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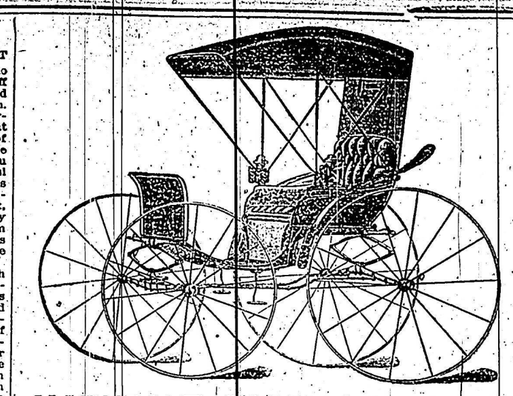

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# GO AND SIN NO MORE.

A Sermon on a Delicate Subject Which Applies to Modern Society.

The Beautiful Story of the Saviour and the Sinning Woman Explained—Sympathy for the Penitent—The Boundless Ocean of Divine Mercy.

Washington, July 31.—In this discourse Dr Talmage gives heroic treatment to a delicate subject, and applies to modern society the lesson taught by Christ on a memorable occasion. Select text, John viii. 6, "Jesus stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground."

You must take your shoes off and put on the special slippers provided at the door if you would enter the Mohammedan mosque which stands now where once stood Herod's temple. The second day of the week, the day of our text, Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar had plundered it and burned it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but that had been gone for ages. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built, but because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together, and they would not equal this structure. It covered 19 acres. The walls were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering tablets and ornamental gateways. The building of this edifice kept 10,000 workmen busy 46 years.

In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about him when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed a crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that he sentence her to death by stoning. They are critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If he say, "Let her die," they will charge him with cruelty. If he let her go, they will charge him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way he does they would howl at him.

Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which he was sitting and goes down on one knee or both knees and with the forefinger of his right hand he begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that he settle this case of transgression until he looked up and told them they might themselves begin the woman's assassination if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then he resumed writing with his finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what he had written, the scoundrel skulked away. Finally, the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust he looks up and finds the woman all alone.

### A Divine Judge.

The prisoner is the only one of the courtroom left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorney having cleared out. Christ is alone, and he says to the woman: "Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you. Go and sin no more." I have wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that it is the only time that he ever wrote at all? I know that Josephus says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The whole world is a great manuscript, an old world, an antediluvian world, a dead world, "Let there be light," was said at the beginning, and Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, Let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth, and under the clouds of spring and says, Come, ye blossoms, and make redolent the orchards, and in September dips the branches in the vat of beautiful colors and swings them into the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground.

If you could see his hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric, and again we would hear him say, as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brown thrasher without saying: "Behold the fowls of the air. They gather not in barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them," and a mimic hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood but we would hear Christ saying, as of old. "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon." We could not drop the seasoning from the salt-cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt hath lost its savor it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

Let us wake from our stupidity and take the whole world as a parable. Then, if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn and see the morning coming down off the hills to meet us we would cry out with the evangelist, "The day-spring from on high hath visited us," or, caught in a snowstorm while struggling home, eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture gallery of Europe there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but the people having to look straight up, it wearied and dizzied them and bent their necks almost beyond endurance, so a great looking glass was put near the door, and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror, and they see the fresco at their feet. And so, much of the high heaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror, and things that are above are copied by things around us.

What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles—aye, the first Bible he ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to deprecate the oldest—namely, that which was written before Moses was put about on the back of leaves which was chalked with asphaltum—or reject the Genesis that was written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no! When Deity stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it.

### The Bible in Nature.

I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper mill, but I would urge appreciation of the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked an ancient king whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun "No," said he. "I have so much to study on earth I have no time to look at heaven." And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God we would not have time to go much further than the first grass blade. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who after the telescope was invented would not look through it lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope.

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. Then onwards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pellmell. Nothing will fly a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott of olden times was preaching he exclaimed, "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house." And a man rose from the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed 15 years before. And no wonder those Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels.

But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state, yet as Christ never wrote anything except that once you cannot blame us for wanting to know what he really did write, but I am certain he wrote nothing trivial or nothing unimportant, and will you allow me to say that I think I know what he wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but knowing there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites who were a self appointed constabulary and having in his presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, I am sure he wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating, and the one word was "hypocrisy," and the other word was "forgiveness."

From the way those Pharisees and scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air as Christ, with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them I know they were first class hypocrites. It was then as it is now.

### Rebuking Hypocrisy.

Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word hypocrisy. What pretensions to sanctity are the part of those hypocritical Pharisees! When the fox begins to pray look out for your chickens. One of the cruel magnates of olden times was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form—"In the name of God. Amen." "Stop!" says the martyr. "Don't say 'in the name of God!'" Yet how many outrages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity! When in synods and conferences ministers of the gospel are about to say something, untruthfully and unkind about a member, they almost always begin by being ostentatiously pious, the venom of their assault corresponding to the heavenly flavor of the prelude. About to devour a reputation, they say grace before meal.

But I am sure there was another word in that chalk. Proud her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in nowise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved him, and when he stooped down to write on the ground he wrote that mighty, that imperial word, forgiveness.

When on Sinai God wrote the law, he wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when he writes the sentence of this woman he writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it, oh, he was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far east about him. He was walking through the streets of a city, and he saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said, "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are mangled and bleeding." "Yes," said another; "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another; "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said, "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning the dead dog said, "Jesus of Nazareth!" Reproved and convicted, they went away.

Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true! Gladness in all his words and ways and habits. Forgiveness! Word of it in letters, and some of them palm branches. Letter by letter Christ write those to our names that the world, though he write it in dust, than to have our name cut into monument! granite with the letters that the storms of 1,000 years cannot obliterate. Robinson Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin, the red leaf atonement, the white leaf purification. That is the whole story—God will abundantly pardon.

### Sympathy for the Penitent.

I must not forget to say that as Christ, stooping down, with his finger wrote on the ground it is evident that his sympathies are with this penitent woman and that he has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just as the world's habit. Way didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number in Christ's place for examination and capital punishment? No, no! They overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman, and so the world has had for ages a woman scourged and objurgated, and for just one offense she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been splendid for 20 years the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in high places. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanors in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon inflexible marble.

For foreign loafers and princes, whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad, because they are walking lazarettos of abomination, some of our American princesses of fortune wait and sigh for the first heck sail out with them, but the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dresses and of foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign diseases. I like an American, but the silliest creature on earth is an American playing the foreigner. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Tell them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you can cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. "No, no," says the world; "let woman go down and let man go up." What is that I hear splashing into the Hudson or Potomac at midnight? And then there is a gurgle as of a drowning man, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind on.

### Boundless Mercy.

It is not so with Christ. Christ chose an ancient temple, impressionable pen put forth the same kind of nerve and muscle and bone and flesh as our own forefathers, the awful doom of hypocrisy and the forgiveness for the worst. We talk about Christ's mercy, the ocean and let down the plummet, we can find the bottom of the diving mercy. Let them sail to the north and the south and the east and the west, and then after 1,000 years of voyage let them come back and they will report, "No shore, no shore, no bottom, no shore to the ocean of God's mercy!"

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a man who had kept burning a candle in the window for ten years, and one night very late a poor wanderer, the aged woman said to her, "Why do you keep that light burning?" "The aged woman said, "Why do you keep that light burning?" "That is to light my wayward daughter home." "Why do you sit down by the window?" "That is to light her home." Since she went away, my hair has turned white by half a dozen times a night I look out into the darkness and cry, "Lizzie! Lizzie!" Tell you more about my troubles? Why, I guess you have trouble enough of your own to bear without being sick you seem! Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie! Thank God that you are alive! And what a time of it was in that house that night! Lizzie stooped down at her mother's hearth, now lit up with the great blazing fire of a reunited home. Liberating word—more than 1,800 years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple!


FACE AND FIGURE

A Few Aids to Beauty.

It may not be generally known that the juice of the garlic is an aid to a lovely complexion. Some of this plant and its juice washes that the ladies of Paris, one of the most famous queen of beauty in their fascinating city. A physician of Paris recently occasionally weeps keeps her woman who represents a discharge of and produces dermatitis a terrible.

For grace of carriage, those who are accustomed to carry their heads, are at no effort to keep the head as they are carrying the muscles of the neck may walk smoothly. The result is a carriage of many a great lady is graceful carriage practicing walking with the head—a little book, a light board—with all young people—and, if possible, to produce firmness of limbs and the proper balance gracefully.

BUSINESS BA

Society Is Also Tw
(Who Dri

"Drunkenness is a reputation in the only a little while upon simply as Edward W. Bok, Journal. "Every the dens absolutely has no use for him tion has become a man of the steady employment. The indulges in alcohol the different temperance drunkenness—and too, to humanity—are men who have come the changed conditions steady habits in and the drunkard social world the sa excessive indulgence ago would not be so today. Society has the behavior which from excessive, in and men realize that today to drink to excess is spreading and more following."

Getting Matrie

"A large percentage arily called love is in the choice of a wo would be trustworthy the intricacies of a night," writes Parkhurst, D.D., Journal. "I am much older to regard in the abstract that head and one's in a season of excitement much of the success man's after life depends which he gets married that it seems well prompt the grounds rational consideration man has in contemplating the great step with some the susceptible moment be more likelihood ride the storm when the loss of sleep, cargo and

A. The Discovery

The scientists of celebrated the fiftieth discovery of the planet Urbain Jean Joseph Verrier Adams. Le Verrier tions that there must about the chaos and order to account for existence in the orbits of other planets. He wrote to Dr. Galle of the Berlin Observatory him to point his telescope spot in the sky on an and, in effect, said: planet which I have n nevertheless, must be because my calculations the necessity for its Galle did as directed, and 18, 1846, Neptune recognized, as the calculations revolved around the sun.

The branch must abide in the soil, the soil the prodigal in the law the believer in Christ. is to rest God's hope in and to draw one's goodness and love. Christ tion, the mother and the goodness, the source and life, the power of God

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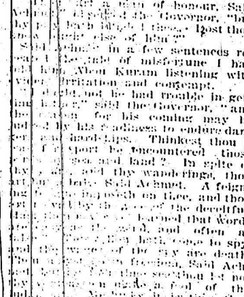


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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII., THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, A.D. 30.

Text of the Lesson, II Kings iv. 32-37. Memory Verses, 36-37. Golden Text, Ps. lv. 22—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

25. "So she went and came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunamite: Run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." Even though our child be dead, our heart be broken, God woman say: "It is well with thee." Let us remember Hezekiah's prayer, "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Let us be thankful for the Lord's answer.

27. "And when she came to the man of God on the hill, she caught him by the feet: but the man of God said, Let her alone; for her soul is vexed within her: and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me." Let us be thankful for the Lord's answer.

28. "Then she said, Did I desire a son of my Lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?" Let us never be thankful for what we have received unless we can say with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Let us be thankful for the Lord's answer.

29. "Then he said to Gehazi, Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thy hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child." Let us be thankful for the Lord's answer.

30. "And the mother of the child said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose, and followed her." Let us be thankful for the Lord's answer.

31. "And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child; but there was neither voice, nor hearing." Let us be thankful for Gehazi's failure, who would have made life miserable if he had been a part of such a staff in our hand.

32. "And when Elisha came into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed." Let us be thankful that we are prepared that the child should be dead when we come to such a pass; we are not to our own resources, but have recourse to God, who alone can raise the dead. Let us be thankful that the child was dead, so that God might be glorified in the raising of the child. Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our ways, and that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love. Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love. Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love.

33. "He therefore went in, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord." Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love. Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love.

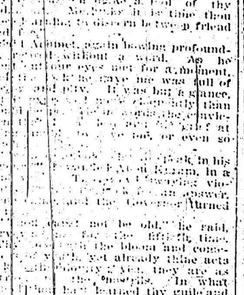
34. "And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands: and he stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm." Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love. Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love.

35. "Then he returned and walked in the house to and fro; and went up, and stretched himself upon him: the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes." Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love. Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love.

36. "And he called Gehazi, and said, Call this Shunamite. So he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son." Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love. Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love.

37. "Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son and went out." Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love. Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love.

38. "And Elisha came again to Gilgal: and there was a dearth in the land; and the sons of the prophets were sitting before him: and he said unto his servant, Set on the great pot, and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets." Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love. Let us be thankful that God's ways are not our own ways, but God's ways are ways of wisdom and love.

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With palpitating haste I answered it was named a bagpipe in my country, that it put the spirit of victory into warriors and the fleetness of fear into the heels of their enemies.

"I said it was the scream of demons," he remarked, with a chuckle. Then suddenly his expression became one of deep thought; he seemed to be trying to recollect something. "I have it; I have it," he cried, sitting up with a beam of intelligence. "In thy country are the men naked about the legs?"

"Partly, my lord," I answered, in astonishment.

"They have been to Egypt, have they not?" he said, eagerly. "To Cairo, Alexandria—they have looked on the desert and sniffed its sands. They have likewise been to India. They have pulled down princes, established empires, uprooted ancient laws, and made new ones, said prayers in a strange tongue that no man could understand, and gone to battle with great cries. Have they not done all this?"

"My lord speaketh the truth," I said, more and more amazed.

"They are called"—He pressed his brow as a man will to aid his memory.

"Highlanders," I shouted, beside myself with excitement.

"Nay, nay, not that. That is not it. I will remember, yea, I have it. Feel then for recall the tale of that Egyptian?" turning to his minister. "Naked Scottish devils"—that was it. They leap like lions, and roar like bulls of Bashan; yea, they have the agility of the wild ass, and their tread is like an army of horsemen that maketh the earth to tremble."

"My lord is right again," I faltered.

"Were thou naked when Said Achmet took thee in?" he asked.

"No, my lord."

He seemed disappointed at this, but his face lighted up again as he said:

"At any rate thou hast the screech-owl's cry in coming hither and put on clothes and acted and plotted of the friendliness of heart. The plaidings and brilings are in our colors. Their yearness is good by stealth."

For the first time he laughed, and it was a laugh to curdle the blood. When the Judge cackles in irony and derision the prisoner may well quake.

Hastily recovering his austerity of manner, he looked me over with eyes that penetrated to the core of my heart.

"Doubtless some one is present to testify to that goodness thou display so strangely," he said.

In my bewilderment I had forgotten Said Achmet, but now I turned anxiously to seek his friendly faces. A chill went to my heart as I searched the crowd in vain. He had not come. It was too late. But just as I was about to break out into an incoherent protestation of innocence in defense of a favorable word there was a movement among the people, and Said Achmet entered between his guards. Advancing with respectful bows to the front, he made a low obeisance and stood with bent head and body to hear the Governor's pleasure.

"I thought," remarked Abou Kuram, very quietly, "that Said Achmet was the man we could call friends."

"I wish Said Achmet, in a low but clear voice, "I have ever been thou great refuge to rajas and of the State."

"Let forbid thy servant should be a thing."

"Hast thou had done it?"

Achmet's eyes nearly leaped at his head.

"Method but I know," he said, after a pause, during which he seemed to be gathering himself together.

"Thou art in it," answered the Governor. "Look on this fellow, and tell me what thou knewest of him."

Achmet let his gaze fall the circle of our meeting, and his face for asking me in and giving me a place.

"I am a man of honour, Said Achmet," said the Governor, "but I have at times lost those qualities in a few sentences recounted the tale of misfortune I had to Abou Kuram listening with attention and sympathy. I did not be had trouble in getting," said the Governor, "and then for his coming may be in his sadness to endure danger and dangers. Thinkest thou it is good to be encountered those seas and land? In spite of the rings, thou hast, said Achmet. A telegram which we have, and thou hast learned that words are wind, and often as the wind, come to spy, and the death. Said Achmet, in the section I not an Arab, a fool of thy kind? Nay, it is time thou wouldst be two friends without a word. As he spoke Achmet, again bowing profoundly, gave me a look of the most exquisite kindness, in a moment, I felt the tears were full of my heart. It was but a chance, but it was a chance, and I was quick to take it. Rising, I stepped to the side of the Governor, and turned my back on the company.

"Said Achmet," I said, in a low voice, "I have no words to express my gratitude for your generosity to me. Let me say, and playing not open to win the plaudits of the soldiers in all Scotland. But, Arabs, I seem a fool in the matter of pipes. The chances I managed to hide with the tail of my eye showed listlessness and apathetic ignorance. He was any particular expression of faces. It was one of disgust, of pity and solemn pain times, of contempt and "Old Hundred," "Lady Lawlee" and "Martyrdom," "Laird o' Cockpen" and "The Day of the Leal," "Macgregor's Gathering" and "Joey's Wife" had precisely the same effect—a uniformly depressing one.

I felt charges that would have made the "Black Watch" or the "Campbells" howl for blood, and pibrochs that would have made a Highland ball dance down and cry and bits that would have sent the young men and maidens of a whole village skipping on the green—I strode, I doubled, I danced without moving a single step in enthusiasm. Yet I blew on—blew fiercer as the case might require, with incentive to keep going was I walked with my drones in the faces of the ranks that lined my path, a thing that was unwise; I press as close as possible to Abou Kuram and his ministers, a thing that was dangerous still, for the pipes at close range are more than any foreigner can bear with equanimity.

As in the midst of the parade I stood for a time before him, I noticed the feather-faced counsellors at his right wriggling as if in agony. Playing no heed I came up, and marched back, but before I reached the other end there was a shriek, and with a crash the people in, almost knocking the pipes from my hands.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SURPRISING CHANGE OF FRONT

So all my rosy hopes were blown to the winds again. Fate had cut off the last chance of escape, and I could look for nothing but immediate death. For I had heard something of the portentous mysteries of statecraft that make such havoc of the conscience of rulers and understood that behind the personal will and inclination of Abou Kuram were reasons of such fearful cogency as no prince who valued his security could ignore. However friendly the Governor might be at heart, he was not a free agent, but merely the instrument of a tyrannous system which sentenced and slew with ruthless disregard of the sanctity of private thoughts.

This was driven in upon me with staggering emphasis when the feather-faced ingrate I had relieved of his pains, humbly venturing to commend the wisdom of his master's speech, enlarged on the absolute necessity of preserving the State from foreign intrigue at all hazards and at whatever cost of blood, and ending up with the proposition, "Let my lord decree death forthwith, and while he despatcheth weightier matters I will see this rogue executed."

But we had both mistaken the force of Abou Kuram's character. A weak man is the slave of his office; a strong man is its master and director. Perhaps it was the working of humanity in his breast, perhaps it was a sudden conviction of my innocence, or what is more likely, it may have been a prince's disdain of dictation and interference that influenced my judge, but he unexpectedly took a course of his own.

"Words of wisdom drop from thy mouth as honey from a honeycomb, Abdallah," he said, with a severe look at his counsellor. "Foreign intriguers and spies must indeed be given to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the earth. It is my duty and privilege to guard the State. I will take care they are not neglected. Again, business, as thou well sayest, presseth hard, and in order that thou mayest give thy mind to other and more important affairs, I will myself execute justice on this stranger. Get thee forth with all haste, and thou, Koor Ali, who will command next to myself, go with him and take no rest until my army be ready for war."

The two men bowed very low, and hastened out. He watched until they had gone, with a clamorous mob at their heels, then turning to me he said, briefly:

"I have purposes that will astonish thy friend Abdallah. Thou shalt ride by my bridle rein, and we shall see of what stuff thou art made. Nay, nay; no speeches," as he saw the fairness of heart coming into my face. "This is a time for action. Beside, thou mightest find cause to repent of thy fair words, for if thou shouldst prove false thou shalt die the most horrid death Abdallah can devise to atone for this present clemency."

With that he turned abruptly to a fawning officer, and said, in a brusque tone: "The stranger will have need of food. See thou to his wants, and thy head answer for his safe keeping." Rising quickly, he swept majestically into an inner room without giving me the opportunity of saying a word of thanks.

My first impulse was to sit down and sob aloud. It seemed that nothing else could relieve my pent-up feelings and indeed a careful observer might have noticed an unusual moisture about the lashes, which I wiped furtively while trying to jest with my attendant.

The rising sun, they say, is worshipped, and certainly the favour of a prince inspires many smiles and obsequious attentions. The demeanour of the people toward me changed as suddenly as my fortune. Those who had spat on me with foul imprecations but a day before now saluted me with loud ejaculations of friendship and blessing. Many a man probably would have valued the tokens of goodwill more than I did. I had been defiant to the mob in my adversity, in my triumph I hope I was not insolent, but assuredly I was in no mood to respond with any cordiality to the greetings of people who, if Abou Kuram's humour had been different, would have shouted themselves hoarse with glee at seeing my head slashed off my shoulders.

The sight of one eager face, however, among the many fawning ones gave me a genuine thrill of pleasure. Said Achmet had haunted the place all the morning like a perturbed spirit, and now on the first opportunity he came running forward to congratulate me on my new lease of life. I had not much to say, but I gave the good soul a hearty Christian welcome, and he did not resent it, though he seemed to shake hands with an infidel or stranger is pollution to the ordinary Mussulman.

When sorrows come, says the poet, they come not in single spies, but in battalions. Once or twice in a lifetime a few happy hours have the sweet experience of finding joys come trooping in companies. While my benefactor and myself were in converse together, to the further delight of us both, word came from Abou Kuram that until the troops were ready I was to be his guests or Said Achmet's, just according to my fancy. Needless to say what choice I made nor how deeply grateful I was to Abou Kuram for his fresh sign of his graciousness.

Said Achmet carried me off with as proud a heart as if I were the greatest man in the land, and treated me with a tenderness I never dreamed could never have evoked. Indeed if I had been his own son risen from the dead he could not have been more lavish of the caressing attentions in word and act that spoke of an old man's delight in an evidenced liveller regret at the parting that was near.

For the most part of three happy days I was with him, listening to wondrous tales of the diabolical prowess of the man on the black horse from Tatal, or discussing the prospects of the campaign with him, or drinking in the wise and varied discourse of my host himself as we sat inhaling fragrant essences in the shade of his garden palms.

How far off all that is now, and how strangely tinged with mystic hues! Said Achmet has long since gone to his account—

And on his grave, with shining eyes, The Syrian stars look down.

but the memory of his benign refuge remains with me as a beautiful dream of a day spent on an azure summer isle after escape from devastating tempests.

The preparations at the castle went on with more bustle than speed, for it appeared to be the determined object of every man to get into his fellow's way and thwart him in his work. The scene was one of constant confusion and uproar. Night and day the hubbub went on, waxing ever louder and shrilling, till it seemed like pandemonium come again, but at length order began to rise out of chaos, and even the novice mind could see that the preparations were really going on.

(To be continued.)


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