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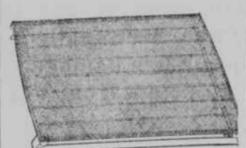
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"77" for GRIP. San Jose Scale. The fruit growers of this county have been reading for several years of the pestiferous San Jose scale that has proven so destructive to the fruit industry wherever it has made its appearance but none supposed that the insect was already working destruction in Berkeley county and perhaps in their own orchards. Mr. R. C. Burkhardt has recently discovered that a large portion of his orchard is about destroyed by it. The scale would not be noticed in its early stage without close examination, but after it gets a firm hold it covers the entire tree and its fat, absorbent saps and the tree dies. It is of a white, ashy appearance in color and in patches the size of a pin head or larger. Mr. Burkhardt has signed a call published in this issue for a meeting at the court house on Saturday next of the fruit growers, at which time he will have on exhibition specimens of the scale and will give a short talk on the subject. This is a matter of great importance to our people and we earnestly appeal to all interested in fruit culture to take an interest in the matter. In two years the scale has spread over Mr. Burkhardt's orchard and several other large ones on neighboring farms. -Martinsburg Statesman.

I might as well plead guilty, judge, owned up the penitent prisoner at the bar, -If it had been a bolt of lace or a basket of diamonds you might have called it kleptomaniac and let me go, but I don't reckon that would work in this case. I stole the hog, judge.

She - Why do you start so? He - Did I understand you to say that your father was failing? She - Physically, I mean. He (settling back) - O, all right! I was afraid it was something serious.

When a little man can sing, his voice never harmonizes well except with the voice of a very tall woman.

If a girl is built right she doesn't need a garter to keep her stockings up.

After all, an aching heart does not hurt like an aching tooth.

NEWS.

Passion and suffering will disappear. The many dying and the many dead - How long shall man on such as these be fed? Rather would I make glad the summer air With beauty, song, flower growth, the gardener's care. The balmy breath along the violet bed Of the sweet winds, the priestly bees that wed Bloom unto bloom and home the honey bear, A golden fee. Must I, because the wire Lies prone to spend the lightning, spend my days, Eager to gather all men's pain and woe? Nay, let the heavenly messenger of fire Tell when the antipodal red roses blow Or Finland bells sing on the frozen snow. -James Herbert Morse in Century.

THE LESSON HE LEARNED.

"I'm going to put a stop to this sort of thing!" said Mr. McElroy. "If I don't, I shall certainly come to the poorhouse. I haven't saved money all these years to rain it down on people's heads as if it was hailstones. No, Delinda, I haven't got five dollars to spare. Your bonnet is quite good enough to wear for a month longer. Every body else has got theirs! Well, if everybody else is fools, that ain't no reason that you should be. Six dollars for a subscription to help buy the new minister's furniture? Not if I know it, James.

When I came to Bloodville I bought my own furniture, and there's no reason that new ministers shouldn't do the same thing. The grocer's book? I never saw anything like the way our house-keeping bills run up! It'd be a deal cheaper, so far as I can see, to go to New York and board at the Windsor Hotel than to live here, unless you and Sarah can manage a little more economically, Matthew. And as for those singing lessons that Lucy wants to take, you may tell her no!"

"Lucy thought," meekly began Matthew Starling.

But his uncle interrupted him curtly:

"You may tell her no! And that ends the question?"

John McElroy was a man who had in the local dialect, "saved a lot of money." Being a great deal too economical to marry, he had invited a lame nephew, Matthew Starling, to come with his family and keep house in the old red homestead, and thereafter took credit to himself for supporting all the Starlings, although Matthew, and James, the eldest son, managed the farm with skill and success, while Mrs. Starling and her two daughters, Lucy and Delinda, were the model dairy-women and best managers of the vicinity.

In an evil hour Matthew Starling had borrowed a thousand dollars from Uncle John, to pay off an old debt.

He had kept up the interest pretty regularly, but it would have been about as easy for him to pay off the national debt as to discharge an obligation of a thousand dollars; and in this way Uncle McElroy contrived to keep him ground down into the very dust.

Had it not been for this thousand dollar debt, the Starling family would have crept out from under the harrow of Uncle John's tongue and temper long ago.

"I don't seem as if we could stand it," said Mrs. Starling plaintively.

"I don't care how much he scolds me," said Delinda, "but he has no business to tyrannize so dreadfully over poor mother."

"If I could only raise money enough to take a quarter's singing lessons, I could earn a hundred dollars a year in the church choir," said Lucy.

"If" said James, laughing. "That's a big word, Loo, for such a little one. If Uncle John would only let me plant a crop of tobacco up in the south field, I am sure I could raise twice as much money as the tartrap will bring us. But Uncle John sticks to old traditions, and that little it stands in the way. I only wish that the farm was mine!"

The housekeeping book was particularly aggravating that morning, and Mrs. Starling had shed a few quiet tears before the interview was over.

"I hate whining women," said Mr. McElroy, "and I hate extravagant ones!"

"I try to do the best I can," said

poor Mrs. Starling. And when the book was flung wrathfully on the table, and when Mr. McElroy had dismissed his nephew's wife, he sat thinking.

"I'll do it!" he said, aloud. "I've had it in my mind for some time. I'll send these Starlings about their business. I'll put an end to those everlasting impositions of theirs. They only care for me just the length of my purse. They hate me every one of 'em. I can see through 'em, doll as they think me!"

As he sat there, a lad came to the door, with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"A telegram for you," said he. "Twenty-five cents, please."

Mechanically, Mr. McElroy paid the money, and put on his round silver-mounted spectacles, as the lad sped away.

"I wonder who it can be from," said he.

It was very brief. It said: "Stocks have fallen. Your money is gone. Sorry, but could not stand against market."

"H. Raven & Co.," "H. Raven & Co. Yes, that was the name of the Nashua Street firm to whose care his dilapidated fortune had been consigned. He read the brief dispatch over and over again, as if it were impossible to comprehend its full meaning.

"I don't understand," he repeated to himself - "I don't understand. I thought those stocks were safe enough. I only believed what those scoundrels told me themselves. Stocks fallen. My money all gone! What will become of me now?"

His head fell forward on his folded arms on the window-sill; he uttered a groan which seemed to come from the very depths of his heart.

"I am a poor man!" he faltered. "As poor as old Jim Watson, the clock-maker; as poor as Matthew Starling himself. The savings of five years have all gone at once; and I am a poor man!"

"Uncle McElroy don't mind it, said the cheerful voice of Matthew Starling, when at last he had mustered courage to tell his trouble, and sat with his head supported on his hand at the table, with a face drawn and pinched as if he had just recovered from a long sickness. "I'm doing well at my trade just now. Herbert Long has promised to take me into partnership at his new shoe store, at Bloodville Corners, and you should never feel the loss of your money while I can handle an axe or draw a thread!"

"Never feel the loss of my money!" vaguely repeated McElroy. "The man talks like a fool."

But nevertheless there was a grain of comfort in his word.

"And, after all, Uncle John," he solingly whispered Mrs. Starling, "money isn't everything. You'll see how nicely we shall contrive to live, if I'll take a boarder, too, if you don't object. Your comfort shall not be interfered with in the least degree; and we may even manage to save a little at the year's end."

Tears came into Mr. McElroy's dim, blue eyes.

"You always did have a good heart, Sarah," said he; "but I wonder how you can have any patience left with me, after the times I've scolded you for half a pound extra of coffee, or a nutmeg?"

"I am going to like in dressing!" declared Delinda. "O, you'll see, Uncle John - you will live like a gentleman. You needn't think that we have lived up your generosity all these years, not to try and repay it now!"

"If Generosity," said Uncle John, "hardly certain whether the words were in serious earnest."

But no, there was no covert light of sarcasm in Delinda's bright, brown eyes as she beat care-fully over him. It was real love, real gratitude that sparkled there.

"It's just as they all say," declared James, the stalwart young farmer. "We owe everything to you, Uncle John, and we don't forget it. And if you don't want tobacco crops raised on the place, I'm bessed if you can't have your own way. Not a leaf shall be grown. But I really think we can do pretty well with a vineyard on the side hill, now that grapes are bringing such a profit, instead of using it as a sheep-pasture."

And Lucy brought him a letter.

"It is from Mr. Grover, uncle," said she. "He offers to give me singing lessons for nothing, if I will help with the Sunday school

music; and then, pretty soon, I shall be able to earn money for you, too. Dear uncle," with tears in her eyes, "we have all loved you, only we didn't dare to tell you how much. If - if you would only let me kiss you, Uncle John!"

The old man clasped her in his arms with tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks.

"I don't care for the money," he faltered. "Let the money go, if you will only love me like this. I never was happier in my life! I know now that that feeling that has been chilling and freezing me all my life! It was my heart starting to death! Yes, yes, we'll begin the world over again, children - you and I. We'll begin to enjoy ourselves at last!"

They were sitting talking in the dusk of the evening, when there came a knock at the door. It was the telegraph lad, breathless with haste.

"I've made a mistake," said he. "I've left the dispatch at the wrong place. It was for Mr. McAlbin, at the hotel down the street. There wasn't no dispatch come for Mr. McElroy, at all. Please to give me back the envelope!"

The family all looked at each other as the boy rushed down the road with his freight of evil tidings for some one else.

"And my money is all safe!" said Mr. McElroy, with a long breath - "all safe! It seems like a miracle, don't it? or a lesson sent direct from the Lord to try us. Well, it won't be thrown away on me, Jim, here's ten dollars to subscribe to the furniture fund!"

"It's too much, sir," said James. "No, it ain't," shouted Uncle McElroy. "Matthews, here's your note to me for \$1,000. I make you a present of it!"

"He tore it in two as he spoke. "Delinda shall have her new suit as quick as she and the milliner can settle matters between them," he continued. "Lucy shall take singing lessons and I'll buy an organ for her. And Sarah shall have a hired girl to lighten up the farm work a little. Hash, don't say a word, one of you. That money has come back to me as if through a miracle, and I mean to enjoy it!"

The next day he went to the city and took his money out of the hands of Raven & Co.

"I'll go to advise you not to disturb it," said the senior partner. "We're just about to put it in some excellent mining stocks!"

"Hang your mining stocks!" said Mr. McElroy. "Government securities are the articles for me. Or else good, straight bonds and mortgages at six per cent."

For Mr. McElroy had learned more lessons than one in the course of the last 24 hours.

His Smile Disappeared. The old man in the 'L' smoking car was absorbed in his newspaper when the burly youth entered. A pasteboard box was on the seat beside the old man, and with the air of a man who knew his rights and was prepared to enforce them, the youth sat on it.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old man, politely, "but you're sitting on my box."

"I know it," replied the youth, as he took a cigar from his pocket and prepared to light it. "Why didn't you get it out of the way? You only paid for one seat, I guess."

"If you had spoken to me," the old man explained, "I would have made room for you. I was reading the paper and did not see you."

"It ain't my business to keep your things off the seat," retorted the burly youth. "I paid for a seat."

"But I have something in that box that I would not have injured for a great deal," said the old man.

"Well, I guess it done for now," said the burly youth, with a taunting laugh.

"Perhaps it is not," urged the old man. "If you'd kindly get up for a minute -"

"But I won't retort if the youth, quite abashedly.

By this time some of the other passengers were becoming interested, and one or two of them evinced a desire to throw the burly youth out of the car. A faint smile that seemed to lurk around the old man's mouth, however, made them hesitate. He looked like a man who thought he had the best of the affair, in spite of the other's calm assurance.

It was perhaps two minutes later, when the burly youth emitted a wild yell and bounded from his seat into the aisle. Another yell followed, and he bounded

down the aisle toward the door, with both hands in the vicinity of his coat-tail pockets. On the platform of the car he began making frantic endeavors to take off his coat, but before he succeeded the train pulled into a station and he sprang off and dashed into the waiting room.

The old man had thrown a paper over the box when the burly youth got up, and now he carefully raised the edge and inspected what was underneath it.

"Confound him!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the passengers.

"Why, he's run off with one of my prize-bills," said the old man, ruefully. -Chicago Post.

NEXT TO THE THRONE

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN THE LIFE OF JOSEPH.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Relates In His Usual Vivid Way How He Rose From Obscurity to a High Place - Elevation the Result of Perseverance.

WASHINGTON, April 12. - The sermon of Rev. Dr. Talmage today is full of stirring and practical lessons for all. Washington has many men who, like the hero of the text, started from almost nothing and rose to high place. The texts chosen were Genesis xxxvii, 28, "They drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for 20 pieces of silver," and Genesis xlv, 26, "He is governor over all the land of Egypt."

You cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain point of elevation. He will bring him to that point, though it cost him a thousand worlds, though it cost him all the men fearful they will not be properly appreciated. Every man comes to be valued at just what he is worth. You cannot write him up, and you cannot write him down. These facts are powerfully illustrated in my subject. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph - how his jealous brothers threw him into a pit, but seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants trading along on their camels, with spears and guns that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; Joseph there sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office; how by Joseph's integrity he raised himself to high position in the realm until, under the false charge of a vile wretch, he was hurled into the penitentiary; how in prison he commanded respect and confidence; how by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed, and became the chief man in the realm, the Bismarck of his century; how in the time of famine Joseph had the control of a magnificent storehouse, which he had filled during seven years of plenty; how when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn he sent them home with the beasts of burden borne down under the weight of the corn sacks; how he sent his left hand to the prison, and his right against their brother who had so long been hidden from him; and how he was returned by the brother's forgiveness and kindness, the only revenge he took.

Christian Character. You see, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From his servant no honor or confidence was withheld. When Joseph was in prison, he soon won the heart of the keeper, and though placed there for being a second, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and released from close confinement he became general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar, or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who speak of despising a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phylotomy by which the man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has become himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion, but before his conversion. But all this is hypocrisy. There is no great deal of hypocrisy in the church, and there is a great deal of hypocrisy outside the church. It is impossible for any man to not admire and confide in a man who shows that he has really become a child of God and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son of the Lord God Almighty. Of course we have no admiration for the sham of religion.

I was at a place a few hours after the ruffians had gone into the rail train and demanded that the passengers throw up their seats, and then these ruffians took the pocketbooks, and satan comes and suggest to a man that he throw up his arms in hypocritical prayer and pretension, and then steals his soul. For the mere pretension of religion we have abolished. Redwald, the king, after baptism, had an altar of Christian sacrifice and an altar for sacrifice to devils, and there are many men now attempting the same thing - half a heart for God and half a heart for the world - and it is a dead failure, and it is a caricature of religion, and the only successful assault ever made on Christianity is the inconsistency of its professors. You may have a contempt for pretension to religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all that there is good and noble in your soul comes up into admiration, and you cannot help it. Though that man is as far beneath you as a scum on the Egyptian slave of whom we are discoursing was beneath his rulers, by an irrevocable law of your nature, Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph.

When Endoxia, the empress, threatened Christy with death, he made the reply, "Tell the empress I fear nothing but sin." Such a scene as that compels the admiration of the world. There was the admiration of Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I don't but they would willingly have yielded their

office and dignity for a thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of that unconquerable apostle. Paul did not cover before Felix; he covered before Paul. The indelible and overriding are compelled to honor in their hearts, although they may not enlarge with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, fruitful in losses, triumphant in death. I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress; Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto with healing for the body and soul; Elizabeth Fry going to the profanity of Newgate prison to shake its obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Phillip, driving open the doors and snapping loose the chain, as well as the lives of thousands of followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man said to me in the cars: "What is religion? Judging from the character of many professors of religion, I do not address the question to you." "Now, suppose we went to an artist in the city of Rome and while in his gallery asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' Would he take us out in a low alley and show us a mere dab of a pretender at paintings, or would he take us down into the corridors and show us the Rubens, and the Raphaels, and the Michael Angelos? When we asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' he would point to the works of these great masters and say, 'That is painting.' Now, you propose to seek after that which is the mere pretension of a holy life, and you call that religion. I point you to the splendid men and women whom this gospel has blessed and lifted and crowned. Look at the masterpieces of divine grace if you want to know what religion is."

Result of Perseverance. We learn also from this story of Joseph that the result of perseverance is elevation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his man-haters, he never would have become a governor. Every-day accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Men rise to high official positions through perseverance. Public life also is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could not have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of men - that is of all generous and reasonable men - to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the fact of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the assailers. Perseverance is elevation. Helen Strick, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice today. We have lived together many happy years. This is the happiest time of all our life. You see we are to be happy together forever. But leave now, let us go. I will not say 'Good night' to you, for we shall soon be in the kingdom of our Father together." Perseverance shows the heroes and heroines. I go into those great dominions, and I find that those great dominions of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly.

No good man was ever more violently maltreated than Joseph - belted and carted and stoned and slandered until one day he stood in a pulpit in London, and a man arose in the audience and said, "You were drunk last night," and John Wesley said: "Thank God, the whole catalogue is now complete. I have been charged with everything but that!" His followers were hooted at and maligned and called by every detestable name that the infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapidly they spread until you know what a great honor it has become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over. It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution that gave our land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. You, I might go farther back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the gospel. The ribald mockery of his suffering and thirsting, the charges, the ignominious death, when all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance and our eternal salvation. The state sometimes said to the church, "Come, take my hand, and I will help you." What was the result? The church went back, and it lost its estate of holiness, and it became ineffective. At other times the state said to the church, "I will crush you." What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury the church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before. Read all history and you will find that true. The church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in his hand, by the light of which the church has marched to her present glorious position. In the sound of micks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the gospel chariot. The scaffolds of martyrdom have mounted the stairs by which the church has ascended.

A Thousand Tongues. Learn also from our subject that sin will come to exposure. Long, long ago had those brothers, Joseph and his brethren, believed that his favorite child was dead. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this long suppressed crime. The smallest inquiry has a thousand tongues, and they will blab out exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Samaritans, their sheep and their oxen, but when he got down there among the pastures he saw some fine

sheep and oxen too fat to kill, so he thought he would steal them. Nobody would know it. He drove those stolen sheep and oxen toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how he had executed his mission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confused Saul, "What meaneth the bleating of the sheep that I hear and the bellowing of the oxen?" Ah, my hearer, you cannot keep an iniquity still. As just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without being stoned to death, nor Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests. These thieves, these burglars, these counterfeiter, these highwaymen, these assassins, they all thought they could keep their iniquity so deep down, but would never come to resurrection, but there was some shew that answered to the print in the soil, some false keys found in their possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the death, and the public indignation and the anathema of outraged law hurled them into the dungeon or hoisted them on the gallows.

Francis I, king of France, stood counseling with his officers how he could take his army into Italy, when Amerigo Vesputi, the sailor, leaped out from the corner of the room and said, "You had better be consulting how you will get your army back." And it was found that Francis I, and not Amerigo, was the fool. Instead of consulting as to the best way of getting into sin, you had better consult as to whether you will be able to get out of it. If the world does not expose you, you will tell it yourself.

There is an awful power in an aroused conscience. A highwayman plunging into snow on Whitefield's path, hearing of a sack of money on the horse - money that he had raised for orphan asylums - and the highwayman put his hand on the gold, and Whitefield turned to him and said, "Touch that if you dare; that belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ." And the ruffian sunk into the forest. Conscience! Conscience! The ruffian had a pistol, but Whitefield shook at him the finger of doom. Do not think you can hide any great and protracted sin in your secret chamber, for an unguarded moment it will slip off the lip, or some slight action may for the moment set ajar that door that you wanted to be kept closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with this transgression burning in your heart, as a ship in fire within for days hinders the flames from bursting out by keeping down the hatches, you will last in the judgment that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe.

Learn also from this subject that there is an inseparable connection between all events, however remote. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seemed fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that great thought. How far apart seemed these two events - Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and his raising to the Egyptian throne - yet you see in what a mysterious way subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the assailers. Perseverance is elevation. Helen Strick, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice today. We have lived together many happy years. This is the happiest time of all our life. You see we are to be happy together forever. But leave