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THE THRONE OF GRACE

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.,
Pastor of the Chicago Ave. (Moody's) Church, Chicago.

Scripture Text—Heb. 4:14-16.



This scripture brings us into the throne-room of grace, in which are the crown jewels, which we may not only view, but possess. They are seven in number, and each one of us may have them all.
Access to God's Power.
A throne means power. Back of it stands the army and navy, the wealth and prestige of the realm, the life of every patriotic citizen and all the alliances with friendly powers. The throne of grace means that God is now ruling in the power of his love and we have access to that power. Righteousness, justice, holiness, all combine in Christ to support the claim of grace.

Steadfastness of Confession.
"Let us hold fast to our confession." The lamp may be lighted, but under a bushel. The flag may be in camp, but not in the breeze. We may be doing business, but the sign over the door has fallen down, and we have neglected to replace it. The tree may be alive, but without leaves. Through the living Christ we hold fast our confession.

Sympathy with Weaknesses.
Jesus is "touching with a feeling of our infirmities" and his grace enables us to be touched with a feeling of each other's infirmities. Note the difference between infirmity and sin. Infirmity is the weakness of a good thing, like weak faith, weak love, weak hope, a weak body. Sin is always an evil, not to sympathize with but to destroy. Christ is not touched with a feeling of sympathy for our sins, though he has great compassion for the sinner. He bore our sins in his own body on the tree and they broke his heart with their crushing weight of guilt and pollution. Against all sin and sinful tendencies he bears the drawn sword. There is no truce in the battle between darkness and light, sin and holiness, death and life.

Sinless Temptation.
Christ "was tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin." He died that we might live, and he conquered that we might conquer. If evil assails me, I turn to Christ, not to help me in the battle, but to fight it for me.

Courage Toward God.
"Let us come boldly," more literally "with liberty of speech." When we lose our liberty of speech to men, we have lost our testimony. When we lose our liberty of speech to God, our prayer life has declined. We need great boldness toward God in asking all he has promised. "Whatever you desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it." "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." Do you desire anything that you may wish it glorify God? Ask for it.

Willingness to Receive Mercy.
"That we may obtain mercy." A learned man who had received honorary titles wrote after his own name "S. S." which he said meant "sinner saved." We are quite ready to receive honors, but the proud heart sinks from the confession of sin, which receiving mercy implies. A king visited a prison and told the jailer that he wished to signalize his visit by giving at least one person his liberty. So he went around to all the cells and asked each prisoner why he was in jail. They all asserted their innocence of crime, and blamed others for their misfortunes. Finally he came to a poor downcast fellow, who said: "I am guilty of the crime for which I was convicted, and I am getting my just deserts." "That is the man," said the king, "I wish to liberate. He will do to trust with liberty." All the rest were willing to receive a favor from the king, but only this one was in an attitude of mind to receive his mercy. "Only a sinner saved by grace" is not all there is of Christian experience, but it is the foundation on which everything else is built.

"That we may find grace to help in the time of need." The literal translation is: "That we may find grace unto reasonable help." We need grace, not only enough, but at the right time and administered in the right way. In walking with God we need grace for one little step at a time. The body needs only one breath at a time. For food we need only one meal at a time. For living we need just one heartbeat at a time. The living Christ sees to it that we have all the grace we need at the time we need it and administered in the way we need it.

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A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

At Age of Two Robert Sang a Song—
Now Composes Piano Pieces.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Robert, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Higgins of this city, is a musical prodigy.

While the piano tuner was in the house and his mother sat humming to him, little Robert astonished them both by suddenly breaking into song



ROBERT HIGGINS

himself. The song that came from his baby lips was "Always in the Way." At that time Robert was two years old, and, aside from his mother, scarcely anybody could understand the strange lingo he had brought with him from babyland.

From that time on the precocious musical talent manifested itself in various ways, Robert showing ability to sing any of the popular airs after hearing them once. To-day he is five, having passed that birthday December 1, 1907. Since he has been able to sit at the piano he has been picking out such well-known airs as "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Marching Through Georgia" and a long list of popular airs.

Recently he improvised a piece which he has named "The Arabian Nights." In order to meet the full requirements of the composition he decided it would be necessary to use the loud and soft pedals, something he had not bothered with previously. To sit on the stool and reach the pedal is a physical impossibility for the young composer, so he stands up for the performance with his face barely on a level with the keyboard.

The child's parents are neither of them especially musical. Mrs. Higgins occasionally plays for her children from her own collection of records in the house is of the "canned" variety. Some of the first tunes learned by Robert were in imitation of the phonograph.

ATLANTIC CITY BEAUTY.
The Fashionable Summer Resort is
Now Talking About Mrs. Munyon.

Atlantic City, N. J.—The most talked of woman in Atlantic City just now is

Mrs. J. M. Munyon.

Mrs. J. M. Munyon, wife of the patent medicine man. She is declared by many to be the most beautiful woman at the fashionable summer resort, as well as the most stylishly gowned and groomed. She is equally admired whether she wears a simple frock of pink or white linen with soft turn-over collar revealing her throat, or whether she is gowned in one of her Douillet or Fraucals models. Mrs. Munyon is the daughter of Daniel Neff, a Pennsylvania attorney, and is a woman of more than ordinary education. She intends to go abroad soon to brush up on her French and German and devote some time to the classics.

Concrete Unharmed by Oil.
According to the Engineering Record, a concrete tank at the San Antonio gas works has been in service for three years, holding heavy Texas oil without showing any leakage whatever, although there is a general belief that oil destroys the cohesion of concrete.

Her Observation.
He—I love a mple things above all else.
She—Yes; I've noticed how self-satisfied you are.—Chicago Daily News.

HOSS SENSE.

When the pheasant ceases drumming,
When the autumn cyclone's coming,
When the gaunt white wolf of winter is let loose
In the Injun summer; sonny,
Wouldn't you give ready money
For the wings and for the wisdom of a goose?

When the hoss that you are riding
Smells the cinnamon in hiding,
When he wheels and snorts and gives his head a toss;
When he tries so hard to tell you
That the cinnamon can smell you—
Don't you wish you had the hoss sense of a hoss?
—Cy Warman.

A Bride in Ultimate
By Don Mark Lemon

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

"In God's name, sign the passport and let me go!"

"Pardon, monsieur; my signature will not make good the passport. Monsieur must a new passport obtain from his legat."

"A new one! It will take hours—days—to do that, and he will be out of my reach by morning."

"Monsieur, it is the law."
"The law! Shall this man be allowed to rob me of my dearest possession, while the law binds me here hand and foot? Must I delay for a needless sheet of paper while every minute takes him nearer the sea coast and farther from me? Can't you see my cause is honest? Can't you understand that I am no fugitive—that I want only to come up with this man? That he has robbed me, and these formalities that help to cover his flight are an outrage against justice!"

"Pardon, monsieur; if the gentleman has robbed you, it is best for you to wait here and let the law—the officials, monsieur—seek him."

"The law again!"
"Yes, monsieur."
"Yes, I have lost her forever!" The traveler, who for some ten minutes had been pleading with the courteous official to honor his expired passport and allow him to cross from France into Spain, sank down upon a chair in the private quarters of the French railway station and buried his face in his hands.

"Lost her, monsieur?" the official questioned, with a new show of interest. "Is it a lady?"
"Yes!" the other groaned. "He has robbed me of my wife!"
"And the lady?"
"Is with him."
"Pardon again, monsieur; the gentleman you seek journeyed alone. Ah, monsieur is mistaken! He need not despair! Take courage! The gentleman journeyed alone!"
"No, I say. She is with him—and as helpless as the dead."
"Monsieur!"
"I say, yes—she is with him."
"In spirit, monsieur?"
"In body."
"Will monsieur explain to the officials how the gentleman has robbed him of his wife? We have the telegraph and the gentleman detain before he reaches the sea coast. But if monsieur will listen, he will learn how the gentleman was not accompanied by a lady, nor by a servant attendant."

"The lady is dead!" came the amazing reply.
"Dead, monsieur!" exclaimed the official. "Ah! A doubt as to the other's sanity seemed to strike the Frenchman and he looked about uneasily. "Will monsieur read to pass the time?" he questioned.

"Read!" The American traveler laughed an unpleasant laugh. Then his smothered impatience broke out. "Can't I follow him on foot without a passport?"
"No, monsieur; not into territory Spanish."
"May death stop him then!" the other cried with uplifted hands.

The Frenchman's suspicions deepened; but, courteous even to a madman, he only begged the other to have patience.

"Yes, I know you think I rave," the American broke in, passionately; "and you would think me mad if I told you the whole truth. Yet I say he has robbed me of my wife and she is with him in person. You, yourself, saw her."
"Pardon, monsieur; I saw her not."
"Did he not wear a great diamond upon his hand?"
"Monsieur is right."
"Then—"
"It was a pool of light, monsieur," continued the Frenchman. "Ah, it is monsieur's jewel, and so lovely that he calls it his wife!"
"It is my wife!" came the amazing reply.

For a moment the other was wholly unopposed. Then he questioned: "Has monsieur wedded a jewel?"
"No—I have wedded no jewel. That stone, I say, is no jewel! It is a woman—my wife—flesh and blood! Ah, honor the passport and let me go!"

Before the Frenchman could answer the sudden clanging of a bell, a hiss of escaping steam and the rumble of car wheels was heard without. Both men rushed to the door and out upon the platform. An engine with three passenger coaches attached drew into the station from the wrong direction and contrary to official time. What was wrong? The men were soon to learn. Two coaches from the rear of the train which had drawn out of the station about half an hour before had broken from their couplings and been wrecked and, a high French official being among the number injured, the engineer had reversed his engine and returned for surgical aid into French territory.

Despite the tragic nature of this return, the American gave a cry of joy and began searching among the passengers for the fugitive—the false friend who had robbed him of his wife.

That friend was not to be found among the living, nor among the injured, and four of the five dead had already been removed from the rear coach to the station! Would the fifth

and last corpse be that of the fugitive?

Brushing by the porters, the American leaped to where the fifth dead body lay, crushed and mangled past recognition save by its clothing, and—yes, the great white polar star-like diamond that flamed upon a finger of its bloodless hand!

"Behold the splendid jewel away, the American brought it passionately to his lips and murmured: "Darling, look up! I am here!"

"Will monsieur show me the ring?" the French station official questioned, when again in his private quarters alone with the American.

The latter drew the jewel from his breast and handed it with a powerful magnifying glass to the Frenchman. "Look at the heart of the stone through the glass," he said, softly.

The official did as he was bidden and a cry of astonishment escaped him.

"Monsieur, it is divine!"
"Divine! It is the work of God himself! Is not He an artist?"

The Frenchman turned again to the diamond in the ring and for fully five minutes gave it his unbroken attention, scarcely breathing, as if he trembled to dim for a moment the magnifying glass for the limpid gem beneath. And well might the jewel hold his gaze, for in the heart of the perfect 40-carat stone, attired in simple Grecian costume, with a red rose in the dark hair, lay in repose the minute, exquisite figure of a woman.

"Monsieur, she?"
"Is human."
"Ah!"
"Yes—and once a divine and stately woman."

"Monsieur, how?"
"She was my bride, and, as she reclined one day within a large artificial crystal, diamond-shaped—we were rehearsing for an entertainment in which she was to appear as the spirit of the diamond—as she reclined in the attitude which she now keeps, somehow—I don't know exactly how, but I think that the crystal in which

she was imprisoned had been made of an unknown sand with some strange inherent quality—somehow a bolt of lightning leaped out of the clear sky, that mysterious crystal seemed to draw down upon itself all the electricity in heaven, and when I found my sight again this diamond lay at my feet."

"And, monsieur, this is your bride?"
"Yes, yes!" A great passion shook the speaker and his voice broke painfully. "The force of the lightning compressed that crystal and her sweet body into what you see—into ultimate form."

"Monsieur, it is a jewel for a deity."
The other made no immediate reply, but stood looking upon the exquisite form in the diamond as a lover looks into the face of his beloved. Finally, he said: "She is not dead to me, and while I thus have her with me I care not what I suffer."

He took the ring from the hollow of his hand and was about to place it upon his finger—the diamond inward—when the lovely jewel slipped from his hold and fell to the floor. As it came in contact with the hard tiles, there was a slight explosive sound and a shower of minute scintillating particles seemed to burst from the ring itself and scatter like dust on the air.

With a cry of horror, the American stooped and snatched up the ring. The diamond was gone utterly from its setting!

"My God!"
The word was a shriek, and the American staggered back against the wall, his face drawn with unspeakable agony.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! Monsieur!" The American's right hand made a quick backward movement.

"She never died till now!" he cried. "Oh, my God!"

There was a glint of steel, a sharp report, and, as the Frenchman rushed forward, the other pitched headlong to his feet, dead!

There Was a Glint of Steel, a Sharp Report, and He Pitched Headlong.

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