

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

THE LAND OF LONG AGO.

Sometimes, when thrushes sing, or sweet bells chime

Far off and faint across the silent sea,
Or south wind wafts the breath of sunny clime,
Or ring-doves coo their love by babbling rills,
Or the fair priestess of the dawn, star-eyed,
Trails her white robe above the eastern hills;
Down a dim way where stately lilies blow
I see the land—the Land of Long Ago.

Then memory beckons, and with trembling feet
I tread the ways where life was once so sweet;
See this dear face, that sleeps where marbles shine.

And that—but oceans 'twixt us roll their brine.
"Dear ones, will you not come to me once more
And smile and kiss me as in days of yore?"
"Ah, foolish heart! when will you learn to know
None e'er return from the dead Long Ago?"

"But give me back my joy, the dreams of youth,
Hope's rosy visions, or the lamp of Truth,
Roll back Time's record from the dial-plate,
And snatch a trophy from the grasp of Fate."
Again I gazed with wildly streaming eyes
On the dread angel that so much denies—
Again the still voice breathed o'er fields of snow:
"These are the treasures of the Long Ago."

Alas, that land! that Land of Long Ago!
No resurrection shines above its snow:
Memory may enter, but a flaming sword
Forbids with menace stern Hope's tender word.
The Past is gone—the Now we grasp full fond,
And the To Be looks darkly from beyond—
And still the years roll on with ceaseless flow
Into the silence of the Long Ago—
Oh, Land of Long Ago!

—Mary C. Francis, in Detroit Free Press.



[Original]
SUE ROGERS
was about as
purty a gal
as ever
sunned her-
on the Pa-
cific slope.
She was a
kinder de-
ceivin' critter,
not that she
meant to be
deceivin' but
her disposition
was so differ-
ent from her
looks. Her hair
was brown, and
her eyes was
blue an' in-
nocent lookin'
as a baby's, an'
she had a lit-
tle mouth that
allers looked
like it was
jest ready to
curve into a
cry. She looked
as timid as a
mouse, but she
was as brave
as any woman
ever was.

Hevin' almost
grewed up
amongst us,
we all liked
an' respected
her, which
them that
knewed her
couldn't help
doin'. We all
felt kinder
near to her,
a minglin' of
awe an' pity
together. You
know how
men will feel
toward a
brave little
woman that's
got a lot of
trouble to
contend with.
An' that was
Sue's trouble.
Her father
would gamble
and drink.

There wasn't
a cleverer
man in the
place then
ol' Si Rogers.
He was a
good work-
man, an' made
good money.
But keep it,
he couldn't.
He was
death on
playin' poker,
an' when he
played he hed
to drink to
steady his
nerves.

But even in
his most
reckless
drinkin' tan-
trums he
never forgot
his love for
Sue. An' he
hedn't ought
to, nuther,
for she was
as faithful
an' lovin'
to him as if
he hedn't hev
a fault in
the world. Tho'
it was some-
times purty
tryin' fur her,
when things
was needed
in the house,
to hev the ol'
man lose
every cent he
had in a jack-
pot an' come
home stagerin',
stone-blind
drunk. But
that's what
often hap-
pened. When
folks'ud try
terpussade
her to leave
him, she giv'
em cold en-
couragement
an' arter
awhile they
jest got to
lookin' on
in a kinder
silent re-
spect an'
shakin' their
heads when
anythin' par-
ticular bad
turned up.

She never
minded none
o' that but
jest went on
in the same
way lavishin'
her affec-
tions upon
that ol' hulk
o' a father's
hers. But the
young fellers,
when they
seen that she
was good
an' faithful
as well as
purty, com-
menced to
hanker arter
her more an'
more. But
'twasn't no
use, fer every-
body cal-
culated that
of Sue ever
sot her affec-
tions on
any man that
wasn't her
father, which
the same hed
kinder grewed
up in her
favor. Most
all the fellows
hed learned
to content
themselves,
leavin' the
field to Jim,
fur none of
them thought
they was
man enough
to cut him
out. Jim was
a mighty nice
fellow, steady
an' easy goin'
with no



gradges agin
nobody and
not a blamed
enemy in the
world, I reckon.
He was as
quick to help
an honest man
out of a tight
place as he
was to help
string up a
hoss thief; an'
suar, I reckon
he was the
squareset man
that ever owned
a shooter. None
o' yore quar-
relsome kind,
nuther, though
he did always
carry a pretty
mean looking
gun. But, then,
you know,
most all of us
did that in
them days. It
was downright
necessary in
a time when
shootin' was
almost as
common as
eatin'.

"Out this time,
all the camps
in a circle o'
seventy or
eighty miles
was bevin' a
good deal o'
trouble with a

band o' profes-
sional gamblers
that hed
settled among
'em.

Now we miners
an' overly tick-
lish; but we do
reckon that a
professional
gambler is about
as desperate a
critter as
ever held down
a claim on this
'ere earth.

Well, our camp
come in fur its
share o' this
calamity, fur
one o' them
coyotes settled
right down
amongst us an'
commenced
operations. He
was a remark-
ably slick look-
in' chap, more
gentlemanlike
then the most
of his class;
there wasn't
thet flash o'
gold an' jew-
els about him
that allus makes
a decent man
tired; though
he did wear
one big dia-
mond ring on
his little finger
that looked
like the real
stuff an' I reckon
it was. He
called hisself
Jack Custer,
and he had
been amongst
us only a few
days when we
learned some-
thin' about
him that was
very funny
fur a profes-
sional gambler.
He didn't cheat,
No, sir, he
played as fair
as a parson,
an' took his
losses with his
gains. But I
will say this
fur him that
though he
didn't cheat,
he won a good
deal more
'n he lost,
an' when in
the course o'
time men
began to see
it kinder
dropped off
an' let him
alone. His
business
grewed small
an' waverin'
like. The
men that did
play with him
didn't play
reg'lar with
one exception—
ol' Si Rogers.
He was as
reg'lar as
meatime;
never failed.
Custer seen
he hed a vic-
tim, an' he
knewed jest
how to work
him. Every
night at seven
o'clock they
'd sit down
to play in
the little
room o' the
tavern which
was kept fur
that purpose
an' Rogers
'ud never
move from
the table until
he got up to
slink home
through the
darkness with
his bloodshot
eyes, throbbin'
temples an'
with not a
cent in his
pocket. But
sometimes
he would win,
and then he
went on like
a crazy man;
he would be
so happy that
he'd drink an'
treat all his
winnin's away
before he
left. Things
was gettin'
purty low
at his house;
they was
almost in
need. But
through it
all Sue never
blamed nor
scolded him.

"Try an' come
home without
stoppin',
father," she
used to say.
An' he'd go
off in the
mornin' prom-
isin' faithfully
"to do it." But
his road home
right past the
tavern an' he
jest hed to
stop in fur
a minute, an'
thet minute
'ud stretch
out to nigh
next mornin'.
Nobody inter-
fered, 'cause
it wasn't
nobody's
business.

One night
the ol' man
failed to show
up at the
usual time;
half-past
seven come,
eight; half-
past eight. Eyes
began to
turn in Custer's
direction an'
he seemed
kinder oneasy.
But jest five
minutes before
the clock struck
nine ol' Si
Rogers' shufflin'
step was
heard in the
entry. It
sounded a
little quicker
an' usual. Custer
brightened
up all of a
sudden as he
heard it an'
took a step
toward the
table. But
the minute
the ol' man
struck the
room every-
body could
see that some-
thin' was
wrong. His
face was
haggard an'
pale an' there
was a skeered
look in his
eyes.

"Boys," says
he, in a husky
voice, "is
there one
o' you that'll
lend a feller
a little cash
in an emer-
gency?" The
men looked
up questionin'
fur their
cards. "Sue's
down sick,"
he went on,
"an' I've
clear out o'
money."

Every hand
went down
into its own-
er's pocket,
an' silver,
gold an' bills
come up,
but Jack
Custer was
before us
all. He was
at the ol' man's
side in
about three
shakes, and
pressin' a
roll o' money
into his hand,
he said: "I
think I've
got a right
to help you."
The rest
wanted to
chip in, but
Rogers said
he hed enough,
and we could
only hold
him long
enough fur
him to tell
us part o'
the story. One
o' Mike
Jasper's kids
met him on
his way from
work to tell
him that
Sue was sick;
hurryin' home,
he found her
ragin' with
fever. Some
o' the neigh-
bor women
was workin'
with her,
but he wouldn't
leave her
side until
he was
jest compelled
to go fur
a doctor. That
was why he
dropped
in there; 'cause
the doctor
would hev
to come some
distance, he
might want
to see the
color of his
cash before
startin'.

He left as
soon as he
told us that,
terrible
worked up;
an', in fact,
he left us
purty much
excited, not
knowin'
how bad
sick Sue was.

But it
turned out,
arter all,
thet it
wasn't
nothin' serious,
jest a light
spell. But I
tell you ol'
man Rogers
was skeered
purty bad.
He straight-
ened up an'
didn't gamble
fur a week,
an' fur a
time folks
began to
think that
he hed really
reformed.
So did Custer;
an' he packed
up his things
to leave.

He was
standin' at
the door one
day when
Sue passed,
an' he asked
her she was.
When he
found it was
Rogers' darter
Sue, he
whistled
long an' low.
He took a
good look
at her when
she came
back that
way. Thet
evenin' he
unpacked
his traps an'
settled
himself
to stay. The
boys winked
their eyes
an' whispered
to each other
thet "Custer
was goin'
to play fur
higher stakes,
but 'twasn't
no use, fur
the cards
was stacked
agin him
dead sure." Custer
jest wen'
right on
makin' no
secret of
his intentions,
but workin'
fair an'
suar. He
began to
try an' draw
Sue's atten-
tion, an' every-
body looked
on in interest.

Jim Mace
only laughed
very quiet.
He reckoned
he'd fixed
them cards
himself an'
knewed
jest what
chance the
gambler
stood fur
drawin' a
flush.

Ol' Si
Rogers, arter
his week's
spell o'
goodness,
come back
to his table
as eager
as ever an'
jest about
as lucky.
Thet is,
at first;
later on he
began to
sorter win.

"Custer's
luck has
changed,"
some one
whispered.
An' thet's
the way it
looked.
But them
that tried
to take
advantage
o' the
change soon
found
thet somehow
he didn't
lose to
nobody
but ol' man
Rogers. It
got clearer,
though, one
night, when
arter the
ol' man
hed made
a big win-
nin', Custer
leaned
across the
table and
said: "I'll
be down to
yore house
after a long
I want to
talk over
some busi-
ness with
you." O'
course
Rogers
couldn't
refuse,
an' Custer's
game
showed
out plain:
He'd been
buyin' the
ol' man's
favor. A
good deal
of advice
was
whispered
to Jim
Mace, but
he wasn't
skeered,
an' said
thet he
wouldn't
interfere
as long
as things
went on
straight
an' honest.
An' they
seemed
to be goin'
on thet
way to a
very bad
endin' fur
pore Jim.

Custer's
business
with ol'
Rogers

must 'a' turned
out mighty
satisfac-
tory, 'cause
he kept goin'.

In the
meantime
he 'n the ol'
man hed
kinder quit
playin' no
reg'lar, but
one night
when they'd
been talkin'
together
earnest like
for a long
time the
ol' man got
so excited
thet he
jest bawled
out without
thinkin': "No!
I won't try
to persuade
her to do
nothin'
she don't
want 't do."

They both
shut up
right away,
but it
looked
like the
gambler
was tryin'
to get ol'
Rogers to
persuade
Sue to
marry
him, an'
everybody
looked at
Jim Mace.
He was
perfectly
cool. Custer
went up
to him an'
said: "Ef
a man
kwin the
girl he
loves, all
far an'
suar, why
shouldn't
he?"

"Why
shouldn't
he?" says
Jim.
"Hev you
any objec-
tions to
bein' out
in an honest
way?"

"Wall, no."

We all began
to look at
Jim an'
wondered
if he hedn't
got spiced
on the sly,
but of any-
thin' un-
common
was up he
didn't show
it.

Arter thet
talk Jack
Custer got
more
desperate.
He com-
menced
drinkin'
harder an'
drewed the
ol' man
back agin
into the
same ol'
ruts, drinkin'
an' losin' his
money. But
it was all
brought to
a sudden
hold-up
one night
long toward
the end of
August.

It was
one o' them
creep, quiet
summer
nights that
a man feels
away down
an' all over;
there wasn't
much noise
in the little
gamblin'
room o' the
tavern
except the
flip-flap o'
the cards,
the occa-
sional
shufflin' o'
feet as
some man
changed his
position fur
luck, an'
now an' then
an oath
thet told
thet some-
body was
busted.

Ol' man
Rogers was
all unnerved
thet night,
'cause he
was losin' his
money. He
hed been
fur near two
weeks, while
Custer set
ther lookin'
as cool
an' hand-
some as
could be. But
there was
a glimmer
in his eyes
when he
fixed 'em
on the ol'
man, thet
made a body
think of a
snake char-
min' a bird.
He was
playin' fur
a purpose,
it showed
in his face,
an' the
eager grasp
of his long,
slender
white fingers
as they



HE LED HER ACROSS THE ROOM.

He led her
across the
room.

He touched
the cards.
The men at
the other
tables were
finally
aroused
by the
deck being
dashed on
the table
an' a groan
from Rogers.
He was
busted. This
was com-
mon; so the
men jest
went on
with their
own busi-
ness. But
them that
was watchin'
saw the
ol' man
lean over
the table
an' he said:
"You asked
me fur my
darter, the
other day;
stake me
fifty against
her until
I try my
luck once
more, an' if
I lose, she's
yore'n."

"Done." An'
Custer laid
down the
bills.

The news
soon got
around an'
the men
left their
own games
to watch
this one.
Jim Mace
among 'em.

Jest as they
began playin',
with a
sort o' uncon-
scious im-
pulse, we
looked
toward
the door
an' there
stood Sue.

It wasn't
no place
fit fur a
woman,
but she
had come
fur her
father, an'
there wasn't
a man
but what
hed too
much nat-
ural gen-
tlemanship
to say a
wrong
word in
her pres-
ence.

At first
sight of
her, Custer
started
an' then
dropped
his eyes
on his
cards. She
come down
the room
an' layin'
her hand
on her
father's
shoulder
called
him by
name, but
the game
hed begun
an' he
didn't notice
her; she
stood by
silent while
they played,
an' not
one of
us hed
the heart
to tell her
what was
the stakes.

The game
seemed
an age
long; but
bimeby
it was
finished
an' ol'
Rogers
hed lost.
He fell
back in
his chair
in a faint,
but revivin'
in a
minute,
he kinder
moaned:
"Oh what
hev I done?
Gambled
even my
darter away!"

Jim Mace
stood like
stone.

It was
some
minutes
before
Sue un-
derstood
the awful
truth, an'
she
likened
to fainted.
She cried
an' rooked
her-
self
back an'
forth but
not a
word
did she
say agin
her father.

Jim's
eyes were
fastened
on the
gambler.

Custer
rose an'
goin' to
Sue's
side
took her
hand. "You're
mine," says
he, "I
gambled
far fur
you," an'
slippin'
the ring
from his
finger,
he put it
on hers.

She looked
at it fur
a minute
an' then
screamed:
"Take it
off! Take
it off,
it burns
me!"

Such a
look of
misery
came into
the pore
feller's
eyes
thet
would
'a' made
a dog
pity him.
"You won't
wear my
ring," says
he, takin'
it off, "but
you are
no less
mine."

She shrunk
from him
an' I seen
Jim's
hand
slide
back to
his gun
stop.
Custer's
grip
tightened
on her
arm, an'
he said
in a kind
o' fiercely
gentle way:
"Sue, you
are mine
as far as
ever
woman
was, but
I love
you too
much
to break
yore heart."

He led
her
across
the room
an' put
her hand
in Jim's.

Almost
afore
we
knewed
what
hed
happened,
Custer
hed
slipped
out the
door an'
the boys
cheers
rang
out, even
above
them
sounded
a pistol
shot
outside.

We
rushed
out an'
pickin'
pore
Custer
up
carried
him
into
the
room.
A
re-
volver
was
clinked
in his
hand,
an'
a
bullet
hed
gone
through
his
brain.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

—Younghusband—
"If I were
you,
my dear,
I wouldn't
tell my
friends
I had
trimmed
that hat
myself." Mrs.
Younghusband—
"Why, love,
would
it be
con-
ceded?" Younghusband—
"No,
superfluous."
—Life's Calendar.

ALL IN ALL.

Dr. Talmage Again Preaches in His Tabernacle.

Christ All and in All—Those Only Get Into the Heart of God's Truth Who Come Seeking Christ.

Upon his return from Europe Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached his first sermon in Brooklyn upon the subject "All in All." Text, Colossians iii. 11: "Christ Is All in All." He said:

Returned, after the most eventful summer of my life, I must shortly and as soon as I recover from the sea voyage, give you an account of our mission of bread to famine-stricken Russia and of my preaching tour through Germany, England, Scotland and Ireland; but my first sermon on reaching here must be a hosanna of gratitude to Christ, and from the text I have chosen I have found that the greatest name in the ocean shipping, and from Liverpool to Moscow, and from Moscow to London and Edinburgh and Belfast and Dublin, is Jesus.

Every age of the world has had its historians, its philosophers, its artists, its thinkers and its teachers. Were there histories to be written, there has always been a Moses, or a Herodotus, or a Xenophon, or a Josephus to write them. Were there poems to be constructed there has always been a Job or a Homer to construct them. Were there thrones, lustrous and powerful, to be lifted there has always been a David or a Caesar to lift them. Were there teachers demanded for the intellects and the hearts there has been a Socrates and a Zeno and a Cleanthes and a Marcus Antonius coming forth on the grand and glorious mission. Every age of the world has had its triumphs of reason and morality. There has not been a single age of the world which has not had some decided system of religion. The Platonism, Orientalism, Stoicism, Brahminism and Buddhism, considering the ages in which they were established, were not lacking in ingenuity and force. Now, in this line of beneficent institutions and of noble men there appeared a personage more wonderful than any predecessor. He came from a family without any royal aristocratic pretensions. He became a Galilean mechanic. He had no advantage from the schools. There were people beside Him day after day who had no idea that He was going to be anything remarkable or do anything remarkable. Yet, notwithstanding all this, and without any title or scholarly profession or flaming rhetoric, He started the world with the strangest announcements, ran in collision with scribes and Pharisees, and with a voice that rang through temple and palace and over ship's deck and mountain top proclaimed: "I am the light of the world!" Men were taken all aback at the idea that that hand, yet hard from the use of the ax, the saw and adze and hatchet, should wave the scepter of authority, and that upon that brow, from which they had so often seen him wipe the sweat of toil, there would yet come the crown of unparalleled splendor and of universal dominion. We all know how difficult it is to think that anybody who was at school with us in boyhood has got to be anything great or famous; and no wonder that those who had been boys with Christ in the streets of Nazareth and seen Him in after years in the days of His complete obscurity should have been very slow to acknowledge Christ's wonderful mission.

From this humble point the stream of life flowed out. At first it was just a faint rill, hardly able to find its way down the rock, but the tears of a weeping Christ added to its volume, and it flowed on until, by the beauty and greenness of the banks, you might know the path the crystal stream was taking. On and on, until the lepers were brought down and washed off their leprosy, and the dead were lifted into the water that they might have life, and pearls of joy and promise were gathered from the brink, and innumerable churches gathered on either bank, and the tide flows on deeper, and stronger, and wider, until it rolls into the river from under the throne of God, mingling billow with billow, and brightness with brightness, and joy with joy, and hosanna with hosanna!

I was looking at some of the paintings of the artist, Mr. Kensett. I saw some pictures that were just faint outlines; in some places you would see only the branches of a tree and no trunk; and in another case the trunk and no branches. He had not finished the work. It would have taken him days and months, perhaps, to have completed it. Well, my friends, in this world we get only the faintest outline of what Christ is. It will take all eternity to fill up the picture—so loving, so kind, so merciful, so great! Paul does not, in this chapter, say of Christ He is good, or He is loving, or He is patient, or He is kind; but in his exclamation of the text he embraces everything when he says: "Christ is all in all."

I remark, in the first place, Christ is everything in the Bible. I do not care where I open the Bible I find Jesus. In whatever path I start I come, after a while, to the Bethlehem manger. I go back to the old dispensation and see a lamb on the altar, and say: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" Then I go and see the manna provided for the Israelites in the wilderness, and say: "Jesus, the bread of life." Then I look at the rock which was smitten by the prophet's rod, and as the water gushes out, I say: "It is Jesus, the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." I go back and look at the writings of Job, and hear him exclaim: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then I go to Ezekiel, and I find Christ presented there as "a plant of renown;" and then I turn over to Isaiah, and Christ is spoken of as "a sheep before her shearers." It is Jesus all the way between Genesis and Malachi. Then I turn over to the New Testament,

and it is Christ in the parable, it is Christ in the miracle, it is Christ in the evangelist's story, it is Christ in the apostle's epistles, and it is Christ in the trumpet peal of the Apocalypse. I know there are a great many people who do not find Christ in the Bible. Here is a man who studies the Bible as a historian. Well, if you come as a historian you will find in this book how the world was made, how the seas fled to their places, how empires were established, how nations fought with nation, javelin ringing against harbegeon, until the earth was glistly with the dead. You will see the coronation of princes, the triumph of conquerors, and the world turned upside down and back again and down again, cleft and scarred with great agonies of earthquake, and tempest, and battle. It is a wonderful history, putting to blush all others in the accuracy of its recital and the stupendous events it records. Homer and Thucydides and Gibbon could make great stories out of little events, but it took a Moses to tell how the heavens and the earth were made in one chapter, and to give the history of thousands of years upon two leaves.

There are others who come to the Bible merely as antiquarians. If you come as an antiquarian you will find a great many odd things in the Bible; peculiarities of manner and custom, marriage and burial; peculiarities of dress, tunics, sandals, crimping pins, amulets and girdles, and tinkling ornaments. If you will come to look at military arrangements, you will find coats of mail, and javelins and engines of war, and circumvallation and encampments. If you look for peculiar musical instruments, you will find psalteries, and shigionoths, and rams' horns. The antiquarian will find in the Bible curiosities in agriculture, and in commerce, and in art, and in religion, that will keep him absorbed a great while. There are those who come to this Bible as you would to a cabinet of curiosities, and you pick up this and say, "What a strange sword that is!" and "What a peculiar hat this is!" and "What an unlooked for lamp that is!" and the Bible to such becomes a British museum.

Then there are others who find nothing in the Bible but the poetry. Well, if you come as a poet, you will find in this book faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in a style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment in its garland, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing floor, and the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels, and the fish pools of Heshbon, up to the psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job leading forth Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades. It is a wonderful poem and a great many people read it as they do Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." They sit down and are so absorbed in looking at the shells on the shore that they forget to look off on the great ocean of God's mercy and salvation.

Then there are others who come to this book as skeptics. They marshal passage against passage and try to get Matthew and Luke in a quarrel and would have a discrepancy between what Paul and James say about faith and works and they try the account of Moses concerning the creation by modern decisions in science, and resolve that in all questions between the scientific explorer and the inspired writer they will give the preference to the geologist. These men—these spiders, I will say—suck poison out of the sweetest flowers. They fatten their infidelity upon the truths which have led thousands to Heaven, and in their distorted vision prophet seems to war with prophet, and evangelist with evangelist and apostle with apostle; and if they can find some bad trait of character in a man of God mentioned in that Bible, these carrion crows and flap their wings over the carcass. Because they cannot understand how the whole swallowed Jonah they attempt the more wonderful feat of swallowing the monster whale of modern skepticism. They do not believe it possible that the Bible story should be true which says that the dumb ass spake, while they themselves prove the thing possible by their own utterances. I am amused beyond bounds when I hear one of these men talking about a future life. Just ask a man who rejects that Bible what Heaven is and hear him before your soul. He will tell you that Heaven is merely the development of the internal resources of a man; it is an effluence of the dynamic forces into a state of ethereal and transcendental lubrication. In close juxtaposition to the ever present "was" and the great "to be" and the everlasting "no." Considering themselves wise, they are fools for time, and fools for eternity.

Then there is another class of persons who come to the Bible as controversialists. They are enormous Presbyterians or fierce Baptists, or violent Methodists. They cut the Bible to suit their creed, instead of cutting their creed to suit the Bible. If the Scriptures think as they do, well; if not, so much the worse for the Scriptures. The Bible is merely the whetstone on which they sharpen the dissecting knife of controversy. They come to it as a government in time of war comes to munitions or arsenals for weapons or munitions. They have declared everlasting war against all other sects, and they want so many broadswords, so many muskets, so many howitzers, so many canibals, so much grape and canister, so many field-pieces with which to rake the field of dispute, for they mean to get the victory, though the heavens be darkened with the smoke and the

earth rent with the thunder. What do they care about the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ? I have seen some such men come back from an ecclesiastical massacre as proud of their achievements as an Indian warrior boasting of the number of scalps he has taken. I have more admiration for a man who goes forth with his fists to get the championship than I have for these theological pugilists who make our theological magazines ring with their war cry. There are men who seem to think the only use of the sword of truth is to stick somebody. There is one passage of the Scriptures that they like better than all others, and that is this: "Blessed be the Lord which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." Woe to us if we come to God's word as controversialists, or as skeptics, or as connoisseurs, or as fault finders, or merely as poets!

Those only get into the heart of God's truth who come seeking Christ. Welcome all such! They will find Him coming out from behind the curtain of prophecy until He stands in the full light of New Testament disclosure, Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. They will find Him in genealogical table and in chronological calculation, in poetic stanza and in historical narrative, in profound parable and in startling miracle. They will see His foot on every sea and His tears in the drops of dew on Hermon, and hear His voice in the wind and behold His words all abloom in the valley between Mount Olivet and Jerusalem. There are some men who come and walk around the temple of truth and merely see the outside. There are others who walk into the porch and then go away. There are others who come in and look at the pictures, but they know nothing about the chief attractions of the Bible. It is only the man who comes and knocks at the gate, saying, "I would see Jesus." For him the glories of that book open and he goes in and finds Christ and with him peace, pardon, life, comfort and Heaven. "All in all is Jesus" in the Bible.

I remark again that Christ is everything in the great plan of redemption. We are slaves; Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hungry; Christ says: "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to die; Christ says: "Save that man from going down to the pit; I am the ransom." We are tossed on a sea of troubles; Jesus comes over it, saying: "It is I, be not afraid." We are in darkness; Jesus says: "I am the bright and morning star." We are sick, Jesus is the balm of Gilead. We are dead; he grave the shrouds read and the grave hillocks heave as he cries: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We want justification; "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We want to exercise faith; "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I want to get from under condemnation; "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The cross—He carried it. The flames of hell—He suffered them. The shame—He endured it. The crown He won it. Heights of Heaven sing it, and worlds of light to worlds of light all round the Heaven cry: "Glory, glory!"

I remark again, Christ is everything to the Christian in trouble. We must all stoop down and drink out of the bitter lake. The moss has no time to grow on the buckets that come up out of the heart's well, dripping with tears. Great trials are upon our track as certain as greyhound pack on the scent of deer. From our hearts in every direction there are a thousand chords reaching out binding us to loved ones, and ever and anon some of these tendrils snap. The winds that cross this sea of life are not all shafts. The clouds that cross our sky are not feathery and afar, straying like flocks of sheep on heavenly pastures; but wrathful, and somber, and gleaming with terror, they wrap the mountains in fire, and come down baying with their thunders through every gorge. The richest fruits of blessing have a prickly shell. Life here is not lying at anchor; it is weathering a gale. It is not sleeping in a soldier's tent with our arms stacked; it is a bayonet charge. We stumble over gravestones and we drive on with our wheel deep in the old rut of graves. Trouble has wrinkled your brow and it has frosted your head. Falling in this battle of life, is there no angel to bind our wounds? Hath God made this world with so many things to hurt and none to heal? For this snake bite of sorrow is there no herb growing by the brooks to heal the poison? Blessed be God that in the gospel we find the antidote! Christ has bottled an ocean of tears. How many thorns He