

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)
After much opposition on my part...
Meg, long after I was well, Meg continued to stay on with me.

before her into the fire with a far-away gaze, and started when I entered the room; she looked round at me, her eyes laughing, and yet with something of mingled melancholy in their depths.
"Why, what are you doing, Meg?" I asked.



I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU.

and it again struck me that he did not read it.
Meg came down stairs, gaily humming to the same. As she passed through the hall the postman arrived, and she brought in the letters, looking curiously in a perfectly open way at each one.

would go and rifle John's study and try to find it.
"Are you talking about the letters, Meg, that you took this morning?"
"Oh, wise Kitty! About one of those letters. Yes."

him that I first heard of her; we were talking about the theater, and he told me her story, though not quite as I have heard it since. I don't know why I am telling you all this. I don't know why I am thinking of it. I ought to be ashamed to remember such a silly episode. I used to write letters on pages of my exercise-books and leave them for him at a pastry cook's.

Meg's lips were trembling a little, though her eyes were laughing at me. "How long is this ago?" I asked. "Oh, a century ago! When I was sixteen, nearly four years ago."
"And no one knew?"
"No one. Only the golden-haired lady who sold us jam-puffs and lemonade and ices."

She went away, still humming, up the stairs, and I sat reflecting on all that she had said. Was Meg laughing, or was she in earnest. I did not know. So deep was I in thought that I did not hear the door open, did not hear John enter.
"Kitty," he said in a quick tone, less calm and steady than was his wont, "I want to speak to you. Come into the study with me; I want to speak to you alone."

PRINCE OF MONACO'S WIT.
Why the American, Who Had No Tact, Witted.
"I noticed an interesting sketch of the prince of Monaco," remarked a prominent New Orleans educator to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "It is not generally known that the prince, besides being the greatest gambling house proprietor in the world, is also a scientist of high repute. He has made a study for years of deep-sea forms of life, owns the best-equipped vessel afloat for that sort of investigation and has written several valuable works on the subject. In fact, some of the text books used right here in New Orleans contain contributions from his pen. His specialty is the cephalopoda, or octopus family, and unkind people might detect evidences of the eternal fitness of things in the circumstance. Nevertheless he has made some very important discoveries and has brought to the surface scores of strange and unknown types of those curious monsters called devil-fish. In connection with his scientific pursuits I was once told a curious story by a Harvard professor who once visited the prince at his home, and I don't believe the yarn has ever been seen in print. At the time of the visit a couple of other Americans were present and one of them had the execrable taste to advert to the gaming casino which is the principal feature of Monaco. 'I like to go there to look at the frescoes,' he said, 'but I keep away from the roulette wheels. To my way of thinking a man who plays them might as well throw his money in the ocean.' 'That, my dear sir,' replied the prince imperiously, 'is precisely what he does. He throws his money in the ocean. My entire personal income for the last five years has been devoted to deep-sea research. You will allow me, he added,

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL AND ITS HEAVENLY LIGHT.

The Text Chosen Being: "According to the Glorious Gospel of the Most Blessed God Which Was Committed to My Trust"—Tim. 1:11.

The greatest novelty of our time is the gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups and curious ware like those of 1,900 years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups and pitchers and curious ware are universally admired, so any one who can unshovel the real gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried, will attract the gaze and admiration and adoption of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls "The Glorious Gospel." There has been a hemispheric apostasy. There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the gospel really is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zeal-Avesta, the bible of the Hindoo, the first copy of which I ever saw I purchased in Calcutta, India, last September. The old gospel is fifty feet under and the work has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to contrive the philosophy of religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plain matter of bible statement and of child-like faith. Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity, because they have tried to teach the "philosophy of religion." By the time that many a theological student gets half through his preparatory course he is so filled with doubts about plenary inspiration and the divinity of Christ and the questions of eternal destiny that he is more fit for the lowest branch in the infant class of a Sunday school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The ablest theological professor is a Christian mother, who, out of her own experience, can tell the 4-year-old how beautiful Christ was on earth and how beautiful he is in heaven and how dearly he loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the rosy cheek of the little one, consecrates him for time and eternity to Him who said, "Suffer them to come unto me." What an awful work Paul made with the D. D.'s and the LL. D.'s and the F. R. S.'s when he cleared the decks of the old gospel ship by saying: "Not many wise men, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on inspiration and exegesis and apologetics for the Almighty and writing out his own elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, and his little grandchild, coming up to him for a good-night kiss, he accidentally knocks off the biggest book from the table and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ himself said: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Ah! my friends, the bible wants no apologetics. The throne of the last judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity wants no apologetics. Scientists may tell us that the natural light is the "propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies"; but no one knows what gospel light is until his own blind eyes, by the touch of the Divine Spirit, have opened to see the noonday of pardon and peace. Scientists may tell us that natural sound is the effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air, caused by a collision of bodies or by some other means"; but those only know what the gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly saying: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." The theological dude unrolls upon the plush of an exquisitely carved pulpit a learned discourse showing that the garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's song rather an indelicate love ditty, and the book of Job a drama in which Satan was the star actor, and that Renan was three-quarters right about the miracles of Jesus, and that the bible was gradually evolved and the best thought of the different ages, Moses and David and Paul doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of heaven and earth, get us out of the London fog of higher criticism!

The night is dark and the way is rough, and we have a lantern which God has put in our hands; but instead of employing the lantern to show ourselves and others the right way we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material and which is the better light—kerosene, lamp oil or candle; and while we discuss it, we stand all around the lantern so that we shut out the light from the multitude who are stumbling on in the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found one morning around Barthold's statue in New York harbor. He had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the light before. Poor things! And the great lighthouse of the gospel—how many high-soaring thinkers have beaten all their religious life out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy, and to the crystalline wharves of the heavenly city, where the immortals are waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks, when they might have been flying seraphs.

world, and from Portland, Maine, across to San Francisco and back again to New Orleans and Savannah, many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worldly reform by all means; but unless it be also gospel reform, it will be dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses.

The glorious gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and power mightier than that of the Atlantic ocean when, under the force of the September equinox, it strikes the highlands of the Navesink. The meaning of the word "gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is glorious news, and we must tell it in our churches and over our dry goods counters and in our factories and over our threshing machines and behind our plows and on our ships' decks and in our parlors, our nurseries and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawl in our voice and a dismal look in our faces, as though religion were a rheumatic twinge or a dyspeptic pang or a malarial chill or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "blesseds" or "happys," Christ began his sermon on the mount. Blessed are the poor, blessed the mourner, blessed the meek, blessed the hungry, blessed the merciful, blessed the pure, blessed the peace makers, blessed the persecuted, blessed the reviled, blessed, blessed, blessed; happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the young, as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled, and for a life-time all the angels of God their conductors and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle aged, as through Christ they may have their perplexities disentangled and their courage rallied, and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged, as they may have the sympathy of him of whom St. John wrote: "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defense of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying, as they may have ministering spirits to escort them and opening gates to receive them and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them and the welcome of a loving God to embrace them.

Oh, my text is right when it speaks of the glorious gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant being that ever trod the earth or ascended the heavens, to you and to me, to come and be made happy, and then take after that a royal castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cupbearers. The price paid for all of this on the cliff of limestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an agony that with one hand tore down the rocks and with the other drew down a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for any one of the million sins of our life, but confessing all of them, we can point to that cliff of limestone and say, "There was paid our indebtedness and God never collects a bill twice. Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pen in extolling the matchless one of this gospel. Isaac Watts, how do you feel concerning him? And he writes, 'I am not ashamed to own my Lord.' Newton, what do you think of this gospel? And he writes, 'Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.' Cowper, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' Charles Wesley, what do you think of him? And he answers, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' Horatius Bonar, what do you think of him? And he responds, 'I lay my sins on Jesus.' Ray Palmer, what do you think of him? And he writes, 'My faith looks up to thee.' Fannie Crosby, what do you think of him? And she writes, 'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine.' But I take higher testimony; Solomon, what do you think of him? And the answer is, 'Lily of the valley.' Ezekiel, what do you think of him? And the answer is, 'Plant of renown.' David, what do you think of him? And the answer is, 'My shepherd.' St. John, what do you think of him? And the answer is, 'Bright and morning star.' St. Paul, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, 'Christ is all in all.' Do you think an well of him, O man, O woman, of the blood-bought immortal spirit? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "The Glorious Gospel." And then as a druggist, while you are waiting for him to make up the doctor's prescription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this and so many drops of that, and the intermixture taken, though sour and bitter, restores the health, so Christ, the Divine Physician, prepares this trouble of our life time and that disappointment and this persecution, and that hardship and that tear, and we must take the intermixture, yet though it be a bitter draught, under the divine prescription it administers to our restoration and spiritual health, "all things working together for good." Glorious gospel!

And then the royal castle into which we step out of this life without so much as soiling our foot with the up-turned earth of the grave. "They shall reign forever and ever." Does not that mean that you are, if saved, to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years an abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. There is an abandoned royal castle at Amber, India. One hundred and seventy years ago a king moved out of it never to return. But the castle still stands in indescribable grandeur, and you go through brassy doorway after brassy doorway, and carved room after carved room, and under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through profane statues into a

are pavilions deeply dyed and tasselled and arched, the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; birds in arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing; walls pictured with triumphal procession; rooms that were called "Ab-cove of Light" and "Hall of Victory"; marble, white and black, like a mixture of morn and night; alabaster and mother-of-pearl and lacquer work. Standing before it, the eye climbs from step to latticed balcony, and from latticed balcony to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from arch to roof, and then descends on ladder of all colors and by stairs of perfect lines to tropical gardens of pomegranate and pineapple. Seven stories of resplendent architecture! But the royal castle provided for you, if you will only take it on the prescribed terms, is grander than all that, and though an abandoned castle while Christ was here achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "Chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up and, waiting for you, are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the king's gardens, where immortals walk, linked in eternal friendship; and the banquet hall of that castle has princes and princesses at the table; and the wine is the "new wine of the kingdom," and the supper is the marriage supper of the lamb; and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music that trembles with no grief, and the light that falls upon the scene is never beclouded, and there is the kiss of those united after long separation. More nerve we will have than now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy and the clapping of that acclamation and the boom of that hallelujah we would be deafened. Glorious gospel! You thought religion was a straight-jacket, and it put you on the limits, and thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no. It is to be castellan. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha, set your faces toward the shining pinacles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here—for at the longest our stay is short—if we can only land there. You see there are so many I want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet; and John among the evangelists; and Paul among the apostles, and Wycliffe among the martyrs, and Bourdaloue among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelock among the heroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us, so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable; and, mentioned in this sentence last of all, because I want the thought climacteric, our blessed Lord, without whom we could never reach the old castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He wept our weep. He suffered our stripes. He died our death. He assured our resurrection. Blessed be his glorious name forever! Surging to his ear be all the anthems! Facing him be all the thrones!

A British School at Rome.
A movement, supported by a strong general committee, for the establishment of a British school at Rome of a similar type to that which has existed the thirteen years at Athens, Germany, France, Austria, and the United States already possess institutions of the kind in Rome, but Great Britain, almost alone among European nations, is unrepresented. The need is recognized in that city of a British center of study and research, offering to British students the advantages enjoyed by members of other nationalities. The formation of such a center would be welcomed by the committee of the Athens school as a means of enabling students to complete in Rome the training they have received in Athens, though the work done in both cities would be of a similar character. The school in Rome, like that in Athens, would be a training ground for students fresh from the universities or other institutions, as well as a place where more mature students could gather, to the stimulation of intercourse and sympathy and the achievement of more concerted and continuous work.—London Echo.

A Five-Legged Frog.
A five-legged frog has come all the way from Connecticut and taken up his abode in the New York aquarium. He did not hop here—even a frog with five legs could not do that—but traveled in a box with some wet moss to keep him cool. When he was transferred to a tank he uttered a graceful chirrup and blinked his golden-rimmed eyes. At first glance this newcomer seems to carry his extra leg so gracefully that the beholder is tempted to think that all frogs ought to have three front legs. Closer examination, however, shows that the middle leg is really an extra appendage from one of the other legs, and does not serve to support the frog.