

BEGGARS MIGHT BE KINGS.

Among the Scotch lairds there is one whose father died in a poor house, like a beggar, notwithstanding his possession of the very same riches as his heir at present has at his disposal; but he simply did not know how rich he was. Shortly after his decease, rich metallic ore was discovered on the estate; the mines which were worked at once gave such returns that very soon all mortgages and debts could be paid off, and moreover put the present owner in possession of a nobleman's fortune. His father possessed no less, but he knew it not. Alas, for how many the blessed Word of God is worth no more than waste paper! Therein are contained the richest promises of fullness of grace, of victory over every enemy, of exceeding glory, but because they do not explore these mines they live like beggars, who can hardly obtain a morsel of bread. And lo! There is spread the rich board in the Father's house, with food most exquisite, and the Father himself inviting us to sit down at his table.

– *Sel.*

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