Essex County Herald.

W. H. BISHOP, Publisher.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT—

ISLAND POND, VT.

TERMS. $1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

Essex County Herald.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

VOL. XIX. ISLAND POND, VERMONT, JULY 10, 1891. NO. 19.

Essex County Herald.

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At Canaan on the 1st Tuesdays of April and October.

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Guildhall, December 1st, 1890.

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246 MIDDLE ST.,

PORTLAND, ME.

Surgical operations until recently unthought of even in the profession, are reported. A young man was brought to a Chicago hospital suffering from a stab wound which had penetrated the pericardium. One of the attending surgeons, in his examination, actually placed his finger against the living heart. The wound was dressed and the patient recovered at the end of two weeks. In Boston an eleven-year-old boy suffered with a pain in his side and difficulty in breathing, which medicine failed to relieve. An operation was resorted to in which the pericardium was incised, and half a pint of thick pale-colored fluid removed. After the operation the patient fell into a deep sleep, lasting five days, after which he awoke smiling to see his mother at his side. He is reported now out of danger. Such triumphs in surgical skill as these, says *Once a Week*, are doubtless owing not only to improved methods and superior knowledge of anatomy, but also to more earnest devotion to their profession, greater courage, steadier nerve, and exalted personal character, among surgeons. English surgical skill, hitherto considered superior to American, must look to its laurels. The list of injuries classed as necessarily fatal must be revised. "While there is life there is hope" will continue to widen if surgery continues to invade the domain of the incurable.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "Several persons were recently seriously and two fatally poisoned at Pittsburg as the result of eating smoked fish, an examination of which showed that it was unfit for human food before it was cured. There is very little difference in principle between putting arsenic in an enemy's coffee and sending poisonous stuff, in the form of food, broadcast through the markets of the country. The difference is in degree, for a man who commits a definite crime on account of a definite enemy is rather more respectable than the one who hazards the life of innocent persons whom he has never seen for the sake of a few mean dollars. Before the country is many years older there will be more stringent legislation governing the production and sale of food, and these will be enforced, for the abuse strikes home to every man."

It has been stated that the cipher used by the United States Navy Department cost $5000, and is so complicated and intricate that it absolutely defies solution.

TEHAMA COUNTY, Cal., paid out $795 for scalps in December. The lot included 5 lions, 108 coyotes, 63 wildcats, 1,952 rabbits, 53 crows, 10 bears and 2 eagles.

PROBABLY the largest fee ever received by a lawyer in this country was that paid to John E. Parsons, of New York, who is said to have received $400,000 for services rendered in organizing the sugar trust.

The sentence of the Czarowitz's assailant to penal servitude for life was about the only reparation to Russia that could be made by the Japanese authorities.

Secretary Rusk wants the steamship companies carrying cattle from American ports to British markets to provide two feet eight inches as the minimum space for each steer. The last Congress authorized the Secretary to prescribe the regulations.

The wearing away of the cliffs on the shores of England has of late attracted considerable attention, and the problem is being attentively studied, with the view of preventing the erosive action of the waves, as well as the streams that trickle down.

Probably the liveliest railway junction in the world is at Clapham, in England, where the London, Brighton and South Coast and the London and Southwestern Railways cross. Between 7 o'clock in the morning and 10 at night, 1000 trains pass this junction—an average of one every fifty-four seconds.

In a recent publication in England Herbert Spencer says: "It is surprising with what light hearts people are led to abrogate the order of nature and to substitute an order of their own devising. All life on earth has risen to its present height under the system of parental obligation. The process has so worked that the best natural offspring of the best parents have survived and maintained the race, while offsprings inadequately nurtured have failed to leave self-suffering posterity. And now it has come to be thought that these strong, parental feelings of which in billions of creatures throughout millions of years have worked so beneficially, may, with advantage, be replaced by public sentiment working through state machinery. The replacing of parental responsibilities by social responsibilities will inevitably cause degradation and eventual extinction."

There is a swell Italian restaurant in New York that boasts of two Italian noblemen and accomplished Italian man of letters as being on its staff of waiters. A gentleman who was Italian born and lived in that country until he came to the years of maturity happened into this restaurant to dine one day. He was astounded to be waited upon by a man who had been one of his schoolmates in Italy, and whom he had afterward known as for many years a professor in Latin in one of the Italian universities. It was the old story with this man, as he explained to his whilom schoolmate. He had given up his professorship and come to this country in the hopes of bettering his fortunes, only to be disappointed and finally to be driven to waiting on tables as the only employment open to him. In the same restaurant, he said, there were a marquis and a count who had been students in the university when he was a professor there. These two scions of noble families had come to this country after having run through in dissipation, what little patrimonies had come to them, and after knocking about from one thing to another had come down to their present low estate.

According to the *Argonaut*, a bill to abolish bachelorhood among State officials will be laid before the German Reichstag shortly. The explanatory and argumentative "motive," such as accompanies all bills before the Parliament of Berlin, will be, in this case, substantially as follows: "In the interest of unmarried women, the Government is under obligations to take measures for the suppression of bachelorhood, especially in view of the fact that German women are not admitted to places in the departments which were formerly open to them. The principle of the necessary marriage law must be that every official of certain grades must marry or sacrifice one-fourth of his salary and all his housemoney. The money collected by the infliction of these penalties should be made a pension-fund for unmarried daughters of Government officials. An exception to the rule might be made in the case of officials who had parents or sisters to support. Thus, many women who would otherwise remain spinsters would be cared for and their aims in life would be reached, while to many who found no chance to marry, a comfortable old age would be assured." The agitation in favor of this measure is led by a Herr Wagner, and is helped along by several societies in Berlin, Munich, and Frankfort.

BOSTON LETTER.

The Glorious Fourth--Its Observance at the Hub.

Beach Resorts--The White Fleet--Death of Hannibal Hamlin.

Patriotic ardor is supposed to have subsided for a twelvemonth, unless some unforeseen diplomatic entanglement arises, and many of those who celebrated the glorious Independence Day with caterwaulings, tin horns, and other equally interesting demonstrations of their appreciation of those who fought, bled and died for their country, are now snugly packed away in the various hospitals for needed repairs. Here in Boston the number of casualties incident to the Fourth was unusually large, but there were comparatively few of a fatal character. Now and again a candidate for the marble slabs in North Grove street was picked up to await identification, but the mortality incident to the day was not so largely in excess of the daily average as to call for extended comment. A few bodies were found in the gutters, to be sure, but it is too early in the week to say whether they had been robbed and thrown from a sixth story window, committed suicide as a means of escaping being asked if they had seen the Ames building and the new stock exchange, or had partaken of a dinner at some one of the numerous cooking schools. All the facts connected with their taking off, however, will come out in the judicial wash two or three months hence, when the bereaved relatives will have the consolation of knowing that the city officials will have decided that the case is one of somatic death, but like the Western jury, cannot decide whether "the deceased came to it by accident, incident, or the hand of Providence." Red lemonade and peanuts, with the usual accompaniment of West End cowboys in realistic scenes of wild life on the plains, were in the ascendant on the common, while frugal swains and demonstrative lovers and sweethearts deposited their nickels with the swan-boat tender in the public garden and for once in their lives realized the dreams of their fiction painted childhood. Unusual preparations had been made at the beach resorts to entertain visitors, and if is true that a clam is happy at high tide, the souls of the bivalves which had the good fortune to inhabit seashore chowders must have been ravished with delight at their aqueous environments. The writer took in a beach resort on the Fourth for the purpose of enjoying a day of that "excellent fishing" always to be had, and after exploring the waters of the bay for three hours, succeeded in capturing what he confidently believed were two of the school of twelve which fed the multitude on the shores of Galilee, as they had the appearance of having been fed upon for nearly two thousand years. Expressing myself somewhat tersely in regard to the catch, I was assured by the philanthropic gentleman who let me the boat that I had had remarkably good luck and that the perch I had taken were above the regular beach resort size. I paid the two dollars with a mental protest and endeavored to put on a gratified expression of countenance. I don't know how well I succeeded in this, but somehow I imagine that I detected a leer in the boat owner's optics which might be interpreted as questioning my liberality as a sporting man or a lack of appreciation of the entertainment furnished. O yes, there's good fishing at the beaches, but to avoid becoming the cynosure of all eyes, take my advice and go home crosslots with your catch.

The white squadron is here riding the pellucid waters of the Mystic off the navy yard. The fleet consists of the Newark, first rate, 12 guns, Capt. Silas Casey, flying the flag of Acting Rear Admiral John G. Walker; the Boston, second rate, eight guns, Capt. G. C. Wiltse; the Atlanta, second rate, eight guns, Capt. John W. Philip; the Yorktown, third rate, six guns, Commander F. E. Chadwick and the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, Lieut Shroeder. Contrary to general expectation, the public will not be admitted on board the vessels during their stay here, as they came on business and not, as was generally thought, to aid us in observing the Fourth. They were sent to Boston to give instructions to the naval battalion of the M. V. M., and when that is done they will proceed to some other station for a like purpose.

The death of ex-Vice-President Hamlin has cast a dark shadow over Boston, as it has over every place where he was known. Mr. Hamlin was by no means a negative character in the history of our country, but he no doubt owed no little of his popularity to his social qualities and uniform urbanity of manner. He greeted those in the lowest walks of life with dignified respect, and while he was a great lover of, and mingled largely in, all social events, in a public career extending over half a century, no one has yet been able to trace a wrong to his door. Some may hold up their hands in holy horror at his being stricken while at a game of cards, but their hands are not as clean as were his. He squared his life by the golden rule, and died at a ripe old age, honored and sincerely mourned.

OZNOLA.

The New Haven brakeman who was crippled in October last and recovered $10,000 damages from the company at his first trial, is probably glad now, opines the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, that the court granted a new trial to the railroad, for the poor fellow's second verdict is for $27,500.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

SUBJECT: "ASTRAY, BUT RECOVERED."

TEXT: *"All we like sheep have gone astray: * * * and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."*—Isaiah liii., 6.

Within ninety years at the longest all who hear or read this sermon will be in eternity. During the next fifty years you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swath among the people. The year 1891 will to some be the finality. Such considerations make this occasion absorbing and momentous. The first half of my text is an indictment, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says: "Can you not drop the first word? That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and he says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defrauder, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray."

Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room and comes back to the point from where it started, when it says: "All we like sheep have gone astray." I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh! my sins, my sins," and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways, either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of distant streams or under great oaks on the other side of some hill we might be better fed.

We wanted other pasturage than that which God through Jesus Christ gave our soul, and we wandered on and wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread and we found garbage. The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharpened rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the worldly groups when you lost your child? Did they come around and console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associations? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you, perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

> There is a happy land, far, far away,
> Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him. The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried, "Wake up! wake up!"

So one little annoyance has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and successes. Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his hay, it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess, but it gives but little food to a soul blood bought and immortal.

What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man" It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle-ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

> Substantial comfort will not grow
> On nature's barren soil;
> All we can boast till Christ we know
> Is vanity and toil.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. O man! that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God.

Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way, and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God this morning, your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry: "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder: "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress, and some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble. The cannonade and the conflagration, the multiplication of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "Him." Him of the manger, Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony, "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

"Oh," says some man, "that is not generous, that is not fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I walking down the street, both hale, hearty and well, I ask you to carry me, you say, and say rightly, "Walk on your own feet." But suppose you and I were in a regiment and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the amoulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything mean in your doing that? Would there be anything bemeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does.

If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt; cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell, of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God.

Christ comes down to see us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon His knee, and then with a dead lift He raises us to honor and to glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime! Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days and through all the tempests of these nights. I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts. Put them on My shoulder; put them on My heart." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamer and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true, 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself, I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until the day I got a letter saying:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your loving wife, MARY.

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

> All may come, whoever will,
> This man receives poor sinners still.

"And I dropped right there where I was and I said, 'God have mercy,' and He had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim, 'On Him the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a woman who would say: "I wandered off from my father's house; I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and He said: 'Poor thing, go home! your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing.' And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out; I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said, 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.'

"I went to the place where I was tarrying, I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church, and the young man met me and we went in; and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just gave my heart to God, and I know this morning that what you say is true; I believe it in my own experience. 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Oh, my brother, without stopping to look as to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand, let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of Him on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation this morning to all who are bound, pardon for all sin, and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes here this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place He spreads abroad His hands and they were nailed. You see His feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you His wounded heart. I say, "Art Thou weary?" "Yes," He says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest Thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with Thee?" He says, "No one; I have trodden the winepress alone!" I say, "Why comest Thou here?" "Oh," He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people."

And He kneels and He says: "Put on My shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst Thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says: "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the Church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst Thou bear any more?" He says: "Yea, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house, and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst Thou bear more?" He says: "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly, and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say: "Canst Thou bear them?" "Yea," He says, "more."

But He is departing. Clear the way for Him, the Son of God. Open the door and let Him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysm, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let Him take away your sins to-day? Or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself; I will fight my own battles; I will risk eternity on my own account." A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath, "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him, "I don't believe it. I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said, "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh, no," the other replied; "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "Whosoever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever! In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated among us during a service was a man who came in and said, "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said, "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found Him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel Him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said, "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, not now; the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out of the front door of the Tabernacle, saying, "I am a lost man." "Behold! the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgment?"

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

GLADSTONE has suffered another relapse.

EDISON looks when at work like a boy apprentice.

SECRETARY PROCTOR is devotedly fond of whist and horses.

GENERAL SCHOFIELD is thirty six years older than his bride.

THE cost of burying the late Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia was $200,000.

BILL ARP, the Georgia humorist, is sixty years old and the father of nine children.

GENERAL DA FONSECA, President of Brazil, will shortly pay a visit to Europe.

COUNT D'ABRAZ, the French consul at New York, has a neat little salary of $11,000 a year

SARDOU, the great French playright, writes a hand so fine that it almost requires a magnifying glass to read it.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE left Paris a few days ago for England, after an affecting interview with ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain.

DONALD G. MITCHELL, "Ik. Marvel," was one of the class of 1841 at Yale, and takes part in the semi-centennial observance this year.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S wealth is estimated at $120,000,000, of which $68,000,000 is Standard Oil stock His real estate is worth $10,000,000.

A. J. DREXEL heads the list of Philadelphia rich men with $25,000,000. The city has 160 millionaires, whose total holdings foot up over $400,000,000.

THE Duke of Edinburgh is reported to be the most niggardly man in England. He is forty-seven years old, a confirmed miser, a fine violinist and a good sailor.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG, founder of the Hampton (Va.) School for Indians, was born on one of the Sandwich Islands, and is now upon a visit to his early home.

THE Prince of Wales was born November 9 1841, visited the United States in 1860 and married a daughter of the King of Denmark March 10, 1863. He will be fifty years of age in November.

GENERAL DON CARLOS BUEL, who lives a retired life on a farm in Kentucky, occasionally shows himself in Louisville. His form is erect and well preserved, and he is an entertaining talker on military and other topics.

ONE of the Souths most successful evangelists is William Evander Penn, who has just finished a great revival in Mississippi. He is a man of sixty-three, and has been constantly preaching day and night for sixteen years.

THE young Queen of Holland has performed her first public function in laying the corner-stone of a hospital. She made the official speech, "I hope this institution will be a blessing to Amsterdam," very neatly. She was dressed in light colors, with black lace.

THE Haytian President, General Hippolyte, is about sixty years of age and of coal-black complexion. He is the political idol of the pure blacks, whose blood has not been contaminated by intermarriage with the creoles. He is the son of a college professor of Port-au-Prince and is a man of considerable learning and cultivation.

THE Indiana Supreme Court decided in favor of the teaching of the German language in the schools, holding that the law is compulsory and the language must be taught wherever the requisite number of patrons shall petition for the same.

FULLY one-third of the young men of Lorraine eligible for military service in Germany are said to be in the French army.