

A DEBT IN LANGUAGE.

Rev. Talmage on a Subject of Worldwide Interest.

Shows What We Owe to the Greeks—Best Way to Pay the Debt—Text: "I am debtor to the Greeks and to the barbarians."—Romans 1, 14.

At this time, when that behemoth of abominations, Mohammedanism, after having gorged itself on the carcasses of 100,000 Armenians, is trying to put its jaws upon one of the mightiest of all nations, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest, for every intelligent person on this side, like Paul, who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks. The present crisis is emphasized by the arms of the Allied Powers of Europe, ready to be unlimbered against the Hellenes, and I am asked to speak out, Paul, with a master intellect of the ages, set in brilliant Corinth, the great Acorinthian fortress crowning from the height of 1686 feet, and in the house of Gaius, where he was a guest, a big pile of money near him, which he was taking to Jerusalem for the poor.

In this letter to the Romans which Christianity admired so much that he had it read to him twice a week, Paul practically says: "I, the apostle, am bankrupt. I owe what I cannot pay, but I will pay as large a percentage as I can. It is an obligation for what Greek literature and Greek sculpture and Greek architecture and Greek prowess have done for me. I will pay all I can in installments of evangelism. I am insolvent to the Greeks."

Hellas, as the inhabitants call it, or Greece, as we call it, is insignificant in size, about a third as large as the State of New York, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up in height, with its mountains Cytene and Eta and Taygetus and Elymbrus, each over 7000 feet in elevation, and its Taurus, over 8000 feet high, the country for mighty men to be born in, for in all lands the most of the intellectual and moral giants were not born on the plain, but had to cradle the valley between two mountains. That country, no part of which is more than forty miles from the sea, has made its impress upon the world as no other nation, and it to-day holds a first mortgage of obligation upon all civilized people. While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settlement of the intricate questions which now involve all Europe and indirectly all nations, it is time for all the churches, all schools, all universities, all arts, all literatures, to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

In the first place we owe to their language our New Testament. All of it was first written in Greek, except the book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramaean language, was soon put into Greek by our Saviour's brother James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermon ever preached, the best letters ever written, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in Greek. All the miracles in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The story of Bethlehem, and Galilee, and Olivet, and Jordan banks, and Galilee beaches, and Pauline embarkation, and Pentecostal tongues, and seven trumpets that sounded over Patmos, have come to the world in liquid, symmetric, picturesque, philosophic, unrivaled Greek. Instead of the gibberish language in which many of the nations of the earth, at that time jumbled. Who can forget it, and who can exaggerate its thrilling importance, that Christ and heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks, the language in which Homer had sung, and Sophocles dramatized, and Plato dialogued, and Socrates discussed, and Lycurgus legislated, and Demosthenes thundered his oration on "The Crowd"? Everlasting thanks to God that the waters of life were not handed to the world in the unwashed cup of corrupt languages from which nations had been drinking, but in the clean, bright, golden Hippocri, emerald handled chalice of the Hellenes. Learned Curtius wrote a whole volume about the Greek verb. Philologists a century after century have been measuring the symmetry of their languages with the golden and phallic drama and comedy, "Oedipus" and "Iliad," but the grandest thing that Greek language ever accomplished was to give to the world the benediction, the comfort, the irradiation, the salvation, of the gospel of the Son of God. For that we are debtors to the Greeks.

From the Greeks the world learned how to make history. Had there been no Herodotus and Thucydides there would have been no Macaulay or Bancroft. Had there been no Sophocles in tragedy there would have been no Shakspere. Had there been no Homer, there would have been no Milton. The modern wits, who are now or have been out on the divine mission of making the world laugh at the right time, can be traced back to Aristophanes, the Athenian, and many of the comedies that are now taken as new have their suggestions 3300 years ago in the fifty-four comedies of that master of merriment. Grecian mythology has been the richest mine from which orators and essayists have drawn their illustrations and painters the themes for their canvases, and although now an exhausted mine, Grecian mythology has done a work that nothing else could have accomplished. Boreas, representing the north wind, Sisyphus, rolling the stone up the hill, only to have the same thing to do over again; Tantalus, with fruits above him that he could not reach; Achilles, with his arrows; Icarus, with his waxen wings, flying too near the sun; the Centaur, half-man and half-beast; Orpheus, with his lyre; Atlas, with the world on his back—all these and more have helped literature, from the grandest speech in commencement day to Rufus Choate's eulogium on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth. Tragedy and comedy were born in the festivals of Dionysius at Athens. The lyric and elegiac and epic poetry of Greece 600 years before Christ has its echoes in the Tennysons, Longfellow and Bryants of 1860 and 1900 years after Christ. There is not an effective pulpit or editorial chair or professor's room or cultured parlor or intelligent farmhouse to-day in America or Europe that could not appropriately employ Paul's ejaculation and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

The fact is this—Paul had got much of his oratorical power of expression from the Greeks. That he had studied their literature was evident when, standing in the presence of an audience of Greek scholars on Mars' hill, which overlooks Athens, he dared to quote from one of their own Greek poets, either Cleanthes or Aratus, declaring, "As certain also of your own poets have said, 'For we are also his offspring.'" And he made accurate quotation, Cleanthes, one of the poets, having written:

For we think offspring are. All things that creep Are but the echo of the voice divine.

And Aratus, one of their own poets, had written:

Doth one perplex? Is lowering danger night? We are his offspring, and to Jove we fly.

It was rather risky thing for Paul to attempt to quote accurately from a pagan Greek poet, but Paul did it without flinching and then acknowledged before

the most distinguished audience on the planet his indebtedness to the Greeks, crying out in his oration, "As one of your own poets has said."

Furthermore, all the civilized world, like Paul, is indebted to the Greeks for architecture. The world before the time of the Greeks had built monoliths, obelisks, caryatids, sphinxes and pyramids, but they were mostly monumental, to the dead whom they failed to memorialize. We are not certain, even, of the names of those in whose commemoration the pyramids were built. But Greek architecture did most for the living. Ignoring Egyptian precedents and borrowing nothing from other nations, Greek architecture carved its own columns, set its own pediments, adjusted its own entablatures rounded its own moldings and carried out as never before the three qualities of right building, called by an old author "firmitas, utilitas, venustas"—namely, firmness, usefulness, beauty.

But there is another art in my mind—the most fascinating, elevating and inspiring of all arts and the nearest to the divine—for which all the world owes a debt to the Hellenes that will never be paid. I mean sculpture. At least 650 years before Christ the Greeks perpetuated the human face and form in terra cotta and marble. What a blessing to the human family that men and women, mightily useful, who could be found within a century may be perpetuated for five or six or ten centuries! How I wish that some sculptor contemporaneous with Christ could have put His matchless form in marble! But for every grand and exquisite statue of Martin Luther, of John Knox, of William Penn, of Thomas Chalmers, of Wellington, of Lafayette, of any of the great statesmen or emancipators or occupiers who adorn your parks or fill the niches of your academies, you are debtors to the Greeks. They covered the Acropolis, they glorified the temples, they adorned the cemeteries with statues, some in gold, some in ivory, some in silver, some in cedar, some in stone, some in marble, some in alabaster. Thanks to Phidias, who worked in stone; to Clearchus, who worked in bronze; to Dotes, who worked in gold, and to all ancient chisels of commemoration! Do you not realize that for many of the wonders of sculpture we are debtors to the Greeks?

Yes, for the science of medicine, the great art of healing, we must thank the Greeks. There is the immortal Greek doctor, Hippocrates, who first opened the door for disease to go out and health to come in. He first set forth the importance of cleanliness and sleep, making the patient before treatment to be washed and take a nap on the side of a reclining chair. He first discovered the importance of thorough prognosis and diagnosis. He formulated the famous oath of Hippocrates which is taken by physicians of our day. He emancipated medicine from superstition, empiricism and priestcraft. He was the father of all the infirmaries, hospitals and medical colleges of the last twenty-three centuries.

Furthermore, all the world is obligated to Hellas more than it can ever pay for its heroics in the cause of liberty and right. United Europe to-day had not better think that the Greeks will not fight. There may be failings back and vacillations and temporary defeat, but if Greece bright all Europe cannot put her down. The other nations before they come to portopholes of their 23-war against that small kingdom had better read the battle of Marathon, where 10,000 Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed over 100,000 of their enemies. At that time, in Greek council of war, five generals were for beginning the battle and five were against it. Callimachus presided at the council of war, had the deciding vote, and Miltiades addressed him, saying:

"It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or by lauring her freedom, to win yourself an immortality of fame, for never since the Athenians were a people were they in such danger as they are in at this moment. If they bow the knee to these Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they will then have to suffer, but if Athens come victorious out of this contest she has it in her power to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigues will divide the Athenians, and the city will be betrayed to the Medes, but if we fight before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens I believe that, provided the gods will give fair field and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in the engagement."

That won the vote of Callimachus, and soon the battle opened, and in full ran the men of Miltiades, fell upon the Persian hosts, shouting: "Oh, sons of Greece! Strike for the freedom of your country! Strike for the freedom of your children and your wives, for the shrines of your fathers' gods and for the sepulchers of your sires! All, all are now staked on the strife!" While only 192 Greeks fell, 6400 Persians lay dead upon the field, and many of the Asiatic hosts who took to the war vessels in the harbor were consumed in the shipping. Persian oppression was rebuked, Grecian liberty was advanced, and the western world and all nations have felt the heroes. Had there been no Miltiades there might have been no Washington.

Also at Thermopylae 300 Greeks, along a road only wide enough for a wheel track between a mountain and a marsh, died rather than surrender. Had there been no Thermopylae there might have been no Bunker Hill, English Marston Oration and Declaration of American Independence and the song of Robert Burns, entitled "A Man's a Man for a' That," were only the long continued reverberation of what was said and done twenty centuries before in that little kingdom that the Powers of Europe are now imposing upon Greece having again and again shown that ten men in the right are stronger than 100 men in the wrong, the heroes of Leonidas and Aristides and Themistocles will not cease their mission until the last man on earth is as free as God made him. There is not on either side of the Atlantic to-day a republic that cannot truthfully employ the words of the text and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

But now comes the practical question, How can we pay that debt or part of it? For we cannot pay more than ten per cent. of that debt in which Paul acknowledged himself a bankrupt. By praying Almighty God that He help Greece in its present war with Mohammedanism and the concerted empires of Europe. I know her queen, a noble, Christian woman, her face the throne of all beneficence and loveliness, her life an example of noble wifehood and motherhood. God help those palaces in these days of awful exigency! Our American Senate did well the other day when in the Capitol building which owes to Greece its celestial impressiveness they passed a hearty resolution of sympathy for that nation. Would that all who have potent words that can be heard in Europe would utter them now, when they are so much needed! Let us repeat to them in English what they themselves ago declared in the world in Greek: "Blessed be the one who is persecuted for righteousness' sake, for there is the kingdom of heaven."

Another way of partly paying our debt to the Greeks is by higher appreciation of the learning and self-sacrifice of the men who in our own land stand for all that the ancient Greeks stood. While here and there one comes to public approval and reward, the most of them live in privation or obscurity, almost wholly small. The scholars, the theologians, the artists, the heroes—most of them live up three or four flights of stairs

and by small windows that do not let in the full sunlight. You pass them every day in your streets without any recognition. The world calls them "bookworms" or "Dr. Dryasdust," but if there had been no bookworms or dry doctors of law and science and theology there would have been no Apocalypse. They are the Greeks of our country and time, and your obligation to them is infinite.

But there is a better way to pay them, and that is by their personal salvation, which will never come to them through books or through learned presentation, because in literature and intellectual realms they are masters. They can argue, outquote, out-dogmatize you. Not through the gate of the head, but through the gate of the heart, you may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God, they are brought by simplest story of what religion can do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you when you lost your bright boy or blue-eyed girl! They have found life a struggle. Oh, tell them how Christ has helped you all the way through! They are in bewilderment. Oh, tell them with how many hands of joy heaven beckons you upward! "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tag of war," but when a warm-hearted Christian meets a man who needs pardon and sympathy and comfort and eternal life there comes victory. If you can, by some incident of self-sacrifice, bring to such scholarly men and women what Christ has done for their eternal rescue, you may bring them to Him. When Demosthenic eloquence and Homeric imagery would fail, a kindly heart may succeed. A gentleman of this city sends me the statement of what occurred a few days ago among the mines of British Columbia. It seems that Frank Conson and shaft Smith were down in the narrow iron bucket with coal, and Jim Hensworth, standing above ground, was hauling the bucket up by windlass, when the windlass broke, and the loaded bucket was descending upon the two miners. Then Jim Hensworth, seeing what must be certain death to the miners beneath, threw himself against the cog of the whirling windlass, and, though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken, he stopped the whirling windlass and arrested the descending bucket and saved the lives of the miners beneath. The superintendent of the mine flew to the rescue and blocked the machinery. When Jim Hensworth's bleeding and broken body was put on a litter and carried homeward and some one exclaimed, "Jim, this is awful!" he replied, "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

What an illustration it was of suffering for others, and what a text from which to illustrate the behavior of our Christ, limping and lacerated and broken and torn and crushed in the work of stopping the descending ruin that would have destroyed our souls! Try such a scene of vicarious suffering as this on that man capable of overthrowing all your arguments for the truth, and he will sit down and weep. Draw your illustrations from the classics, and it is to him an old story, but Leyden jars and electric batteries and telescopes and Greek drama will all surrender to the story of Jim Hensworth's "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

Then, if your illustration of Christ's self-sacrifice, drawn from some scene of to-day, and your story of what Christ has done for you do not quite fetch him into the right way, just say to him, "Professor—doctor—judge, who was it that Paul declared he was a debtor to the Greeks?" And ask your learned friend to take the Greek Testament and translate for you, in his own way, from Greek into English, the splendid oration of Paul's sermon on Mars' hill, under the power of which the scholarly Dionysius surrendered—namely, "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom He hath ordained, whom He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised him from the dead." By the time he has got through the translation from the Greek I think you will see his lip tremble, and there will come a pallor on his face like the pallor on the sky at daybreak. By the eternal salvation of that scholar, that great thinker, that splendid man, you will have done something to help pay your indebtedness to the Greeks. And now to God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost be honor and glory and dominion and victory and song, world without end. Amen.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Mayor Strong, of New York City, has just celebrated his seventieth birthday.

Admiral John G. Walker has been placed on the retired list of the United States Navy.

Senator Heitfeld, of Idaho, states that he has never worn a dress suit in all his life.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is as devoted to hospitals where her charities are concerned as her husband is to universities.

Mr. Wellington, the new Republican Senator from Maryland, who is forty-five, began life as an errand boy of twelve in a canal store in Cumberland.

Frank A. Vanderlip, the Private Secretary of Secretary Gage, is a careful student of finance. He was for some time the financial editor of the Chicago Tribune.

The Governor of Minnesota, the State Superintendent of Public Institution and several of the State Senators of that State are natives of New Hampshire.

It is announced that the Baroness de Hirsch has decided to give the sum of \$1,000,000 to be used for the advancement of the Hebrew people in the United States.

Premier Salisbury may be made a duke in this, Queen Victoria's sexagesimal year. Sir Edmund Munson, the new British Ambassador to Paris, will soon be made a peer.

Mr. Grover Cleveland was formally introduced to society ladies in Princeton, N. J., at a tea given in her honor by Mrs. Patton, wife of the President of the University.

"Mrs. Tussaud," a London museum of curiosities, paid Dr. Nansen \$5000 for the rubber-soaked suit he wore when he met Mr. Jackson on the ice of Franz Josef Land.

Kerbur Spencer has declined the offer of Cambridge (England) University to make him a Doctor of Science, on the ground that he has always refused to accept such honors.

The tallest man in the United States Senate is Mr. Fairbanks, the new Republican Senator from Indiana, who succeeds Mr. Voorhees, who was often called the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash." But Senator Fairbanks is considerably taller, and must be several inches above six feet.

Ignace Peioite, who died on Mackinac Island, Mich., recently at the age of ninety-three, was the last survivor of the American Fur company. He had an indelible recollection of John Jacob Astor, the principal owner of the company, and a memory of events of interest in the West during the first half of the century.

The youngest man in the House of Representatives is Thomas J. Bradley, who defeated "Tim" Campbell in the Ninth District of New York. He was the regular Tammany candidate, while "Tim" ran on an independent ticket of his own construction. Mr. Bradley is only twenty-six years old, and has been a teacher in the public schools of New York City.

RELIGIOUS READING.

For a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore.

Come Holy Spirit, still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thine impart,
O, make that blessing mine.

Above the scenes of storm and strife
Thou speakest a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

MESSAGES IN DISGUISE.

There is no doubt that every hard thing that God permits to come into our life has a blessing wrapped up in it. The things which appear before us as discouragements prove to be helps toward nobler attainments. A Christian physician, whose career has been full of faith and noble ministry, gives this experience: He was a poor boy, and a cripple. One day he was watching some other boys on the ball field. They were active, strong, and wealthy. As he looked on, his heart grew bitter with envy. A young man who stood beside him noted the discontent on his face and said to him, "You wish I was, I do," was the answer. "I looked on, gave them money, education and health," continued the young man, "to help them to be of some account in the world. Did it ever strike you?" he continued, after a moment's pause, "that He gave you your lame leg for the same reason—to make a man of you?" The boy gave no answer and turned away. He was angry, but he did not forget the words. His crippled leg God's gift! To teach him patience, courage, perseverance! To make a man of him! He thought of the words till he saw their meaning. They kindled hope and cheer, and he determined to conquer his hindrance. He grew heroic. He soon learned that what was true of his lame leg was true also of all the difficulties, hindrances, and hard conditions of his life—what were all God's gifts to him to help him to be of some account in the world—to make a man of him.—J. R. Miller, D. D., in "Things to Live For."

PERFECTION THROUGH SORROW.

Great sorrows never leave us what we were before. None can pass under that hammer and remain the same. After a great saptism of sorrow we must be different; but what we should pray and strive for is that we may emerge from it better, richer, more faithful, more helpful, more filled with a heartfelt delight in God's will, more able to make a true answer to God's surprises and wonders of love. There are periods in life, years and years, when no great trouble visits us. Then the storms of sorrow fall, and we are apt to say, I have passed through and I am here to hope for an immunity for the future course, but they may come back again worse. As he has said, our Pharos are seldom drowned in the Red sea, and we do not often behold their corpses stretched upon the sand. The bitterness of death may return. What then? At the very worst the memory of the past will help us. We shall retrace the slow, difficult way to peace; our trust in God will be deepened, and we shall realize that, after all, the range of sins and sorrows is limited, though the sea of trouble may roll its white crested billows as far as the horizon. What are truly numberless are God's mercies. What is truly infinite is God's love.—Robertson Nicol.

A PRAYER OF GRATITUDE.

We lift up our hearts to thee, O God, in grateful remembrance of the gifts and blessings which have crowned our days. When our hearts have forgotten thanksgiving, thou hast not ceased from help. Although we have sinned, thou hast still maintained thy loving kindness. Our trials have been less than our desert, our joys have been witness ever of thy merciful compassion. We bless thee for the gift of life, the love of friends, the ties of kindred, the joys of home. We praise thee for opportunities of knowledge, for innocent enjoyment and helpful service. Thou hast comforted us in sorrow and upheld us in the time of doubt and fear. Food and raiment and shelter are from thee, and thou givest us power to overcome temptation. Love is thy gift, and faith and hope of better days to come; and thy presence is our continual delight. Blessed be thou, O God, with honor and thanksgiving, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.

DO NOT WORRY.

The habit of looking on the bright side of things is a good one, and is worth a great deal to each one who cultivates it. Certainly one should not cultivate the habit of looking on the dark side, especially when he must draw on his forebodings and apprehensions for a vision of that dark side, and thus see not only what does not exist, but what may never exist. God promises grace for each time of need, but not for each time of worry and anxiety. He promises to be with His people when they pass through the fire, but He does not promise to extinguish the fire before it has been kindled. He says that when His people pass through the waters they shall not overflow them, and we ought to be satisfied with that. If we trust in God, the disasters we dread most will never come, or, if they do, He will change the disaster into benediction.—Herald and Presbyter.

THE TRUE SIGN OF FORGIVENESS.

The true sign of forgiveness is not some mysterious signal waved from the sky; not some obscure emotion hunted out in your heart; not some stray text culled out of your Bible; certainly not some word of moral priest telling you that your satisfaction is complete. The soul full of responsive love to Christ and ready, longing, hungry to serve him is the true sign of forgiveness. Must there be no sorrow for sin? Must there be no resolution of amendment? Surely there must; but it is not sorrow for sin for the sake of the sorrowfulness that Jesus ever wants. He wants sorrow for sin only that it may bring escape from sin.... I think that with all we know of the divine heart of Jesus he would rather see a soul trust him too much, if that is possible, than trust too little, which we know is possible enough.—Phillips Brooks.

HE GAVE US THE BEST.

O my soul, let thine aspirations go up more and more after thy heavenly inheritance! "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and my exceeding great reward." What more than this can the compassionate love of God bestow? He gives us life. He gives us his only Son. He gives us his very self. And had he known of anything greater in heaven, or in earth, he would have given that, too. In God we live, we are the temple of God, we possess God here, indeed, in spirit and in mystery, but here, in deed and in truth. There our hope will become blissful reality. There we shall not

simply sojourn, but we shall dwell in a secure abode forever and ever.—Gerhart.

Still Jesus joins himself to us; still he walks with us; still he instructs us, speaking to us by his word, his providence, his Spirit; still he seeks to enter into our sorrows and trials, and to console and cheer us. But we know him not. Our eyes are hidden by unbelief. We do not press him to abide with us. Hence he is grieved, and we are left alone in the night.—Richard Fuller.

"Opportunity comes," said the old proverb, "with feet of wool, treading soft." You must have the instinct of an artist for the approaches of this good genius. You must listen for it.—Rev. Samuel Johnson.

LIVING WORDS FROM THE PULPIT.

CHAINS.

The Lord Give Mercy Unto the House of Osesiphorus, For He Oft Refreshed Me and Was Not Ashamed of My Bonds.—2 Tim. 1, 16.

Did you ever fall in love with your own name? Some of us at least I am sure have not. Perhaps the lines from Poe's Raven may be applied to our own names:

"And my soul from out the shadow
Shall be lifted nevermore."

It is quite enough to carry our ancestors in our blood—they say we do in heredity—with-out having to carry several of them with us in the form of a peculiar name which must ever be unfolded like a flag before an unsympathetic public. There are people who in the face of all the sharp and frequent discipline of youth can apply to their parents, good people though they were and long since sheltered in heaven the pathetic words of Caesar to Brutus—"this was the unkindest out of all"—this name you gave me.

Now I do not know what this man Osesiphorus thought of his name, but to me it would seem to be as unpromising and as heavy as a ball and chain. Imagine your mother calling you down the street, Osesiphorus! Osesiphorus! Just think of the changes the school boys would ring upon it. Ah, it is tragical to think of it. But there is a reason for a name as a transfigured name. We sometimes see faces by no means attractive at first, but when we come to know the spirit of the person better there is a gentleness in the soul, a light in the eye, a sweetness in the smile, that makes the face seem beautiful. Well it is just so with names. When we come to know the spirit of the person and the noble record, the name is transfigured through high associations.

It is so with this name Osesiphorus. The Apostle pauses over it in his letter to Timothy with gratitude and tender delight. Is there anything in this world more touching than gratitude? Is there anything which more truly proves and reveals a man? How beautiful the lament of Burns over the Earl of Glencairn:

"The monarch may forget the crown,
That on his head an hour hath been;
The bridegroom may forget his bride,
Was made his wife yesternoon;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast been to me."

So Paul felt toward Osesiphorus, and his tender mention of him gives us a rare glimpse into his great warm throbbing heart.

This man Osesiphorus it seemed recognized a man. He not only knew the difference between things, but between men which is a vastly better achievement. We know something of the hard times and tribulations of the poor old Apostle, and how rarely in this rough world he met one who recognized him, who felt the inspiration of his mighty purpose. Who could enter into his heroic spirit and refresh him? It is a wonderful thing to refresh a noble soul. It really requires a noble soul to accomplish it. It can not be done by gifts merely, nor by praise, it must be through sympathy and the giving of one's self. Osesiphorus recognized the noble worth of Paul even though he was in chains. Many people met the chained Apostle who were not especially bitter against him. They may have recognized his attainments and felt the injustice of his imprisonment. At most they only pitied him as a poor unfortunate and at sight of his chains shunned him. It was not so with Osesiphorus. He recognized the rare worth of the man notwithstanding his chains and in every possible way refreshed him. He received him as a royal guest in his home in Ephesus. And when in Rome he sought him out in that dark Roman jail, where the undaunted Apostle awaited in heavy chains the death penalty. And Osesiphorus, noble fellow, never dreamed that in doing that strange and unpopular thing, cultivating in the most intimate manner, and refreshing in every way possible this man condemned and in chains, that he was thereby transfiguring his name, and achieving an earthly immortality for himself. But so again. When Sir John Reynolds painted the picture of a famous singer he put his name upon the border of his dress. "Let me," said he, "go down to immortality on the trail of your skirts." Well, this chained man carries his noble friend Osesiphorus to a splendid earthly immortality by a simple letter.

It is always a pathetic sight to see a man in chains. Why is he chained? Is reason detoured? Is he a hero and is he in bondage because of his loyalty to truth and justice and humanity? Has justice miscarried? Or is the soul in the bond of iniquity?

Sometimes it is a noble sight, the noblest sight on earth is to see a man in chains. Perhaps you have looked upon the statue of Nathan Hale in Broadway, New York. He stands there bound ready for execution, but unmoved in spirit, repeating that he has but one life to give for his country? One can not look upon it without feeling the splendor of the hero's death. We love him for the enemies he made; for the cause for which he died.

Well, there are various chains which hold men in life; some of them are ignoble and base, chains of lust, of covetousness, of selfishness, of low and sordid aims; of these we need be ashamed. There are other chains which men wear out-shining the jewelry of earth—chains that bind us to the place of toil, that others may have comfort; chains that bind us to the altar of sacrifice that others may go free; chains that hold us to lofty ideals and to great purposes that we may be true in life and service. Of these chains we may well be proud.

NAVFALL LUCKOON.

With the Accent on the Eye.
When Milton Lackaye first appeared in San Francisco he was introduced to his audience by T. Daniel Frawley. After a few eulogistic remarks Frawley said:

"Many people mispronounce Mr. Lackaye's name. It is Lack-eye, not Lackey."
"All right, Mr. Fraw-eye," shouted a gallery god.