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OLD TIMES AND NEW.

Talk about the "old times!"—never times like this!
Every sweetheart's leanin' to a lover's tender kiss.
Talk about the "old times!" nothin' like the new!
Every blessed violet jest bendin' with the dew.

Talk about the "old times!"—sweet their songs an' words;
But listen to the singin' of the present mockin' birds!
Talk about the "old times"—they was sweet to see,
But this new world an' these new times are good enough for me!

MY ESCAPE.

A Case of Mild, Mild Eccentricity.

"I suppose I am eccentric," said Dick Clavering "at least they tell me so; at any rate there is a story anent that, if you care to hear."

"Go on, go on," was the unanimous vote.

Dick settled himself comfortably—that is to say, threw himself back in his chair, with one leg over the back of another.

"It was a queer thing to do," he began.

"What was?"

"The will he made," said Dick; "but suppose he was eccentric, too."

"You forget that you haven't yet introduced the gentleman," one of us reminded.

"Well, I can't say I know him myself," returned Dick, "though I was a distant relation; he had none but distant relations, in fact, of whom I was the most distant. It was for that reason, perhaps, or maybe because never having seen me he disliked me less than the others, that he left me all his wealth.

"The cut-off relations, you may be sure," he continued, "looked upon my good fortune with anything but equanimity. They considered me a supplanter, a spoiler, a sort of testamentary usurper, in short, who had robbed them of their rights. The nearest of blood tried to upset the will. The testator, they said, wasn't in his right mind when he made it, and proofs were brought up of many queer things he had said and done.

"But the jury thought a man could be queer without being crazy, and so found a verdict establishing the disputed document.

"Of course, I was hated worse than ever by the disappointed claimants, but their spite gave me small concern. With a light heart and plenty of money a man is apt to be on good terms with himself, and not to mind much what other people think.

"I went to spend a summer at an old-fashioned country farm, half hotel and half farmhouse, I found comfortable quarters and pleasant companions—among the later a couple of half-fledged doctors, in whom the pranks and vagaries into which exuberance of spirits often led me, seemed to excite a lively interest. They were constantly seeking to draw me out. They seemed to think me amusing, to find entertainment in their freaks, and to gratify them I was ever ready with some new extravagance.

"One evening they invited me to take a ride with them to visit a friend in the neighborhood, 'a brother chip,' they said with whom they assured me I would be delighted.

"It was a long ride, but we chatted the time away, and at length, as the night began to fall, drew up before a large building.

"'This is Dr. Crotchett's,' said one of my companions.

"As we alighted and ascended the steps the doctor came to the door. He received us cordially and, the ceremony of introduction over, led the way in. He was a tall, lank man, with one of those perpetual smiles which it would be a relief to see broken now and then by a frown.

"'Show Mr. Clavering up, Leech,' said he to one of his friends; 'you know the way, and I have a word or two to say to brother Pellett here.'

"Leech took my arm and, at the end of a long corridor on the third floor, let me into a dimly-lighted room. I thought it a strange place to conduct a guest to, but made no remark.

"'Be seated,' said Leech; 'I shall return in a moment."

"So saying he stepped out and closed the door.

"Though is was summer the night air was keen, and morning and evening fires were customary.

"Feeling a little chilly after our long ride I attempted to draw a chair which stood near the wall towards a fireplace at the end of the room.

"Judge of my surprise to find the chair immovable.

"My curiosity was excited—I took a survey of the apartment. The lamp by which it was lighted hung from the ceiling out of reach. The only articles of furniture were the stationary chair, a small iron bedstead and bedding, the former fastened to the wall and a washstand similarly secured. I examined the window; it was narrow and guarded by thick iron bars.

"What could be the meaning of all this? I began to feel a tremor coming over me. Beads of perspiration stood on my forehead. I went to the door, essayed to open it, but found it locked from outside! I shook it violently, called loudly for Leech, and then made desperate efforts to kick down the door; but it was too strong and heavy and inspection revealed the fact that it was thickly plated with iron.

"A vague feeling of horror had driven me almost frantic, when a slight grating noise attracted my attention. A portion of the door turned outward as if upon an hinge, disclosing a small apperture, through which I discerned the face of Dr. Crotchett, with its right sickening smile.

"'What is the meaning of this?' I demanded fiercely.

"'Come, come, Mr. Clavering, be calm,' said the doctor, in his smooth, hypocritical tone; 'excitement will do you great harm, you see. We trust you will soon be better.'

"'Better!' I exclaimed; 'why there's nothing on earth the matter with me.

"'You are scarcely the best judge of that,' was the quiet response.

"'But I tell you I was never ill in my life,' I replied driven to frenzy by such insolent mockery.

"'Not exactly ill, perhaps,' returned the imperturbable doctor; 'but you have not been quite yourself lately, you see—not quite,' and he tapped his forehead significantly.

"'Then you take me to be crazy?' I said, bursting into a laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

"'Well, well, if you only keep quiet and avoid excitement, we hope to bring you round in a month or so.'

"'I strove to dash my fist in the fellow's face, but the aperture closed suddenly and I only skinned my knuckles.

"Next morning breakfast was brought by a servant and passed through the opening. The man was coarse and brutal looking, apparently of the class not usually money-proof. There could be no harm in making the trial at any rate.

"I had a considerable sum about me and began with an offer sufficient, as I thought, to tempt the man's cupidity. He rejected it, however, but in such a way as to render it evident he was only out for more.

"I was to impatient to haggle.

"'Only help me out of this, and I will give you all I have,' I said, naming the amount.

"'I'll put you in the way of working your own way out,' he replied, 'that's the best I can do; but it must be a cash-up job.'

"'Put the means of escape in my hands,' I answered, 'and that moment the money goes into yours.'

"With my next meal my new friend brought a small file and a coil of rope.

"'All you have to do,' he said, 'is to raise the sash and file a couple of the iron bars. Then wait till night and by means of this rope you may safely reach the ground. It's the longest I could get, but when you reach the end you'll only have to drop a few feet. Once you're safe off I'll come in and remove the rope, and twist up your sheet letting it hang out of your window, so that they may think you've done all this without help.'

"With one hand I received my purchase and paid the money with the other.

"The little tool worked like magic. In a couple of hours I had sawn nearly through two of the bars, leaving barely enough to hold them in place till night set in. I could hardly wait for the darkness, but when it came it took but a moment to complete the work, remove the bars, adjust the rope and begin my descent.

"Upon my feet had passed the end. I was about to let go my hold, confiding in the servant's word as to the distance remaining. But that man may have played me false,' something whispered; 'he may think my death the best security against the discovery of his bribery.'

"I had been unable while a prisoner to look out from my window upon the ground and now all beneath was darkness. I had one way of determing the truth. I pushed my hat from my head and listened closely. Then came a sound as of some object far below bounding from cliff to cliff. It was evident that I had hung suspended over a rocky precipice and if I released my grasp I should be dashed to pieces.

"With what speed I could I clambered back in my old quarters. Soon I heard a step outside. Doubtless it was the perfidious wretch coming to remove the rope and arrange the sheet. I crouched so as to be hidden by the opening of the door. Soon it opened inwards. Springing from my concealment I seized the villain by the throat.

"'Make the least noise and I'll strangle you,' I said through my clenched teeth. 'Now give me back my money.'

"'Do—don't choke me, and I will,' he gasped.

"I relaxed my hold and the money was returned.

"'Now the key!' I demanded.

"It was handed over.

"Springing out of the door I closed and locked it on my late accomplice. I rushed down the stairs and along the passage to the front door. Fortunately I was able to open it, and a few moments saw me free."

"But what was the motive of your imprisonment?" we asked.

"Oh! it was all a made up job between the doctors and the disinherited relations to enable the latter to get control of my estate. The certificate of two doctors, as the law then stood, was enough to get a man locked up as lunatic and my good friends Leech and Pellett had done me that service. But I made things disagreeable for the whole set by an action for false imprisonment afterwards."

An Important Detail.

"I want to see some blankets," said a lady, as she walked into a dry goods store on Woodward avenue. She was directed to the department where they were kept. Then she took from her purse a small wisp of hair tied with a blue silk ribbon.

"I want to get a pair of blankets to match that," she said, holding up the little lock of hair.

The clerk took her over all the blankets in stock, but, unfortunately, none would exactly match the hair. So the lady said she would have to go somewhere else. "You see, it's for my little dog, Fido," she said, "and I must have it exact," and she swept out of the store.—Detroit Free Press.

A PHILIPPINE GLOSSARY

BRAND NEW EXPRESSIONS BROUGHT HOME BY THE VOLUNTEERS.

A Short Vocabulary for the Convenience and Edification of People Who Have Not Had the Advantage of Recent Philippine Travel.

Now that the volunteers are returning from the Philippines there is trouble ahead for the dictionary makers. It is a peculiarity of American slang that it is at once so concise, picturesque and graphic that most new words of this kind eventually force their way, despite dissent, into the lexicon. The volunteers will bring back with them so many brand new expressions of this character that their vocabulary may prove all but incomprehensible. For the convenience of people who have not had the advantage of recent Philippine travel, and also for the future reference of our lexicographers, a short glossary, with comments may be valuable.

One of the words most commonly used in this dialect is "hike." Its derivation is doubtful, but its descriptive power great and swift. "To hike" means to travel with amazing speed. It is generally used to give some idea of how fast the Filipinos can run when defeated in battle. Incidentally, "kiking" is a term applied to the speed which American soldiers are obliged to develop when trying to catch the fleeing Filipino. So, in a more general way, "hiking" is applied to any swift and fatiguing travel, while a "hiker" is obviously a man of hustling and enduring powers.

"Cold feet" is an expression often heard in Manila. Its plain Anglo-Saxon synonym is cowardice. Just how the two became identified may not at once be apparent, but he who falters and fears in battle is apt to feel cold chills chasing down his spine. It is the most natural anatomical result for these cold chills to settle in the feet. Hence the term. "Woolen socks," or, more briefly, "socks," means anything that will cure or overcome "cold feet."

"Coffee coolers" are those who manage to get detached from their regiments in the field and assigned to more or less easy and eminently safe berths in Manila. A "coffee cooler" is supposed to be unable to swallow his boiling hot coffee on the morning of battle. Obviously, if he wants to drink his coffee, he must remain behind and cool it while his regiment is moving out to the fray. Needless to say, "coffee coolers" are not esteemed by their comrades.

A "googoo" is a Filipino who follows the cause of the revolution. While the derivation of this term is rather obscure, it is hinted that it must be sought in the annals of American political history. An "amigo," by contradiction, is a Filipino who protests his loyalty to the United States and his disinclination to fight. According to the soldiers, the only difference between a "googoo" and an "amigo" is that the former wears the blue and white uniform of the insurrecto, while the latter wears the white cotton garments of peace. Each is equally at heart a rebel against Uncle Sam. Hence, in the American soldier's vocabulary, "amigo" has come to signify a false friend.

"Rain-maker" is not a term of Philippine birth, but it is here that it has gained its vogue, and so is worthy of a place in this description. When the Third infantry went on its Leech Lake Indian campaign, just previous to embarking for these islands, there were several doctors along with the regiment. While the pow-wows with the Indians were going on the redskins manifested some interest in our army surgeons. The red healer could prepare "medicine" which was warranted to bring about a copious rainfall in time of drouth. Could our medicine men do as much? Of course it would never do to confess our doctors to be inferior to the untutored savage, and so the Third's officers unhesitatingly asserted that our surgeons, too, could make rain. That fastened the name of "rain-maker" to our army surgeon, and the term has gained great favor on Luzon island.

"Bom-bom" is a noun of strictly native invention. The more accurate term would perhaps be native imitation. A cannon on being discharged gives forth an angry roar of "bom!" In a second or two the shell explodes with a fainter "bom!" Coupling cause and effect gave us "bom-bom." If a native desires to explain that a big fight is on, he plaintively says, "mucho bom-bom." This phenomenon of artillery fire is a good deal of a tragical puzzle to the little browny. I remember seeing a couple in Meloban, man and wife, who found an unexploded navy shell in their back yard. Full of desire to penetrate the mystery of the bom-bom, they placed the shell in a mortar used for grinding corn, and treated it roughly with the pestle. The doctor who was called recovered all the fragments of the shell from their bodies, but, in spite of his tenderly humane care, both unfortunates soon penetrated the greatest mystery conned by man.

"Aqui" is not really slang. It is a Spanish word for "here," and is also used in the sense of "come here," but it has gained so firm a place in the soldiers' vocabulary that it must not be forgotten. "Pronto," meaning "quick," and "para," for "stop" or "halt," are other words of Spanish extraction.

"Mex" is now typical Philippine slang. It refers to the Mexican dollar, the former standard of money in these islands. As a Mexican dollar is accepted in trade as worth just half of an American dollar, so "Mex" has come to mean "half." When a soldier declares that he has paid a certain price for an article, an incredulous comrade sarcastically inquires: "Money or Mex?" When Funston was crossing on his famous raft at the Rio Grand de la Pampanga, a Nebraska volunteer on his way to the front from the hospital wearily approached a canteen at Mololos and inquired how much further it was out to the firing line.

"Eight miles," was the reply.

"American or Mex?" he eagerly inquired.

"Chow-chow" is a word which the Chinaman took to the Philippines with his pigeon English. It means "to eat," "eating" or "food." The soldier has emphatically adopted the word, though he has shortened it to a single "chow."

"Rough house" signifies "trouble" or "fight." To say of one that he is making or having, or has made or had "a rough house" means that he got angry, with the general smashing of everything accessible.

There is a little story which illustrates the meaning of one phrase that is considerably in vogue. A soldier was pacing his beat in front of the entrance to the palace one day, when he espied a general in the act of alighting from his carriage. The regulations prescribe that under such interesting circumstances the sentry shall call out to the corporal of the guard:

"Turn out the guard! General officer!"

But the sentry, in his excitement, forgot the conventional language, and the approaching general was amazed to hear the young soldier blurt:

"Turn out de whole push! De main guy's come!"

So it has come to pass that "turning out the push" refers to preparations for receiving a distinguished or very welcome guest.

With these laboriously compiled explanations, I trust that you will be able to converse with, and understand, your returned volunteer friend from the Philippines.—H. Irving Hancock, in the Criterion.

MODERN COATS OF MAIL.

Curious Story of the Way British Officers Protect Themselves.

To the uninitiated the days of armor have long since gone, but a visit to a certain firm situated in the West End of London will reveal the fact that hundreds of vests of mail are sold annually to officers in the British army. The maker is a well-known gunsmith, and a large portion of his income is derived, not from manufacturing guns, but through the sale of armor to officers. As a general rule, the mail is enclosed in leather casing, which is sewn inside the tunic so as to be invisible unless the garment is picked to pieces. And the same with helmets—a similar device is fixed as lining so as to give additional protection in case of need. Some officers are not above wearing mail vests underneath their tunics and perfectly obvious to their comrades, who, although they may scoff in time of peace, would be only too glad to don one themselves when in the middle of hostilities. The majority of the maker's customers are officers, because the suits are very expensive, costing about ten guineas each. Nevertheless some "Tommies" are prepared to spend that amount in order to insure themselves to a certain extent against the enemy's spent bullets. Against a modern bullet, fired at short distance, of course, these suits of armor are next to useless, although they may be instrumental in turning its course or stopping its penetrating power.

During the Chino-Japanese war of 1895 the maker in question sent out several hundred suits of armor, which were eagerly bought up by the combatants at a heavy price. During the American war of last year he did the same thing. It was not nearly so successful, for he found he had been forestalled by Yankee firms, and such officers in the American army as had intended going in for a suit of mail had already obtained them. He then offered his goods to the Spaniards, who proved to be good customers and were prepared to pay a good price for the luxury. A notable instance of the value of mail occurred during the battle of Omdurman. One officer, who is well known, got into the thick of the fight and was slashed on all sides by the Dervishes. His men were surprised to see that he had escaped all the force of the blows, expecting to see him fall from his horse every minute a mass of wounds. After the battle was over, however, he appeared perfectly unscathed save for a few slight wounds on the chest. Then he revealed the suit of mail which covered him and to which he owed his life.

In Heroic Attitude.

When Sir John Steell, the noted English sculptor, had the Duke of Wellington sitting for a statue he wanted to get him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost patience somewhat, and this scene followed:

"As I am going to make this statue of your grace, can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the fields, cheering on your men to deeds of valor by word and action?"

"Bah!" said the duke in evident scorn, "if you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamancha, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand.

Light Housekeeping.

"You advertised for a girl for light housekeeping and—"

"Well, this is the lightest house in the vicinity. It may be bigger than some of the others, but it's a frame house, while they're all stone or brick."

TALMAGE SERMON.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Our Father's House—God's Homestead, Builded on the Hills of Heaven, Provides Rooms For All—Vivid Picture of the Celestial Home.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In a unique way the heavenly world is discoursed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home; text, John xiv., 2, "In My Father's house are many rooms."

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alterative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that, though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text; the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says: "In My Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, that is George's room, that is Henry's room, that is Flora's room, that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and, seated by the evening stand, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacant. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 945 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardsman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all newcomers. He redeemed them, and He has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about Him or talked about Him or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second to see Him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggar all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul! The soul and Jesus!

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them—so radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here together!" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the throne room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the government officials, who from my complexion, judged me to be a German and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanation in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and if so, how much more the throneroom! A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throneroom of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throneroom of Charles Immanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy. But the throneroom of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne-rooms that ever saw scepter wave or crown glitter or foreign embassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside Him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne." You see, we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure, but it will be found out after a while who we are when we get into the throneroom. Aye, we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this moment enter the throneroom. O King, live forever! We touch the scepter and prostrate ourselves at Thy feet.

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key; but, if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony?

In that music room of our Father's house you will some day meet the old masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years, and side by side Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists, and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a songmaker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns," and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music, but could make none themselves, the poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead! "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings, whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no! Everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they staid children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there.

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way, and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door, and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysoprasus is nothing, illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing, the aurora of the northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hilltops the old family homestead?" "In my Father's house are many rooms."

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