

# CAST UP BY THE SEA.

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.

## CHAPTER XX.

The moon rose, and the night air was cool and delicious. It was past midnight, and the party traveled rapidly along the shore, unimpeded by the tangled vegetation that had retarded them in some portions of their journey. There was no wind, and not a cloud upon the sky, in which the stars shone with extraordinary brightness, although those near the moon were nearly eclipsed by her extreme light. There was a silvery glow upon the wild desert that gave an indescribable beauty to the scene; the rocks that rose abruptly from the sandy plain appeared as if the indistinct haze of distance. The night passed away, and the moon grew pale as the first streaks of dawn appeared in the east. Quickly the stars disappeared, and the planet Venus, lately so brilliant, faintly glimmered as the last of the bright host, and then vanished from view as the gorgeous orb of gold rose suddenly from the horizon of desert, and glowed all mightily upon the sterile scene. It was the horror of sunrise. For fourteen hours they had marched without a rest, as it was necessary to push on with the greatest rapidity at the early part of the journey, that the ox might carry the water and knapsacks as far as possible before it should become exhausted from thirst, when it would be necessary to kill it.

For some time they had seen a lofty rocky mountain in the distance among a chain of lower hills; they determined to push on for the higher ground, in which they might discover some rock that would shelter them from the burning sun. For nearly four hours they marched, until they at length reached an overhanging rock in a rugged pass, through which the dry bed of a broad torrent formed a stony road. Here, tired and thirsty, the party rested.

The whole party lay down and slept. They woke at about 3 p. m., and immediately prepared to start; but all were footsore, as they had marched about forty-eight miles, and the ox was suffering from extreme thirst. Ned commenced leading the tired animal. With Tim's assistance he strapped on those carried by the ox. They had at least had the water skins in the shade. Horror of horrors! they were empty!

It would be impossible to describe the shock that this terrible sight produced upon the whole party. The skins were literally torn to pieces by the horns of the ox! The thirsty animal had seen Tim sprinkle water from the skins upon the dry straw, during their sleep it had risen, and, discovering the water, it had attempted to drink by tearing open the leather sacks with its horns. Every drop had immediately disappeared in the sand. Not even the ox had procured a mouthful; it could only lick the damp sand and the empty water skins.

Both Ned and Tim had a small supply in the skins which they carried on their backs; the guide had none, as he had depended upon those carried by the ox. They had at least seventy miles of desert before them. Ned and Tim looked at each other, but neither dared to utter a word; the future appeared certain and too horrible to think of. They agreed to put the small quantity of water that remained into Ned's water skin, as that of Tim leaked slightly, and the evaporation from one skin would be less than from two.

The guide appeared stupefied with pain, but he pointed with his lance in the direction that they were to take, and he declared that they would arrive at a river upon which was a village and trading depot of Arabs from Zanzibar, but it was two days' march distant. Ned took the bearing with his compass, and with heavy hearts they pushed on. For some minutes the country lay upon a rock to observe the country, but the guide could not rise from the ground; his arm was swollen to the size of a man's thigh, and he complained of giddiness and total paralysis of the lower limbs.

"The arrow was poisoned," he faintly uttered; "I must die. I thirst; give me water!" "Don't give me water, Massa Ned," said Tim; "de pison kill him quick. What for give de water? Water or no water, de pison kill him. Save de water for God's sake, Massa Ned or we all die!"

It was a painful trial, but Ned felt that Tim's advice was just. The unfortunate guide was doomed, as the poison of the arrow had become thoroughly absorbed into the system. He was a ready deliverer, and raving with burning thirst, he raved for water. His sufferings were pitiable, and Ned felt half inclined to share the last small portion with him, when the guide suddenly seized his lance and lay by his side and drove it deep into the throat that was standing by him. As the animal fell to the blow, pierced to the heart, the dying guide fell upon it, and gluing his parched lips to the wound from which the blood spouted, he drank madly his last draught.

Although each moment was precious, as day added to their thirst, Ned could not leave the guide alone to die upon the desert. For about three hours he remained to witness the agonies of the miserable man, who, as the poison wreaked its fatal work, swelled in all his limbs, and in his body until he appeared to be inflated. At last the throat swelled also to such an extent that a few convulsive struggles for breath, he stretched himself out and lay upon the burning sand a corpse.

Both Ned and Tim were horror-struck; they were themselves in the agony of thirst; but no more than a quart of water remained; it had evaporated from the nearly empty water-skins. They pushed on down the mountain side and reached the level ground.

The sun had sunk. Once more the air was cool, and although thirsty and fatigued, they refreshed for their work and determined to accomplish the night's long march at as great speed as possible. They pushed

on and marched until sunrise at the rate of four miles an hour, without drinking. The moon had been their friend, but once more she became pale, and the dreadful enemy again appeared—the sun.

They had walked about forty-eight miles from the spot where they had left the guide. The blue conical mountain appeared to be within fifteen miles of them; once at the foot, they would find water, as the river flowed at its base. The sun rose hot as fire, and again the dreadful simoom blew, and they felt faint at the terrible heat. They both recoiled with fatigue and thirst. Ned could support the latter no longer. During the cool night the water had not evaporated, but he knew that the simoom would dry up their scanty store within an hour.

"Drink, Tim!" said Ned; "we will each share the last drop, and, please God, we may then hold out till the end, but we must not halt or we are lost. Drink, my dear Tim, a full half, and leave the rest for me."

Tim was fearfully distressed from thirst, and he clutched the water-skin from Ned's hands. For an instant he hesitated, as he gazed intently at his loved master, who was in a lamentable state of exhaustion; he then eagerly pressed the mouth of the water-skin to his lips and appeared to drink.

"Drink more, you have not had your share, and I will then finish it," said Ned.

Again Tim appeared to drink, after which he handed the water-skin to Ned, who ravenously finished it, devoutly exclaiming, "Thank God!" as the last drop gurgled down his throat.

"Thank God, Massa Ned!" repeated Tim, as he watched Ned's refreshed countenance with a mingled expression of intense affection and agony. Throwing the empty water-skin upon his shoulder, Ned now led the way, followed by Tim. They could no longer walk fast; their feet were terribly swollen, and although they had thrown away their knapsacks and Ned had reserved nothing but his compass and chart, they could barely march at the rate of three miles an hour.

Tim lagged many yards behind; several times Ned halted and waited for him. As he came up he reeled from side to side, and his tongue was hanging from his mouth parched and furred like a hare skin. Once more he lagged more than a hundred yards behind. Again Ned waited; he was himself almost exhausted from a frightful thirst and prostration; he could scarcely feel the ground with his feet.

At length Tim staggered slowly up, and stopping suddenly he clasped his head with both his hands, and reeling backward he fell heavily upon the ground. Ned endeavored to raise him.

"Tim! my dear Tim, for God's sake don't give in!" cried Ned; "I am nearly done myself, but if we can only march a few hours more we may yet be saved from this horrible death!"

Tim faintly, and lay for some minutes insensible. Ned thought he was dead. At length he recovered consciousness, but he could hardly articulate, as his tongue was as dry as leather. "Go on, Massa Ned!" he said; "leave Tim to die. I can't go any further. I am going to die, Massa Ned!"

"I'll never leave you, Tim; my true, my faithful friend," said Ned, in an agony of despair, as he saw the unmistakable signs of death stealing across Tim's face. "We'll die together, if die we must. Oh, for one draught of water!" cried Ned, "one draught to save my poor Tim's life!" A faint smile crossed Tim's haggard face as he heard these words, and, looking at Ned, he said painfully, "Pray God forgive me, Massa Ned; I told one lie: I told one lie."

"What lie, Tim?" said Ned; "you have never told me a lie." "Yes, Massa Ned; I phrased God forgive me if you ask him. I told one lie about de water, and now I die. I told Massa Ned I drink my half-die one lie. I not touch one drop; I leave it for my dear Ned. Dat save him, p'haps, if he go on quick and leave Tim to die. God bless you, my dear Massa Ned! Tim got no frens, only one poor nigger; nobody cry for Tim. Let him die! Go on, my dear Massa Ned! Go home; sea fader and moder; de Miss Edit! see all—all—all!"

Tim could speak no more. Ned wrung his hands in an agony of despair. Now, for the first time, he knew that heroic act of devotion in his brave and all suffering follower. Although dying of thirst, he would not drink his share of the scanty pittance, but he had practiced the too generous deception to save his master's life.

"Oh Tim, dear friend! too good, too generous! how shall I forgive myself for this?" cried Ned; "that you should die that I might live! Rather let us both die as we have lived, together, and trust to God to bless us both hereafter!"

At these words, Tim convulsively raised himself upon his elbows and, looking up to the burning sun with fixed eyeballs that never contracted before the blazing light, he laughed wildly in delirium. For some minutes he uttered this frightful mirth, and then a change came over his face. Still looking fixedly at the sky, his features became placid and assumed an expression of intense happiness and peace. Smiling, as though tasting the joy that the next world alone could give, he said, "My God! my God! I see de water springs! Thank God Almighty!" Tim fell gently back upon the ground; his soul was at the water springs, and Ned wept over the body of his beloved friend. A giddiness seized Ned's brain; his tongue hung from his mouth, and he fell insensible by Tim's side. Had he not drunk that one long draught that Tim's devotion offered, he would have been the first victim to a death by thirst. There was a rumbling sound far distant in the air when Tim's last words spoke of the water springs. Again it sounded louder, and nearer than before, and from the southern horizon

rose a cloud like that of Elijah, no bigger than a man's hand. Again the deep muttering sound vibrated through the desert, as distant thunder spoke to ears that could not hear. And now from every point of the horizon, clouds arose, at first snow white, but rapidly increasing in size and darkening in color until they became an inky black and the fierce sun himself was veiled. The lightning played incessantly; the thunder roared and cracked enough to waken up the dead; and the rain—like heaven sent torrent—poured like a water-spout upon the famished earth and almost flooded the lately withered desert. Oh! had that rain descended one hour sooner!—but no! it would have condemned to longer life on earth one who was now in heaven.

For more than two hours the rain poured in an unintermitted deluge. Cascades of clear water fell rushing from the lately torrid rocks, and deep water courses filled with a muddy fluid, tore their wild course along the sandy desert: the whole of the level ground was ankle-deep in water. In this lay the bodies of Ned and Tim, side by side. Suddenly, as though awakened from a deep sleep, Ned sat up and stared wildly round him. The rain still poured, and the thunder burst heavily at intervals.

Rubbing his eyes, he exclaimed, "It is a dream!—where am I? I dreamt that Tim had died of thirst in the desert. Ha! here he is. Wake up, Tim, or we shall be drowned!" Saying which, Ned, half delirious from over-exhaustion and thirst, placed his lips to the flood that covered the ground and drank deeply. Taking a deep breath, as he slaked his thirst, he now turned toward his silent companion, and, taking one arm, he endeavored to arouse him. He dropped the arm as the fatal truth flashed upon him—the body was cold and stiffened.

He heard a sudden noise—a rushing sound in the air—and, looking up, he perceived a huge vulture descending from on high, with closed wings, with the noise of a rocket in its eagerness to be a sexton for the dead. Many of these birds were circling in the air above the spot, while several were already perched upon the neighboring rocks waiting for their opportunity. A thrill of horror ran through Ned's veins. There was a deep crevice in a plateau of solid rock a few yards distant. Thither, as a labor of love, he carried with much difficulty, the rigid body, and gently lowered it within the narrow vault. He then fetched rocks as large as he could lift; these he placed across the crevice until he had effectually protected it with a pile of heavy fragments that would defy the attacks of vultures or wild animals.

Ned drank once more, and half filled his water-skin from a clear stream that spouted from a rock, and, slipping it upon his shoulder, he took Tim's gun and ammunition in addition to his own. Thus loaded he took a last farewell of the fatal spot, and in a few words, as he stood by the grave, he offered up a heartfelt prayer for the dead and for guidance on his lonely way.

It was nearly sunset when he reached a grove of palm trees that grew in a long line at the base of the mountain and extended as far as the eye could reach. Passing through these for about two hundred yards, he perceived a considerable village upon a high rocky ridge, which looked down upon a roaring torrent now swollen by the rain. Without caring for his reception, Ned slowly ascended the rocky path and entered the village. To his astonishment he was met by a number of Arabs, instead of the natives to whom he had been accustomed. These people were engaged in storing elephants' tusks within a large shed that was constructed after the natives' fashion. Upon seeing Ned, they gathered around him; and he, tired, hungry and dispirited, threw his two guns upon the ground, and then lay down exhausted at full length.

The Arabs were ivory and slave-traders belonging to Zanzibar. Many of their slaves had been purchased from the country in which Ned had so long been a captive; thus, as he spoke their language, it was not difficult to procure an interpreter, and he shortly discovered several people who had served the Arabs for some years, and therefore had a knowledge of Arabic.

There was no further difficulty in describing the adventure. Ned, having arrived among them with the first storm of rain that had fallen for nearly twelve months, was regarded by the natives with a superstitious reverence that was also shared by the Arabs; the latter agreed that he should join their party and accompany them to Zanzibar on their return.

Some months passed away in the Arab camp, during which their parties made long excursions in the interior, and returned laden with ivory together with many slaves. At length the long wished-for period arrived, and Ned, who had sadly missed and mourned for his faithful companion Tim, hailed the day of departure with joy, as the Arabs beat the drum, and assembled a body of five hundred porters to transport the tusks to Zanzibar. Long strings of slaves of both sexes accompanied the march; many were fastened by ropes from neck to neck, while others were fettered by the forked stick similar to that in which Ned had been secured when first captured.

In six weeks' march they reached Zanzibar without any incident worthy of notice, and having delivered the ivory, the captain of the party introduced Ned to his employer, who was a wealthy Parsee merchant from Bombay. This man not only received him kindly, but furnished him with clothes and money, and promised to send him to Egypt on board one of his own vessels that would shortly proceed to Coosair, on the Red Sea. Ned presented the captain of the trading party with his two guns as a return for the kindness he had received, and, when the day of departure arrived, he warmly thanked the Parsee merchant for his hospitality, and sailed on board a

large Arab dhow loaded with ivory and slaves for Egypt.

The wind was favorable throughout the voyage, and without an accident of any kind they reached Coosair. There they disembarked, and the cargo was transported on camels while the slaves marched on foot across the desert to Nile.

Upon arrival at the Nile, the slaves were divided among several large-decked vessels, upon one of which Ned was furnished with a cabin, and they sailed down the stream. They were detained at several large towns on the banks of the river, and especially at Cairo, at which place many of the slaves were disposed of at good prices; and, after a voyage of three weeks, the boats arrived at Alexandria, and Ned for the first time looked upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean. He felt almost at home, and having been kindly received by the agent of the Parsee merchant, he was provided with a passage on board an English vessel that was about to sail.

After a voyage of six weeks the vessel passed the Lizard light and entered the Channel. They were in sight of the coast on the following day, with a light but favorable breeze, when they met a large fishing smack, which they spoke, being anxious to obtain the earliest news from England. To Ned's delight, he hailed from Falmouth, which would be his most favorable landing place; therefore he took leave of the captain and crew of the vessel, with whom he had shared a most agreeable voyage, and going on board the smack, the sails filled, and the two ships parted.

On the following day they sighted Falmouth, and once more Ned set his foot upon the soil of old England.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Ned Grey happened to arrive at Falmouth a few days after Paul had been committed to prison by the magistrates on the original warrant for his apprehension; thus he was lying in jail at that town to await his trial at the sessions at the very time that Ned was unconsciously hurrying through on his way home.

The commitment of Paul to prison had been effected through the instrumentality of James Stevens, who had no sooner got rid of him from the rectory than he once more renewed his visits and pressed his suit with Edith. With consummate hypocrisy he had persuaded her, and also Polly Grey, that he was forced to commit Paul on the warrant, but that, as the sessions were drawing near, he would shortly be tried and acquitted, as there could be no doubt of his innocence.

Although Edith felt no love for Stevens, she had learned not to dislike him; she had been so constantly talked to by her mother and impressed with the idea that he was really a worthy object of her affection, that she regarded him as a person whom it was not impossible that she might some day learn to love. Nevertheless, she lingered fondly upon the recollections of the past, when her heart had first known the feelings of real love. It was by pretended sympathy for her early affection for Ned Grey that Stevens had succeeded in winning her regard, and well aware of this influence, he appeared to delight in frequent allusions to the time when Ned and he served together on board the Sybille, during which he declared that he had been his greatest friend.

It was the morning after Ned's arrival at Falmouth that Stevens, having slept at the rectory, was at breakfast with Mrs. Jones, Polly Grey and Edith. A fine young Newfoundland dog was sitting by her side, watching her face intently, in the hope that some morsel would fall to his share. This dog had been given to her by Stevens on the previous day.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thunder and Lightning.

An elm tree near Carthage, N. Y., has been thrice struck by lightning.

A Kentucky man has been struck by lightning four times and still lives.

Lightning struck a woman in Jasper county, Mo., and made her deaf and dumb.

A Pennsylvania girl who was made blind by a vivid flash of lightning has just recovered her sight. The first thing she did was to run across the room to a looking glass.

An observatory of a fire and lightning proof quality of construction has been designed and a section built so as to be easily carried to the top of Mont Blanc, where it will be permanently located.

An Australian farmer saw Satan's initial the other day. A bolt of lightning struck the center of his best field, and when he went to the spot he saw a fiery flaming D. He has no doubt it was the sign manual of the arch fiend himself.

During the progress of a Wagnerian festival in Vienna the hall was struck by lightning five times. The damage was slight, which goes to show that the lightning and dread thunderbolts of Jove can not hope to make much headway against a Wagnerian festival.

A locust tree at Rockville, Md., was struck by lightning some weeks ago. The leaves of the tree died and left the tree with the appearance of being dead also. Much to the astonishment of people in that vicinity the tree is now covered with the most fragrant blossoms.

It was recently stated before the Royal society of London that the only reason the earth has not long ago been deluged in a sea of nitric acid is that the igniting point of nitrogen is higher than the temperature produced by its combustion, and therefore the flame is not hot enough to set fire to the adjoining gas. Were it not for this the first lightning flash would probably have fired the air, seriously interfered with the development of the world, and made things generally uncomfortable.

The fight over that \$20,000 fortune of the late Mr. Mollinger, of Pittsburg, has developed the interesting fact that the estate is really worth about \$100,000.

The Sultan's household numbers 6,000 persons.

## CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

The Ministry Needs Brave, Earnest, Honest, Hardy Men.

Do Not Hug the Shore, but Sail Out Boldly into the Boundless Sea of God's Word.

Dr. Talmage preached at Brooklyn last Sunday. Text, Luke, v. 4. "Launch out into the deep." He said:

Christ, starting on the campaign of the world's conquest, was selecting his staff officers. There were plenty of students with high foreheads, and white hands, and intellectual faces, and refined tastes in Rome and Jerusalem. Christ might have called into the apostleship twelve bookworms, or twelve rhetoricians, or twelve artists. Instead he takes a group of men who had never made a speech; never taken a lesson in belles-lettres; never been sick enough to make them look delicate;—their hands broad, clumsy and hard knuckled. He chose fishermen, among other reasons, I think, because they were physically hardy. Rowing makes strong arms and stout chests. Much climbing of kno-tlines makes one's head steady. A Galilee tempest wrestled men into gymnasts.

The opening work of the church was rough work. Christ did not want twelve invalids hanging about him, complaining all the time how badly they felt. He leaves the delicate students at Jerusalem and Rome for their mothers and aunts to take care of, and goes down to the sea-shore and out of the toughest material makes an apostleship. The ministry needs more corporeal vigor than any other class. Fine minds and good intentions are important, but there must be physical force to back them. The intellectual mill wheel may be well built and the grist good, but there must be enough blood in the mill race to turn the one and to grind the other.

My text finds Jesus on shipboard with one of these broomed men—Simon by name. This fisherman had been sweeping his net in shoal water. "Push out," says Christ. "What is the use of hugging the shore in this boat? Here is a lake twelve miles long and six wide, and it is all populated—just waiting for the sweep of your net. Launch out into the deep."

The advice that my Lord gave to Simon is as appropriate for us all in a spiritual sense. The fact is that a most of us are just paddling along the shore. We are afraid to venture out into the great deeps of God and Christian experience.

This divine counsel comes first to all those who are paddling in the margin of Bible research. There is no book in the world that demands so much of our attention as the Bible. Yet nine-tenths of our Christian men get no more than ankle-deep. The farther you go from shore the better, if you have the right kind of ship. If you have more worldly philosophy for the hull and pride for a sail and self conceit for the helm, the first squall will destroy you. But if you take the Bible for your craft the farther you go the better, and after you have gone ten thousand furlongs Christ will still command, "Launch out into the deep." Ask some such question as, "Who is God?" and go on for ten years asking it. Ask it at the gate of every parable; amid the excitement of every miracle; by the solitariness of every patriarchal thrashing floor; amid the white faces of Sennacherib's slain turned up into the moonlight; amid the flying chariots of the Golden City.

Walk up and down this Bible domain. Try every path. Plunge in at the prophecies and come out at the epistles. Go with the patriarchs until you meet with the evangelists. Rummage and ransack, as children who are not satisfied when they come to a new house until they know what is in every room and into what every door opens. Open every jewel casket. Examine the sky-lights. Forever ask questions.

The sea of God's Word is not like Genesee, twelve miles by six, but boundless, and in one direction you can sail on forever. Why then confine yourself to a short palm or a few verses of the epistles? The largest fish are not near the shore. Hoist all sail to the winds of heaven. Take hold of both oars and pull away. Be like some of the whalers that went out from New Bedford or Portsmouth to be gone for two or three years. Yea, calculate on a lifetime voyage. You do not want to land until you land in heaven. Sail away. O ye mariners, for eternity! Launch out into the deep.

The text is appropriate to all Christians of shallow experience. Doubts and fears have in our day been almost elected to the parliament of Christian graces. Some consider it a bad sign not to have any doubts. Doubts and fears are not signs of health, but festers and carbuncles. You have a valuable house or farm. It is suggested that the title is not good. You employ counsel. You search the records for mortgages, judgments and liens. You are not satisfied until you have a certificate, signed by the great seal of state, assuring you that the title is good. Yet how many leave their title to heaven an undecided matter! Why do you not go to the records and find out? Give yourself no rest, day or night, until you can read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

One half of you Christians are simply stuck in the mud. Why not get loose from everything but God? Give not to him that formal petition made up of "O's." "O Lord," this and "O Lord," that. When people are cold and have nothing to say to God they strew their prayers with "O's" and "Forever and ever, Amen," and things to fill up. Tell God what you want with the feeling that he is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you out-grow it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins, and of your present blessings.

With a sharp blade cut away your past half and half Christian life, and with new determination, and new plans, and new expectations launch out into the deep.

The text is appropriate to all who are engaged in Christian work. The church of God has been fishing along the shore. We set our net in a good, calm place, and in sight of a fine chapel, and we go down every Sunday to see if the fish have been wise enough to come into our net. We might learn something from that box with his hook and line. He throws his line from the bridge—no fish. He sits down on a log—no fish. He stands in the sunlight and casts the line, but no fish. He goes up by the mill-dam and stands behind the bank, where the fish can not see him, and he has hardly dropped the hook before the cork goes under. The fish come to him as fast as he can throw them ashore.

In other words, in our Christian work, why do we not go where the fish are? It is not so easy to catch souls in church, for they know that we are trying to take them. If you can throw your lines out into the world where they are not expecting you, they will be captured. Is it fair to take men by such stratagem? Yes, I would like to cheat five thousand souls into the kingdom.

The whole policy of the church of God is to be changed. Instead of chiefly looking after the few who have become Christians, our chief anxiety will be for those outside. If after a man is converted he cannot take care of himself I am not going to take care of him. If he thinks that I am going to stand and pat him on the back, and feed him out of an elegant spoon, and watch him so that he does not get into a draft of worldliness, he is much mistaken. We have in our churches a great mass of helpless, insane professors, who are doing nothing for themselves or for others, who want us to stop and nurse them. They are so troubled with doubt as to whether they are Christians or not. The doubt is settled. They are not Christians. The best we can do with these fish is to throw them back into the stream and go after them again with the Gospel net.

"Go into the world and preach the Gospel," says Christ, in the factory, the engine house, the club-room, into the houses of the sick; into the dark lane; into the damp cellar; into the cold garret; into the dismal prison. Let every man, woman and child know that Jesus died, and that the gate of heaven is wide open. With the Bible in one pocket, and a loaf of bread under your arm launch out into the great deep of this world's wretchedness.

The Bible promises join hands, and the circle they make will compass all your sins, and all your temptations, and all your sorrows. The round table of King of Arthur and his knights had only room for thirteen banqueters, but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of earth and heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to be.

Do not sail coastwise along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. Oh, for the mid sea of God's mercy! "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that though this man is preached unto you for years of sin, I preach it with as much confidence to the eighty-year-old transgressor as to the maiden. Though your sins were blood red they shall be snow white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the father."

Do you say that your heart is hard? Suppose it were ten times harder. Do you say that your iniquity is long continued? Suppose it were ten times longer. Do you say that your crimes are black? Suppose they were ten times blacker. Is there any lion that this Samson cannot slay? Is there any fortress that this Conqueror cannot take. Is there any sin this Redeemer cannot pardon?

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by the three armies of the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles, his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army yelled back with terror, but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightier trumpet of the Gospel to my lips and blow it three times. Blast the first—"Who-soever will, let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two. As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God—a sympathetic God—a loving God—and that more to him than the throne on which he sits; more to him than the anthems of heaven; more to him than the temples of celestial worship; the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door latch of his father's house. Hear it, all ye nations! Breathe for the worst sickness. Medicine for the thickest darkness. Harbor for the worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful interest entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvelous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased, you hear the echo coming from a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing. How many souls in the tomb of sin will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God the echo would drop from afar—not a stru k from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels, flying with the news, for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!

## CONDIMENTS.

Mamma (enthusiastically)—How I wish we could afford to send Nellie abroad for a few finishing touches to her musical education!

Papa (no ear for music)—If I could buy the finish without the touches, I'd pawn the furniture.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Even an all-round man ought to be square in his dealings.—Lowell Courier.

The gold cure puts the drinker on his metal, as it were.—Elmira Gazette.

When a man is hopelessly in love it greatly increases his sighs.—Siftings.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.—Boston Transcript.

"Mamma," said little Johnnie, "if I swallowed a thermometer would I die by degrees?"—Boston Post.

No one can blame the oyster for not showing his appreciation of the fall opening.—Baltimore American.

"Much adue about nothing," remarked the summer boarder, when his bill was presented.—Binghampton Republican.

The mosquito bill is one of the measures which goes into effect immediately after its passage.—Union County Standard.

They have "potato socials" in Kansas. The name may be from the fact that the young folks go there to pare.—Texas Siftings.

Johnny—I'm reel sick and ma won't let me go to school. Wallie (with marked envy)—Wait did you find out wot sumtims to have?—Chicago News Record.

Little Johnny thinks it a good deal sicer to be tanned at the seashore than to be tanned at school.—Boston Transcript.

"Go you saw Charley Smithers yesterday?" said one girl. "Yes," replied the other. "Was he on horseback?" "Y-Yes. A second or so at a time."—Washington Star.

"A man may be drove to drink," said Officer McCobb, "but to git him away from it I find he has to be pulled."—Indianapolis Journal.

From the manner in which Samson's success depended on his hair, it has been inferred that he was no piano player.

Father—No appetite this evening, sh? What is the matter? Late lunch! Little Boy—No, sir; early apples.

"I'm in debt. You can't imagine how it worries me." "That's nothing. Think of the worrying your creditors are doing."

"Charles is too timid to propose, and she is too timid to help him on." "I should think such a timid pair could easily shrink to one."—Harper's Bazar.

The opening of the red-bird season brings us a step nearer to the solution of that old problem, the extermination of the English sparrow. Ethel—Why don't you put your cane in the hall rack, dear George? George—I don't want to put anything in your father's way to tempt him.

Jennie—Do you believe in fate? Beattie—Yes, but I also believe in giving fate a helping hand by doing a little judicious flirting.

Secretary Nibbs—Did you discover any irregularities in the Red Tape Bureau? Inspector Sharp—Yes; four of the employees were hard at work.

Mr. Millett—Well, Mrs. Clover, I reckon you saw a heap of the noise and bustle of the city? Mrs. Clover—Yes, there was a good deal of noise, but the bustles was sich little mites that you couldn't hardly see 'em.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Rowne de Bout—What did your wife say when you got home last night, Cross? Criss Cross—First tell me how much time you have to spare? Rowne de Bout—About ten minutes. Criss Cross—Then I can't tell you.

Penelope—I understand, Mr. Vaykrant, that you were the famous man of your year. Mr. Vaykrant—Yas, that's so. Perdita—In what way? Mr. Vaykrant—I was the only fellow who graduated last in me class.

Mr. Hall B. Roome—Do you buy your sausage by the pound, Mrs. Hamoege? Mrs. Hamoege—Yes, why? Mr. Hall B. Roome—Nothing. Only I would humbly suggest that in future you select a butcher shop a little more remote from that institution.—Puck.

She (letting him down easy)—I'm sure, Mr. Hardleigh, that you can find plenty of girls right here who could make you much happier than I could. He (mournfully)—Yes, but you see that's just the point. I've asked 'em all. You are my only chance.

"Her taste in music is improving wonderful," said one young woman. "Why?" replied the other, "she never plays or sings now." "Yes," was the rejoinder, "that is how I know."—Washington Post.

She—What is that awful noise? He—Guess it's the clambake over on