

A HEAVENLY EXILE.

To Save the World Christ Left His Home Above.

He Beckons Us to Follow Him Through the Pearly Gates Which He Has Left Ajar—There is Room in Heaven for All.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage in his latest sermon tells the story of the Royal Exile from Heaven and urges his hearers to follow the Saviour to His glorious home which he invites us to share.

Far up and far back in the history of Heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself.

He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that.

He was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled.

No world has ever hailed Heaven, and Heaven has never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see Him sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean beyond.

Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down He sped until one night, with only one to greet Him, when He arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet, that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened.

Who comes there? From what port did he sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile.

The world had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Haran; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kossuth, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary.

But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewells and came in such chilling reception—not even a hostler went out with his lantern to light Him in—that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated exile of earth or Heaven.

First, I remark that Christ was an imperial exile. He got down off a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind Him.

His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne room by Ahasuerus. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five kings were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage.

Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louises of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored, or more popular, or more loved than the day He left Heaven.

Exiles have suffered severely, but Christ turned Himself out from throne room into sheep pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted Him in celestial domain, but by choice departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. Helena, and a thousand times worse; the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed nations, the other exile suffering because He came to save a world.

An imperial exile King eternal. "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne."

But I go further, and tell you He was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity.

Other stellar kingdoms are many thousand times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out they are generally sent to regions that are sandy or cold, or hot—some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with heat and bitten with cold, to deserts simoon-swept, to a howling wilderness. It was the back dooryard, seemingly, of the universe.

Yes, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world—Asia Minor, with its intense summers, unfit for the residence of a foreigner, and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a native.

Christ came not to such a land as America, or England, or France, or Germany, but to a land one-third of the year drowned, another third of the year burned up, and only one-third of the year just tolerable. Oh! it was the barren island of a world. Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship and such inadequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a world.

I go further, and tell you that He was an exile in a hostile country. Turkey was never so much against Russia. France was never so much against Germany, as this earth was against Christ. It took Him in through the door of a stable. It thrust Him out at the point of a spear. The Roman government against Him with every weapon of its arms, and every beak of its war eagles.

For years after His arrival the only question was how best to put Him out. Herod hated Him, the high priests hated Him, the Pharisees hated Him. Judas Iscariot hated Him. Gestas, the dying thief, hated Him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch His steps. And yet He faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulders, but most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when He expired. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's woe. His eye on the raging countenances of his foaming antagonists when he expired. When the cavalry officer roveled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the

tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the spear was thrust at His side, and when the hammer was lifted for His feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure.

When His hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, His head was not fastened; He could look to the right and He could look to the left, and He could look up and He could look down.

He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard, round iron heads were in the palms of His hands. He saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anesthetic to dull or stupefy, but wide awake, He saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage, and the cackling diabolic. Oh! it was the hostile as well as the barren island of a world.

I go further, and tell you that this exile was far from home. It is 95,000,000 miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that the solar system is only one of the smaller wheels of the great machinery of the universe turning around some one great center, the center so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation, and if, as some think, that great center in the distance is Heaven, Christ came far from home when He came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was 33 years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more million miles away from home than you could count if all your life you did nothing but count. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasant surroundings, but Christ slept in huts, and He was athirst, and He was hungered, and He was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in another man's grave.

I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their national air get so homesick that they fall into melancholy and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But oh! the homesickness of Christ. Poverty homesick for celestial riches. Persecution homesick for hosanna. Weariness homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to get out of the night and the storm and the world's execration. Homesickness will make a week seem as long as a month, and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth must have seemed to Him almost interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Saviour's homesickness.

I take a step further and tell you that Christ was in an exile which he knew would end in assassination. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter shop. Around Him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ as rising from the carpenter's working bench and wearily stretching out His arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ, wearily stretched forth, together with His body, throw on the wall the shadow of the cross. Oh! my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on the temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine marching with his army, saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

On a rough journey we cheer ourselves with the fact that it will end in warm hospitality; but Christ knew that His rough path would end in a defilee through without one leaf and with only two branches bearing fruit of such bitterness as no human lips had ever tasted. Oh! what an exile—starting in an infancy without any cradle, and ending in assassination. Thirst without any water. Day without any sunlight. The doom of a desperado for more than angelic excellence. For what that expatriation and that exile? Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor-grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta and excited sympathies which gained him an education and started him on a career that made his name more majestic among Frenchmen than any other name in the last twenty years. Hawthorne, turned out of the office of collector, at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book," and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence. Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then he not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, there shall come results which shall eclipse all the grandeur of eternity past and eternity to come. Christ, an exile from Heaven opening the way for the deportation toward Heaven and to Heaven of all those who will accept the proffer. Atone ment, a ship large enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it.

For this royal exile I bespeak the love and service of all the exiles here present, and, in one sense or the other, that includes all of us. The gates of this continent have been so widely opened that there are here many voluntary exiles from other lands. Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it in your

high cheek-bones, and in the color that illumines your face when I mention the land of your nativity.

Bonnie Scotland! Dear old kirk! Some of your ancestors sleep in Greyfriars churchyard, or by the deep locks filled out of the pitchers of Heaven, or under the heather sometimes so deep of color it makes one think of the blood of the Covenanters who signed their names for Christ, dipping their pens into the veins of their arms opened for that purpose. How every fiber of your nature thrills as I mention the names of Robert Bruce, and the Campbells, and Cochrane. I bespeak for this royal exile of my text the love and the service of all Scotch exiles. Some of you are Englishmen. Your ancestry served the Lord. Have I not read of the sufferings of the Haymarket? and have I not seen in Oxford the very spot where Ridley and Latimer mounted the red chair? Some of your ancestors heard George Whitefield thunder, or heard Charles Wesley sing, or heard John Bunyan tell his dream of the celestial city; and the cathedrals under the shadow of which some of you were born had in their grandest organ-roll the name of the Messiah. I bespeak for the royal exile of my sermon the love and the service of all English exiles. Yes, some of you came from the island of distress over which Hunger, on a throne of human skeletons, sat queen. All efforts at amelioration halted by massacre. Procession of famines, procession of martyrdoms marching from Northern Channel to Cape Clear, and from the Irish sea across the Atlantic. An island not bounded as geographers tell us, but as every philanthropist knows—bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woe, which no human politics can alleviate, and only almighty God can assuage. Land of Goldsmith's rhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apocalypse of blood. Yet you cannot think of it today without having your eyes blinded with emotion, for there your ancestors sleep in graves, some of which they entered for lack of bread. For this royal exile of my sermon I bespeak the love and service of all Irish exiles. Yes, some of you are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some of you are from Italy, the land of Garibaldi, and some of you are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the three mighties of the glorious Reformation. Some of you are descendants of the Puritans, and they were exiles; and some of you are descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles; and some of you are descendants of the Holland refugees, and they were exiles. Some of you were born on the banks of the Yazoo or the Savannah, and you are now living in this latitude. Some of you on the banks of the Kennebec, or at the foot of the Green Mountains, and you are here now. Some of you on the prairies of the west, or the tablelands, and you are here now. Oh! how many of us far away from home. All of us exiles. This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh! I am so glad when the royal exile went back He left the gate ajar, or left it wide open. "Going home!" That is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say, "Going home." Going home out of banishment and sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarities of our parents and our dear children, who have already departed. Going home to Christ. Going home to God. Going home to stay. Where are your loved ones that died in Christ? You pity them. Ah! they ought to pity you. You are an exile far from home. They are home! Oh! what a time it will be for you when the gatekeeper of Heaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal; the journey's ended. Put down that saber; the battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of the conqueror." At that gate of triumph I leave you to-day, only reading three tender cantos translated from the Italian. If you ever heard anything sweeter I never did, although I cannot adopt all its theology.

How whispered one morning in Heaven The little child-angel, May, In the shade of a green apple portal Sat sorrowing night and day; How she said to the stately warden— He of the key and bar— "Oh angel, sweet angel, I pray you Set the beautiful gates ajar— Only a little, I pray you, Set the beautiful gates ajar.

"I can hear my mother weeping, She is lonely, she cannot see A glimmer of light in the darkness When the gates shut after me O! turn the key, sweet angel, The splendor will shine so far!" But the warden answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar." Spoke low and answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary, the blessed, Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ; Her hand on the hand of the angel She laid, and her touch so soft. Turned was the key in the portal, Fell ringing the golden bar, And lo! in the little child's fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar. In the little child's angel fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

What an Expert Says of Insomnia. Sir James Crichton Browne, the expert on brain diseases, holds that insomnia is not attended with such disastrous consequences as is commonly supposed. It is not as dangerous as the solitude of the sufferer. He suggests that the brains of literary men, who are the most frequent victims, acquire the trick of the heart, which takes a dose of a fraction of a second after each beat, and so manages to get six hours rest in 24. Some brains, in cases of insomnia, sleep in sections, different brain sections going off duty in turn.

The White Feather. The story runs that, during a war between the backwoods settlers of North America and the natives, a Quaker feasted the enemy and placed a white feather over the door of his house as a sign of amity. The token was respectful. Hence the phrase: "Showing the white feather," which has come to mean cowardice.

wrecked magnificent flotillas of pomp and worldly power come down on that Christian soul. All the spirits of darkness seem to be let loose, for it is their last chance. The wailing of kindred seems to mingle with the swirl of the waters, and the scream of the wind and the thunder of the sky. Deep to deep, billow to billow, yet no tremor, no gloom, no terror, no sighing for the dying Christian. The fact is that from the back part of the boat a voice sings out, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." By the flash of the storm the dying Christian sees that the harbor is only just ahead. From heavenly castles voices of welcome come over the waters. Peace drops on the angry wave as the storm sob itself to rest like a child falling asleep amid tears and trouble. Christ hath hushed the tempest.

The Sheriff's Race. A deputy sheriff started from the Receiving hospital with two insane men who had been committed to the asylum at Ukiah.

"You had better take some one along to help you unless you want to have some trouble," suggested one of the police surgeons. "Two men I should think would be too many for you."

"Not much. It is easier to take two men than one. I'll show you how I do it."

The deputy led the man who imagined he was king of England to one side and confided to him:

"Your majesty, that man over there," indicating the man who thought his head was an eight day clock, "is as crazy as a bedbug and is liable to hurt some of your subjects if he gets loose. I want you to help me take care of him till I can lock him up in the asylum."

"That's an unseemly occupation for the king of England. Bah! Attendant to the insane!" remarked the disgusted monarch. "But I will do it. I like adventure. You will take due precaution to conceal my identity, or your head will be the price of your carelessness."

The deputy whispered to the human clock:

"Do you see that fellow over there?" indicating the king. "Well, he's crazy, and if you don't keep your face toward him he's liable to stop your hands and touch off your alarm. Now, I want you to help me watch him till I can land him in the asylum. Then you can run right along."

When the deputy left the hospital, the king and the clock had locked arms and were hanging to each other desperately. The deputy smoked and read all the way to Ukiah while the insane men took care of each other.—San Francisco Post.

Told About Dr. Parkhurst. A laugh provoking episode of the late Lexow business is told by a young man who was employed by Lawyer Goff at the time. It happened in Goff's office, when Dr. Parkhurst, William Travers Jerome and the chief inquisitor were listening to George Appo's description of the various schemes worked by bunco steers, flimflammers and green goods men. When Appo finished, Goff turned to his desk, Jerome picked up a newspaper, and Brother Parkhurst gazed ceilingward while he turned over in his mind the ways of the sinners in this wicked world. Appo, who has a purring voice, looked at the good, brave man and said, "I beg your pardon, doctor."

His reverie was broken, and Appo continued: "Could you let me have two tens for a five? I need some change."

"Certainly, certainly. To be sure, I guess I've got it. Here—yes—two tens—to be sure." With that blandness bred of a dash of Chinese blood in his veins, Appo handed the doctor a "five," which was pocketed with scrutiny.

Jerome and Goff, who had seen the game, managed to control their feelings until Appo had slipped into the outer office. Brother Parkhurst apparently caught their flushed faces, suddenly jammed his fingers into his vest pocket and pulled out a \$5 bill. He arose and found the clever rogue, to whom he softly said, "Oh, Mr. Appo, didn't I give you two \$10 bills just now?"

"Yes, doctor," replied the childlike product of a swift civilization, "that's what I asked you for." Then the laughs broke out, and the doctor realized that a man who plays with fire is very apt to be scorched.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Weighty Bricks. The frequency of successful train robbing has changed the system of casting bricks long in vogue at mining assay offices throughout the west, and the government will soon follow the example set.

Speaking of the matter, Colonel John Orollet, formerly mayor at Silver Bow, but now of Butte, Mont., said:

"Assay offices at Helena are now receiving large amounts of gold from the northern mines, and it nearly all comes in big bricks a foot long, 6 inches wide and 3 inches deep. I recently saw a bar that weighed nearly 150 pounds, being worth, at \$20 per ounce, over \$30,000. The bullion is now cast that way to prevent loss in train robberies. It would be almost impossible for road agents to hide or suddenly carry away such a giant bar as that."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sad Lot of a Hottentot Poet in Prussia. A private in the Pomeranian chasseurs, imperial German army, recently lost his captain, Franz Abicht, by death. He always had had the deepest reverence for the captain, and he voiced his feelings two weeks ago in a poem which he sent to the Ulmer Zeitung. The poem was published, as soon as a copy came to the notice of the commander of the battalion he called the private to him and told him that the poem, by its excessive praise of Abicht, implied disrespect of the other superior officers, who outranked the late captain, and therefore was subversive of discipline. The private was sent to the guardhouse for his sins, and all copies of the Ulmer Zeitung which had been bought by members of the battalion were seized and destroyed.

SHOULD THEY FIGHT?

Not England and the United States.

But Children of All Ages and Conditions, Timely Reinforcements in the Battle for Existence.

Perhaps you have an answer for us to this question all ready. And perhaps we may disagree with you. Listen to our side of the story. Is it not a terrible warfare which sweeps from the face of the earth one-third of all children under five years of age? Yet this is the history of the great struggle in which we are all engaged—the battle of life. Some children yield at the first approach of disease, while others make a grand struggle for existence. In this sense, then, we are all agreed that children should be good fighters. They can best fight disease when they are hearty and strong. We do not mean simply when they are fat. Fat is not muscle. They need strong bones, sound nerves and firm muscles. The natural food for all infants is milk. The fat of this food, the cream, exists in the milk as minute globules, resembling in this respect the minute globules of fat found in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. There is also mineral matter in milk, and it is in Scott's Emulsion as well. This preparation looks like milk, and children soon become fond of it. So many infants and young children do not appear to derive much benefit from their food. They remain extremely thin, weak, do not increase in weight or height. They seem to have some disease which is actually wasting the body away. Their system calls for food, and yet the food does not nourish them. But food they must have. They also need some remedy which will alter or change the action of the organs of the body to healthy activity. There are remedies which naturally exist in cod-liver oil that are capable of making this change. For this reason they are called "alteratives." The hypophosphites are also of service, as they strengthen the nervous system, which is the great seat of power. The poorly nourished body calls for a fatty food, such as the fat of cod-liver oil. These are the reasons why Scott's Emulsion has proved so valuable to children. It restores healthy action. It feeds. It nourishes. It supplies needed material to the growing body. We cannot state too strongly the importance of these few early years to future health and happiness. Children do not seem to bear raw cod-liver oil well. It is so difficult to digest. But the oil in Scott's Emulsion has already been digested, and is, therefore, in a condition to render prompt aid.

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