Staunton Spectator.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

VOL. 65. STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1888. NO. 27.

Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

☞ Any one forwarding FIVE new subscribers and $10, will receive a copy of the paper for one year, *gratis*.

☞ Remittances should be made by check, draft, Postal order, or Registered letter.

Staunton Spectator.

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ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at the rate of 12½ cents per line, for the first, and 6¼ cents for each subsequent insertion.

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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING SOLID TRAINS TO BALTIMORE VIA WASHINGTON.

Connecting at Harper's Ferry for all points West, Northwest, and Southwest.

Schedule in effect Nov. 20th, 1887.

NORTHWARD.	410 Pass ex. Sunday.	No. 444. mixed ex. Sun.	442. mixed ex. Sun.
Lv. Lexington	7 20 a m	1 20 p m	
" Staunton	9 28 a m	4 85 p m	5 30 p m
" Harrisonburg	10 32 a m	6 45 p m	6 00 p m
" Mt. Jackson	11 30 a m	8 29 p m	
" Woodstock	11 58 a m	9 19 p m	
" Strasburg	12 26 a m	10 08 p m	
" Capon Road	12 38 p m	11 24 p m	
" Winchester	1 27 p m	11 59 a m	
" Stephenson	1 37 p m	1 06 a m	
" Charlestown	2 16 p m	1 45 a m	
Ar. Harper's Ferry	2 40 p m		
" Washington	5 15 p m		
" Baltimore	6 30 p m		
" Wilmington	9 20 p m		
" Philadelphia	10 00 p m		

SOUTHWARD.	409 Pass. ex. Sun.	No. 441. Pass mixed. ex. Sun.	443 mixed ex. Sun.
Lv. Philadelphia			
" Wilmington			
" Baltimore	7 20 a m		
" Washington	8 40 a m		
" Harper's Ferry	11 10 a m		1 20 a m
" Charlestown	11 31 a m		2 24 a m
" Stephenson	12 06 a m		3 27 a m
" Winchester	12 20 p m		3 54 a m
" Capon Road	1 08 p m		5 03 a m
" Strasburg	1 18 p m		5 14 a m
" Woodstock	1 48 p m		6 07 a m
" Mt. Jackson	2 16 p m		6 51 a m
" Harrisonburg	3 24 p m	5 00 a m	9 20 a m
" Staunton	4 30 p m	7 15 a m	11 30 a m
Ar. Lexington	6 25 p m	10 40 a m	

CONNECTIONS.

Train No 410 connects at Harper's Ferry with Faot Limited Express Train leaving at 4:04 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati at 7;45 a. m., St. Louis at 6:30 p. m., and Chicago at 6:40 p. m.

With train leaving at 10:21 p. m., arriving at Pittsburg at 6:30 a.m. Also with train leaving at 11:21 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati at 5:30 p m., St. Louis at 7:00 a. m. and Chicago at 5:40 a m.

Connects at Weverton with train arriving at Hagerstown at 8:30 p. m. and at Washington Junction with train arriving at Frederick at 3:55 p. m.

B. & O. Palace Sleeping Cars are run through to Pittsburg, Cincinnatti. St. Louis, Columbus and Chicago. All fast trains run through to above points without change of cars.

For tickets and further information apply to E. & O. Agents, or to

C. E. DUDROW, Traveling Pass. Agt., Staunton, Va.,
C.K. LORD, Gen'l Passenger Agent,
W. M. CLEMENTS, Manager.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

GEO. M. HARRISON. HENRY ST. GEO. TUCKER.

HARRISON & TUCKER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

Having formed a partnership for the practice of Law, we offer our professional services to the public generally. Will practice in all the Courts held in the City of Staunton and Augusta county; attend regularly the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge and Alleghany counties, also practice, also, in the Court of Appeals of Virginia. sep15 '86-6m

GEO. S. LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.

References:—Gen, Joseph B. Seth. Hon. J. Frank Turner, A. A. Pascault, Esq., Easton, Maryland

Office—In the room now occupied by Hon. Edward Echols, and adjoining the office of Craig & Paul. dec 14 '87

J. M. QUARLES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, feb17, '86-tf Staunton, Va.

CHAS. F. NEGUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, (Office—Sullivan Building,) STAUNTON, VA.

Prompt attention to all legal business. aug19-tf

DR. H. M. PATTERSON offers his professional services to the citizens of Staunton. Office No. 113, Main Street, opposite the Opera House. may20 tf

MEADE F. WHITE. A. C. GORDON

WHITE & GORDON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW STAUNTON, VA.

COURTS.—Augusta and adjoining counties. Federal Court at Harrisonburg, Court of Appeals of Virginia, at Staunton. feb21-tf

S. S. SNEDEGER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA

Office in Stout Building, Court-house Alley

WM. A. HUDSON. WM. PATRICK.

HUDSON & PATRICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,

Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties. Special attention paid to collections. feb12-tf

H. M. MATHEWS. ALEX. F. MATHEWS.

MATHEWS & MATHEWS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, LEWISBURG, WEST VA.,

practice regularly in the Courts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas and Nicholas counties, W. Va., the Court of Appeals, and the Federal Courts for the District of W. Va.

☞ Particular attention paid to Collections and to special cases anywhere in their State. may 17—1y

THOMAS D. RANSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.

offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may 30—1y.

PRESTON A BAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

And Solicitor in Chancery, STAUNTON, VA., practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.

OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

WM. M. McALLISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WARM SPRINGS, VA.

Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.

☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for. dec 23—tf

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON, DENTIST. MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA.

OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery store. dec 21—tf

T. C. ELDER. WM. J. NELSON.

ELDER & NELSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, *and Real Estate Agents,* STAUNTON, VA.

may 5

DR. CHAS. T. LINDSEY, Surgeon Dentist, STAUNTON, VA.

☞ OFFICE:—Post Office Building. sept. 21—6m

J. SAMUEL McCUE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Office on Public Square,

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Practice in State and Federal Courts, and regularly in Albemarle, Augusta and Nelson counties, Va.

☞ Make *a Specialty of Collections* and guarantee prompt attention to all matters entrusted to me. nov 23—1y

GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTHS'

FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS.

I respectfully invite the attention of my customers and friends and all in want of first-class Gentlemen's FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING to my new stock, which has been received.

In VARIETY OF STYLES and ELEGANT GOODS, I have never been able to make a finer display than now.

SUITS or PIECE ARTICLES OF CLOTHING made up in the most approved styles, and warranted to give satisfaction. Goods also sold to be made elsewhere, if desired.

All I ask is a call, knowing that any taste can be pleased.

J. A. HUTCHESON, sept7 No. 113 E Main Street.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS! FLOWERS!

THE GREEN HOUSES, ON LEWIS ST., at my Vegetable Garden.

Are now ready for inspection, and I ask a call from those interested in beautiful flowers. Among the many varieties to which I call special attention are such as ROSES, EVER-BLOOMING HYBRIDS, CLIMBERS, and other varieties, and a general assortment of GREENHOUSE and BEDDING PLANTS.

Also a handsome stock of evergreens. Parties at a distance can send their orders by mail, which will be given prompt attention.

I keep a large and varied assortment of Tomato, Cabbage, Celery and other plants for sale as early as the season permits planting.

☞ Designs in Cut Flowers a specialty. ☜

Respectfully,

mar 7—3m JOHN FALLON,

Chesapeake and Ohio Ry.

Pullman Cars and Solid Trains

EAST

TO WASHINGTON, RICHMOND, AND OLD POINT COMFORT

WEST

TO LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI.

Connections direct for all points in the WEST, NORTHWEST, and SOUTHWEST.

Schedule in Effect Nov. 13, 1887.

WESTWARD.	No. 3. Daily.	No. 1. Daily. Ex. Sun.
Lve Norfolk	2 35 p m	7 00 a m
Lve Old Point C'f't	3 10 p m	7 45 a m
Lve Newport News	3 40 p m	8 10 a m
Lve Richmond	6 25 p m	11 05 a m
Lve Gordonsville	9 06 p m	2 23 p m
Arr Charlottesville	9 55 p m	3 25 p m
Lve Washington	5 30 p m	11 24 a m
Arr Charlottesville	10 05 p m	3 15 p m
Lve Charlottesville	10 10 p m	3 45 p m
Lve Waynesboro Jc	11 15 p m	4 59 p m
Lve Staunton	11 50 p m	5 35 p m
Arr Clifton Forge	2 15 a m	8 10 p m
Lve Clifton Forge	2 20 a m	8 30 p m
Lve Alleghany	3 30 a m	9 45 p m
Lve White Sulphur		10 00 p m
Lve Hinton	5 18 a m	11 55 p m
Lve Kanawha Falls	8 00 a m	3 00 p m
Lve Cannelton	8 18 a m	3 30 a m
Lve Charleston	9 05 a m	4 36 a m
Lve Huntington	9 45 a m	8 20 a m
Arr Ashland	10 21 a m	7 07 a m
Lve Ashland	5 35 p m	8 47 a m
Arr Columbus	11 17 p m	3 00 p m
Lve Ashland	10 21 a m	7 07 a m
Arr Mt. Sterling	1 55 p m	11 30 a m
Arr Winchester	2 30 p m	12 00 n'n
Arr Lexington	3 20 p m	1 20 p m
Arr Louisville	7 15 p m	7 15 p m
Arr Cincinnati	6 00 p m	6 00 p m

EASTWARD.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 2. Except Sunday.
Lve Cincinnati	8 00 p m	8 30 a m
Lve Louisville	7 00 p m	6 50 a m
Lve Lexington	11 35 p m	11 50 a m
Lve Winchester	11 20 p m	1 00 p m
Lve Columbus	5 30 p m	11 25 a m
Lve Ashland	3 27 a m	6 05 p m
Lve Huntington	5 30 a m	9 00 p m
Arr Charleston	6 45 a m	10 03 p m
Arr Cannelton	7 32 a m	11 05 p m
Arr Kanawha Falls	7 50 a m	11 31 p m
Arr Hinton	10 15 a m	2 35 a m
Arr White Sulphur		5 00 a m
Arr Clifton Forge	1 10 p m	6 30 a m
Arr Staunton	3 40 p m	9 23 a m
Arr Waynesboro Jc	4 10 p m	9 58 a m
Arr Charlottesville	5 10 p m	11 10 a m
Arr Washington	9 40 p m	8 23 p m
Arr Baltimore	11 25 p m	11 25 p m
Arr Philadelphia	3 00 a m	3 00 a m
Arr New York	6 20 a m	6 20 a m
Lve Charlottesville	5 30 p m	11 20 a m
Arr Richmond	9 00 p m	3 10 p m
Lve Richmond	8 00 a m	3 20 p m
Arr Newport News	10 35 a m	5 55 p m
Arr Old Point C'f't	11 00 a m	6 20 p m
Arr Norfolk	11 40 a m	7 00 p m

Lexington Division trains run by Central time. Main Line trains east of Huntington run by Eastern time, which is one hour faster than Central time.

No. 1, daily except Sunday, between Old Point, Norfolk, and Clifton Forge. The train leaving Old Point Saturday morning, runs only to Huntington.

No. 2, daily except Sunday. The train leaving Louisville and Cincinnati on Saturday runs only to Clifton Forge, where it lays over until Monday morning.

No. 5 leaves Clifton Forge daily at 7;00 a. m. for Ashland, Ky.

No. 6 leaves Ashland daily at 7.10 a. m. for Clifton Forge.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on all through trains. Old Dominion Steamships leave Norfolk Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 6:30 P. M., for New York.

For Rates, Tickets, Baggage Checks, apply to any office of C. & O. R'y; or Depot or Ticket Office of connecting lines.

W. C. WICKHAM, Receiver. H. W. FULLER, Gen'l Pass'r Agent

SHENANDOAH VALLEY RAILROAD

S. F. Tyler, Receiver.

Time Table in effect JUNE 19, 1887.

SOUTHWARD.	DAILY.	
Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	Express. No. 3.	Express. No. 1.
LEAVE.		
Hagerstown	8.00 A. M.	2.00 P. M.
Antietam	8.34 "	2.33 "
Shepherdstown	8.41 "	2.39 "
Shen. Junction	8.56 "	2.55 "
Charlestown	9.08 "	3.07 "
Riverton	10.24 "	4.16 "
Luray	11.34 "	5.49 "
Milnes	12.22 P. M.	6 25 "
Waynesboro Junc	2.05 "	7.57 "
Natural Bridge	4.17 "	10.17 "
Roanoke	6.00 "	12.00 night
ARRIVE.		
Bristol	12.15 A. M.	9 05 A. M.
Cleveland	7.40 A. M.	4.15 P. M.
Memphis	9.15 P. M.	6.10 A. M.
Atlanta	3.30 P. M.	
Montgomery	7.10 P. M.	
New Orleans	7.20 A. M.	

No. 3 has Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Chattanooga, without change, via Harrisburg, Hagerstown, and Roanoke; also makes connection at Hagerstown with fast mail from Baltimore.

No. 1 has through connection from Philadelphia via Harrisburg and C. V. Railroad, and from Baltimore via W. M. R. R.

CONNECTIONS.

At Hagerstown, Md., with the Western Maryland Railroad to and from Baltimore, Frederick, Emmittsburg, Gettysburg, Penmar, Waynesboro, Pa., and points on the Western Maryland Railroad and branches.

With the Cumberland Valley Railroad to and from Harrisburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg, Mercersburg, Martinsburg, and points on the Cumberland Valley Railroad and branches.

Also to and from Pittsburg and the West and Northwest, and Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and the North and East.

At Shenandoah Junction, W. Va., with Main Line of Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to and from the West.

No. 3 makes close connection at Waynesboro' Junction with C. & O. Ry. East- and West-bound trains.

At Loch Laird; with Lexington Branch of Richmond & Alleghany Railroad.

At Buchanan with Main Line of Richmond & Alleghany Railroad.

At Roanoke, with Norfolk & Western Railroad.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

At Boyée, for Millwood and Winchester. Va.

At Troutville for Fincastle

NORTHWARD.	DAILY.		
Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	Express. No. 4.	Express. No. 2.	
LEAVE.			
Roanoke	1.00 P. M.	1.50 A. M.	
Natural Bridge	2.29 "	3.17 "	
Loch Laird	2.58 "	3.45 "	
Waynesboro Junc.	4.30 "	5.16 "	
Milnes	5.57 "	6 39 "	
Luray	6.55 "	7.35 "	4.20 A.M
Riverton	8.02 "	8.49 "	5.13 "
Berryville	8.46 "	9.30 "	6.16 "
Charlestown	9.14 "	10.07 "	6.44 "
Shen. Junction	9.25 "	10.29 "	6.55 "
Shepherdstown	9.40 "	10 45 "	7.11 "
Antietam	9.41 "	10.52 "	7.17 "
Hagerstown	10.20 "	11.25 "	7.50 "
ARRIVE.			
Ar. Washington B. & O. R. R.		1.15 P. M.	
Ar. Baltimore. B. & O. R. R.		2.15 P. M.	
Ar. Baltimore, W. M. R. R.		2.40 P. M.	11.40 A.M
Le. Hagerstown,	10.25 P. M.	12.20 P. M.	8 20 A.M
Ar. Harrisburg, C. V. R. R.	12.50 A. M.	3.15 P. M.	11.15 "
Ar. Philadelphia P. R. R.	4.25 A. M.	6.50 P. M.	3.15 P.M
Ar. New York	7.30 A. M.	9 35 P. M.	5.50 "

No. 4 makes close connection at Waynesboro' Junction with C. & O. Railway East and Westbound trains.

No. 4 has Pullman Buffet Sleeper from Chattanooga to New York (without change) via Roanoke, Hagerstown, and Harrisburg.

No. 2 makes through connection via Shenandoah Junction and B. & O. R. R. for Washington and Baltimore, and at Hagerstown with W. M. Railroad for Baltimore, and C. V. Railroad for Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York.

No. 6 has connection at Riverton for Alexandria and intermediate points; at Shenandoah Junction for Martinsburg, at Hagerstown with W, M. R. R, for Baltimore and intermediate points, and C. V. R. R. for Harrisburg; Philadelphia and New York.

O. HOWARD ROYER, Gen. Pass, and Ticket Agent.
DAVID W. FLICKWIR, Superintendent. Roanoke, Va.
C. M. FUTTERER, Pass. Agent, Hagerstown, Md. je22

RIVERTON MILLS Co., Limited, Manufacturers of Flour, Feed, etc. Riverton, Va., Jan. 31st, 1888.

MR. CHAS. E. MANOR, Sands, P. O., Va.,

Dear Sir:—The George T. Smith Centrifugal and the Scalper of same make which you placed in our mills a few months since, are working to our entire satisfaction.

We are pleased to commend the workmanlike execution of the alterations and improvements in our establishment entrusted to you, and are gratified at the results obtained.

Yours truly, GEO. WM. CONE, Treas'r and Manager.

Jan 11—1y

BLACK OAK BARK WANTED.

100 cars No. 1 Rossel Black Oak Bark, delivered on cars at any station on the Shenandoah Valley R. R., B. & O. R. R. (Valley Branch) and Chesapeake & Ohio. Highest market price paid. Address KINNEY BROS., mar 7—4 mos. Staunton, Va.

CASABIANCA (Colored.)

BY GOLLY.

One darkie stood in the 'backer patch,
Whence all the rest had fled;
While mule heels, clods and green worms flew
A whizzing round his head,

Savory, stout and black he stood,
As born to work a farm,
While gaping mouth and bulging eyes
Betokened his alarm.

That mule kicked hard; he wouldn't leave
"Unless de boss said so."
"De boss," unconscious of his plight,
Had gone off to the show.

The darkie yelled: "See here, boss, say!
Mus' I lef dis mule go?"
Just then the boss was miles away,
And Cuffee called out "Whoa!"

Quite thick and fast a cloud of dust
Arose toward the sky,
And filled the darkie's eyes and nose
Like flour off hotel pie.

"Say, boss!" again poor Cuffee cried,
"Er 'taint mos' time I's gone?"
Naught but the clattering hoofs replied,
As the agile mule kicked on.

At last there came a thunderous crash
That made the earth resound,
And when the dust and debris pass'd
The mule could not be found.

That fateful last terrific kick
Had struck on Cuffee's head.
And now the mule a shattered wreck,
Lay far off limp and dead.

—*Arthur Durr in the (New York Tobacco Leaf.*

"A Song Concerning My Beloved."

VOCAL UTTERANCES OF ALL KINDS,

BEAUTIFUL SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND MILLION OF CHILDREN.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON, SUNDAY, MARCH 4th.

BROOKLYN, March 4th.—Exercises at the Tabernacle this morning were jubilant. One hundred and twenty new members were given the right hand of fellowship, making the communicant membership four thousand one hundred and fifty. Thousands of strangers were present. The ten great silver tankards and the long line of chalices made the sacramental table very impressive.

Before sermon the congregation, led by cornet and organ, sang:

"When earth shall pass away,
In the great Judgment Day,
Jesus is mine."

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., took as the subject of his discourse: "A Song Concerning My Beloved." His text was Isaiah v, 1: "Now will I sing to my well beloved a song of my beloved." Dr. Talmage said:

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest him, and something in the evening shadow to speak his praise. The flower breathes him, the star shines him, the cascade proclaims him, all the voices of nature chant him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak his praise. When I come in the summer time and pluck a flower, I think of him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When in very hot weather I come under a projecting cliff, I say,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding-board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding-board, and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the ten thousand voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding-board which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell his glory, and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the seventh heaven; and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the elders, and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus. The old Greek orators, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out, "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials, and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle-song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words, but they went into the fibre of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhere. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in re-cutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus! We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the streets! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exercise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle-song. This is important if your children grew up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting the child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss; but only a grave, and a wrath of white blossoms on the top of it; and bitter desolation, and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed, and a wet pillow, and a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure.—The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-bye, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks, and the folded hands, and sweet departure, methinks it would be as grand and beautiful as one of heaven's great doxologies! I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The schoolgirl asks for a schottisch or a glee; but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn" Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music-board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the psalm-book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting-house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

It was one Thanksgiving Day in my pulpit in Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at ninety-eight years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said, "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago!"

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire, and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn-out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer! Blessed the hymn-book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night-song. Job speeks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said, "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me, to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse put out another star, domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart and you can sing,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, oh, my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last."

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold, and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent-day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp-shooter" and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough, and the pale cheek, and the lustreless eye, and refusing all relief. Ye songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun-shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others ploughing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

The Sabbath day has come. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the Gospel are now preaching in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church, and Quaker meeting-house, and sailors' bethel, and king's chapel, and high-towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves, or struck the icebergs, or floated off into the western pines, or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory girls, and the children in the Sabbath class, and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in the stag-hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea-hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons; one burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll away on swift wheels of light and love. Again, the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs and one benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices, crying out, "Let it be Jesus! Jesus!" We sing his birth—the barn that sheltered him, the mother that nursed him, the cattle that fed beside him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing his ministry—the tears he wiped away from the eyes of the orphans—the lame men that forget their crutches; the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler for a whole army. We sing his sorrows—his bruised feet, his aching heart, his mountain loneliness, his desert hunger, his storm-pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through his last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against his cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud-wrapped, breaking open their sepulchres, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing his resurrection—the guard that could not keep him; the sorrow of his disciples; the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as he went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until he came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the conqueror.

I say once more, Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now; but I hope by the grace of God we will, after awhile, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself, and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee."

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn, and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying, harvest-home! harvest-home!

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes—the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once, and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the light-houses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Ay, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children do not go there.—They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around about the throne!

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died.—Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said, "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night: they have been rehearsing there for an hour." No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." Yes," she said, "I know they are, I hear them sing; how very sweetly they sing!" Now it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain, the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder, will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the "Crystal Palace," stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion; it was the first one of the kind at