on and held on, and, with a shrick louder than the thunder of the cataract, he went over." When a man puts out from the king's household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household? Do you! If you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household. "Oh." says some soul here, "I do not know whether times out to him, and they were all broken to splinters. After awhile we got him some food, but he could not eat it. He seemed to have no appetite. He wanted to get ashore, and the poor fellow held on any help of the cataract, he went over." When a man puts out from the king's household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household? Do you! If you do not, come to-day adopted into that household when the adopted into that household when the wanted times out to him, and they were all broken. We sent five lifeboats at different times out to him, and they were all broken. We sent five lifeboats at different times out to him, and they were all broken. We sent five lifeboats at different times out to him, and they were all broken. The cataract has adopted into the king's household. Then

route is 11,640 miles.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: A Way Over Jordan - The Lord Will Send a Boat - From the Other Shore It Will Come to Transport the Faithful to Eternal Life.

[Copyright 1990.] WASHINGTON, D.C.-From an unnoticed incident of olden time Dr. Talmage in this discourse draws some comforting and rap-turous lessons. The text is II Samuel xix,

18, "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

Which of the crowd is the king? That short man, sunburnt and in fatigue dress. It is David, the exiled king. He has defeated his enemies and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But be tween him and his home there is the cele brated River Jordan, which has to be The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of eighty years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country seat at Rogelim. Besides that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there I see a ferryboat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through water I see the faces of David and his nousehold brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner had the ferryboat struck the shore than David and his family and his old friend Barzillai, from Rogelim, get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side or with one oar sculling at the stern of the boat they leave the eastern bank of the

Jordan and start for the western bank. That western bank is black with crowds people, who are waving and shouting at approach of the king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies now shout until they are hourze at his return. No sooner had the boat struck the shore on the western side than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of come and congratulation. David and his family and Barzillai from Rogelim step King David asks his old friend to go with him and live at the palace, but Barzillai apologizes and intimates that he is infirm with age and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appe tite that would soon be cloved with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his country seat.

I once heard the father of a President of the United States say that he had just been to Washington to see his son in the White House, and he told me of the wonderful things that occurred there, and of what Daniel Webster said to him, but he declared: "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there for me.' father, an aged man, made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia, and after the church service was over and we went home some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well, I enjoyed the service, but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement. If King David had asked Barzillai thirty years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other good bye, a custom among men Oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part or an aged father and a son go away from each other never to meet again. No woneach other never to meet again. No won-der that their lipc met as King David and old Barzillai, at the prow of the ferryboat,

parted forever. This River Jordan, in all ages and among all languages, has been the symbol of the boundary line between earth and heaven, yet when, on a former occa-sion, I preached to you about the Jordanic passage I have no doubt that some of you despondingly said: "The Lord might have divided Jordan for Joshua, but not for Cheer up! I want to show you that there is a way over Jordan as well as through it. My text says, "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household.

All our cities are familiar with the ferry-boat. It goes from San Francisco to Oak-land, and from Liverpool to Birkenhead, and twice every secular day of the week multitudes are on the ferryboats of our great cities, so that you will not need to bunt up a classical dictionary to find out what I mean while I am speaking to you about the passage of David and his family across the River Jordan.

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the other side. The tribe of Judah, we are informed, sent this ferryboat across to get David and his household. I stand on the eastern side of the River Jordan, and I find no shipping at all, but while I am standing there I see a boat plowing through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters, and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan, and David and his family and his old friend step on board that boat, I am saightily impressed with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the pposite shore. Every day I find people trying to ex-

temporize a way from earth to heaven.

They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, and they go down. The fact is that skepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship enters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross this river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stan-chions, and Tyndall shall shape the bow-sprit, and Spinoza shall make the maintopgallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking and wearing and boxing the ship. All together in 10,000 years they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this fordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they made of dying! Diodorus died of mortification because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner; Zeuxis, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman, a caricature made by his own hand; while another of their company and of their kind died saying: "Must I leave all these beautiful pic-tures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last mo-ments and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one died well. Some of them sneaked out of life, some blasphemed and raved and tore their bed covers to tatters. This is the way worldly philosophy helps a man to die. guide at Niagara Falls said to me,

"Do you see that rock down in the rapids?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, and held on, and, with a shrick louder than the thunder of the cataract, he went over." When a man puts out from the shore of this world on the river of death in a boat of his own construction, aged. So far as can be seen from the outside, both guns are sound.—London Philippine Islands by the shortest wreck, eternal shipwreck.

from the other side! Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this gospel from the oth-er shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the ther shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sin ners," and from a foreign shore I see the ferryboat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Saviour's suffering, but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it in his expiring moment, saying: "He has come! He has come! My ing: "He has come! He has come: 21, beloved is mine, and I am His." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried: "Open the gates!" I bless God that as the host came from the other shore to take David and his men across so when we are about to die the boat will come rom the same direction. God forbid that should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

Again, my subject suggests that when we cross over at the last the King will be on board the boat. Ship carpentry in Bible times was in its infancy. The boats were not skillfully made, and I can very easily imagine that the women and children of the king's household might have been nervous about going on that boat, afraid that the oarsman or the helmsman might give out and that the boat might be dashed on the rocks, as sometimes boats were dashed in the Jordan, and then I could have imagined the boat starting and rocking and they crying out, "Oh, we are going to be lost; we are going down!" Not so. The king was on pard the boat, and those women and children and all the household of the king knew that every care was taken to have the king, the head of the empire, pass in

safety Blessed be God that when we leave this vorld we are not to have a great and perilous enterprise of getting into heaven; not a dangerous Franklin expedition to find the northwest passage among ice bergs; only a ferry. That accounts for something you have never been able to understand. You never supposed that understand. You never supposed that very nervous and timid Christian people ild be so unexcited and placid in the last hour. The fact is, they were clear down on the bank, and they saw there was nothing to be frightened about, such a short distance—only a ferry. With one ear they heard the funeral psalm in their memory, and with the other ear they heard the song of heavenly salutation. The willows on this side the Jordan and the Lebanon cedars on the other almost interlocked their branches—only a ferry.

My subject also suggests the fact that when we cross over at the last we shall find a solid landing. The ferryboat, as spoken of in my text, means a place to start from and a place to land. David and his people did not find the eastern shore of the Jordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and yet to a great many heaven is not a real place, To you heaven is a fog bank in the distance. After the resurrection has come you will have a resurrected foot and sometance. thing to tread on and a resurrected eye and colors to see with it and a resurrected

ear and music to regale it. Smart men in this day are making a great deal of fun about St. John's materialistic descriptions of heaven. Well, now, my friends, if you will tell me what will be the use of a resurrected body in heaven with nothing to tread on and noth ing to hear and nothing to handle and nothing to taste then I will laugh, too. Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and eet through the air indiscriminately, one noment sweltering in the centre of the sun and the next moment shivering in the

ountains of the moon? That is not my heaven. Dissatisfied with John's materialistic heaven, theologic cal tinkers are trying to patch up a heaven that will do for them at last. I never heard of any heaven I want to go to except St. John's heaven.

I believe I shall hear Mr. Toplady sing Isaac Watts recite hymns and Mozart play. "Oh," you say, "where would you get the organ?" The Lord will provide the organ. Don't you bother about the organ. I believe I shall yet see David with a harp, and I will ask him to

I believe after the resurrection I shall see Massillon, the great French pulpit orator, and I shall hear from his own lips how he felt on that day when he preached the king's funeral sermon and flung his whole audience into a paroxysm of grief and solemnity.

And so you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will not be like step-ping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, good friends, those who are warm hearted friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have never seen by hearing somebody talk about them very much. We know them almost as well as if we had seen them.

And do you not suppose that our par-ents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been talking about us all these years and talking to their friends! So that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you now more than they ever did.

You will be surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life. Why, they are only across the ferry, and the boat is coming this way, and the boat is going that way. I do not know but they have already asked the Lord the day, the hour, the moment when you are coming across, and that they know now, but I do know that you will be met at the landing. The poet Southey said he thought he should know Bishop Heber in heaven by the portraits he had seen of him in London, and Dr. Randolph said he thought he would know William Cowper, the poet, in heaven from the pictures he had seen of him in England, but we will know our departed kindred by the portraits hung in the throne room of our

On starlight nights you look up—and I suppose it is so with any one who has friends in heaven—on starlight nights you look up, and you cannot help but think of those who have gone, and I suppose they look down and cannot help but think of us. But they have the advantage of us.

look down and cannot help but think of us. But they have the advantage of us. We know not just where their world of joy is. They know where we are.

But there is a thought that comes over me like an electric sheek. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says, "And there went over a ferry boat to carry over the king's household." Then I ask, Do I belong to the household? Do you? If you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household. "Oh," says some soul here, "I do not know whether righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the