ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

JAMES REED & SON Publishers. Independent in all things. $2 in Advance.

VOLUME XXIV--NO. 17. ASHTABULA, OHIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1873. WHOLE NUMBER 1216.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Two Dollars per annum—paid strictly in advance. Clergymen will be supplied with the paper for $1 year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Twelve lines or less of Nonpareil make a square.

One square 1 week,	$ 75	Two squares 3 mos.	$ 5 00
One square 2 wks..	1 50	Two squares 6 mos.	8 00
One square 3 mos..	3 00	Two squares 1 year,	12 00
One square 6 mos..	5 00	Four squares 1 year	15 00
One square 1 year..	8 00	Half column 1 year,	25 00

Business Cards not over five lines—per year, ... $8 00
Obituary Notices—not of general interest—half rates.
Local Notices Ten Cents a line for each insertion.

JOB PRINTING

of every description attended to on call, and done in the most tasteful manner.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MERCHANTS.

JAMES M. CLARK, Dealer in Pine Lumber and Bituminous Coal, corner Centre and Railroad Streets, Ashtabula. Lumber in car lots, at Cleveland prices. Coal furnished by car or ton. Is prepared to ship Lumber by the A. T. & P Road. 1202*y

TYLER & CARLISLE, Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Family Groceries, and Crockery. South Store, Clarendon Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1095.

E. H. GILKEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glass-Ware, next door north of Fisk House, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1043.

J. M. FAULKNER & SON, Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Salt, Fish, Plaster, Water-Lime, Seeds, &c., Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. REDHEAD, Dealer in Flour, Pork, Hams, Lard, and all kinds of Fish. Also, all kinds of Family Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery. Ale and Domestic Wines. 1043.

J. P. ROBERTSON & SON, Dealers in every description of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. Also, on hand a stock of choice Family Groceries. Main street, corner of Centre, Ashtabula, Ohio. 869.

D. W. HASKELL, Corner Spring and Main sts., Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c., &c. 1095.

S. B. WELLS, Main Street, Ashtabula, O., Grocer. Produce and Commission Merchant for the purchase and sale of Western Reserve Butter, Cheese and Dried Fruits; also dealer in choice Groceries and Provision. Flour, preserved Meats and Fruits, both foreign and domestic; Salt, Seeds, and Groceries of every description. 1204

H. L. MORRISON, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Hardware, Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils &c., Ashtabula O. 866.

LIVERY STABLES.

WILL. BOWMAN, proprietor of Livery Stable New Horses, Carriages, Robes &c. Horses kept by the day or week. Omnibus to and from all trains.—Stable opposite Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 1103

PHYSICIANS.

HENRY P. FRICKER, M. D., residence on Church Street, North of the South Park. Office in Smith's New Block, opposite the Fisk House. 1129

DR. E. L. KING, Physician and Surgeon, office over Hendry & King's store, residence near St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula. 1043

DR. EAMES, would inform his friends, and the public generally that he may be found at his residence on Park Street, ready to attend to all professional calls. Office hours, from 12 to 2 P. M. Ashtabula O. May 21, 1868. 1043

GEORGE MOORE, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office same as formerly, No. 1 Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Office hours from 7 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 2 P. M., and evening. May be found at the office at night. 1137

HOTELS.

THOMPSON HOUSE, Jefferson, Ohio.
M. J. FOOTE, Prop.
Good Livery in connection with the House.
J. C. THOMPSON, Prop.
Free Buss to and from the cars. 1204

FISK HOUSE,—Ashtabula, Ohio.—A. Field, Proprietor. An Omnibus running to and from every train of cars. Also, a good livery-stable kept in connection with this house, to convey passengers to any point. 1095

ASHTABULA HOUSE—A. J. SMITH Proprietor.—Main St., Ashtabula, Ohio. Large Public Hall good Livery, and Omnibus to and from the depot. 1043

CABINET WARE.

JOHN DUCRO, Manufacturer of, and Dealer in Furniture of the best descriptions, and every variety. Also General Undertaker, and Manufacturer of Coffins to order. Main street, North of South Public Square, Ashtabula. 497

J. S. BEACH, Manufacturer and Dealer in First Class Furniture. Also, General Undertaker. 1133

DENTISTS.

P. E. HALL, Dentist, Ashtabula, O. Office Center street, between Main and Park. 1043

G. W. NELSON, Dentist, Ashtabula, O., visits Conneaut, Wednesday and Thursday of each week. 1109

W. T. WALLACE, D. D. S. Kingsville, O. is prepared to attend to all operations in his profession.—He makes a speciality of "Oral Surgery" and saving the natural teeth. 1106

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

FRED. W. BLAKESLEE, Photographer and dealer in Pictures, Engravings, Chromos, &c. having a large supply of Mouldings of various descriptions, is prepared to frame any thing in the picture line, at short notice and in the best style. Second floor of the Hall store, 2nd door South of Bank Main street. 1094

HARNESS MAKER.

W. H. WILLIAMSON, Saddler and Harness Maker, opposite Fisk Block, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio, has on hand, and makes to order, in the best manner, everything in his line. 1095

F. C. FORD, Manufacturer and Dealer in Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Whips, &c., opposite Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1015

JEWELERS.

GEO. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Store in Ashtabula House Block, Ashtabula, Ohio.

JAMES K. STEBBINS, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c. Repairing of all kinds done well, and all orders promptly attended to. Main Street, Ashtabula O. 1065

J. S. ABBOTT, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Engraving, Mending and Repairing done to order. Shop on Main street, Conneaut, Ohio. 838

MANUFACTURERS.

STREETER, GIDDINGS & CO., Jobbers and Builders, also manufacturers of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Siding, Flooring, and Builders' Materials generally. Especial attention given to Glazed Windows, Scroll Sawing, Mouldings &c.
G. A. STREETER, A. C. GIDDINGS,
J. A. KNAPP 1183

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, Mouldings, Cheese Boxes, &c. Planing, Matching, and Scrowl Sawing done on the shortest notice. Shop on Main street, opposite the Upper Park, Ashtabula, Ohio. 440

FRENCH & WEIBLEN Manufacturers & Dealers in all kinds of Leather in demand in this market opposite Phœnix Foundery, Ashtabula. 1188

ATTORNEYS AND AGENTS.

SHERMAN, HALL, & SHERMAN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio, will practice in the Courts of Ashtabula, Lake and Geauga.
LABAN S. SHERMAN, THEODORE HALL,
J. H. SHERMAN. 1043

EDWARD H. FITCH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Notary Public, Ashtabula, Ohio. Special attention given to the Settlement of Estates, and to Conveyancing and Collecting. Also to all matters arising under the Bankrupt Law. 1043

I. O. FISHER, Justice of the Peace and Agent for the Hartford, Sun, & Franklin Fire Insurance Companies. Office in the store of Crosby & Wetherwax, on Main Street, Opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1111

HENRY FASSETT, Agent Home Insurance Company, of New York (Capital, $3,000,000), and of Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Ct. Also, attends to writing of Deeds, Wills, &c. 1043

J. R. COOK, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public, also Real Estate Agent, Main street, Over Morrison & Ticknor's store, Ashtabula, O. 946

CHARLES BOOTH, Attorney and Counsellor Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1095

HARDWARE, &c.

CROSBY & WETHERWAX, dealers in Stoves, Tin-Ware, Hollow-Ware, Shelf Hardware, Glass-Ware, Lamps and Lamp-Trimmings, Petroleum, &c., opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula. 991
Also, a full stock of Paints, oils, Varnishes, Brushes, &c. 1111

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Dealer in Hardware, Iron, Steel and Nails, Stoves, Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Copper and Zinc, and manufacturer of Tin Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, Fisk's Block Ashtabula, Ohio. 1043

DRUGGISTS.

MARTIN NEWBERRY, Druggist and Apothecary, and general dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Wines and Liquors for medical purposes, Fancy and Toilet Goods, Maine street, corner of Centre, Ashtabula.

CHARLES E. SWIFT, Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Groceries, Perfumery and Fancy Articles, superior Teas, Coffee, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Patent Medicines of every description, Paints, Dyes, Varnishes, Brushes, Fancy Soaps, Hair Restoratives, Hair Oils, &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Prescriptions prepared with suitable care. 1095.

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Crockery, Glass-Ware. Also, wholesale and retail dealer in Hardware, Saddlery, Nails, Iron, Steel, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c., Main st. Ashtabula. 1095.

FOUNDRIES.

SEYMOUR, SPERRY & CO., Manufacturers Stoves, Plows and Colurge, Window Caps and Sills, Mill Castings, Kettles, Sinks, Sleigh Shoes, &c. Phœnix Foundry, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1091

BANKS.

ASHTABULA NATIONAL BANK, Ashtabula, Ohio. H. FASSETT, Pres't. J. SUM. BLYTH, Cashier. Authorized Capital, $200,000. Cash Capital paid in $100,000. H. FASSETT, J. B. CROSBY, C. E. BRUCE, H. J. NETTLETON, B. SPLIT, WM. HUMPHREY, E. O. WARNER, CHARLES WALKER, P. F. GOOD, Directors. 1204

THE ASHTABULA LOAN ASSOCIATION—CAPITAL $100,000—Office Main Street, next door south of Fisk House—does
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Buys and sells Foreign and Eastern Exchange, Gold, Silver, and all kinds of U. S. Securities.
Collections promptly attended to and remitted for on day of payment, at current rates of exchange.
Interest allowed on time deposits.
DIRECTORS.
F. Silliman, Geo. C. Hubbard, Lorenzo Tyler,
J. B. Shepard, J. W. Haskell, H. L. Morrison,
S. H. Farrington. 1171
F. SILLIMAN, *Pres't.* A. A. SOUTHWICK, *Cashier*

CLOTHIERS.

EDWARD G. PIERCE Dealers in Clothing, Hats Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ashtabula, O. 834

WAITE & SILL, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready-Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods Hats, Caps, &c., Ashtabula 990

MISCELLANEOUS.

WM. HUMPHREY, Dealer in Water Lime, Stucco, Land Plaster, White Lime, Real Estate, and Loan Agent Ashtabula Depot. 1203

EDGAR HALL, Fire and Life Insurance and Real Estate Agent. Also, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Office over Sherman and Hall's Law Office, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1149

GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE, at Austinburg, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. J. Tuckerman, A. M., Principal. Spring Term begins Tuesday March 26th. Send for Catalogue. 1143tf

J. E. WATROUS, Painter, Glazier, and Paper Hanger. All work done with neatness and despatch. 1169

J. SUM. BLYTH, Agent for the Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Co. Cash assets over $23,000,000 Gold. In the U. S. $3,603,030. Stockholders also personally liable. 1213

L. S. & M. S.—FRANKLIN DIVISION.

From and after January 5th, 1873, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING WEST. No. 7.	No. 1.	Dist.		STATIONS.	GOING EAST. No. 2	No. 8
P M	A M				P M	A M
2 35	7 00	0	0	Oil City—East	2 50	8 52
2 45	7 05	0	2	Junction	2 45	8 45
2 55	7 10	1	1	z Oil City—West	2 40	8 15
3 08	7 20	4	7	z Reno	2 20	8 25
*3 16	*7 28	7	2	Rno	*2 24	*8 25
3 45	7 34	9	3	z Franklin	2 16	8 11
*3 45	*7 52	15	8	Summit	*2 01	*8 11
3 52	7 58	18	1	z Polk	1 54	7 52
4 01	8 09	22	3	z Raymilton	1 43	7 45
4 24	8 2-	28	5	Naples	1 26	7 25
4 37	8 31	29	8	z Stonebboro	1 23	7 15
x4 31	x8 36	31	3	Branch	x1 18	x7 15
*4 44	*8 47	35	5	Clark	*1 07	*2 10
4 54	8 56	38	8	Lindley	12 57	7 00
*5 10	*9 11	44	3	Salem	*12 43	*6 52
5 15	9 16	46	1	A & G W Crossing	12 38	6 38
5 30	9 31	51	1	z Jamestown	Noon.	6 23
—	*9 38	51	2	Turner-ville	*1 31	6 20
—	9 42	57	3	Simon's Corners	11 41	—
—	10 0	62	8	z Andover	11 24	—
—	*10 13	66	6	Barber's—Leon	*11 12	—
—	*10 23	70	4	Dorset	11 00	—
—	10 40	76	4	z Jefferson	10 40	—
—	*10 58	83	3	Plymouth	*10 13	—
—	11 10	87	2	Ashtabula	10 00	—
—	2 20	141	7	Cleveland	7 45	—
	P M				A M	

*Trains stop only on Signal. xTrains do not Stop. zTelegraph Stations. Cleveland Time.

The Jefferson Accommodation leaves Jefferson at 6:00 a. m. and arrives at 7:45 p. m.

The Way Freight trains stop at Jefferson in going West, at 9:30 P. M., and going East at 7:50 A. M. These trains carry passengers.

Passenger are at the rate of 3 cents per mile; to way stations, counted in even half dimes.

ERIE RAILWAY.

Abstract of Time Table Adopted Jan. 20th, 1872

PULLMAN'S best Drawing-room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements, are run through on all trains from Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland and Cincinnati to New York, making direct connection with all lines of foreign and coastwise steamers, and also with Sound Steamers and railway lines for Boston and other New England cities.

STATIONS.		No. 2. Day Express.	*No. 12. Lightn'g Express	No. 8. Cincin. Express.
Dunkirk	L've.	2 50 A M	12 55 P. M.	.....
Salamanca	"	5 10 "	3 00 "	.....
Clifton	"	7 00 "	1 30 "	9 55 "
Susp. Bridge	"	7 05 "	1 40 "	10 05 "
Niagara Falls	"	7 10 "	1 45 "	10 12 "
Buffalo	"	7 45 "	2 0 "	11 35 "
Attica	"	8 55 "	3 42 "	12 56 A. M
Portage	"	9 51 "	4 48 "	2 03 "
Hornellsville	"	10 50 "	6 05 "	3 15 "
Addison	"	11 45 "	7 00 "	4 15 "
Rochester	"	8 00 "	4 00 "	.....
Avon	"	8 38 "	4 38 "	.....
Bath	"	11 01 "	6 35 "	.....
Corning	"	12 08 P M	7 25 "	4 37 "
Elmira	Arr.	12 38 "	7 58 "	5 08 "
Waverly	"	1 16 "	8 40 "	5 52 "
Philadelphia	"	10 30 "	.....	5 50 P. M
Owego	"	1 48 "	9 20 "	6 28 A. M
Binghamton	"	2 20 "	10 05 "	7 13 "
Great Bend	"	3 01 "	.....	7 45 "
Susquehan's	"	3 15 "	10 50 "	8 00 "
Deposit	"	4 05 "	11 34 "	8 50 "
Hancock	"	4 32 "	12 03 A. M	9 20 "
Lackaw'xen	"	6 13 "	.....	11 10 "
Honesdale	"	7 27 "	.....	2 17 P. M
Port Jervis	"	6 55 "	2 50 "	11 55 A. M
Middletown	"	.....	3 58 "	12 42 P. M
Goshen	"	.....	.....	.....
Turners	"	8 16 "	.....	1 32 "
Newburg	"	.....	.....	2 55 "
Patterson	"	9 11 "	5 50 "	2 55 "
Newark	"	.....	7 06 "	6 05 "
Jersey City	"	9 43 "	6 33 "	3 10 "
New York	"	9 55 "	7 00 "	3 30 "
Boston	"	.....	4 50 P. M.	6 50 A. M

Arrangements of Drawing-Room and Sleeping Coaches.

No. 2.—Sleeping Coaches from Cleveland to Hornellsville, and Drawing-Room Coaches from Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Buffalo to New York.

No. 12.—Sleeping Coaches from Cincinnati, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Hornellsville to New York; also from Hornellsville to Albany

No. 8.—Sleeping Coaches from Cleveland, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Buffalo to Susquehanna and Drawing Room Coaches from Susquehanna to New York.

Ask for tickets Via Erie Railway.

For Sale at all principle Ticket Offices.

JNO. N. ABBOTT, *Gen. Pas. Agent.*

CHEAP Cassimeres, Medium Priced Cassimeres, and Fine Cassimeres,

The Best American, English, French, and German Makes,

or the Fall and Winter trade are on our Counters awaiting inspection. Believing the

Best Clothes

to be the

CHEAPEST,

we have purchased and are well prepared to make garments, from the following brands of Broadcloths and Doeskins, Biliger Brothers' Wagner's Bockbecker, and Schnables; also Devonshire Herseys and Edredons in all the desirable shades, as well as German Diagonal and Straight Lined Worsteds. Our line of

TRIMMINGS

is very superior to correspond to the goods enumerated above. 1168

WAITE & SILL.

WE have a large Stock of Children's Boys' and Youth's Ready made Clothing, than we have carried for years. Ladies who know "what a bother" it is to fix up such suits, can escape all this trouble by buying of 1198

WAITE & SILL.

YOU can buy Overcoats of all grades, from a coarse Satinet to the

FINEST DEVONSHIRE KERSEY

at the Clothing House of 1187

WAITE & SILL.

When I Mean to Marry.

BY OLIVIA.

When shall I marry? well, really,
That is a strange question to ask,
But I'll answer your query with candor,
Nor deem I'm performing a task.

You see I'm waiting for *changes*—
Perhaps I shall have to wait long?
Well, never grow weary well doing,
Is ever my burden of song.

Be patient! a time is yet coming—
How often I say to myself—
When a man will be judged by his merits,
And not by his pocket of pelf.

When the days of *clubs* shall have vanished
And champagne parties be o'er,
When men will lose its attractions,
And billiards be voted a bore.

When saloons shall suffer for patrons,
And races be ranked below par,
When man shall be drawn like the magnet
To home—the attracting pole-star.

When meerschaums are not manufactured,
And tobacco pollutes not our shores,
When late hours are blotted from men'ry,
And cigars are a relic of yore.

Then, provided I retain my attractions,
A proposal I think I'll not parry,
But hasten to order my trousseau,
And *feel* that I'm ready to marry.

SERMON

Preached by Rev. D. L. Hickok of the Presbyterian Church, Kingsville, Ohio, Jan. 26, 1873.

Blood of Abel.

The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground—Gen. 19:10.

The evil fruits of Adam's disobedience matured very rapidly. His first-born is guilty of murder. So quickly does sin hasten to its depths. The course of sin descends *not* by gentle grades, but it leaps and plunges like the mountain torrents. It seemed but a small matter for Adam to eat of that fruit. It was just a taste. In doing this, he did no one any harm. He simply tasted of some fruit handed him by his wife; it expressed no malice, no cruelty, no revenge. It was indeed disobedience; it was directly contrary to the express will of God. It was clearly—unmistakably, sin; yet, it was sin in its slightest form possible; it was sin—sharply defined sin. There was no haziness about it. The line of separation between obedience and disobedience was clean cut, yet the evil of it seemed like a grain of mustard seed. There was evil in it, yet it was only the germ of it—the incipiency of it. It was like the beginning of a mountain stream away up in the Alpine heights. It starts as a few drops of water which the sun forces from the ice. But oh! how rapidly it gathered to itself power and volume in its downward course. The disobedience of Adam in the matter of the forbidden fruit, develops in his first-born as murder. Cain, in the spirit of envy, kills his brother. So rapidly does evil grow and multiply when once it gains a foot-hold in the human heart.

We are not worse at once; the course of evil begins so slowly and from such slight source an infant's hand could stem its breach with clay; but let the stream grow deeper and Philosophy, aye, Religion, too, shall strive in vain to stem the head-long torrent.

Adam was a pure and holy being. In the beginning, he was not prone to evil, as the sparks to fly upward. When the temptation came, it was simply to eat, or not to eat. There was no uncontrollable appetite already within for that kind of fruit. There was no previous bent or inclination to disobedience. It would seem that away back in the beginning of evil, the matter was so small, the question whether to eat or *not* to eat was so easily determined, that an infant's power might have turned the scale—that an infant's hand might have shut the door against the approaching evil—that it might have dammed up the little stream with clay, that Satan was trying to direct down upon the human soul. But the leaven of disobedience was actually introduced into the heart of man and how quickly was the whole leavened. How soon the heart became full of envy, murder and strife; how quickly was the whole head sick—the whole heart faint and covered with wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. How quickly the "throat became an open sepulcher," with the "poison of asps under the lips;" how quickly the mouth became full of cursing and bitterness and the "feet swift to shed blood." That after a few generations, the evil of sin should have become so far developed as to culminate in murder, would not seem so strange, but that the *first* child born into the world should be a murderer—that he should lift his fratricidal hand against his innocent, unoffending brother, that he should strike him down to the earth from pure envy, seems almost unaccountable. What an evidence have we here of the fearful power of sin to corrupt and destroy. The broad way to sin is not an easy gradient, but an almost perpendicular descent. It plunges from depth to depth. It is a perpendicular descending from the lowest, to still lower deeps—a bottomless pit. There is no end to iniquity in its downward progress; its awful rush is never stayed for an instant. Its first step is eating forbidden fruit, its next step is braining a brother in cold blood. If evil moves with such gigantic strides as this, where will it be in eternity? What must be the guilt and wickedness, of Satan, who has been plunging from deep to deep for thousands of years and who is still sinking into yet more awful depths—for hell has no bottom? Where is Cain to-day in this plunging, maddening race after the Serpent, if 5,000 years ago he would decoy his brother into the field and then slay him in cold blood, in the very sight of Eden, with the traditions of Paradise fresh in his soul—with the fearful story of the first sin blazing as a red light across his path? If he so quickly reached such depths, where is he to-day, and what deed of wickedness would he do now, after so many years of increasing guilt? Is he not ready for crime as much blacker than that of a midnight assassin, by a thousand fold, as that of the midnight assassin, is blacker than that of a little child, who eats green apples contrary to the command of its parents? Oh! the depths of sin that awaits him who will not bring an acceptable sacrifice to God. Disobedience to God leads the soul to envy, malice, strife and murder, and to every crime and wickedness of earth, and ultimately to every crime and wickedness of hell. Sin against God leads to all manner of crime against our fellow-men, and in the other world to all manner of crime against the lost spirits of hell. We begin disobeying God, we end in the ever increasing crime and wickedness of demons. Is not the sinner's future enough to make him shudder? Should it not induce him to pause and consider? But this is not all. It is not the future alone that the sinner has to dread. It is not the awful depths of crime and wickedness before him, into which he is soon to plunge, that alone should lead him to turn to God for help. He has the past to dread as much as the future. It is hard to believe in the future—we can but believe in the past. If future crime and sin are predicted of the sinner, he will say, "What, is thy servant a dog, that he should do these things?" He cannot believe that such wickedness is before him, any more than Hazael could believe that he would ever be guilty of the awful crime of which the prophet spake. The sinner has reason to dread what is behind him as well as what is before him, and besides, he is more likely to dread it, for he does not know the future and does the past. He not only knows the past, but has abundant reason to dread it, for every wrong, every sin, every crime, has a tongue given it with which to cry out with God against him. The wrongs we do we leave not behind us in our way, never more to hear of them, or know of them again. If the deeds of yesterday were doomed to perpetual silence, if they lifted up no voice against us, if they were forever forgotten—never more to be heard of, if the future, only was to be dreaded, if we only had to run the gauntlet of iniquity stung by sin and guilt only in passing them—if our sins had no power to follow us with their loud cries for condemnation, then our iniquity would not be so great a ruin; then hell would not be so dreadful. But our sins are not dumb; our wrongs are not silent. They lift up their voice with God. They cry for vengeance. "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground," says God

Blood has always been a wonderful witness of murder. It has often borne testimony against the murderer and secured his conviction when there was no other witness. It speaks with a loud voice. It is difficult, almost impossible to drown it with the voice of other testimony. The evidences which blood gives of guilt are hard to conceal. The blood-stained hatchet may be washed in apparent thoroughness, yet if the ten thousandth part of a drop remains (as most assuredly it will, for blood-stains are not easily washed out) it lifts up its voice of condemnation. It ever bears true witness, for human blood, even in a ten thousandth part of a drop, can under the microscope be recognized from any other. I once read of a murder case where conviction turned upon the question whether a single blood-stain, that was scarcely visible, was caused by human blood or by the blood of a chicken. What a loud tongue was in that little spot of blood, and how it cried out against the murderer. Every drop of human blood that has been shed upon the earth, has lifted up its cry unto God. The earth has been deluged with blood, but every drop of it is filled with ten thousand tongues that cry unto God for vengeance. Blood-guiltiness is upon the world and the cry of it goes up to God. The world has been a persecutor of the church from the beginning. Cain was of that wicked one. Abel was an accepted child of God. One was of the seed of the Serpent and the other the seed of the woman, and a type of Christ. In one was the Kingdom of Satan—the other the Kingdom of God. There was enmity between them as God had said, "I will put enmity between thy seed and his seed, and thou shall bruise his heel, and he shall bruise thy head." Though Cain slew his brother, the real *harm* to him was as only the bruising of his heel for his soul went to his God in peace while the crime reacted upon Cain crushing out his very life as though his brother's heel ground his head into the dust of earth, for he said "my punishment is greater than I can bear." The real victory was with Abel and not with Cain. So the persecution of the people of God, has only resulted in the bruising of their heel. The stake and the faggot have only kindled a "chariot of fire to their victor souls" in which they have gone up to God, while the head of the persecutor has been ground to powder. The blood of the righteous have not cried to God in vain. God will bring upon a people all the righteous blood they have shed "upon you" says Christ to the Jews, "will come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias whom ye slew between the porch and the altar." They were actually guilty of the blood of previous generations, because they allowed the deeds of their fathers and consented to them. "Woe unto you" says Christ "for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them. Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your father's for they killed them and ye build their sepulchres." So God will require of this generation all the blood of martyrs shed on the earth from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Abraham Lincoln. The blood of other generations is upon us, if we consent to their deeds. How the earth is filling up with blood that is lifting up its cry to God for vengeance.

Think of the blood shed in earlier ages of the church. Think of the night of St. Bartholomew, when thousands of God's people were slain in cold blood. What oceans of blood are already crying to God. Will not the world's iniquity be eventually filled? Can it hold forever the crying blood of God's people? Will not the earth one day cry out, it is enough, and refuse to open its mouth for any more blood? when God will consume it with the fire of his wrath. It is not, however, *necessary* to plunge a dagger into a brother's heart to be guilty of his blood. John says, "he that *hateth* his brother is a murderer." If there is malice in our hearts, we are guilty of blood that cries unto God. Every wrong we have done our brother in thought, word, and deed, cries out against us. Every feeling of enmity brings upon our heart the heel of Christ. Every sin, is a *crying* sin. God puts a tongue into every wrong we do to cry for our condemnation. Ever unkind word, every wrong feeling, every wicked act of which we have been guilty, is made vocal with condemnation. Thus it is often a fearful thing for a man to face his past life. He cannot turn around and look back without turning pale.—At times his, hearing becomes wonderfully acute so that he can hear from a long distance in the past. The sins of his youth roar at him as they did at David. As he traces his life backward towards the beginning, loud mouth wrongs surprise him at every turn, not one sin remains silent. The voice of condemnation is heard on every side. He may go back to his very childhood, still voices cry out against him. He finds no period of innocency. From his most distant recollection the present hour, is one continual voice of condemnation. It is dreadful to look back and hear all this fearful line of wickedness with united voice crying to God for vengeance. What fearful tongues, God has put into our sins and how terrible to hear them calling down upon us infinite wrath. Nor will they call in vain when the cup of of our iniquity is full. Then shall we be made to drink it as the cup of his indignation for ever. Not only do sins against our brother cry out against us. Not only has the cry of a brother's blood gone up to God. Sins against humanity are not our only crying sins but sins against God as well. We are verily guilty of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. The blood of Jesus was not only upon those who took active part in the crucifixion, but upon their children, as well as upon all who consent unto it by their unbelief.—It was not the spear, the nail and the thorns, that alone shed his blood—our sins are thorns and nails, our unbelief is a spear and by these we crucify him afresh and put him to an open shame. We have shed his blood. We have wounded him ever since we have professed to be his friends, for he is often wounded in the house of his friends. We have thrust a spear into his side. Our unbelief has pierced him. Every time we doubt his word we bring upon our souls the guilt of his blood. To be an unbeliever, is to be the chief of sinners. It may not seem so now, but the time is coming, when the soul will recognize unbelief as the greatest of sins. A man now who sheds a brother's blood is cast out and branded as a murderer. He is shunned by society as a man of fearful wickedness, but he who sheds the blood of the Son of God by his unbelief and crucifies him afresh, and puts him to an open shame, still retains his position as a respectable member of society. He is not looked upon as a man of fearful wickedness; he is not branded as a criminal; but it will not be so always. The time is coming when unbelief will be regarded as the greatest crime, if not in this world, at least in the world to come. An unbeliever in heaven, would be looked upon by its holy inhabitants as an infinitely worse man—more to be dreaded and shunned than a Stokes, Wilkes Booth or Capt. Kidd, by any society of earth. But it is not the light of eternity only that reveals the heinousness of this sin.

God's spirit in its convicting power, makes unbelief the barbed arrow that strikes deepest into the conscience. Other sins are light compared with the weight of agony which this brings to the burdened soul. To be angry with a brother is murder—a fearful sin in the sight of God. What is it to be angry with the Lord Jesus Christ? To plunge a dagger into the heart of an innocent brother is a sin which cries with ten thousand tongues for divine vengeance. To thrust a spear into the side of the Son of God, is a sin which makes rending rocks, a trembling earth and a darkened sun lift up their voice against the murderer. In the day of conviction and confession, it is unbelief that makes the soul cry out in its agony. When we weep because of our sins, it is unbelief that makes the Gethsemane of our sorrow. Other sins fade away in the greatness of this sin. When we have come over the mountains of our other sins, this rises up before us like Alps piled on Alps, till the top reaches to the very heavens. Cain's greatest sin was *not* in slaying his brother, but rather in his faithless sacrifice, which was an abomination to the Lord. He had already raised his arm against God before he had raised it against his brother. It was his want of faith in God, that led him to shed the blood of Abel. The cause is greater than the effect. The unbelief of his heart was more cruel than his uplifted arm. His unburnt sacrifice cried louder for vengeance than the reeking blood of his brother. His crime against God, was more heinous than his crime against Abel, because it was more fundamental and more comprehensive. Unbelief is at the bottom of all sin; all wickedness and crime spring from it as a source. It is the well of wickedness springing up into everlasting condemnation. *The* sin, *the* crime against God, is unbelief. It was the first sin. It was doubting God and believing Satan; God said in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die; Satan said thou *shalt not* surely die. Eve doubted God and ate. All the crime and wickedness of this world comes of unbelief. The primal sin—the source sin was unbelief. The outward sin, the resulting sin, was in actual eating. There was unbelief in Eve's heart before she ate. Her eating was the result of unbelief. Had there been no unbelief in her heart, there would have been no eating of the forbidden fruit. The outward flow of iniquity from the hidden spring of unbelief as seen in actually eating the fruit, soon broadened and deepend into a fearful torrent, as seen in the murder of Abel. The torrent rapidly increased till it became a mighty river and even an ocean, filling the earth with violence and every species of vice, with crime and all manner of corruption, till God determined to sweep it away with a flood. Man flooded the earth with iniquity, so God determined to flood it with water. This hidden spring of iniquity is still in the world, sending forth its bitter waters. Crime, wickedness and vice, are still welling up from the heart of unbelief. Doubting God's word is still the parent of all the evil under which the earth groans to day. Out of an unbelieving heart, are still the issues of corruption, crime, and death. Who is not guilty of this great sin of unbelief, this primal sin, this source sin, this fountain sin? If there is unbelief in your heart, you know not what great and fearful wickedness will come out of it some day. The stream issuing now may be a small one, but what will it become in other years if suffered to flow on? The darkest crime which man ever committed, yea, the most revolting wickedness of the lowest hell, lies as a germ in the heart of unbelief. The egg of the old serpent, the devil, is in the least doubt of God's word. As a germ it may seem harmless; you may hug it to your bosom and give it the warmth of your heart, but time will develop its true character. It will grow to a scorpion, when it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." When one thinks of his unbelief, is it not enough to make him shudder? Is it not fearful to think that all these doubts of our heart, are eggs laid there by the old serpent himself? Shall we cherish them, shall we brood over them, shall we give them a warm place in our hearts and thus quicken them to life? Shall we breed in our very souls these squirming devils of envy, malice, hate, murder and revenge? A little egg, no doubt, was dropped into Eve's heart. She cherished it; it was quickened; she thrust forth her hand and plucked the forbidden fruit. The serpent grew; she ate; she felt the serpent's tooth; God called; the serpent plunged the fatal sting into her heart. She stood before her God dead in trespasses and in sin. She left the garden, that beautiful paradise, with the serpent rankling in her bosom, gnawing her heart. But soon God's promise kindled hope. O blessed promise—her seed should bruise the serpent's head and heal the wounds he had made. Her first child was born—in the exaltation of her hope she could sing with Isaiah, "unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," and his name shall be called Cain, "gotten of the Lord," the deliverer, and redeemer. But she was disappointed—he proved the seed of the serpent. In the unthankful, ungrateful child, she felt again the serpent's tooth. Abel is born, her hope is well-nigh perished; she calls him "Vanity." But he proves a good son, of the true seed; her hope revives. In him is her support, her only hope, her coming savior. But he is slain, her hope again dies, like that of the disciples after the crucifixion. She could say with them, we trusted it had been he, which should have "bruised the serpent's head." Another son was given, and she called his name Seth, "for God," said she, "hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew;" and thus her slain savior is as it were raised to life. Her heart became confirmed in the promise of God concerning the appointed Redeemer. Her doubt was slain; the head of the serpent was bruised; she henceforth lived in faith and hope.

What a fearful thing it was to doubt God—what terrible experiences gr