AN EXPERIMENT IN LIBERTY.

"Well Amy, this is a pleasant surprise!"

"Ditto, dear old Gladys. Fancy our meeting here, too, of all the places in the world!"

"Yes; but we always had a spice of independence in our respective compositions. So our both happening to join this club was nothing so very improbable, after all. Are you living in town?"

"Yes; my husband is at the Bar, you know."

"Ah! I was very interested to read the announcement of your marriage in the papers. You always used to say that you would never marry—if you remember."

"So did you. And yet you lost no time in following my example, it seems."

"True; I was like the man in the 'Honeymoon,' my dear:—

'I made a very silly vow
But was not quite so foolish as to keep it.'"

"Do you find matrimony agree with you?"

"Oh, yes; capitally. I go my own way a bit, of course. I'm not an absolute slave to my husband."

"No more am I. I put down my foot from the first. Robert was inclined to be absurdly exacting."

"Did he make a fuss about your joining this club?"

"Rather! But I insisted on having my own way. Did your husband raise objections?"

"Plenty. However, I overruled them all."

"That's right. In fact, it strikes me, Gladys, that though we are both married, we are, nevertheless, doing full credit to our early principles."

"Just so. After all, the being married or not married is a mere detail. It is the being free, or not free, that really matters."

"And if one was not married, one could not belong to this very excellent club!"

"No. And what a miss that would be! Oh, thank goodness! Here comes our luncheon."

The two ladies engaged in the above dialogue were seated at a small table in the dining salon of the Aspasia Club. Everybody has heard of this institution, which is one of the newest and most successful of ladies' clubs in London. It was especially founded to encourage and foster the freedom of married women; and so matrons only are eligible for election. Its motto is descriptive and characteristic: "Liberty, Equality, Maternity." And the principles which it upholds are the most advanced principles of wifely emancipation. Nor are these principles a mere matter of words—a simple question of theory. The conditions of membership are stringent, and are rigidly enforced. The members of the club had no belief whatever in faith without works. They required the members of the Aspasia to show their faith by their works—to act, not merely to subscribe to, their creed of emancipation.

Pursuant to this requirement each member agreed to perform at least once in the month some decided act of wifely independence; and such act she was obliged to record in a book of blank forms—provided by the club for the purpose—and at the month's end to send in her form to the secretary, duly signed and filled in with particulars. If the secretary did not consider that the act, or acts, recorded were sufficiently assertive of wifely liberty, she submitted the form to the committee, who, if not satisfied, would call upon the defaulting member for an explanation. It will thus be seen that a very strict eye was kept by the Aspasia upon its members.

"How long have you been a member of the club, Gladys?" her friend inquired, as they discussed their luncheon.

"Only a fortnight, dear. How long have you?"

"Rather less than a month."

"And have you done your first task, as enjoined by the regulations?"

"Well—yes; I did it only last evening."

"And what form did it take, dear?"

"I went alone to the Indian Exhibition after dinner."

"By the piper, Gladys (expletives were rather encouraged than otherwise in the Aspasia Club), what a very extraordinary thing." Amy exclaimed, with a half laugh. "It just shows what kindred spirits you and I are. I did my task only three nights ago; and I went alone to the Indian Exhibition after dinner."

"You don't say so. And how did you get on?"

Amy hesitated a minute, and looked rather embarrassed.

"I—I—" she began. "At least—well, I may as well confess to you, Gladys my—my—visit resulted in a rather unfortunate occurrence."

"What was that?" inquired her friend, looking interested.

"Why—why—" said Amy, lowering her voice, "I was quite alone, you see, and—and—"

"Yes? yes?"

"I—I—didn't know my way about very well, and—and—I happened to ask a—a—gentlemen if he would kindly direct me to Elysium. He said that he was going in that direction himself, and that he would act as my guide. He—he—was quite a gentleman, and seemed very agreeable and—and—nice looking. And—and—I could not very well refuse his civil offer."

"Go on—go on," interjected Gladys eagerly.

"W-w-well, he walked by my side as far as Elysium, and was most polite and pleasant. I—I—could not very well help talking to him, you know, and—and—"

"Of course not. But what happened? I am dying to hear."

"He—he—kept with me for quite a long time; and he was really very nice looking and amusing, and I had found it rather slow by myself, and—and—altogether I saw no harm."

"Why should you, my dear? But how did it end?"

"We—we—strolled about Elysium for nearly an hour, and—well, then he said he must be going. He—he—began to—to—talk dr-dreadful non-nonsense then; said he'd never appreciated the name Elysium before, and as he wished me good night, he put his arm around my waist, and—oh, Gladys!—he—he—kissed me!"

Amy spoke almost in a whisper. Her cheeks were the color of a geranium.

"What cheek of him!" ejaculated Gladys, whose face gave the impression that she was full of a certain suppressed excitement. "And yet," she added, "it will look very well in the report, especially the kiss."

"I—I—it may have been weak of me, but—but—I didn't put the kiss in the report," faltered Amy.

"Look here," exclaimed Gladys, with great eagerness. "This is a most extraordinary thing. It is the most extraordinary thing I have ever heard of. I may as well tell you—I myself had a—a—very similar experience when I went alone to the Indian Exhibition. A—a strange man got into conversation with me. He was very nice looking and agreeable, and—and—it ended the same way as your experience did."

"Did he kiss you?"

Gladys nodded.

"And was your man fair, with blue eyes and a flaxen mustache?"

"No, dark and clean shaved."

"Ah, then it wasn't the same. But what an extraordinary coincidence!"

"Most extraordinary. It only shows what these men are."

"Yes, the wretches. And—and—did you put down the kiss in your report?"

"N-no. I was like you, my dear. I thought it read sufficiently strong without. But—but—something worse happened to me, Amy. If my experience had—had—ended where yours did, I should not so much mind. Some one saw my man kiss me!"

"Oh, how dreadful! Who was it?"

"The last person I could have wished to do so, except my husband. One of my own domestics."

"I say! How did that happen?"

"Well, it chanced to be the cook's evening out, and by the most unlucky coincidence in the world she was spending it at the Indian Exhibition with her young man. I—I—was not aware at the time that she had witnessed the—the—unfortunate occurrence; but this morning, when I complained to her about the—the—dinner, she spoke to me most impertinently, and upon my giving her notice she told me what she had seen, and threatened, unless I withdrew the notice, to report matters to my husband. I—I—had to give in to the woman in the end. I was never so humiliated in my life. And the worst of it is she still has it in her power to expose me to—to—Tom."

"Oh, dear! That is dreadful. I am sorry for you, Gladys."

"Well, it is most uncomfortable for me. Of course, you know, I'm not in the least afraid of Tom; but still I shouldn't quite like him to—to—"

"Precisely. Men are so hasty."

"And so unreasonable."

"They make no allowances."

"And always believe the worst."

"That comes of judging others by themselves."

"Yes; but we must not blame them too much. Look at the matter the other way round. We should be righteously incensed, my dear, if we found our husbands kissing strange girls in places of public amusement—shouldn't we?"

"I—I—should like to catch Tom kissing a strange girl in a place of public amusement, or anywhere else," exclaimed Gladys, with dignity.

"And if I caught Robert, he should have good reason to remember it."

"Besides, my dear Amy, we occupy a totally different position. We were kissed involuntarily, against our wish."

"Oh, of course. Quite against our wish."

"We didn't like it."

"We very, very hated it."

"Just so. Whereas, men—the wretches—kiss voluntarily, of their own initiative, and—well; of course, they do not like it; else they wouldn't do it. That makes all the difference."

"To be sure it does; I didn't think of that."

"But, coming back to the point, I can't think what I am to do about cook. I wish you could advise me."

"I—I—really don't know what to suggest. I—I—tell you what it is. Why shouldn't you place yourself in Robert's hands? He's considered very clever at the Bar, and I'm sure he could help you if anybody could."

"Do you think he would."

"Oh, I'm certain of it."

"That would be awfully kind. I do want a m—I mean some clever person's assistance."

"Well, look here. Come home to tea with me by and by. Robert generally drops in for a cup of tea at about 5 o'clock, and then you can see him and talk to him confidentially."

"And you will back me up, and assure your husband that my—my—little escapade was perfectly harmless?"

"Of course I will. But you need not be afraid of Robert. He is strict in his ideas about me, his wife, you know—in fact, ridiculously strict; but he is very easy-going in his ideas about everybody else."

"I'm glad to hear that—the last part of it, I mean. Very well, then, dear, I'll come home with you to tea."

So shortly after 4 o'clock the two ladies quitted the Aspasia Club and adjourned to Amy's home—a flat in the Cromwell road. They had just settled themselves comfortably to the afternoon tea table, when the sound of men's voices laughing and talking, was heard in the passage outside, and just afterward the master of the flat, accompanied by a friend, entered the drawing-room where the two ladies were seated.

Robert, the barrister, was a tall, handsome man, of imposing aspect, with dark hair and a clean-shaven face.

"I've brought in a friend," he said, "who is thirsting for a cup of your excellent tea. Allow me to introduce—why—Hillo! Why—Good Lord!—my dear, I—"

Robert, the barrister, had suddenly turned very pale indeed; his face betokened extreme confusion and dismay. He stared angrily, yet shamefacedly, at Gladys, and then ...ed, deprecatingly, to his wife.

"My dear," he went on, "my dear—I hope you have not believed anything that this —this—young person—"

But his wife was not listening to him. Her eyes were fixed, in horror-struck dismay, upon Robert's friend, who himself seemed by no means at his ease. He was a fair man, with blue eyes and a flaxen moustache—a very prepossessing type of the Anglo-Saxon.

"How dare you, sir?" cried Amy, covering her face with her hands. "This is —too—too—mean and—and—horrid of you, when it was all your fault, to come and—and—expose me l-like this."

"L-l-eave me, you—you wr-r-retch!" murmured Gladys at the same moment, her voice muffled by the sofa cushion, in which she had buried her face. "How can you d-d-dare to rem-m-main in my presence, after forcing—literally forcing—a kiss from—"

"Oh, I say!" interposed Robert, the barrister. "It's too bad of you to say that; it is indeed. Why, you never resisted at all, and you—you actually seemed to like it."

At this point Amy suddenly started round. The shame had almost vanished from her look. She was full of righteous, wifely wrath. She had grasped the situation.

"Robert," she demanded, in an awful voice. "am—am I to understand that it was you who—who kissed and carried on with Gladys in—in a public place?"

"Well, you see, my dear—"

"Don't try to make excuses, sir; and you, Gladys (rounding upon her unfortunate friend), do you mean to say that you—you let him kiss you, and—you—actually seemed to like it?"

Gladys, however, was equal to the occasion, for she, too, had now grasped the situation.

"And you, Amy," she demanded, fiercely, "you dared to entice my husband to—to—"

"No, no! my dear, not enticed," struck in the Anglo-Saxon, mildly. "I can't say that she enticed—"

"Can't say that I enticed, indeed!" retorted Amy, heaving with indignation "You know, you false wretch—"

"Am I to understand, Tom Jiffkins," thundered Robert, the barrister, at this point, "that you dared to kiss my wife in a public place?"

"And am I to understand, Robert Pilkington," retorted the blue-eyed Saxon, firing up, "that you dared to kiss my wife in a public place?"

"Damn it," said Robert, the barrister "you needn't get excited. I didn't know she was your wife. And, besides, I was only carrying out the rules of the Alcibiades Club."

"So was I carrying out the rules of the Alcibiades Club."

"And I was only carrying out the rules of the Aspasia Club," said Amy, now beginning to whimper.

"Just what I was doing," sobbed Gladys.

"Do the rules of the Aspasia Club compel you to undergo kisses from strange men?" demanded Robert, the barrister. "Because if so—"

"No, no. Not that. Only to perpetrate some act of wifely independence. But what is the Alcibiades Club? I never heard of it before," questioned Amy, drying her tears, and again looking indignant and suspicious.

"Well, you see, my dear," explained Robert, "as you had joined the Aspasia—a club whose avowed object is to encourage the independence of wives—I and some other disgusted husbands formed a little club of our own to encourage the independence of husbands. We called it the Alcibiades. And a necessary condition of membership is totally different position. We were kissed involuntarily, against our wish."

"Oh, of course. Quite against our wish."

"We didn't like it."

"We very, very hated it."

"Just so. Whereas, men—the wretches—kiss voluntarily, of their own initiative, and—well; of course, they do not like it; else they wouldn't do it. That makes all the difference."

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FRUIT AND FLOWERS

THE LILIES.

How to Grow Them In the Garden In Pots and For Winter Bloom.

Lilly bulbs should invariably be planted in the fall, and as early in the fall as they can be secured, especially in the western and southern states. All plants are transplanted with least injury during their dormant or resting season, which with the lily is after the plant is through blooming in the autumn. The lily's dormant period, however, is comparatively brief and it soon begins to put forth new roots preparatory to the next season's growth. By Dec. 1 all lilies which have remained undisturbed in the ground have made most of their root growth for the following year and in the spring can devote all their energy to the production of flowers. Again, while gladioli, tulips, narcissi, etc., have their vigor and flowering qualities improved by an annual lifting and drying, the lily suffers for even a week's absence from the embrace of Mother Earth, and when exposed to the air rapidly shrivels and deteriorates.

THE GRACEFUL LANCIFOLIUM.

Candidum must be planted or potted in August or early September; Excelsum, two or three weeks afterward, and the others not later than the last of October, except Auratum, the gold banded lily introduced from Japan. Most of the Auratum bulbs are imported, reaching here in November, for which reason it is often necessary to postpone planting until December.

Here is a good list of lilies for beginners—one which includes a pleasing variety of color, combined with easy culture and free and continuous bloom: Auratum, Candidum, Elegans incomparable, Lancifolum album, Lancifolium roseum, Lancifolium melpomene, Longiflorum, Superbum and Tenuifolium.

Lancifolum, catalogued also as speciosum, was introduced from Japan and has proved to be one of the hardiest of lilies, admirably adapted for outdoor culture as well as for pot culture and winter forcing, though blooming late. It is one of the loveliest and without question the most popular of the family. Varieties are Album, white; Roseum, white spotted and shaded rose; Rubrum, rose, shaded carmine; and Melpomene, shaded and spotted, rich blood crimson. Plant the bulbs eight to ten inches deep.

Provide thorough drainage, so that water will never stand about the bulbs of lilies. Never allow fresh manure near or in contact with the bulbs. A handful of sand placed around each bulb at time of planting is an excellent safeguard against rot and disease. All lilies, except Candidum, which delights in an open, sunny location, should be partially shaded from the hot midday sun.

Any lily can be made to grow well in a pot or box and will be movable for house or veranda location. Fill with good rich garden loam, with a plentiful mixture of sand, but no manure. Plant the bulbs deeply, so the base is four or five inches below the surface. Water moderately, but thoroughly and set away for the winter in a cool, dark, protected place where the temperature is low, but where there is no danger of freezing.

Kinds best adapted for winter blooming are Harrisii, Candidum, Longiflorusu and the Lancifolums. The treatment is the same as for pot or box culture, guarding against forcing and removal from the dark cellar or frame. Lilium harrisii potted in August and brought to heat and light by the middle of October will bloom at or before Christmas. If brought in from Nov. 1 at intervals of two or three weeks, the blooming season can be extended to Easter and afterward. The other lilies require from two to four weeks more of growth than Harrisii before blossoming.

The foregoing instructions and illustration are selected from an interesting article in Texas Farm and Ranch on lilies and their culture.

Flowering the Freesia.

To have freesias in flower as soon as possible, The Florists' Exchange recommends to plant the bulbs in flats as soon as received. Give a good watering and place them under the bench in a cool greenhouse, cover with a cloth or several layers of newspaper and keep covered until they start into growth; then place the flats in a good light, as near the glass as possible, and keep the house moderately cool.

When to Plant Hardy Perennials, Etc.

Hardy herbaceous perennials, such as phlox, digitalis, hollyhock, columbine, etc., should, as a rule, be planted in September. The same is true of most bulbous plants, including the crocus, hyacinths, lilies, tulips, etc. The gladiolus is usually set in spring.

BOVINE TUBERCULOSIS.

Present Status of Knowledge Concerning the Disease.

The Ohio experiment station has made special study of bovine tuberculosis and states that the present status of knowledge concerning the disease may be summarized as follows:

1. The disease is caused by the growth within the animal tissues of a vegetable organism, Bacillus tuberculosis.

2. The bacterium of bovine tuberculosis has not been specifically differentiated from that producing tuberculosis in the human subject.

3. Tuberculosis is produced in the lower animals by inoculation with tuberculous material from human subjects.

4. Tuberculosis has been produced in man by inoculation with the tuberculous material from cattle.

5. The development of tuberculosis in human subjects has followed in so many cases upon the use of the meat or milk of tuberculous cattle that there is no room to doubt that the disease is transmitted from cattle to man in this manner.

6. That tuberculosis is a germ disease, caused as surely by contagion or infection as are smallpox and measles, is confirmed not only by the innumerable cases in which it has spread through herds from single infected animals, but also by the fact that many herds of cattle remain exempt from it, and this fact demonstrates the possibility of entire eradication of the disease.

7. In view of the experience of other states, it would seem that the rational method of extirpating bovine tuberculosis lies not in the wholesale and immediate testing of all the cattle of the state and the slaughter of all reacting animals, but in such municipal action as will control the sale of both milk and meat within municipal limits.

Buying Cows.

When we were buying cows occasionally, says the Boston Cultivator, it was not much satisfaction to us to have the one who wanted to sell a neighbor's cow give so many quarts a day "in the best of the season." We had handled cows and milk for years and in selling milk would have been willing to have obtained considerably less in the flush time if we could have got more in the worst of the season.

We had owned two cows standing side by side in the barn and running in the same pasture, one of which gave 18 to 20 quarts at her best, while the other never excelled 14 quarts a day. The 18 quart cow received the meat grain, but shrank to 12 quarts as soon as the other and to six quarts before the other did to eight, while she went dry nearly a month earlier and did not begin to get good flesh. We think if the milk had been weighed every day the 14 quart cow would have had the best record for the year.

A test made three or four months after calving and another two months later give a much better idea of the quality of the cow than a test made when she is fresh, but the weighing of the milk for half a year tells the whole story. Six thousand pounds of milk, or nearly 3,000 quarts, is a good record. It is an average of about nine quarts a day for 11 months, and a cow which gives 20 quarts or more when fresh ought to reach very near that.

Many times when they do not it is not the fault of the cow. The drying up of pastures and no green food ready to give to her; an unwillingness to feed any grain in summer, with the idea that it is not needed, and but little in winter, because she does not give enough to pay for it; no shade in summer to protect from the heat and a too well ventilated barn, which does not protect from the cold in winter; irregular hours of feeding and watering and a lack of proper care generally may reduce a 6,000 pound a year cow to two-thirds of that amount daily.

The man who exchanged cows with the old Quaker to get one which would give more milk decided at last that he should have swapped pastures instead of cows, and perhaps there were some other points in their treatment which he could have changed to his advantage and that of the cow.

Balloons.

One pint of milk, one pint of flour, three eggs, one saltspoon of salt; separate the eggs, beat them light; mix with the milk, stir in the flour gradually; beat it well; whisk the white until stiff and dry; butter small cups, fill half full, bake in a quick oven, and send to the table hot. Eat with wine or nun's butter.

A newspaper editor in Texas has married $1,000,000, and a sorrowing brother adds, "Please exchange."

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says They Keep Watch Over Mortals.

"THE ANGEL DID WONDROUSLY."

Supernal Beings Who Give Warning When Evil Approaches—Next to God They Control the Destiny of the Human Race.

Washington, Oct. 29.—The brilliant beings supposed by some to be imaginary are by Dr. Talmage in his sermon shown to be real and to have much to do with our everyday life. The text is Judges xiii, 19, "And the angel did wondrously."

Fire built on a rock. Manoah and his wife had there kindled the flames for sacrifice in praise of God and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But as the flame rose higher and higher their stranger guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended into the skies. Then they knew that was an angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."

Two hundred and forty-eight times does the Bible refer to the angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on angelology. The whole subject is relegated to the realm mythical, weird, spectral and unknown. Such adjournment is un-Scriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits, their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives us full length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angelology is my theme.

There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other—the nation of good angels and the nation of bad angels. Of the former I chiefly speak to-day. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous, is heaven, but their empire is the universe. They are a distinct race of creatures. No human being can ever join their confraternity. The little child who in the Sabbath school sings, "I want to be an angel," will never have that wish gratified. They are superhuman, but they are of different grades and ranks, not all on the same level or the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals. I propose no guessing on this subject, but take the Bible for my own authority. Plato, the philosopher, guessed and divided angels into supercelestial, celestial and subcelestial. Dionysius, the Areopagite, guessed and divided them into three classes, the supreme, the middle and the last, and each of these into three other classes, making nine in all. Philo said that angels were related to God, as the rays to the sun. Fulgentius said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been capable of falling, but now are beyond being tempted. But the only authority on this subject that I respect says they are divided into cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominations, principalities, powers. Their commander-in-chief is Michael. Daniel called him Michael. St. John called him Michael. These supernal beings are more thoroughly organized than any armies that ever marched. They are swifter than any cyclone that ever swept the sea. They are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They have more to do with your destiny and mine than any being in the universe except God. May the Angel of the New Covenant, who is the Lord Jesus, open our eyes and touch our souls with a coal from the altar while we speak of their deathlessness, their intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.

Yes, deathless. They had a cradle, but never knew what it was to die. The Lord remembers when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished or their momentum slow up or their existence terminate. The oldest of them has not a wrinkle or a decrepitude or a hindrance, as young after 6,000 years as at the close of their first hour. Christ said of the good in heaven, "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels." Yes, deathless are these wonderful creatures of whom I speak. They will see world after world go out, but there shall be no fading of their own brilliance. Yes, after the last world has taken its last flight, they will be ready for the widest circuit through immensity, taking a quadrillion of miles in one sweep as easy as a pigeon circles a dovecot. They are never sick. They are never exhausted. They need no sleep, for they are never dead. At God's command they smote with death, in one night, 185,000 of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality can smite them. Awake, agile, multitudinent, deathless, immortal!

There is only one thing that puts them to their wits' end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it all through the ages, and yet I warrant they have not fully grasped it—the wonders of redemption. These wonders are so high, so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent, that even the intelligence of angelhood is confounded before it. The Bible says, "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is a theme that strains their faculties to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb, deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into." But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God himself can fully understand the wonders of redemption. If all heaven should study it for 50 centuries, they would get no further than the A B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last line of the last page of the last volume of investigation, and what delights me most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal, and, coming into their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by 100 years of earthly surmising.

A further characteristic of these immortals is their velocity. This the Bible puts sometimes under the figure of a flowing garment, sometimes under the figure of naked feet. As these superhumans are without bodies, these expressions are of course figurative and mean oceanic tides. The Bible tells us that Daniel was praying and Gabriel flew from heaven and touched him before he got up from his knees. How far, then, did the angel Gabriel have to fly in those moments of Daniel's prayer? Heaven is thought to be the center of the universe. Our sun and its planets only the rim of the wheel of worlds. In a moment the angel Gabriel flew from that center to this periphery. Jesus told Peter he could instantly have 60,000 angels present if he called for them. What foot of antelope or wing of albatross could equal that velocity? Law of gravitation, which grips all things else, has no influence upon angelic momentum. Immensities before them open and shut like a fan. That they are here is no reason why they should not be quintillion of miles hence the next minute. Our bodies hinder us, but our minds can circle the earth in a minute. Angelic beings are bodiless and have no limitation. God may with his finger point down to some world in trouble on the outmost limits of creation, and instantly an angelic cohort is there to help it, or some celestial may be standing at the farthermost outpost of immensity, and God may say "Come!" and instantly it is in his bosom.

Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. Their census has never been taken and no one but God knows how many they are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers—companies of them, regiments of them, armies of them, mountain tops haloed by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and says he found the thrones as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now, according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are 100,000,000. But these are only the angels in one place. David counted 20,000 of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the river rocks of Mount Sinai, the Bible says he had the companionship of 20,000 angels. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every birth, at every pillow, at every hour, at every moment, the earth full of them. They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac, it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying, "Abraham, Abraham!" It was a stairway of angels that Jacob saw while pillowed in the wilderness. We are told an angel led the hosts of Israelites out of Egyptian serfdom. It was an angel that showed Hagar the fountain where she filled the bottle for the lad. It was an angel that took Lot out of doomed Sodom. It was an angel that shut up the mouth of the hungry monsters in the Daniel was thrown into the caverns. It was an angel that fed Elijah under the juniper tree. It was an angel that announced to Mary the approaching nativity. They were angels that chanted when Christ was born. It was an angel that strengthened our Saviour in his agony. It was an angel who opened the prison door for the Mediterranean shipwreck. It was an angel that burst open the prison, gate after gate, until Peter was liberated. It was an angel that stirred the pool of Bethesda, where the sick were healed. It was an angel that John saw flying through the midst of heaven, and an angel with foot planted on the sea, and an angel that opened the book, and an angel that sounded the trumpet, and an angel that thrust in the sickle, and an angel that poured out the vials, and an angel standing in the sun. It will be an angel with uplifted hand swearing that time shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world the reapers are the angels. Yea, the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels. They smote with death, in one night, 185,000 of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality can smite them. Awake, agile, multitudinent, deathless, immortal!

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